

Leaves
from the Diary of a Canadian Teacher
in
1836.

July 3rd

I have decided that I am to teach school the remainder of this summer; that is, if a school can be found who no teacher has yet been engaged. It is getting so late in the season that I hardly dare to hope we shall succeed.

It scarcely seems to me that I am wise enough to govern a school; but I do feel sure that I am well enough qualified to teach all that will be required in any common school.

There comes my father. I must hurry down stairs to ask what news he brings, as he was to try and engage the school at W^l for me. That would be near home, and I would like it on that account. Besides, I am so well acquainted with Esquire M^l and his family, who reside at W^l, that it would not be like going among strangers. Circumstances though my mother says I am only

a year younger than she was at the time of her marriage, I feel like a child and dread going this first time from home to live among people I have never seen. I was seventeen last month, and my parents think I am old enough to be trusted to take care of myself.

July 6th

The W School is engaged and we do not know where to look for another. For my own part, I would be glad to remain at home, but my Mother says I am not strong enough to do the hardest work, as there is a large family, and plenty of cheese and butter to make. So she would rather I should teach, while she hires some woman to do the rough work, which I know it would be better for me not to do. Besides, my elder and younger sisters will be here.

July 8th

My brother Lloyd has just returned from B — where he has been following his profession for some days. He brings word that there is a teacher wanted for a school, far in the backwoods of that township, which is the wildest in all the County, and that the people have consented to try me; knowing it will be my first school, and all. Now for my preparations. I must ask Lloyd what I shall require to take, and how often I can come home. He will be sure to know all about

the people; for he was surveying, and
was obliged to go into most of their
houses.

July 9.

I wonder what there is about the
B— School! Lloyd looks so queer
when I make enquiries, only say-
ing "Wait and see, my little Sister!"
I am all impatience to see; but I wish
I knew what he thought so very
funny in my question as to whether
I should take my black silk dress,
which was made last year from
one of my Grandmother's. I cannot
see why he needed to laugh at a
simple question like that.

July 11th

I begin to fear it must be a strange place
where I am to go, for Lloyd has told me
something about it, and says I must try
and make the best of every thing. This
was a great deal for Lloyd, who is al-
ways so silent, to say. And he called me
away by myself to tell me, besides.

He says I shall be obliged to ride on horse-
back more than two thirds of the way,
at least, and so on next Monday
morning I may expect some one from
the B— settlement to come for me, leav-
ing a horse for me to ride to my school.
I do not like the plan at all, though
I am a tolerably good horsewoman. Very
likely it will be an entire stranger who
will come for me. How disagreeable!
Not a bit as I had thought to open my

first school. I cannot now see dear mother - or that I feel so sadly disappointed. and shall, indeed, as Lloyd says, try to make the best of it. I do not see how I am to take sufficient clothing on horseback. But perhaps my escort will kindly carry a bundle on his saddle, and my hand-basket besides; for I am very sure that it will be as much as I can do to keep my seat, if the roads are only half as rough as I have reason to fear.

Mother says I must be certain to write a few lines every day while I am from home, in this Diary; to read to her on my return. And now I think of it, I must borrow Lloyd's flat tin case for papers, to keep it in; As that has a lock, and I would not wish the good people of B - to read my scribbles.

July 13th

B - Settlement.

I arrived here too late to commence any school to-day, as the school-room is a good mile and a quarter from this place, which is to be my first boarding house. I am only twelve miles from home, but I am sure I never thought such a wilderness of a place could be found in all Canada. It seemed to me that we struck off into the dense forest when only two or three miles from my home, and from that time the country grew more and more wild. The first two miles was after all, more lonely than the last part of

the road; perhaps because I was getting used to it. I was very thankful that it was not a perfect stranger I had for an escort. I am at the house of Ichabod Farnies, and it was his son - young Mr. John who once worked awhile for my master, who came for me. He was a bright soul for my comfort on the road as it was possible for him to be, and talked almost incessantly. I imagined he did it to keep up my spirits, and prevent me from realizing what a dismal place I was coming to!

When we had been some time in the forest road we reached a small clearance, about midway of which stood a small house, and close at hand a mere apology for a barn. Here Mr. John said we could stop to rest if I felt tired, adding that the woman who lived there could tell fortunes, and also that she was able to show where stolen or lost property was to be found. This so frightened me that I refused to stop. I felt afraid she would be able to divine by my countenance that I was already heartily sick of my undertaking, and wished Mr. John and the horses at the ends of the earth, and myself, even without my basket and bundle, safely under my father's roof.

The next clearance which lay in our road was about a mile further on. The house which stood at the farther end of it was no larger than my father's pig-pen, and not as well built. After we entered the

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wood again it was unbroken by clear-
ance or hut for more than three miles.
The road was little more than a bridle-
path a part of the way, though Mr. John
said the people could come out on sleds
with wooden shoes.

The trees were beautifully green, and in
many places the branches met above my
head as I rode along. And the sweet songs
of birds, such as we only hear in the
thick wood, fell pleasantly on my ear.

We crossed several brooks, some small,
some quite wide and deep. In one place
I was obliged to hold up my skirt to pre-
vent its being dragged in the water.

I was quite pleased with the horse on
which I rode. We were crossing a very
deep mire-hole, when suddenly he
came to a stand-still. Mr. John's
hand was on my bridle in a mo-
ment to guide the beast. But he re-
fused to stir. At length he commenced
carefully moving his right fore-foot,
working it backwards and forwards very
gently. Of course he was up to his
knees in the mire, and neither my-
self nor Mr. John could possibly see
what the difficulty was. In a few
minutes he had disengaged his foot,
which had caught among the roots
of which the hole was full; and with-
out doing me the least damage, he
extricated himself from the mire, and
we were soon on dry ground again.

Shortly after this we came in sight
of Mr. Furniss' house, when Mr. John
said, "This is our place, and you're to bear

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here first. Little enough, it appeared to me, like a boarding-place; but I thought what Lloyd had told me, and determined to try my best to be comfortable. The house is built of logs - unheated - with a sort of slab-roof. It has but one room below, though that is large, and looks very clean. There are quite a number of acres clean around the house; but a part of it seems, from neglect, to have become half-overgrown with brambles, and dwarf alder.

As we approached I could count somewhere about eight heads - old and young - stretched past the corner of the house to gaze at us; or at me, as I was vain enough to think.

Mrs. Farnies greeted me with much more politeness than I expected, and Mr. Farnie has quite good manners, having once seen better days. The children, seven in number, younger than Mrs. John, and two sisters who are working away from home, are rude and untaught, but good-natured, seeming happy and contented.

A sort of "Stoap" is in front of the house - if indeed there is a front to it, which can only determine by the door being on that side. In this "Stoap" which has no floor but the earth. There is a stove for cooking, and in the main room is a fire-place.

I only looked about me for a little, just long enough to notice that there were two beds and a trundle-bed in the room, three or four old chairs, a table and a large chest. Two small windows of eight

lights each, one on either side of the room, admit light enough to see to get about, but not sufficient to work or read in all corners of the apartment.

Pretty soon I asked Mrs. Furniss where I should place my bundle and basket. She immediately led the way to a retired corner which I had not noticed particularly, and which was directly behind the door. Here - to my horror - she commenced mounting a ladder, directing me to follow, and ordering all the children but the eldest girl, who is about fourteen, to remain below. Mrs. Furniss and her daughter ran up like cats, but my ascent was welcome, as I feared my feet would slip from the rounds.

At last I came to my room, which I must say, is as clean and tidy as soap and water could make it. The bed looks comfortable, and the daybed, scarcely, has already informed me that it belongs to her sister who is away. The room has no door and only a rude partition - with cracks wide enough for me to see what is going on in the outer loft, where is a sort of "shake-down"; on which I presume most of the children will repose.

I am treated to a window the same size as those below, while the outer apartment is almost entirely dark, and but for the light which is shed through my door - or rather my place for a door - a person must grope sadly in passing through it.

There is but one article of furniture in my room - besides the bed. This is a Chest, made of planed boards, and evidently a very nice affair in the eyes of the younger Farniss children. Their mother opened it, saying it belonged to John, but that I could have the use of it to stow away my things while I am here. There was only a vest in it, which she carried away. So I shall not feel that I am putting Mr. John to great inconvenience.

I never saw people examine any thing with such eagerness and curiosity as did Mrs. Farniss and her daughter the contents of my bundle and basket, as well as my bonnet. The latter is of straw - very neatly, but plainly trimmed, and having a sprig of delicate pink rose flowers on either side. Miss Mary requested to know if "they were artificials," and on my answering in the affirmative, she began to pick at them in a way that threat-
ened to destroy their beauty at once. This chest is my writing-table; it may also be my chair I suppose, when I am not writing on it.

After a time I was left to myself. I watched the two go down the ladder. I cannot imagine how they managed not to fall. Both went down face first, but I know I shall be obliged to back down holding on by the rounds above.

What would Mother say if she could look in on me? I hardly think it was right of Floyd not to tell her what I was coming to.

(after dinner.)

About one o'clock, the second eldest girl who is at home - Lucy by name - came up to call me to dinner. I was quite ready for the meal, and went down as soon as she was out of sight. I made the descent much better than I had anticipated, but in the same way I expected I should be obliged to.

Mr. and Mrs. Furniss, Mr. John and myself were seated in chairs with backs to them; the second eldest down on a broken one, and as many of the others as could be accommodated on a bench which was drawn up to one end of the table, were placed upon that.

I surely had never any idea of such poverty. The dinner was good of its kind, and suited my taste very well. Some cod-fish, nicely cooked with a gravy, and some small potatoes, were the principal part of the meal. Afterwards we had bread and butter, the bread white and sweet, the butter passably good. Water was the drink.

The eldest girl, who is very communicative, has informed me that the barrel of flour from which the bread was made, was bought because the "School-ma'am was Coming".

While down stairs - or ladder, which appears the more appropriate expression - I thought I would look about a little and see the place. Consequently I followed this Mary to the Spring where she went for water. The Spring is down a steep pitch at the back of the house, and is some rods away. As I returned I

noticed a little garden not very far from the path leading to the door. Miss May could not be spared to show me the place, and I went alone. The garden plot is fenced with logs, rolled one above another, and just over the fence on the outer side are such lovely wild-flowers. Wild roses and Mulberry-blooms, the prettily spotted Celandine and several varieties of tall pink and purple flowering plants, the names of which I do not know, grace the rude log-fence, and almost made me forget my loneliness. For, - there is no disputing it, I am miserably lonely! Certainly I should never have been here if the place had been fairly represented to me. Lloyd knows my disposition well, and was assured that I would not undertake the school if the difficulties of it were shown up to me. And he knew as well, that if once induced to commence, I should not be easily turned from my work, no matter how unpleasant it may be.

But to return to the garden. Mrs. Garrison has such nice beds of onions and beets, carrots and parsnips; besides a small plot of cabbages and turnips which are looking exceedingly thrifty.

I am wearying for to-morrow to begin my school. That will at least be an occupation. I thought for the matter of that, Mr. John wished to hire me to-day to sew for the family my leisure time! Two or three dresses of Calico and a pair of pantaloons, besides a pair of shirts he wanted me to make: or rather to cut and make! I was quite de-

pressed when he asked me to do it; for at home I never think of taking charge of cutting and making garments alone. Mother, or sister Phoebe always do the more difficult parts.

July 14.

I am so very glad that my school is to be so short, only three months; and I believe I may make it twelve weeks if I like, which I certainly shall.

At eight o'clock I left Mr. Farniss' in company with Lucy and three little boys younger, for the school-room. We passed through a small wheat-field. Dropped a set of bars, which the boys put up again after us, and entered the woods. The direction which the path took might be described by stringing a great number of letter L's together! We were constantly bending and doubling to avoid mossy holes and roots. About half a mile from Mr. Farniss' place we came upon another set of bars which the children removed and replaced as before. We were now in a clearing belonging to, - or rather, occupied by a Mr. Collins, lately from New Hampshire. This clearing is small and about the center of it stands a house built of logs, and considerably smaller than the Farniss house. Miss Lucy informed me that Mrs. Collins is a mere woman and has three children - all too young to attend school. Poor thing! how I pity her if she ever lived among people such as I have been used to.

We again dipped into the woods at the far side of this clearing; but it was less dense than what we had passed, and much less lonely. After a time we entered a pasture belonging to Mr. Burton to whom the school-room appertains. From this pasture we came into Mrs. Burton's yard. Several persons were watching us, and quite a number of children were collected for the school.

I went directly to the room which Lucy pointed out to me; a little place about fourteen feet square, it was, at the end of a small shed attached to Mr. Burton's house. The room is made of boards, rough, to be sure, but better than logs. It has one glazed window, the same size as those I have mentioned, and two sliding boards which I can remove when it does not rain.

About sixteen scholars were soon seated on the benches ranged around the room, and Mrs. Burton very kindly sent in a chair for me of which I was very glad, being tired with my long walk over such an uneven path. Five or six of the children can read, some of them pretty well, in easy lessons. The others are in four-letter spelling, two-letter spellings and the Alphabet. Three wish to learn to write! O what a downfall of my expectations! I who have always aspired to be a model teacher, to sit day after day doing this little work! But I will not complain, and now I am here, nothing but illness shall break my engagement.

At noon Mrs. Burton and her eldest daughter Achsa, came in and chatted a few minutes with me, then invited me to go in their house for my hour, which I did. To my surprise they, as well as the Furness family, called me by my Christian name. At first I wondered how they knew my name was Habel, but I suppose they asked Lloyd. Mr. Burton's house has one room made of logs, and one of boards, and on the whole is not so very poor looking as what I had seen before.

I was very tired when I reached my bed-
ing place this evening. I rested a few moments, having a choice between the chest and the bed. I gave the preference to the latter, and slept soundly on it till the weariness wore away. After which I was ready for my "Diary".

I find I must take the time after school for writing, as there is no candle for one to have at bed-time. Mother taught us to read the Bible just before retiring for night, a few verses always, if no more; but now I must take the morning for that, as I can do nothing which requires a light in the evening. And my "Diary", for which I have been in the habit of taking a half hour after the morning work was done, must have the time after school. I have no doubt I shall do nicely when I have systematized a little. Certainly, I shall not forget Lloyd's advice to "make the best of it."

One thing I feel sure of, which is, that the large family here must be much more inconvenienced for want of candles than I am.

July 15. I forgot to mention what my accommodations for washing are. When I go down in the morning there is so much confusion among the many little people - some clamouring to be dressed and some to be fed, while the baby of six months, is either laughing and crowing or else crying and sobbing - then with a meantime hurrying the breakfast, that I take the first dish I can lay my hands on and run down to the spring. I then fill the dish with the clear fresh water, and from my pocket take a towel, a tooth-brush and comb, and am soon ready to return for breakfast. I am so glad I thought to bring a couple of our bed-room towels, so I do not have to bother poor Mrs. Furniss, who seems to have more than her hands full of care. I gathered, more from what Lloyd did not say, than what he did, that conveniences for the toilet would be sadly wanting. But this state of things I never dreamed of!

I saw a little broken glass hanging beside the window down stairs, which the men - Mr. Furniss and Mr. John, use when they shave, I might look in it, I suppose, to arrange my hair, but somehow in three days I have lost all care to see how I look! My hair which is soft and long, and a pretty brown, I have always thought, I have usually braided back, leaving a bit at the front to curl. But it all goes up in one large twist now, and really does not feel so very comfortable.

able. Mr. Farniss, who had seen my mother in her youth, is constantly saying how much I resemble her, which I know he means me to take for a compliment, as my mother is said to have been very handsome. I know I am not like her as she was when young, for I have the stern features of my father's family. At least I have the thoughtful forehead, and set-firm mouth.

July 16.

I am getting quite accustomed to my new way of life so soon - only I have a lonely sort of sinking feeling at times, which I suppose is home-sickness. At least, it is like nothing else I have ever felt, and think it is that. I shall not write every day when I am settled, for the life here will be quite monotonous. The people are all very kind, so far, and - - - Perhaps I had better wait awhile before I write what I was about to. It may be my country is a little at fault, and I must be careful.

July 20^E

The days have been so like each other that I have had little to write, and have put it off from day to day. Sunday was a lonely day for me. There is no religious service that I can attend, so I read my Bible, and a serious book which I brought with me, a good part of the time. The family seemed to have nothing to do to break the day from others, except to put on whatever bit of finery they could get, and wander aimlessly, it seemed to me.

about the house, garden, or fields.
 I think Mr. John, and his brother about sixteen years of age, with two or three of the neighboring boys, went for Spruce gum to a swamp covered with spruce trees about two miles away. Gum-chewing is quite an accomplishment here, and Mr. John takes care that I shall have a good supply, and that of the choicest quality. By-and-by I think I must describe the neighborhood, as well as my scholars. I have one fine boy, who speaks English rather indifferently, and is about fifteen years old, learning to read; and I am really surprised at the progress he makes. He appears very anxious to understand the meaning of words, and is well-behaved and studious. His name is Thomas Beaumier. Two of his younger brothers also attend the school. They are learning the alphabet, and are remarkable for nothing but fat faces and clean clothes.

They live, I am told, in a log house which boasts only one room, about half a mile from Mr. Burton's.

Some children of a Mr. West, who lives not far from the Beaumiers, come very regularly. They are not very intelligent, but extremely simple-hearted and kind, telling whatever they chance to know to any one who likes to listen. I judge they have had some religious instruction, as they are careful to speak the truth. I am informed they are exceedingly poor, and that the family at home is very large. Some day I must go and see them.

as it is expected the teacher will call on all the families who send children to school.

A family of the name of Murray, living a mile or more from the school-room, send four, sometimes five children. Murray, himself, is an Irishman, but is married to a woman of Dutch extraction. The children have little of the Irish disposition and manner; all but one being matter-of-fact and stolid, in expression and temperament.

The Burton's send two, a boy and a girl - both spoilt children, as nearly as I can tell by their unwillingness to be controlled in the least particular. I find I am to board at Mrs. Burton's for all the families except the Furniss', and that I may even shorten the time there if I find the walk too hard. This gives me real pleasure, for I often feel more tired than I think it is well to be. It is very exhausting to me, this jumping from rock to root, and from root to patches of moss, which perhaps sink under my weight, plunging my feet in the mire below, morning after morning, and night after night. I have seen Mrs. Collins. She seems to me a superior person to be in the place she is. She lent me a number of the "Boston Nation," a newspaper large enough when unfolded to more than half cover the entire floor of her little house!

A young sister of Mrs. Burton called on me a day or two since and invited me to visit her. She resides about three quarters of a mile from her sister's, and is a year my senior. She is pretty enough, this Miss Lester Barnes, but there is something in her look that I do not like. I do not know what it is exactly, but I am sure we shall never be sincere friends.

A brother of Mrs. Burton, a Mr. Barnes, lives quite near the school-room, he has a wife and two little children. He looks like Lester, and I do not fancy him much. His house stands under a hill and I can only see the chimney from Mr. Burton's.

The Burtons are not as poor as most of the people about. They have horses - the same which Mr. John Furniss and I rode upon the day I came to this strange place. - and quite a stock of cattle. I have also seen sheep grazing about, and pigs in a yard. They have quite a sizeable barn, only it is made of logs, and looks as if it had been built a long time.

I do not think the food here agrees with me as well as what we have at home. There is no variety. Almost always the same. But Mrs. Furniss is so very kind that she always gives me a drink of new milk every evening which does me a great deal of good. She has only three cows, and I think she hardly ought to give it me when she has an

many little hungry mouths to feed. I am sure I am very grateful for all her pain-taking.

Aug 3rd Here I am at my Chest again! It is long since I wrote last, and a great many things have happened. Lloyd has been to see me, and brought letters from home. Every one wrote a little, but mother's was a good long loving letter; just such a one as I needed. They are having a great deal of company at home, and some that I am sorry to miss seeing. Lloyd thought me a little paler than usual, and looking searchingly at me, asked if I found the school too hard for me. I have long since forgiven Lloyd for not telling me more about the place and people, and am beginning to hope this experience will not be without its due weight in all my after life. I am sure I never thought so much since I was born, as I have since I came here. And I believe it is good to consider, whatever brings it about.

Hester Carnes came up to the school one day to invite me to go down and stop over night at her father's; and though not partial to Hester, I thought the change would do me no harm. Accordingly the next morning I left Mr. Farniss prepared for the expedition. Aaron Burton accompanied me in order to keep me in the right road, as there were sundry paths branching off, and I might possibly take the wrong one. She returned as soon as she had taken tea at her

grandfather's. I was surprised to see so comfortable a house. It is a wooden house, large enough, and tolerably well finished. From this farm there is a little better road out to the "settlements," as they say; but to civilization, I say. Hester is the only one of the family who remains at home, and unmarried. When she had me all to herself she talked incessantly, and had so much to say about Lloyd that she quite astounded me. I must quiz Lloyd a little about this singular young woman. I was tried with pleasure that it was almost always what she had said to him, and not what he had said to her, that she repeated, which leads me to think she was more forward to pursue the acquaintance accidentally begun, than Lloyd was. I drew her out as much as I could without her suspecting me, and gave as little information as possible. She seems desirous to know all about our family, how we live and what company we keep. Hester has frequently been out to the "settlements" I believe; but poor Achsa Burton, a much more estimable girl, has never but twice been out of this wilderness of a place since her father moved in from New Hampshire ten years ago! She is a simple minded, and ingenuous in her questionings that it is a pleasure to answer her. But Hester is determined to take me "by storm"; and I like to push her back.

Hester's father and mother appear to be very odd people, and altogether it is an odd household. Mr. and Mrs. Comes, though quite

elderly, have both very bright eyes which they flash upon each other in their domes-
tic disputes in such a way as I never saw
before. The morning I was there they had
what seemed to me, a severe quarrel,
and to my horror, each appealed to me
to give my opinion on the subject. Being
one of the younger ones at home, I have
not been in the habit of always expressing
my opinions freely, and was quite
overwhelmed by the honor they intended
me. I expressed my entire ignorance on
the points under dispute, and succeeded
in keeping clear of the whole matter.
Hester laughed immoderately, but on the
whole sided with her father, which,
I must own, I think was her best
policy. A "bound-out" boy, and a fine
girl, who were at the table, also seem
to think the weddy was a matter
for mirth; but to me, family bicker-
ings are something to grieve for, where-
ever I see them. I am, however glad
to know how they live, as I am bound
to board them a week, by and by, I
suppose to make it lighter for the
Burtons. I think it odd that Mrs. Bur-
ton, who is very mild and cheerful, should
be so different from her sister Hester
and her parents.

It is a pretty place at Ms. Barnes. What
particularly struck my eye was a low
strip of meadow land, covered with
tall grass, which is hemmed in, as it
were, on two sides by hills that rise
to a considerable height, and that so
abruptly that the view becomes extreme-

by picturesgue. Through the central part of the meadow a beautiful brook flows. Its waters are clear and sparkling, and from the hill-side, which of course I climbed to, for the view, it appears like a silver thread glistening among the long green grass. I saw such lovely white pebbles in the bed of this brook that I was almost tempted to forget that I am a grave teacher, and plunge in for a handful! What trees were they would have been in our childish days to my younger sister and myself!

I have formed an acquaintance with a man by the name of Gardnes who lives at young Mr. Carnes', or more properly, Mr. John Carnes'. Every body here makes a great deal of him, but for what I am sure I cannot tell. He is extremely handsome, his features being almost faultless; but his expression is perfectly villainous.

I think I have not quite expressed myself as I ought in saying "I have formed an acquaintance;" it would have been better thus. He has forced his acquaintance upon me, taking care to put himself in my way whenever I am at Mr. Barton's. Sometimes it seems as if he must be hiding from justice, to settle down so quietly in this out-of-the-way place, and to his present occupation. I asked Mrs. Barton something about him, but she has so much of the milk of human kindness about her, that she would not be likely to think any evil of him, unless he should commit some glaring offence in

our very midst.

I shall say as little as possible to this master, for I have an instinctive feeling that there is something wrong with the man. The school is not large, and my time cannot be fully occupied with the lessons of my fifteen pupils, though I try earnestly to do my duty by them. How unlike my hopes is it all! I, who intended to be so entirely devoted to my school that I should have no leisure for any occupations not connected with it! Alas! for my expectations.

I do not think it right to work in the school hours, but I must do something, and so I look over a book which Lloyd brought me.

Aug. 9th

I think I shall take up my quarters at Mr. Burton's for a while at least, and return here, perhaps, for a week, by-and-by. There is something in young Mr. John's attentions to me that I cannot but understand, and I wish to be away for a time. A person might wonder in what ways, in such a place, he could offer any particular attentions. I really could not explain, even to mother, but I cannot blind myself to the fact that he regards me with no common interest.

He is a fine-looking young man, and quite intelligent for his advantages. But what could he give a wife? And what woman, tenderly reared, could live as do he and his? I do not think my vanity has been a fault, I should be heartily ashamed, if to please my vanity, I could give Mr. John one moment's unnecessary annoyance.

Aug 14.th

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Here I am. at home at Mr. Boston's. I room with Lebra, and am comfortably situated - comparatively speaking. Mr. Boston has a poor "bound" boy, who assists him and his half-grown son on the farm. The bound boy is very talkative and very plain looking. The son genial and witty, but also coarse features.

The children are not as self-willed as I expected from their manners at school. I shall not write often in this "Diary," for the days are so like each other, that really I have little to write. I have received a letter from home by the hand of Mr. West - who it seems has been at our place lately - and it makes me so homesick. I feel as if I must fly away and be among them all again.

I can go home once sometime during the school - at least Mr. John said so - but I think I will wait until the term is half finished.

There is a table here on which I can write, and chairs enough for all to sit at once, which really is very agreeable. I take pleasure in wandering about over the fields nearest the house, though I do not like to be where I cannot see it, fearing I may get lost. It is a wild looking place, but yet much more cultivated than Mr. Furniss' farm.

The people here have such a singular way of managing when they require a little money, or goods from a store. At least it seems strange to me, though I have heard my father say it is the same in most of our new settlements.

They go to the forest, select such trees as
are fair to give a large quantity of ashes,
and then proceed to cut them down. They
then burn the timber and leach the
ashes, after which they boil the lye
until it becomes quite thick and black,
when it is called "Salls," and is fit to
take to some pearlashery to sell.

This "Salls" brings money, and appears
to be what the people in this wooden
district chiefly depend upon to pro-
vide themselves with necessities.

Mr. Barton made a "Bee," last
week, to get a quantity of trees chopped
down and the logs rolled into heaps for
burning. Somehow I dislike to see the
lovely foliage crisp and grown black
under the scorching heat. It seems
so much, to my imagination, like a
thing of life writhing under some great
affliction.

Mr. John was at the "Bee," I think
from the earnest way he looked at
me, that he more than guesses at my
feelings, and I am so glad to have had
no words on a subject we both un-
derstand so well.

Aug 20.

The Sundays here are a little differ-
ently spent from what they are at Mr.
Furniss; though not exactly as I have
been accustomed to spending them. I
wish any one who ever reads this "Di-
ary" to understand that in mentioning
the peculiarities of any of the people I
am among. I do not intend any thing
in the way of "evil speaking," or simple

fun-making. But it appears to me, that in order to keep a journal, I must notice the things which interest me from day to day.

Sunday morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and the necessary work done, Mr. Burton puts on his best clothes - a suit of class. cl. colored homespun - and, from the depths of some old chest or other, brings out a tall black hat, which I believe he brought from New Hampshire, and puts it on his head. Now, this won't be nothing striking, if he ever went anywhere! But the hat never leaves his head, except at meals, until bed-time. He sometimes stands in the door, looking about him; sometimes he sits with his arms folded, and his chair balanced on two legs; and at others gets down from the top of a high cupboard on old Bible or Almanack - the only two books, save a Baptist Hymn book - of which the house can boast, and turns over the leaves of both. But whatever the occupation or position, the hat sticks firmly on, as if it had been glued to his hair!

Mr. Burton is tall, and the "Sunday hat" gives him such a singular appearance that I can hardly keep from smiling when I look at him. I do not fancy him to be able to read much by the way he fumbles at the two books. I had an idea - which it seems almost mean to set down - that he wished to impress me with a notion of his learning. But perhaps it was not so.

Mrs. Burton, Achsa and the children dress a little better on Sundays, the most of their clothing is home-made, but the best dresses are calico. Some times Mrs. Burton walks down to her father's in the evening, or takes a stroll with the children around the farm. Last Sunday there was some kind of religious gathering about a mile and a half from here, off somewhere beyond Mr. Carnes' place. It was to be held in a barn belonging to a man that Mr. and Mrs. Carnes - who are both professing Christians - called "Brother Clifton." The people here have very few religious privileges, but every few months some of the Baptist or Methodist ministers from the "settlements" come in and preach to them; and in summer the services are held in the aforesaid barn. Achsa and her eldest brother, and the "bound" boy went to the meeting. Jim Carnes and Gardner also attended. And a very coarse, rough-spoken young woman who assists Mrs. Jim, added herself to the party.

I did not go, and am sorry that my failing to do so is set down in the neighborhood mind to pride. I only intended to act with common prudence, and my one wish was to avoid companionship with the rough-spoken girl, and Gardner, neither of whom, I am sure, mother would be at all willing I should associate with. Whatever any one thinks, I feel that I have acted rightly, and as she

would have wished. I am satisfied with my quiet Sunday reading, which I love dearly; but if I ever teach another school I shall endeavour to engage where I can go to the same kind of religious services I have been brought up to attend. I believe I should feel more settled.

Not that I think I should be at all bigger. and I am certain I should have enjoyed the meeting last Sunday, if it was at all like the Methodist meetings to which Mother - who loves whatever is Christian - has sometimes taken me.

This is my first experience in looking after myself and choosing my own company; and I do not feel that I have discretion or wisdom enough to do as I ought. I fear I shall err in being too particular, and only bring on myself the evil words of the people. I know Mother prays for my guidance through it all, and I will pray for myself, and I will try not to mind what any one says about me and my pride.

I think I will go home next week. It will refresh me to see them all. I shall not show my "Diary" even to Mother till my school is finished.

Aug 27th

I did go home as I proposed. Mr. Busbee had business a part of the way, so he went with me. I did not find the ride as tiresome as when I came ~~in~~. I cannot put my happiness in going home in this page; but I deemed it be-

in a new world, and yet it was so very old and pleasant. I did not realize till I went home, how very different my living, in the way of food, is from what I have been accustomed to. I have grown into the fashions here so by degrees, that it is not strange it should have been so. The food here is a great improvement on what I had at Mrs. Furness'; and there are not usually too many mouths for what is cooked. Toast, sauce, cake or pies, I never see and though there is enough, it is coarse and plain. But I always have the evening drink of milk, and make the best of the rest.

Mother found me rather too pale, and too careless in my dress and hair. I know I might have taken more pains at Mrs. Burton's, but they are all tall, and the looking-glass, which hangs in the kitchen part of the house - is arranged to suit their height, and not mine. I am, to say the least, a good head shorter than Mrs. Burton and Achia. And I disliked mounting on a chair to arrange my collar or curls.

The kitchen is also Mrs. Burton's bedroom, and there is a trundle-bed under hers for the children. When dressing in the morning it would be unpleasant running out and in. I wash here in the kitchen, in the family wash-basin,

Father does not like to see my fresh col-
or fading, but says it will all come
back when they have me home again.

I think Lloyd felt a little conscious-
ness, and wished he had not re-
commended me for the school.

I had such a good visit with my
Sisters, but I did not tell my diffi-
culties to any one. Mother looked
so anxious that I could not even
tell her about Mr. John, or my
dream of having any thing to do
with Gardner. And I really believe
I shall come through stronger, that
I have no one to lean on, or confide
in. I brought quite a few books with
me, and have no fears of loneliness.
It seemed so good to be once more
seated in my accustomed place on
Sunday, and ^{to} join the worship a-
gain. I shall always prize religious prin-
ciples for the future. I am very certain.

Mr. John came for me. I felt a little
sorry at first, but afterwards I was glad.
He was as thoughtful as ever for my com-
fort, but it seemed as if he did every-
thing in a way to make me feel that
he understood my feelings, and would re-
spect them. I did not expect so much del-
icacy from one of his advantages.

Mrs. Farniss gave me a nice cup of tea
after my long ride, after which I came down
to Mr. Burton's, where I now am.

Aug 31st

My little school goes on finely. The children
are improving fast. They appear to like me,

and I am becoming quite attached to them. Last evening just after sunset, ^{as} I came in from the school-room where I had been reading, I heard loud tones in the kitchen which a little surprised me, and when I entered I found Gardner, and another person with whom I was not much acquainted, engaged in conversation with Mrs. Burton and Achsa. Gardner was so intopicated that when he rose he very nearly lost his footing. His voice was low and thick, and his language none of the choicest. I was thankful when Mr. Burton's son - Lennard - and the "bound boy" came in, for Gardner soon became too noisy to be endurable. Achsa and I slipped away, and after a short time Gardner and his companion left.

Gardner had been out to the nearest oil-lage, drank as much liquor as he could possibly stand under, and brought back enough to treat his friends and keep himself in a state of partial intopication for two days. I think Mrs. Burton was a little disconcerted, and I fancy she will be a trifle less fond in Gardner's praises hereafter.

Sept 5th

I am to board at Mr. Cane's a week now. Lester seems very pleased to have me, and I have no doubt we shall get on well enough. The hired boy and girl at Mr. Cane's are cousins to the "bound boy," and as nearly as I can tell, the three band together against the family; and I am quite certain the family are bandied against them. For my part, I am on the weaker side, and my sympathies go with the "bound boy."

and his party.

Sept. 7th Yesterday Mr. Barnes and Hester went away to visit a married sister of Hester's who lives about three miles from this place. After supper, as I was walking near the brook, and admiring the lovely landscape, I was surprised to find the hired boy standing near me. He beckoned me not to make a noise until he had discovered Mrs. Barnes whereabouts, after which he came caution by back. I could not imagine what he wanted, but I soon learned. Even this poor boy wished to stand well in somebody's opinion, and for lack of a better to confide his sorrows to, had chosen one. He had taken advantage of Hester's absence to tell me his griefs. and from my heart I pitied the poor creature.

It seems Mrs. Barnes has accused him and the "bound boy" of stealing a quantity of eatables, of a somewhat more nutritious character than ^{what} usually finds its way to their plates and palates. The poor boy was terribly agitated, for he knows there is no redress for them. But he solemnly declares that she took the aforesaid eatables to her daughter's children, last week, and not liking her husband or Hester to know it, has taken this way of accounting for the missing stores to them. I could hardly meet Mrs. Barnes civilly when I went in, though I have learned to be careful in believing every tale which is told me. But I do think these poor boys are wrongfully accused, and wish I could help them.

My room here is the only one which is enclosed up stairs; or "died off," as the family say. It has a fire-place in it, and two good windows. Hester's best clothes hang up around the walls, while Oliver's boxes and chests are ranged about on the floor. When I first came into it, I could not imagine what the singular odor was which saturated my nose. The place had the smell of a provision store, and I quickly set about discovering the cause: which I soon found were traceable to five small cheeses standing on a shelf in one corner of my bed-room! There Mrs. Cerner turns over and rubs every day, which process helps to keep the smell fresh. But this is a small evil, as the cheeses and I shall surely not fall out.

Sept 9th.

This morning everything looks so differently to what it did last night. There has been heavy rain in the night, and the air has changed. When I opened the window the breeze came rushing in, stiff and chilly. But the brook, - my pet brook, I might almost say - was a perfect wonder to me. I could have looked at it for hours, and never tired. In the place of the silver thread winding among the tall grass, the meadow was completely under water, and presented the appearance of a sheet of silver glistening in the first rays of the morning sun! I never saw any thing so beautiful in my life.

I have been trying to get up a little enthusiasm in the family circle, but they

do not know what I mean, at all. Lester and his mother looked mystified, and Mr. Barnes thinks "little enough brother Clifford's dam has given way in the night": the dam to his small saw-mill about a mile and a half above, ^{for}, which, the waters of this tiny stream are the driving power. I expect my feet will suffer from the rains of last night, on my way to school this morning, for the paths must be very muddy.

Sept 15th

Back at Mr. Burton's. Have heard from home - all well. Lloyd came to see me, but only could stop an hour, or so. He thinks I am looking better, and says that I can soon begin to count the days till I shall go home for good. I believe he knows I am homesick at times, though I did not complain. How often I have smiled at my own question of the "silk dress". And how very often I have compared the sober realities of my first school, with the bright anticipations I formerly indulged in! Well, I do believe I am getting more insight into life as it is, here, these few months, than I would have done at home in as many years.

Sept 22nd. I must be making my calls at the homes of my pupils, which I am sorry I have put off so long. In two weeks more I shall be free: for I shall only keep my school the twelve weeks. It is a private school, and the people are trying to have my money ready for me when I leave. and for this purpose they are causing

the beautiful forest trees to groan and crackle in the consuming blaze.' How kind everyone has been to me, and although I am anxious to leave, I shall never, never forget their endeavours to make me comfortable in their poor ways.

Sept 25th

I was to have gone over more to Mrs. Fairies just for a sort of visit, but I was so frightened last night hearing the bears trampling and eating the young corn on Mr. Burton's "new-laid piece;" that I will not go through the woods. Mrs. Burton and her husband were away at Mrs. Barnes' for the evening. Achsa and I were standing in the door, looking out, for it was lovely moonlight - when we heard grunting, and snorting, and trampling, in the direction of the corn-field; and this morning Mr. Burton finds that bears have nearly half-destroyed his crop.

Sept 30th

I have been to Murray's, and must put it down - the visit - in my "Diary."

Mrs. Burton proposed that we - Achsa and I - should ask the coarser girl who works for Mrs. Jim Barnes to go with us. I did not like the notion very much, but had reason to be glad afterward, that I yielded to her wishes.

The road seemed long, and the latter part of the way was through thick, second-growth forest. I thought of the bears, and was frightened half out of my wits. At last we came to the house, the most miserable log - but I have yet seen; and such a lot of children in it! The Murrays have

several grown-up sons, besides all the little people who attend school, and two younger than those. The house is smaller than the Garnier's house, and appears to be kept very untidy. I never should have thought that such a place could be clean and tidy, if I had not seen Mrs. Murray's thrifty management, even in the midst of as great poverty. The Murays have taken an important step towards a new residence, that is, they have a cellar dugged, and a pile of lumber not far from it, which I suppose they must have drawn from "brother Clifton's" little mill last winter on the snow roads. The visit was no pleasure to me, but if it was a source of satisfaction to them I am not sorry I went. Mrs. Murray seemed a little severe that I had not attended the meetings; but I excused myself as well as I could. And then we talked of something else. The "rough-spoken girl" worked away at her knitting and talked loud. Achsa was quiet and pleasant, and also had knitting work. Somehow I dislike working when I go out to tea; so I looked over the landscape, chatted with the children, and listened to Mr. Murray's stories. And really, he tells a story very well. Taking huge pinches of snuff the while. I could not help wondering how he could afford to take so much snuff, when there are so many signs of almost abject poverty in his wretched dwelling.

The supper was late, and it was getting

darkly before we left. Mrs. Murray regretted that the boys were all away that evening, and we were obliged to go back through the woods alone. I could hear my heart beat all the way, and every time any of us stepped on a bramble which cracked beneath our feet, I made sure there were "bears" close at hand. Now I was truly glad of the coarse girl's company! I marshalled the party, placing her in front, and Achsa in the rear, reserving the safest a central position, for myself. I did not think it wrong to do this, for I am certain they could know nothing of the terror that was tearing at my heart. Brought up amongst woods and bears, how should they? We arrived safely at Mr. Burton's, and I actually found myself thanking poor Jane, the "coarse girl", for the protection she had been to me!

Oct 4th

I am to finish my school tomorrow. How happy the thought makes me! But I glad I persevered under all disadvantages, and have concluded the term for which I engaged. Last night I stayed at Mr. Lamm's. Hester has quite subsided about Lloyd, and I had a passably good visit. He called at Beaumont's and West's after school, I having dismissed it an hour early, on purpose to make time. The "bound" boy and his party appear less depressed than when I saw them last.

The Beaumonts were just having a nice coffee supper, and asked Hester and me to have some. Hester was quite loquacious about it, but

I wanted some very much. It smelled exactly like what we have at home. However, I did not think best to say so, as Lester had just seen me take my tea at her father's.

We next went to Mr. West's. I think the call - short as it was - did me good. I never saw any thing like poverty before. The house so miserably small and poor. The children so numerous and hungry eyes. They were watching a kettle of hasty-pudding that was boiling in the little stone fire-place with as much eagerness as an epicure would watch the cooking of the most choice and delicate viands. The sight made me feel thankful for the good things I enjoy, and determine me more and more to cultivate a grateful spirit.

Mrs. West did not decide me about the "meetings," but she talked a good deal of serious things; and if ever I should be in distress, or poor as she is, I only hope I may have the same placid, happy expression on my face, that hers wears. I am sure it can only be traceable to one source, that is, to the "Peace of God which passes all understanding."

I do not know why, but Mrs. Barnes had prayers last night. I never heard him before. Lester seemed almost angry, and would not kneel down with us. She even jammed the fire-irons, and pushed the chairs about, while her father was on his knees. I did not dare ask her reasons, and cannot guess. I only know she has not the least respect for religion.

Oct 5th

I forgot to mention that Gardner left
the neighborhood very suddenly, soon after
my last notice of him. A person has just
arrived from the "settlements," who brings
word that he has been arrested for horse-
stealing, and is now in Sherbrooke
jail. I begin to think I know some
things of Physiognomy, and Mrs. Burton
begins to doubt her own sagacity.

Oct 6.

Home, and my school "Diary" ends

End of School Diary, etc.