

or I forget the genuine hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bradley.

WEDNESDAY 1ST JUNE 5 A.M.

The morning thus far has been rainy, but the clouds are now breaking, and there is every prospect of a fine day. Mr. Bradley tells us that severe frost occurred here on the night of the 30th May, which did much damage to the young crops. The land is wretchedly poor in this neighbourhood, and in that of East Frampton, hardly requiring the settlers for the labour of clearing. They pay yearly rent at the rate of four cents per acre, such being about the interest on the purchase money; and the claim of preëmption is always allowed. The seigniorial or territorial rights belong to a family of the name of Henderson—whose comfortable looking *château* we passed just as the sun went down last evening.

4 30 P.M. We left Bradley's about a quarter after five this morning, and reached the inn, which the people of East Frampton had directed us to, very shortly afterwards, having first crossed, from Frampton Township into Standon, a beautiful little river called L'Eau Chaude. The inn proved to be a newly-built log-house, occupied by a French Canadian, named Gosselin, and consisting, apparently, of only two large rooms, one on the ground-floor, and the other a story higher. In the former we seated ourselves and ordered breakfast, which made its appearance about half-past seven o'clock—a capital meal of fried pork, omelette, tea and home-made bread, to which we did most ample justice. Then, having exchanged our *calèche* for a *charette*, or common cart of the country, we started for