

—and Hannah and I were left standing upon the dirty floor.

"What a place!" I cried.

"Oh! what would your Ma say to it?" said the weeping girl. "Good God! that ever we should come to live with calves and heifers, and the like o' them. Oh! dear—dear—I wish we were all back in England again."

"Amen!" responded I, from my very soul—but the word only rose to my lips, to be drowned in a sigh.

The prospect was indeed dreary. Without, pouring rain—within, a fireless hearth; a room, with but one window, and that containing only one whole pane of glass, not an article of furniture to be seen, save an old painted pine cradle, which had been left by some freak of fortune there. This turned upon its side, served us for a seat; and there we sat, impatiently awaiting the arrival of my husband, and a friend, who was going to stay with us for a few days, before he returned to the Old Country; and a man servant, whom M. had hired to assist on the farm. Where they were all to be stored, might have puzzled a more sagacious brain than mine. It is true there was a loft; but I could see no way of reaching it, for ladder there was none. So we amused ourselves, while waiting for the arrival of our party, by abusing the place, the country, and our own dear selves, for coming to it.

Now, when not only reconciled to it, but loving it, and feeling a deep interest in its present welfare and future greatness, I often look back and laugh at the feelings with which I then regarded it. When things come to the worst, they generally mend. The males of our party no sooner arrived, than they set about making things more comfortable. James Noble, the man servant, pulled up some of the rotten stumps, with which the field was thickly strewn, and made a fire. Hannah roused herself from her stupor of despair, seized the corn broom from the top of the loaded waggon, and began to sweep out the house, which raised such an intolerable cloud of dust, that I was glad to throw my cloak over my head, and run out of doors to escape suffocation. Then commenced the awful bustle of unloading two heavily laden waggons, and the small space within the house was soon entirely blocked up with trunks, and packages of all descriptions; there was scarcely room to move, without stumbling over some article of household stuff. The rain poured in at the open door, and beat in at the shattered window, and dropped upon our heads from holes in the roof. The wind blew keenly through a thousand apertures in the log walls; and nothing could exceed the uncomfortableness

of our situation. For a long time, the box of tools, which contained a hammer and nails, was not to be found. At length Hannah discovered it tied up with some bedding, which she was opening up, in order to dry. I fortunately spied the door lying among some old boards at the back of the house, and M. immediately commenced fitting it into its place. This once accomplished, was a great addition to our comforts. He then nailed a piece of white cloth entirely over the broken window, which, without diminishing the light, kept out the rain. James constructed a ladder out of the old bits of boards, and Mr. W. assisted him in stowing away upon the loft, all the luggage which was not required for immediate use.

"But what has this picture of misery and discomfort to do with borrowing?" I hear my readers exclaim. Patience! my dear good friends; I will tell you all about it, by and by.

While we were all busily employed, but the poor baby, who was lying upon a pillow, in the old cradle, amusing herself with trying the strength of her lungs, and not a little irritated that no one was at leisure to regard her laudable endeavours to make herself heard, the door was suddenly pushed open, and the apparition of a woman squeezed itself into the crowded room. I left off arranging the furniture of the bed, that M. had just put up in a corner, to meet my unexpected, and, at that moment, not very welcome guest. Her whole appearance was so extraordinary that I felt quite at a loss how to address her. Imagine a girl, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp knowing looking features, a forward impudent carriage, and pert flippant manners, standing upon one of the trunks, with an old red silk handkerchief tied round her head, in the form of a hood, dressed in a ragged, dirty, purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, and with bare legs and feet, swinging, in her coarse, dirty hands, an empty glass decanter.

"What can she want?" I asked myself; "what a strange creature!" And there she stood, staring at me in the most unceremonious manner; her keen black eyes glancing from their corners to every side of the room, which she examined with critical exactness. Before I could speak to her, she drawled through her nose.

"Well! I guess you are fixing here."

I thought she had come to offer her services; and I told her that I did not want a girl, as I had brought one with me.

"How!" responded the creature; "I hope you don't take me for a help; I'm as good a lady as yourself. No—I just stepped over to see what