

## The Settler

Slendered though Acadie has been, by those who have seen only the range of white bare rocks that stretches along its Atlantic coast, a barrier against the encroaching sea, and have never visited the thickly-wooded hills and fertile valleys of its interior, It is one of those favored spots where nature seems to mean her kindest aspect - A climate not cold & inhospitable, nor yet of that soothing enervating kindness which withers the energies of the people of warmer lands, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~yielding~~ <sup>yielding</sup> ~~feels~~ <sup>feels</sup> to the farmer laborer all those elements of wealth & comfort which hurriedly alone procures for nations - and a people hardy active and intelligent all hold forth to little Acadie - a bright and glowing prospect far as we advance in all that makes a people truly renowned or truly happy -

But I must not burden with a long introduction my <sup>and</sup> little sketch of the settler in the forest - You approach his abode & some rough and narrow by-road, its sides heaped with ~~the~~ fragments of the trees that have been ~~harmed~~ <sup>removed</sup> in its construction, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> your view bounded on all sides by the overhanging woods, except where from a hill top you see the road stretching straight before you across a valley, or pursuing a more winding course on the side of an opposite hill -

But at length the monotony of the forest is varied by an open space cleared of its trees, whose remaining companions rise like a wall around its margin, or rather like ~~the~~ a field of corn around a space reaped in its centre - It is the settler's clearing - and on some conspicuous spot chosen for beauty & convenience stands his humble yet comfortable dwelling - Its sides indeed it may be neatly constructed of logs hewn from the trunks of trees that grew upon its site, its roof tightly covered with pine shingles and its low-mapine-looking chimney sending forth the thin blue smoke of



the hardwood fire within - Near it is a stable of similar material,  
or if the owner have advanced a little beyond the first difficulties  
settling on the wilderness, - a large airy looking boarded barn beside  
which the house seems dwarfish - The clearing itself shows  
the land in many of its stages of improvement. One part is lying  
covered with the trunks and branches of trees lately felled and  
soon to be consumed - or perhaps this has been already done and the  
black seeded logs which yet remain, are being piled in heaps  
to be more completely consumed - or it may be nothing remains to  
show the former condition of the soil but the black ashes and the  
searched stumps projecting from its surface; and not yet covered by  
grass or oats, which in other spots is growing tall and rank  
from ground richly manured by the ashes of its former occupants.  
Other portions are clothed with grass, while they yet retain the ridges  
of furrows - formed by successive generations of trees as in their old  
age the fell are gone before the autumn storm, and the upright  
then spreading roots a mass of soil that remains like grass long  
after the trees that produced them have decayed; and others  
more smooth and level, are fast assuming the appearance of  
cultivated ground. You approach the house and the brown skin-  
nuit children playing before it, some half-laughing and half-  
frightened ~~not~~ to tell their mother that a stranger is at the  
door. Entering you find a welcome, hurried perhaps & bashful, if the  
good lady have been engaged in any domestic avocation interrupted  
by your entrance, but certainly hearty & cordial - Seating yourself in  
a chair you may, while speaking of the object of your visit, examine  
the interior of the building - There is the large wide chimney



with its mouldering back-log reposing among ruddy embers, and  
the sides of its ample curt, garnished with pots & kettles & other culinary  
implements, — the brown unpainted walls giving a noble yet comfortable  
air to the apartment and supporting coats & cloaks & implements of  
husbandry, hung carefully upon their ribs — and shelves <sup>with</sup> jars of clean  
plates & bowls & earthen dishes — A round oak coarse substantiated chairs, the  
clean deal table, — and, ranged in corners, are the spinning wheel &  
churn encased with clean towel — & spindles and other instruments  
of the household labor of a farmer — On one side is a rounded per-  
tition separating the bedroom the only other apartment, from this — which  
is at once parlour kitchen & hall — or perhaps, of the house be larger,  
there may be other rooms adding to its comfort, though all alike plain  
furnished — The master of the house is probably absent, attending  
to his farm, or ~~perhaps~~ cutting firewood or timber in the woods  
but when he returns, greeted with the labor of the day, he is happy  
to find a guest — who may tell him the news which sedition  
brings to his lonely abode, — or with whom he may chat of  
his crops, his farm, his prospects — And his face is lightened  
with hope and honest pride, as he tells how, but a few years  
ago, no tree was cut upon what is now his farm — according  
him rapidly increasing means of subsistence & comfort, —  
and destined to be left — an honestly obtained inheritance to the  
children now climbing on his knees —

But perhaps you visit the same spot many years afterwards,  
the farm is now cleared & level & probably surrounded by many  
others. The log-house has disappeared, or stands old & desolate



converted into an outhouse - and near it is a neat, white-  
painted, framed cottage, with a garden before & around it, and  
probably a few fruit trees - and within you are shown into a  
neat - clean parlour with carpeted floor - and shining, varnished  
furniture, & chimney-piece decorated with shells & flowers  
& ~~bright~~ <sup>gay</sup> curious-shaped nores from the woods. Its windows  
looking upon ~~the~~ long river course, with smooth green  
intervale ~~south~~ & here & there a tall graceful elm - towering above  
the clusters of shrubs that line the winding banks of the stream  
Or perhaps you see from them the sparkling waters of some  
bay or harbour, or the wide blue sea itself. And now  
the settler, an aged yet stout & healthy man, is surrounded  
by strong sons & merry daughters - able to relieve him  
from the severer labours of his now extended fields. Or perhaps  
a little later, the elder son may have taken the management,  
and the father sits by the fire side & reads, or wanders in sunny  
days about his fields, and has long stories to tell in winter  
evenings - of the hardships and adventures of his earlier years  
when he and the partner of his toils first reared their lonely  
cottages in the forest, and struggled on, through hard, yet  
pleasant, hopeful labour, to the peace & plenty of a comfort-  
able old age.