

O P I beautifully walking in her brightness shining  
 solemnly & yet most lovely through the thick foliage of  
 the Magestick trees that thickly studded & overshadowed  
 the river bank & shining forth on the clear waters of  
 the Noble Stream like a beautiful Globe of Motted Silver  
 it was Saturday night & the first night of my residence  
 in the solitude & loneliness of my cabin I took  
 my supper & went to bed with feelings of great solemnity  
 resting on my mind.

but when the night had passed away & I had received  
 a goodly portion of that refreshing influence produced  
 by nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, & beheld the glo-  
 rious Sun of nature tipping the hill with gold & casting out  
 his rays of light & life through the windows of my  
 otherwise solitary cabin - I began to be more animated  
 especially as the brief choruses of a hundred songsters  
 saluted my ears & cheered up my spirit. I arose  
 on a beautiful Sabbath Morning the 1<sup>st</sup> of April  
 the nearest Neighbour I had one way was 1 Mile  
 & every other way was 2 Miles or more  
 but although alone I endeavoured to push forward with  
 the utmost energy to clear the bush that grew so  
 thickly round my cabin & to dig up some rock  
 & build an hog pen with stone & to fill up the  
 vacant places caused by the removal of the rocks  
 with some of the choicest mould or soil I could