

never ceased to tell, which had at this time for their text the daring deeds of the men, and still more of the women, of the early settlements. How Mrs. Conifer during the absence of her husband and sons, who were off lumbering, had seen her cow, on which her life almost depended, come home from the bush at a furious run with something on its back, and had taken out the gun and shot the animal, and then retired to the house in fear. How some squaws came in, and hearing an account of the transaction, went out, and examining the cow, soon followed up the retreat of the bear, and finding it lying dead in the bush, brought back its skin and flesh to the woman, who thus made up abundantly for the loss of her cow's life. How Mrs. Conifer's daughter, soon after born, has all her life been partially clothed with a natal garment of bear skin. I can only afford a sample of these precious tales, which might easily extend over a thousand and one nights round the Camboose-fire.

Long was the tramp, but we came at last to a clearing, and such a scene of highland beauty as opened on us—highland in general contour, but the heather well replaced by bright birches and dark green pines—is hardly looked for in Canada. We looked upon the little lake surrounded by mountains, however, with little ecstasy, through the interminable drizzling rain. We brought up willingly at the first couple of shanties to have a meal, and found the household in one of them not yet scattered, after dinner, and received chairs and stools to sit on, while the good woman would make our tea. These matters arranged with some pleasantries on both sides, Murphy was just about to sit down on the end of a sofa, when the lady of the house remarked,

"You didn't see that our old man was dead?" Murphy was in the act of sitting down on the feet of the corpse. He got up, looked round, and said,

"Sure enough he's gone, is he?"

The young women said they were making his shroud. It was an old pensioner who had eked out his life with the family,

but whose departure was apparently a matter of utter indifference, for it was no more referred to. The woman that ruled in this home was a good-looking, well-built person of about thirty. Owing to some long and tiresome quarrel between her and a neighbour in the next cabin, it had been resolved to have the matter settled in a regular way. In this fight Mrs. McInailey had put Mrs. Scratchard to utter rout, and was consequently looked upon as the prize-boxer. The next house we came to after leaving this one was English Jackson's (for singularly in so small a settlement there were two Jacksons), where we must needs enter and hold converse. Talk of Barnum's fat girl! I, John Smith, once travelled a long distance with that pityable prodigy, but her monstrosity was nothing to that of a (lengthwise) little boy and girl of English Jackson's. The boy is about eleven, and the girl seven or eight, and such a shape! I might give the figures of measurement and weight were I not afraid that this truthful tale might thenceforward be looked upon as a fiction. The conversation with the invalid lady at the head of this family turned on a visit she had just had from a squaw, whom she had recognized as one Nat Shuniaw's wife. On being asked if she was not, the allusion to her departed husband by name, had been reproved by the poor rover with a look of reproachful sadness. I have known lordly halls where would have passed unseen this gentle hint, which had been so quickly caught by the delicate sympathy of the settler's wife. It was explained by the trapper, that an Indian always avoids a subject of sorrow, even when long gone by, and will never mention a departed relative by any designation more distinct than a gesture, or such an expression as "He that's gone." Next we came to Devon's, the looked-for resting-place after a weary day, when we found the hospitable old pair just finishing up their day's work. The lady was a Baptist, diligent, deaf, Dutch, and devout; while her lord was a Methodist, sinewy in person, and more elastic in conscience, ever ready, however, as