

LIFE OF  
JOHN CONRAD SHAFFORD,  
THE  
DUTCH HERMIT.

---

"Far in a *wild*, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age, a reverend *Hermit* grew;  
The *moss* his *bed*, a *hut* his *humble cell*,  
His *food* the *fruits*, his *drink* the *crystal well*;  
Remote from *man*, with *God* he past his days,  
*Prayer* all his business, all his pleasure *praise*!"

It was while on a hunting excursion near the village of Dundee (Lower Canada,) in the month of November last, (1839.) that the writer of the Narrative here presented, was attracted by the appearance of smoke proceeding from the chimney of a log hut of very humble construction, situated in a forest far from any other dwelling, and apparently so inaccessible, as to be but seldom visited by any *human* being! Impelled by a curiosity to ascertain who the inmates could be, and their motives for selecting a spot so secluded and dreary for their place of abode, the writer approached and knocked at the door of the hut, (constructed of two or three unwrought slabs, which appeared intended as a temporary barricade to the only place of entrance that could be discovered,) and at which soon appeared a human being clad in a garment of fur, and whom, by his wrinkled brow, and long white beard flowing therefrom, it was to be presumed that in *age*, he could not number much less than fourscore and ten years!—on presenting himself to view (however ludicrous he might have supposed his appearance must have been to a *stranger*) he appeared in no way alarmed or disconcerted; and the writer having first apologized for the intrusion, as well as his motive for thus unceremoniously