

"What a beautiful country!" exclaimed Rainsford.

"Beautiful?—it's transcendent! Yes, if Old Kentucky was cut off from all the rest of the earth, she'd be a world within herself," answered Bushfield.

"A spot was selected for the residence of Rainsford on the bank of a little stream which found its way to the Kentucky River through a rich meadow imbosomed in the hills.

"'Tis a little paradise," said he; "but I fear it is too distant from any other habitation."

"Distant!" cried Bushfield, "not at all; why, you and I shall be nigh neighbours. Don't you see that blue mountain yonder? I live just on the other side, and it's only fifteen miles off."

"That's rather too far from me; I don't like to be alone."

"Not like to be alone! why, where under the sun did you spring from, stranger? Now, for my part, I don't want any other company than my dog, my rifle, and plenty of game. I never wish to see the smoke of my neighbour's chimney. You'll have a smart chance of company at Dangerfieldville, which isn't above six miles off, as I should calculate."

"After a few minutes' reflection, Mr. Rainsford assented to the location of his house, observing it was after all, perhaps, of little consequence where he pitched his tent, to the great disgust of Bushfield, who set him down in his own mind as a fellow that hadn't fire enough in him to prevent his being frostbitten in the dog days."

Our readers may desire to know something more of this wild-
backwoodsman, and we shall therefore extract his leave-taking:—

"Well, colonel," said Bushfield, "I've let go the willows at last. I can't go it any longer here."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the other.

"O, every thing is getting so dense here, that a man can't turn round, or say his soul is his own. There's that interloper that has located himself just under my nose, about five miles off,