

We endeavoured to gain from him a description of the animal he had seen, but for some time were unable. "What color was the animal?" enquired Mrs. —, "Indade Ma'am an' its jist the color uv a dog he was," answered Terry. This reply was greeted with a burst of laughter from all present, at which he was highly offended. In order to pacify him I said, "we would not laugh at you, Terry, only that dogs are of so many different colors that we are as much in the dark as ever regarding the color of the animal you saw." "Well thin," replied he, "if you must know, he was a dirty brown, the varmint, that he was." From what we could learn from him we were led to suppose that he had met with one of those harmless little creatures, called the "Woodchuck," which his nervous terror, aided by the deepening twilight, had magnified into a formidable wild beast.

A few evenings after, two or three friends of the family chanced to call; and in course of conversation some one mentioned an encampment of Indians, who had recently located themselves in our vicinity, for the purpose of gathering material for the manufacture of baskets, and other works of Indian handicraft. Terry had never seen an Indian, and curiosity, not unmingled with fear, was excited in his mind, when he learned that a number of those dark people were within three miles of us. He asked many questions regarding their personal appearance, habits, &c. It