

in our village, only she was a leetle flighty, or so. The lads said to me, when they saw what I was arter—'Sam, you had better carry your pigs to another market. The lass is not right in the upper works.' 'I'll take the chance of that,' says I. 'There is not a prettier gall atween this and York.' Well, my uncle did not like the match by no manner of means.

"If you put that madcap," says he, "in my poor Betsy's place, I will never leave you a shilling."

"You may do as you please," returned I, for you must know, Mr. S——, that I was desperately in love, which I had never been before in my life, 'for I mean to marry the gall right off.'

"I kept my word, and we were married."

The narrator made a long, and I thought, rather an ominous pause, and took a deep draught from a fresh brewage of hot punch.

"Well," said I, rather impatiently, "and how did this second marriage turn out?"

"Bad enough for me," said he, with the most comical expression on his hard countenance, as he turned towards my brother.

Whether he was inclined to laugh or to cry, was no easy matter to determine; but it is certain that neither my brother nor myself could well maintain our gravity, as he exclaimed:

"Well! Mr. S——, would you believe it? She thought fit to cut her throat only three days after the wedding. What put such a thing into her head, I never could find out, but you may depend upon it, I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life."

The idea of a man telling such a dreadful circumstance, in such a calm, matter of fact manner, and declaring with the greatest philosophy, that it only made him feel uncomfortable, had in it something so irresistibly comic, that I was forced to hasten to the window to ascertain the state of the weather, in order to conceal the laugh which would come to my lips in spite of every effort to restrain it.

"No wonder that it made you feel uncomfortable, Woodruff," said my brother, casting a wicked look at me, which made me turn again to the window. "It would have been the death of some people. But you are a remarkably strong minded man, or you could not take it so coolly."

"I flatter myself I am," returned the farmer, who did not perceive that my brother was quizzing him. "What was the use of making a fuss? She preferred killing herself to living comfortably with me, and I was not going to play the fool for her. But the worst of it was, that all the galls looked suspiciously at me; and I found that I must go farther a-field, for a third wife. My uncle had a drove of cattle for the London market—I undertook the charge of them—sold the

beasts advantageously for him, and returned with the money and a wife. My uncle was glad enough to get the money, but he made a sour face at the wife. She was not to his taste, but she exactly suited mine. We had a bit of a quarrel about my hasty marriage, as he called it. I got mad at the rude things he said, and we parted. I thought that he was too fond of little Betsy, to do an ill-natured thing; but I was mistaken. In order to revenge himself on me, he married his housekeeper, by whom he had soon a large young family.

"All my hopes in that quarter were now at an end. Says I to my wife, 'My dear, we can no longer depend upon my uncle—we must learn to shift for ourselves.'

"With the little property I got with my third wife, I opened a butcher's shop; and we got on comfortably enough for a few years. She was a good woman, and made me an excellent wife. She was the mother of my son and the two youngest of my galls. Suddenly our luck took a turn. My partner, (for I had been fool enough to take one,) ran off, and took along with him all my little savings, leaving me to pay his debts and my own. This was a hard blow. I felt it more than the death of either of my wives.

"To repine was useless, so I sold all my cattle and furniture, paid my creditors the last farthing, and then wrote to my uncle requesting him to lend me fifty pounds to transport myself and family to Canada. The old man knew me to be an honest, hardworking fellow, and for little Betsy's sake, for so run the letter, he sent me a draft upon his banker for fifty pounds, with a gentle hint that it would be the last I must expect from him, as children were nearer to him than grand-children. This was true enough, but I still thought that those children had no right to stand between little Betsy and him. I was very glad of the money, and I wrote him a letter of thanks, promising to repay it if ever I was able. This, with the blessing of God, I did two years ago; and the money found him in a worse state than I was when I left Old England; and I have his letter full of gratitude for the same.

"But to return to the wife. She and the children reached these shores in perfect health. It was in 1832, the year of the great cholera; and I never once imagined that it would attack us who were strangers in the country. A friend, whom I had known in England, hearing of my arrival, wrote to me from Bytown, to come up and look at a farm near him, which he wished me to hire.

"Not caring to drag my wife and children up the country, until I had seen the place myself