

be first rate dough. My next care was to clean the pot of cobwebs, and put it over the fire with a good lot of tallow, which, by the way, had no small share of musty smell about it; but this, I thought, would evaporate by the heat. While this heating process was going on, I busied myself in cutting up my beautiful dough into all kinds of fancy shapes, cats, dogs, snakes, mice, etc. These effigies I now committed to their hot bath; and in a few seconds they were so nicely browned that my mouth fairly watered to overflowing, and I could wait no longer for a taste. I found the fork rather dull, so scooped them out with a wooden ladle. On their touching the cold plates, to my horror, though refined by the action of the fire, the tallow became as hard as a candle. To eat my fine looking cakes was impossible, as they had become hard, and tough as sole leather. However, I gave them to the men, who dissolved them in their next choice corn cooking; and thus ended my cake frying for all time to come.

My path to the pigeon ground lay immediately past a Notary Public's door and I had noticed sweet faces peering at the nice, handsome young sportsman as he passed daily with his gun. At length I was watched on my return; a young widow lady, standing in the door, as I touched my hat, said: "You appear to be a stranger." I replied: "Yes, just from Montreal." "Will you walk in and rest yourself?" "No, I thank you, I must give the men their corn." "Whenever," said she, "you feel lonely, we shall be glad to see you." I thanked her for her kindness. The Notary's hopeful son called upon me, and confirmed the invitation.

The next day my best Montrealers saw the light and got an airing, fitted for an afternoon's call. No pains were spared to prove that I was recently from civilized society. At four o'clock I was formally introduced by the Notary's son to his aged father, ditto mother, his widowed sister. Mrs. LaFrambois, his other sisters, and Miss Cowan. The engagé of the latter's father was killed by an Indian who was taken for his trial to Kingston, on board the schooner Speedy, Captain Paxton, where she foundered and all on board were lost, judges, lawyers, and all. I, of course, remained