

views on the subject. The labor of chopping trees is exciting, as the monarchs of a thousand years are tumbled to the ground. It is attended with some danger, and has proved fatal to many. All require care, and the beginner has especial reason to be wary. The first thing to do when about to fell a tree, is to ascertain which way it leans, and begin to cut on that side first. A worthy Scot, newly arrived, believed he could improve on the Canadian method—save much chopping, and oblige the tree to fall where he chose, and not where it was inclined to fall itself. To this end he provided a long ladder and a long rope. Each tree was scaled, the rope attached, and while a portion of his party pulled away with might and main, the other portion did the chopping. The worthy man learned, in time, that Canadian trees were too tall for ladders, and over strong for his rope; and like a wise man he laid both aside, followed the example of others, and soon had a large clearing.

Not far from the Scotchman's farm an Englishman pitched his tent, and began life in the bush. Mr. C— had the advantage of education and means, but being unwilling to learn from those he deemed his inferiors, he struggled many years in fighting the battle of the wilderness—was finally beaten, and returned home, reduced in circumstances and humbled, to acknowledge, "My pride has caused my failure." The first error committed was purchasing land immediately on his arrival, and before experience enabled him to make a good choice. Blunder followed blunder; yet counsel was spurned, and a well-intended suggestion from neighbors would elicit, "I know my own business, and have not come here to learn from you." Living beside a navigable river made a means of conveyance on water necessary. Who would imagine a man fresh from London would undertake to make a canoe without aid or directions? This plucky man did, and buried himself some days in the bush to effect his purpose. A pine tree of large dimensions was levelled, and a portion of it hollowed out and shaped canoe-wise. When finished a team drew it to the river's bank. The launch was privately performed, his wife alone

being permitted to witness the operation and to help to accomplish it, as she, good soul, would not sneer, even if failure was the result of presumption. The vessel glided upon the bosom of the old Ottawa, but somehow would not keep even; in fact, was so perversely one-sided in her bearing that her builder, in disgust, gave the cranky thing a good shove into the stream and the current bore her ignobly onward to supply some Lower Canadian with a pig-trough, or otherwise wood for his fire. Mr. C. anticipated when potato-digging came, a root-house would be required to hold them, and determined to make one. Although the son of a wealthy man, he could handle tools, and at hard work was in his element. Too proud to copy from others, something original must be attempted. Choosing the sloping face of a deep gully, he commenced to tunnel inwards under the bank, and having reached a sufficient distance, he formed a chamber of the required size, all underground. A small aperture was dug to the surface, intended for the conveyance of the roots into the chamber below. The whole work being lined with boards, doors were put up, and the job finished in a workman-like manner. Many days of hard toil were spent in sweltering weather to achieve this object; and the first heavy fall of rain caused the earth to cave in and make ruin of the whole structure. More labor lost. The next scheme that engaged the thoughts of this determined man, was how to remove stumps. It mattered not how others performed this work, Mr. C. in everything preferred his own way. As the pulley is one of the mechanical powers, he concluded that even pine stumps must yield to its irresistible force. Expensive blocks and tackle were procured in England, and Mr. C. and his horses pulled away long and hard among stumps, but to little purpose; they kept their ground in spite of him. Thus another abortive enterprise was abandoned to make room for others, all ending in vanity and vexation of spirit—a warning to others to heed the admonition, "Be not wise in your own conceit."

Mrs. Moody has painted in living colors the trials of Canadian bush life. Her own share in these, and the manner in which