

carving of the same. All these things must be judged of from the taste and character of the occupants, as they become more fully developed in our narrative. Suffice it to say, that one of the most important and conspicuous objects, to our taste, was a very neat bookcase of no mean dimensions, and filled to its utmost capacity with a choice and well-selected library. The proprietors must have been no mean linguists, judging from the array of works in the modern as well as the ancient languages there represented; while, from the wide range of subjects embraced in the higher branches of science and literature, they must, in every sense of the word, be well read and highly tutored. In the room on the other side of the entrance hall there was an elegant piano, from one of the most celebrated London makers; and a large assortment of music lay close at hand, on a small table. In the centre of each of the rooms there was the ever-present and essential requisite, in that land of frost and snow, the large, square, Canadian stove, and near by, a large box full of hard maple firewood.

This hasty glance at the exterior and interior of the dwelling, will give us some crude idea of the standing, the characters, and the tastes of the occupants. Now, on the evening already alluded to, in one of those rooms there sat a female. She had just left her piano, and was about to take up her sewing. On the work-table there stood a beautiful branch candlestick, with four wax candles. It might be seen, at a glance, that she was a person of no ordinary character; in every sense of the word, a true woman. We are not going to describe her eyes, though they were the blackest of the black, steady and penetrating—possessing, at the same