

His face which would have been one of the most lugubrious imaginable, with his long tangled black hair hanging confusedly over it, in a manner which has been compared to a bewitched haystack"—had it not been for a certain humorous twitch or convulsive movement, which ever and anon affected one side of it, when any droll idea passed through his mind. It was with a twitch of this kind, and a certain indescribable twinkle of the eye, as he seemed to form a hasty conception of the oddity of his appearance, to a stranger unused to "the bush," that he welcomed me to his clearing. He immediately threw down his burden and leaving his "niggers" to finish their work at their leisure, he insisted on our going to his house forthwith, to get something to drink, for the weather was hot. On the way I explained to him the object of my visit, which was to run the side lines of a lot of land I had received as part of a military grant, immediately adjoining the Beaver Meadow, and I asked him to accompany us, as he was well acquainted with the different lots, "Och! by all manner of means, and welcome; the devil a foot of the way but I know as well as my own clearing; but come into the house and get a drink of milk and a bite of bread and butter, for sorrow a drop of the whiskey have I had for the last month, and its but poor entertainment I can give you; but sure you're heartily welcome." The precincts of the homestead were divided and subdivided into an infinity of enclosures of all shapes and sizes. The outer enclosure was a bush fence, formed of trees felled in a row, and the gaps filled up with brush-wood. There was a large gate, swung with wooden hinges, and a wooden latch to fasten it:—the smaller enclosures were made with round poles, tied together with bark. The house was of the rudest description of shanty, with hollowed bass wood logs for a roof, instead of shingles. Every where there was a total absence of iron or leather hinges,—wooden latches for locks,—and bark strings for nails. There was a large fireplace at one end of the shanty, with a chimney constructed of split laths plastered with clay. As for windows, that was a luxury which could well be dispensed with, as the open door was an excellent substitute for one in the daytime; and at night none was required. Every thing wore a Robinson Crusoe aspect, and though there was no appearance of plan or foresight, there was no lack of ingenious contrivance, to meet every want as it arose. Judy dropped us a low courtesy as we entered, which was followed by a similar compliment from a stout girl of twelve, and two or three more of the children, who all seemed to share the pleasure of their parents in receiving the strangers in their unpretending tenement. Many were the apologies that

poor Judy offered for the homely cheer she offered us, and great was her delight at the notice we took of the "chilblire," as she called them. She set little Biddy, who was the pride of her heart, a reading in the Bible, and she took down a machine from a shelf which she had "contrived" for teaching the children to write. This was a flat box or frame filled with sand,—which saved paper, pens and ink. Poor Judy had seen better days, but with a humble and contented spirit she blessed God for the food and scanty raiment their labour afforded them. The only sorrow was the want of "education" for the children. She would have told us a long story about their trials and sufferings before they had attained their present comparative comfort and independence; but as we had a long scramble before us through cedar swamps and beaver meadows, and over pine ridges, "the Old Dragon" cut her short, and we started on our toilsome journey. Simpson was one of those happy fellows of the "light heart and thin pair of breeches" school, who when they meet with difficulty or misfortune, never stop to examine their dimensions, but hold in their breath and run lightly over them, as if they were crossing a bog, where to stand still is to sink. Off we went with the "Old Dragon" skipping and bounding on before us over fallen trees and mossy rocks;—now ducking under the low tangled branches of the white cedar, then carefully piloting us along rotten logs covered with green moss, to save us from the discomfort of wet feet. All this time he still kept one of his feet safely ensconced in the boot while the other seemed to luxuriate in the water as if there was something amphibious in his nature. We soon reached the Beaver Meadow, which extended two or three miles; sometimes narrowing into a small gorge, then spreading out again into an ample field of verdure, and presenting everywhere the same unvarying level surface, surrounded with rising grounds covered with the dense unbroken forest, as if its surface had formerly been covered by the waters of a lake. In many places the meadow was so wet that it required a very large share of faith to support us in passing over its surface, but our friend the Dragon soon brought us safe through all dangers, to a deep ditch he had dug which carried off the superfluous water from the part of the meadow owned by himself, and which afforded us firm footing to the opposite side, where we sat down to rest ourselves before commencing the operation of "blazing," or marking the trees with our axe along the side line of my lot. Here the great mystery of the solitary boot was explained, for Simpson very coolly took off the boot from the hitherto favored foot, and drew it on the other. He was not a whit ashamed of