

brown, colored from the bark of the butternut tree.
"Grandfather made me shoes from cloth."

The main road ran past her grandfather's house, with the "forest primeval" on each side. In summer they went in an ox-cart when not on horseback; in winter with a sleigh. Mrs. Grover's school life commenced with her grandfather taking her to the school, which was a log building and kept by a young man whose name was Daniel Cummings, a member of the Baptist Church. Mr. Goslee would put the child on horseback, hang her lunch basket on the horn of the saddle, and lead the horse to the school, coming for her at four o'clock. There she learned her A B C's, but "never mastered the multiplication table!" She was sent to an American boarding-school when twelve years old, much against her grandfather's wishes, where she stayed a year without coming home. At that school Harriet Beecher, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Stowe, graduated the same year. Many Canadians were there. She gives some of her studies—geography, history, rhetoric, philosophy, mythology. With the others she made a drawing of the map of the world, which pleased her father very much. She made a drawing, also, of a mourning piece with a large tombstone and a lady standing under a weeping willow. While absent the beloved grandfather died. He could never be prevailed upon to visit the United States. On her return home she came partly by the stage coach and the Erie Canal to