

And then the spring days were so joyous and bright: the birds sang as sweetly here as they ever did in my New England home.

The kind and liberal Hand that planted the elm by the old homestead scattered in profuse abundance the same beautiful trees at the west. Lovely lakes were sprinkled like bright, sparkling stars here and there, and noble pine forests rose in majesty and beauty before us.

Rich, fertile lands lay stretched everywhere around us, where, as my brother William said, apples grew as large as pumpkins, and corn was so stout that it grew on trees. It was the work of a short time only to erect us a suitable dwelling. Living in a log-house! there was something strange and new in it, so different from our former life. Our one room upon the first floor served the fourfold purpose of kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room, and parlour. Going from the kitchen, upon a ladder, we entered the upper loft, which contained our sleeping apartments.

The rough logs were unhewn upon the inside, but were cemented over upon the outside; and mother had papered the rooms with old newspapers, which, she said, would answer the purpose of house-paper, and furnish us with reading material beside.