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THE WALK TO DUMMER.

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We trod a weary path, through silent woods,
Tangled and dark, unbroken by a sound
Of cheerful life. The melancholy shriek,
Or tossing into waves the green pine tops,
Of hollow winds careering o'er the snow—
Making the ancient forest groan and sigh,
Beneath their mocking voice, awoke alone
The solitary echoes of the place.

AUTHOR.

READER, have you ever heard of a place called Dummer? Ten years ago it might not inaptly have been termed the last clearing in the world—nor, to this day, do I know of any in that direction which extends beyond it. Our bush farm was situated on the border line of a neighboring township, only one degree less wild, less out of the world, or nearer to the habitations of civilization, than the far-famed "English Line," the boast and glory of this terra incognita. This place, so named by the emigrants who had pitched their tents in that solitary wilderness, was a long line of clearings, extending for several miles along the forest road, and inhabited chiefly by Cornish miners, who, tired of burrowing like moles under the ground, had determined to emigrate to Canada, where they could breathe the fresh air of heaven, and obtain the necessaries of life, upon the bosom of their mother earth. Strange as it may appear, these men made good farmers, and steady, industrious colonists, working as well above ground as they had in their early days beneath it. All our best servants came from Dummer, and although they often spoke a language difficult to be understood, they were faithful and obedient, performing the tasks assigned to them, with the patient perseverance of the Saxon race—good food and kind treat-

ment always rendering them cheerful and contented.

My dear old Jenny, that most faithful and attached of humble domestic friends, came from Dummer, and I was wont to regard it with complacency for her sake. But Jenny was not English,—she was a generous, warm-hearted daughter of the Green Isle,—the emerald gem set in the silver of ocean. Yes, Jenny was one of the poorest children of that impoverished but glorious country, where wit and talent seem indigenous to the soil, springing up spontaneously in the wildest and most uncultivated minds, shewing what the land can bring forth in its own strength, unaided by education and unfettered by the conventional rules of society. Jenny was a striking instance of the worth and noble self-devotion which is often met with, and alas! but too often disregarded, in the poor and ignorant natives of that deeply injured and much abused land. A slight sketch of my old favorite may not prove uninteresting, and as it is drawn from life, I shall not hesitate in presenting it to my readers.

Jenny Buchanan, or, as she called it, Bohanon, was the daughter of a petty exciseman, who, at the time of her birth, resided near the old town of Iniskillen. Her mother died a few months