

the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards, across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.

The remedy for this intense cold to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—infinately worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small parlour of a little inn, a number of strong able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces, and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets, and yet, as one endures this agony, the back part is as cold as if it belonged to what is called at home “Old Father Christmas!”

Of late years, English fire-places have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night