great deal more besides; but we fear to try your patience, and we tremble violently, much more so, indeed, than you will believe, at the bare idea of waxing prosy.

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Suffice it to say, that the party separated at an early hour—a good, sober, reasonable hour for such an occasion—somewhere before midnight. The horses were harnessed, the ladies were packed in the sleighs with furs so thick and plentiful as to defy the cold; the gentlemen seized their reins, and cracked their whips—the horses snorted, plunged, and dashed away over the white plains in different directions, while the merry sleigh-bells sounded fainter and fainter in the frosty air. In half an hour, the stars twinkled down on the still, cold scene, and threw a pale light on the now silent dwelling of the old fur-trader.

Ere dropping the curtain over a picture in which we have sought faithfully to portray the prominent features of those wild regions that lie to the north of the Canadas, and in which we have endeavoured to describe some of the peculiarities of a class of men whose histories seldom meet the public eye, we feel tempted to add a few more touches to the sketch; we would fain trace a little farther the fortunes of one or two of the chief actors in our book. But this must not be.

Snowflakes and sunbeams came and went as in days gone by. Time rolled on, working many changes in its course, and, among others, consigning Harry Somerville to an important post in Red River colony, to the unutterable joy of Mr Kennedy, senior, and of Kate. After much consideration and frequent consultation with Mr Addison, Mr Conway resolved to make another journey to