Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

Vol. 2. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, January 17, 1867. No. 15.

THE
Summerside Journal
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
BERTRAM & BARNARD,
AT THEIR OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:
1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance, 7s. 6d.
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SUMMERSIDE, Jan. 17, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 1d a 2s 2d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
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Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
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Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Flour per bbl	50s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	14s a 15s
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Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
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Business Cards.

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aug. 9, 1866 ly

A CARD.
The subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE of JAMES L. HOLMAN at [illegible]nor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

DAVID BERTRAM,
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Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

J. H. GIBSON,
Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTER,
Summerside, ... P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

Business Cards.

DR. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND,
October 12, 1865.

Medical.
DR. McNEILL, lately of Bellevue Hospital, New York, would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of New London and Vicinity, that he has opened his SURGERY in Mr. J. M. Lydiard's House, at Stanley Bridge, (formerly known as Fife's Ferry) where he may be consulted in the various departments of his Profession, at all hours—day or night.
Stanley Bridge, New London,
Oct. 18, 1866.—tf

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Auctioneer.
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Sept. 1866. 6m

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Accepts All Classes of Risks,
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CHARLES YOUNG, agent.
Charlottetown, November 21, 1865.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

Now madly I seek
In this wine-cup to quench,
The fires that are raging within,
Which madden and torture
My fevered brain,
And goad me still onward to sin.

Despised and forsaken,
In hunger and rags,
I wander an outcast forlorn;
To the Demon of drink,
I have bartered my soul,
Oh! would I had never been born.

And tell me, ye demons
That pray on my soul
And laugh with a fiendish delight,
Of her, whose entreaties
Still ring in my ears,
Amid the dark hours of the night;

Whose tears I resisted,
Whose counsels I mocked,
And spurned at her efforts to save,
Till weary she drooped,
And with heart-broken wail,
Sank early to rest in the grave.

And mother, dear mother,
Dost thou from above,
Look down and in pity behold
The promise of childhood,
The hopes of my youth,
To the demon Intemperance sold?

Though vainly I writhe
In the grasp of the fiend,
And bitterly sigh to be free,
Sweet angel of peace,
I have bid thee farewell,
For the dark gulf is yawning for me.

MARY MCGREGOR.
Rawdon, Dec. 1866.

Select Literature.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

I sailed about thirty-four years ago, in our good, new ship Coriolanus, from New York to the coast of Africa. A weary time we had of it too. We left the ship to settle down in a whirlpool, while we made hot haste to man the boats and row away, away from the dangerous spot. It was tough work getting clear, and O, how dreary was the waste of waters, for two whole days and nights, to men who had nothing to subsist on but the leather bits torn from their water soaked shoes.

At length, on the third day, came relief, but such relief as was infinitely worse than the fate which seemed prepared for us. An Algerine corsair took us as captives, and our next footsteps on the land were on the terrible shore of Algiers.

I—Arnold White—a brave man and a fearless sailor, though I say it myself, sat down and cried—cried and sobbed like a child. For well I knew that nothing awaited me but long and dreary years of cruel slavery to the hardest, bitterest of task masters, doomed, to a long, perhaps a life long, separation from those whom my soul held dearer than life.

In a little cottage, just removed from the sounds of the city, I had left a young wife and her babe. What terrors awaited that gentle creature, when the year should pass away and no tidings should come of her husband. She had been a lonely orphan. She was now a happy wife and mother. My poor Emily! what could she be now that he who had become father, husband and brother to her should return no more?

In the boat with me had been an old man called Jacob Armstead; a young, vigorous youth, Martin Frost, and little Edwin Carter the Captain's boy. The latter was a bright, active boy—a widow's son. He was of tender years, and unfit to battle with his terrible fate. The monsters set him tasks which a strong man would have died under, and before two weeks had passed he was lying dead beneath the uplifted rod. My heart bled anew, and yet I thought he was to be envied for escaping such a life.

How I lived I know not. It must have been that the little spark of hope that I should see my wife and child once more, kept me from dying.

The old man followed Edwin almost immediately; but I and Martin Frost lived to endure. We were young and strong. No disease or dissipation had subdued the high health of our frames or sapped the energies of our souls. We performed our tasks faithfully and well. The ruffians we served knew that we must be fed well to enable us to go through with their tasks, and we fared luxuriously for this reason alone.

When night came, memory took up her bitter work, but sleep came soon—the dull and dreamless sleep of tired out mortals. No change in our days—they went on in fearful monotony. We scarce knew one day from another; Sabbaths were unknown and seasons unnoticed. We had commenced to keep our time by notches made on a stick; but our tormentors took it from us, intimating that it was some cabalistic sign that might do them an injury. They were great cowards—those fierce Algerines.

My nights were not without their solace, after those dreary days. In dreams, I saw Emily—saw her with our child in her arms, and heard her utter the welcome which, alas! might nevermore be heard until it sounded for me at the entrance of heaven's gate. It was strange, I thought, that in these visions, the face of the child should always be hidden from my sight. Emily's face I always saw—sometimes with a despairing look upon it that wrung my heart with anguish, although it would have killed me to see it bright and happy.

For years I dreamed thus; and then the visions were suddenly withdrawn. Eagerly I sought my hard bed each night, hoping they would come to me again—but they returned no more. But imagination had not deserted me. That showed me the fair sweet face of my wife, when the day of servile labor was over, and the calm that follows great weariness came over me. Then, as I sat in the rude cabin which served me as a shelter for the night, but which was far poorer and more wretched than one would give the lowest animal, I would look out upon the silver water kissed by the moonlight, or up into the starry sky, and—God be thanked!—there was my wife's dear face.

Sometimes she was holding out my babe toward me, as if for a kiss—sometimes she was folding its innocent hands in prayer for its father, and sometimes she was laying it to its nightly slumbers and weeping above its pillow. Ah! well I knew for whom those precious tears were falling. O God! should I never again behold her?

You have heard of the band of great-hearted Christian men who, for years, went out from Rome, bearing noble ransom for the captives of Algiers. They had already commenced their blessed work on the borders, and were penetrating far into the interior, whither we had been carried; and one day the blessed tidings came to me and my poor comrade that we were *free!* Oh! how the word sounded to our ears! How it seemed some strange, unknown language from the far-off, unknown shores! Free! we spelled it over and over, as if its meaning was too hard to be understood. Perhaps it was better thus than to have the tidings burst upon us at once. Sorrow had nearly worn us out. Despair was fast coming upon us; and the sudden revulsion might have killed us. But, slowly, we came to the sense of what had happened to us. We were clothed in decent raiment, instead of the miserable rags that mocked the name of clothing, and were put on board a ship. No one thought of seeing two such haggard wretches to work; and we lay in our berths, or sunned ourselves upon the deck as we listed. Sometimes I was nearly delirious, from the wild tide of fancies that came thronging to my mind.

Often I could not remember my own nor my companion's name, and then again a host of confused remembrances would come surging over me, driving me nearly mad, as they seemed to mock me; and seldom did I realize, clearly, that I was going home—home to my wife and child.

But, as we neared the shores of my native land, it rushed upon me, like a flash of lightning. My heart throbbed with expectancy. The years that I had been away dwindled into nothing. All that stern, cruel past gave way to the joyful future, until the moment when I stepped from the ship to the shore and parted from the companion of so many dreary years—he to go his way and I mine, and each one *alone.* Then the heart sickness came upon me once more. I wrung his hand, and the tears came into the eyes of both. Should we ever meet again? Something in that brief moment warned me not to proffer the invitation that was rising to my lips for him to visit me at my home when he had taken his welcome at his own. Something, too, of pity I felt for him; for he had no wife—no child awaiting him. O God! had I?

I could not pray in that strange hour. I could not kneel on the shore and thank God that he had returned me to my native land, as one would have thought would have been my first act. A carriage blocked my path and the driver called to me. I could not even get into it without his assistance, so utterly had I lost the habits and even the motions of civilized life. The fellow looked at me with a half-pitying, half-sarcastic glance that woke neither gratitude nor resentment. He asked whether he should carry me, and I did have sense enough left to tell him the name of the little town just out of the city, where my home used to be. He spoke kindly to me, when he found that I was bewildered and dizzy, and asked my name. I could answer that now, although I had forgotten it in Algiers, and he started when he heard it,

"Good heavens!" he cried, 'are you the poor fellow who has been missing so long?" I burst out crying, for it was so strange that I should meet any one who ever knew of me.

"I will take you home myself, and you shall be welcome to go free of charge, though there are a dozen others waiting for me," he said, kindly.

I sank on the cushions, my heart beating funeral marches all the way. I was literally as weak as a child. It was a narrow lane on which stood my cottage, and the carriage could not well get through it; so the driver helped me out, kindly wished me good night and saying that he trusted I should find all right at home.

It was a chilly autumn night, and I shuddered as I stepped from the shelter of the carriage. The dry leaves rustled beneath my footsteps, the wind moaned heavily in the bare trees, and the crickets took up their melancholy strain—dreary autumnal sounds that went to my heart, waking a vague terror. I staggered and reeled like a drunken man; stooping every few moments to lean against some fence, to recover the strength that was momentarily leaving me, while the chill blast was piercing me to the very bone, though heavy drops of sweat stood upon my forehead. At last my heart stood still. A bright light came from the spot that I knew was my home, for no other house was in the lane when I left it. Dare I go up to it? My breath seemed leaving me, and I panted like a hunted hare. Should I find Emily there, or was it a stranger's light that was leading me to a lost home?

I tottered on. Would any one believe that this night of coming home was the hardest I had ever known—so full of terror—so strange—so dark and unwelcoming to the poor worn being approaching it?

Somehow, I found myself before the low window. I clasped my hands over my eyes for a moment afraid to look in. In that same moment I heard a voice uttering endearing caressing tones. I should have known it had I heard it in that far land from which I had come, and I surely must know it in my own home. Emily was alive then and my heart told me she was talking to my child. I had courage then to uncover my eyes and to look through the window. There was my darling! For many minutes I saw nothing but that dear face, fair and pure and sweet as ever; only changed a little by years. It was not even sorrowful, as I had expected, but wore a cheerful aspect, as of one content and happy. I wiped away the mist that my breath was making on the window, and then for the first time since I stood there, I saw that she held a child upon her lap. Not the fair rosy boy of ten years, that I had pictured to myself, but an infant of a few weeks or months, lying helpless and quiet, as if in a deep slumber. Again I glanced at the mother. It was Emily's face, surely. I could not be mistaken, or perhaps I was going mad again, as in those dreadful nights long ago.

She spoke once more, and as she spoke she looked up fondly to another face which I now perceived, when I had again cleared the mist away. The face was that of John Harmon, my old friend and associate. My hand clutched the door-handle and turned it, but I knew nothing until I heard a wild shriek rising fearfully above the terrible noises in my ears. Never shall I forget that awful hour. Never have I told this tale to human ears before; but each night I tell it to God, and implore his pity!

Emily had mercifully fainted, but John Harmon, quivering in every limb like one who sees a spectre, and pale with agony and distress, yet held out his trembling hand to me.

"You see—you see, Arnold," he whispered hoarsely, "you see how it is. God knows, old friend, she nor I would never have wronged you for worlds. But nine long years had gone by, and the ship had never been heard from; and we thought you dead. Emily was ill and in trouble, for little Arnold was taken from her; and, God help me! I had seen her quiet, patient sorrow so long that I could but love and protect her, thinking all the while, too, that if Arnold White could look down from heaven, he would scarcely bless our union. It was long before she would consent to be my wife; but one year ago she lost her child, and her home was intolerable in its desolation. O, pity and forgive her, Arnold!" The tears were flowing fast down the poor man's cheek's.

Pity her! God knows I did pity them both, from the very depth of my crushed heart. John was trying to revive the poor, half-dead woman who lay at our feet. He had laid the infant in its cradle when she fainted, and it lay there sleeping sweetly still.

When she revived, I went up to her chair and kneeled down before her, putting my arms around her, and pressing my lips to hers. John Harmon stood by her side, holding her pale hand in his. He could not grudge me that one lingering caress, nor blame her that she suffered and returned it.

"Be not distressed, Emily," I said, as firmly as my quivering lips would let me. "I have no words to utter to either of you, save those of pity and forgiveness. Let no thought of me disturb your peace. Would that I had never come home to cast a brief shadow on your path."

I was too weak and exhausted to say more, and I broke down. We wept together—we three broken-hearted ones—and then, worn out and sick, I fainted away.

I slept there that night, and the next morning I awoke with a burning fever. John Harmon nursed me like a brother. Gentle and tender as a woman, he watched me all through that terrible sickness, and—noble fellow that he was!—he called Emily to my bedside, and bade her choose between us.

"Only say the word, Emily," he said, "and I will go at once. Arnold has the first right."

She looked at the sleeping child in John's arms, and then at me.

"Had Arnold lived, Emily," said I, "it would have been hard to say what I am going to say. But he is dead, and you cannot abandon this little child. Let *me* go, not this child's father. I will come here no more after I recover. God help and bless us all! 'In heaven there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

And so, on a bright, clear winter morning, I went away without a single farewell word, before they were awake. I have followed the sea ever since—and with better fortune than before. I am now an old, grayheaded captain, with more wealth than I can use. John Harmon's son does not suspect who is the unknown friend that pays all his college bills, but his father and mother could enlighten him. I bear them all nothing but friendly feelings for the cruel wound my heart has borne. I shall never see my lost darling again, until I meet her in the other world and find my own child once more.

My life's sunset is near its closing. It seems years on years ago, since I parted from the wife of my youth, and the waves of the "Long Ago" sweep over that terrible night when I found her the wife of another. But I *know* that when earth's sorrows and cares have passed away, she will be mine again—mine for evermore, and that in that blessed meeting, God will wipe away all the tears from our eyes, and we shall be like the angels of God.

Every day—every hour—I think thus; and I know that when my freed spirit shall ascend upward, *hers* will not linger long upon the earth.

COUNTRY LIFE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PAST GENERATION.

(From the Examiner.)

"Here, too, dwelt simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labor, with a little pleased;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

THOMPSON.

Those who live in an old country see in their life time but very few changes, either in the face of the country or in the manners and condition of the people. The country of their childhood is the country of their old age. Its hills and valleys, its streams and groves, present to them very nearly the same appearance as they did to their fathers and their grandfathers. The villages and hamlets are very little altered in fifty or even in a hundred years. The very houses that sheltered their ancestors are now the dwellings of their children's children. The wanderer returns gray-haired to the village which he left in the flush of youth, to find it in everything, except its inhabitants, very nearly in the condition which he left it half a century before. How different is all this from the new countries on this side of the Atlantic! Here a man cannot have lived to middle age without having witnessed many and great changes, not only in the general features of the country, but in the condition of the people, their habits and manners, and even in their modes of expression. He who has attained old age has beheld even greater changes. In his boyhood he has seen the greater part of the country covered with the primeval forest. From every hill-top landwards nothing meets his eye but a vast unbroken sea of foliage, so dense as almost to appear solid. Who that has travelled through the country thirty, or even twenty years ago, has not been struk by the sight of the immense expanses, rounded tree tops, so uniform in height, and so substantial in appearance as to look as if one might walk with safety over the dense masses of foliage. The settlements then consisted of a number of small cleared spaces cut out of the forest with great labor. The view from the settlers' log cabin was bounded on every side by an apparently impenetrable wall of forest. One or two fields, plentifully dotted with blackened and unsightly stumps, and surrounded by irregular fences, equally unsightly, formed the whole landscape. A small patch of sky, corresponding to the size of the clearance, was all of the "spacious firmament" that the new settler could obtain a glimpse of. His nearest neighbor, though it may be only a few rods distant, might, as far as appearances were concerned, be fifty miles away. All those cheerful sights and sounds, so dear and familiar to the dweller of the the thickly inhabited country, were shut out by the dense woods that separated him from his brother pioneer. These first settlers were lodged, fed and clothed in the rudest fashion. The hut had but one door, one window, and one room. Their food was coarse and often scanty, and not rendered palatable by any of the refinements of cookery; and their garments were either part of unsuitable wardrobes which they were provident enough to take with them from the Old Country, or the rougher fabrics of his new home, fashioned by the loving but unskilful hands of their wifes and daughters.

Many are the stories told us by persons still living of the privations and shifts of these early settlers. The roads were mere bridle paths, whose direction was marked by blazed trees; carts, wagons and harness, were almost unknown; even ploughs were scarce, and those such as a modern farmer would not deign to use. Rough times were those for all—both for men and women, but particularly for the women, for in those times no small part of the field work fell to their share. To their ordinary household work, and spinning and weaving, making and mending, there were added piling, hoeing and reaping. This was owing to no want of tenderness, industry or manliness on the part of the men, but the planting and harvest seasons being very short, and the hoe and the reaping hook being the only farming implements in use, every hand, however tender, was wanted to assist in raising food enough to last through the long months that were to elapse before the next harvest. As may be imagined, luxuries were almost unknown to those hardy people. Tea, which is now considered a necessary of life by nearly every one, was then seen only on rare occasions on the tables of even the most well-to-do people; and the beaux and belles of these times would, we fear, cut a rather ridiculous figure in our backwoods churches.

Hard as those times were, and great as were the privations that every one had to suffer, we have known people who looked back to them with regret, and who declared that they were happier and more contented then than when in later years they were surrounded by a thousand comforts. Many of our best men, too, have first seen light in the log house we have attempted to describe, and passed the first years of their lives in the midst of such hardships. But the march of improvement was rapid and continuous. The settler waged war against the forest with fire and steel. The waste of timber seems now very deplorable. Splendid trees were cut down merely to be burned. Every Spring had its fires in the woods of greater or less extent. The woods on fire presented a scene of terrible beauty and magnificence. At night it is really sublime. Everything is dry, and everything burns rapidly. The flames run along the fallen leaves, and roar and rage among the windfalls and other debris of the forest. Suddenly they seize the lowermost branches of a fir or spruce tree, and in an instant it becomes a pyramid of fire—the flames darting high above the tallest trees. In the morning the burned woods are a melancholy sight. These terrible fires greatly facilitate the labors of the farmer. In a few years the trees are uprooted by the wind. Another fire passes over them; and if the land is cleared before a new growth of wood has time to spring up, the settler is spared much exhausting labor.

A few years pass away, and the settlement arrives at its second stage of development. The "camp" is replaced by a comfortable one storied log house, well shingled and clapboarded, having two large rooms and a bed room or two on its ground floor. The settler himself has been, in a majority of cases, architect, builder, plasterer, painter and glazier. The furniture is simple, and, for the most part, home-made. You see furniture and "notions" have not as yet been imported. His stock, too, has increased; and for them he has built a large stable. These, with the barn and other out-houses, give the homestead quite a comfortable look. The stumps have disappeared from the few acres near the house, and the woods, though still extensive, have retreated to a considerable distance. Many of his neighbors' houses are in full view. The river or creek, which, a few years ago, was so hidden by overhanging woods that only a few yards of dark water was visible at one time, can now be seen winding through the country—beautiful and bright its banks—here and there fringed with bushes, and the slope on either side cleared and divided into farms, each with its little cluster of snug buildings. The roads have been widened and levelled, and though the grass grows between the horse-path and the wheel-track, still they can be travelled on with safety and even with comfort.

The farmer has as yet received but very little aid from machinery. His grain is cut with a reaping hook or the scythe; it is threshed by the hand flail, and winnowed by the breeze from heaven. These are the days of chopping, piling, stumping and rolling "frolics"—days when neigh-