

Not long after this, a boat arrived with orders for my companion Mr A—— to pack up his worldly goods, and set sail for Tadousac. The same day he completely gutted my dwelling-house; and, after packing up nearly every moveable it contained, bade me adieu and set sail. In a few minutes the boat vanished behind a point of land, and I turned to look at my now deserted home.

The situation in which I found myself was a novel, and, to say truth, not a very agreeable one. A short way off stood a man watching contemplatively the point round which the boat had just disappeared; and this man was my only companion in the world!—my Friday, in fact. Not another human being lived within sixty miles of our solitary habitation, with the exception of the four men at the distant fishery. In front of us, the mighty Gulf of St Lawrence stretched out to the horizon, its swelling bosom unbroken save by the dipping of a sea-gull or the fin of a whale. Behind, lay the dense forest, stretching back, without a break in its primeval wildness, across the whole continent of America to the Pacific Ocean; while above and below lay the rugged mountains that form the shores of the Gulf. As I walked up to the house, and wandered like a ghost through its empty rooms, I felt inexpressibly melancholy, and began to have unpleasant anticipations of spending the winter on this lonely spot.

Just as this thought occurred to me, my dog Humbug bounded into the room, and, looking with a comical