

The last row of trees was cut so as to fall inwards on the others that were half cut. It would produce a most imposing spectacle, when all the trees came down together. The noise was deafening. After the trees were cut down, the limbs were stripped from them, gathered into brush-heaps and burned, and the trees were cut into log-lengths, rolled into heaps and burned. These log-heaps were made by logging "bees", when the neighbors came with their oxen and assisted in raising enormous heaps which it would have been impossible to make without a large number of "hands". These "bees" were to a great extent free from the excessive use of distilled spirits which in later times characterized similar gatherings. But if there was a lack of drinking there, it was fully made up by the eating. The neighbors' wives and daughters came from far and near, bringing pots and pans and other cooking utensils to help along the festivities. Oh! those delicious nights and feasts! Fish, both salmon and white-fish, common as black squirrels in those days! Roast beef and pot-pie! Potatoes, peas and beans! Pies of every description—the pumpkin being the climax of all delicacies! I can see the tables yet, and smell the savory smell as the board was filled with hungry frontiers-men and their wives. Then provisions disappeared like dew before the sun, till scarce enough was left to satisfy the waiting juveniles.