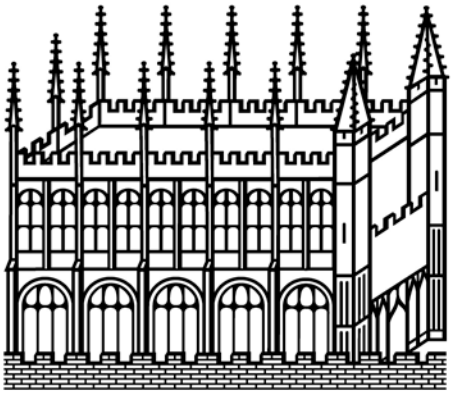

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TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

IN

CANADA WEST;

OR,

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN EARLY SETTLER.

BY MAJOR STRICKLAND, C.M.

EDITED BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND," ETC.

And when those toils rewarding,
Broad lands at length they 'll claim,
They 'll call the new possession
By some familiar name.
AGNES STRICKLAND.—*Historic Scenes.*

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CONTENTS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Bravery and Humanity of Dr. Dunlop.—His Danger.—Popularity with the Irish.—His Speech on the proposed Tax on Whiskey.—Tosses a Copper to lose a Wife.—His Voyage in the "Dismal."—His Character.—Literary Merit.—His Personal Description 1

CHAPTER II.

Utility of the Lakes.—Internal Navigation superior to Russia.—Peter the Great and Captain Perry.—Theory of Evaporation.—Comparative Mean Depths, Number of Miles, and Elevation of the Lakes.—Fish.—Effects of the Lakes on the Temperature.—Warming Influence of Lake Huron over the whole Western Peninsula 10

CHAPTER III.

Healthiness of Canada West.—Its Dryness.—Its Heat and Cold.—Superiority of its Climate to that of England.—Beauty of the Canadian Forests in Autumn.—Felling Forests beneficial to the Climate.—Mean Temperature in Summer and Winter.—Decrease of Swamps.—Climate favourable to Agriculture.—Temperature of the Canadian Months.—Climatial Advantages over many Parts of the United States.—Annual Produce of Wheat.—Possibility of acclimatizing many Herbs and Trees.—Black Cherry, its Uses in Medicine.—Valuable as an ornamental Wood.—Native Grape.—Future Vineyards.—Hind's Tables of Temperature . . . 19

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Old Indian Haunts.—Their Encampment near Goderich Harbour. — Indian Wigwams. — Indian Missionary, Peter Jones.—Indian Offerings to Manitou.—Personal Description of the Indians.—Improvement in Indian Morals since their Conversion to Christianity.—History of an Indian Family.—Their miserable Condition.—My Remedy.—Indian Manufactures.—Canoes.—Log-Canoe.—Elm-bark Canoe used by the Chippewas.—Many Uses of the White Birch . . 32

CHAPTER V.

Aquatic Propensities of the Indians. — Indian Burying-places.—Fragments of Pottery.—Pit discovered at Manvers. —Indian Hunters.—Curious Oration of an Indian Chief interpreted by John Got. —Native Indian Preacher, Peter Jones.—His Success.—Progress of the Indians in Reading and Writing. — Indian Oratory. —Names given by them to the English Settlers.—Peter Nogun makes a bad Bargain for Jowler.—Good at Deer.—Indian Dance.—Captain George Kishcow.—Indian Duel.—Indians at Evening Service.—Indian Hospitality and Generosity to my Daughter.—Population and Places of Resort.—Burial-place of the Chippewas and Mississaugas. — Grave rifled by a Phrenologist. — Obsolete Indian Festival.—Belief in Immortality of the Soul and the Flood 54

CHAPTER VI.

Ancient Indian Customs.—Religion.—Jugglers.—Resemblance of the Customs of the Six Nations to the Jews.—Land of Souls.—Indian Proserpine.—Feast of Dreams.—Indian Quacks.—Courtship.—Naming the Child.—Dislike of the Indian Nations to punishing their Children.—Inexpiable War.—Its Cause.—The Huron Nation almost destroyed.—The Wampum.—The Calumet.—Indian Oratory.—Method of declaring War. — Treatment of their Prisoners. — The Death-song.—Mischievous Effects of Raw Spirits . . 90

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

My Voyage on the Huron to the Thames in the "Pioneer." —Take in my Cargo.—Warm Welcome given to Mr. Campbell by a Highland Woman.—Irish Sonnet.—A new Acquaintance.—Specimen of Bachelor-housekeeping not recommendatory to Celibacy.—Mine Host sets Fire to his house *par accident*.—Curious Dialogue between Him and his Cook.—Excellent Supper.—Proceed on our Voyage . . . 109

CHAPTER VIII.

We pass Goderich Harbour in the Gale.—Want of a Chart. — Lake-sickness. — Dangerous Position. — Find Ourselves among the Islands.—Dash through our Difficulties.—Harbour of Refuge —Camp on Shore.—My Walk on this *terra incognita*.—Find five Steel Traps.—Miss shooting a black Fox. —Beauty of the Scenery.—Our Hilarity.—Transparency of the Waters of the Bay.—Visit of the Chippewa Indians.—Noble Salmon-trout.—In Sight of Port.—Fresh Difficulties. —Greetings from Shore.—Ship a Sea.—Cross the Bar.—Let our Anchor go.—Accident to our Cable.—Man the Boat.—Towing-line too short.—Jeopardy.—Resolve to swim ashore. — Dangerous Predicament. — Providential Preservation. — Home.—A solitary Fireside.—Return of my Wife.—Her Anxiety during my Absence.—Her Terror on seeing the Schooner stranded.—Recover my Health and Spirits under her tender Care 124

CHAPTER IX.

I quit the Service of the Canada Company.—Leave Goderich.—Homeward Journey.—Want of Accommodation at Sebach's House.—My Landlady and her Brood.—Midnight Adventures. —Disorderly Behaviour of the young Dutch Boors.—Mine Hostess gives them a Thrashing.—Yankee Guest.—Old Hickory Jackson.—Loyal Lawyer and Yankee Fool.—The utility of Impudence.—Return Home.—Warm Welcome.—Happy Party 139

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Exchange my Land for a Lot in Douro and some Hard Cash.—Advantages of Industry.—Canadian Orchards.—Bay of Quinte. — Root-grafting. — American Graftsmen, and Method of Grafting. — History of a Poor Emigrant.— He sees a Ghost.—Cruelty of Caroline Grimshawe's Family.— Generous Behaviour of Copping's Mother. — Dialogue between the Master Blacksmith and his Foreman.—Cheap Way of being Good.—Distress and Poverty.—My Sister advises Copping to go to Canada.—He reaches me in Penury.— Change in his Circumstances.—His Settlement.—Our Search for his Lot.—His Weariness and pathetic Exclamation.— His Location.—Comfortable Circumstances and Decease after some happy Years spent in Upper Canada.—The Bush.— Our exploring Party.—Poor Copping's Lamentations.—We give Names to our Locations.—Unpromising View of the Blacksmith's Land.—His Lot turns out well.—His Success as a Settler.—Conclusion of his History . . . 149

CHAPTER XI.

My House. — Method of building and flooring. — My Chimney.—Underbrushing.—My Hermit Life in the Woods. —Nocturnal Visitation.—An Exit in Flames.—I meet the poor Fiend by Daylight 177

CHAPTER XII.

The Wolverine.—Move into my new House.—Filial Piety of the Irish.—Unlucky Journey to Peterborough.—Hospitality.—Accident.—Improvement in the Road. — My new Location.—Arrival of my Family.—Ravages of the Cholera. —A rough Cure.—I am appointed a Commissioner of the Court of Requests.—The poor Scotchwoman and her Spinning-wheel 188

CHAPTER XIII.

PAGE

Falling Stars.—Aurora Borealis.—Damage to my House by Lightning.—The Mistake of a Yankee Carpenter.—A Beast saved and a Joke spoilt 208

CHAPTER XIV.

Rapid Increase of the Back-settlements.—Division of the District.—Destruction of the Bridge.—Colonel B— and his refractory human Steed.—Strike for Whiskey in the Middle of the River.—The poor Temperance Colonel compelled to come to Terms.—Peterborough.—The Otonabee River.—Description of the Western or Back Lakes.—Sad Fate of a Clergyman.—Beauty of the Scenery.—Love-sick Lake.—Indian Lover.—Katharine O'Donohue's Disdain.—Stony Lake and its Environs.—Clear Lake.—Progress of Peterborough 216

CHAPTER XV.

Visit to the Falls of Niagara.—Tragical Recollections of the Locality.—Battle of Lundy's Lane.—Gallant Conduct of young Burnham and his Companions 247

CHAPTER XVI.

The Rebellion of 1837.—March to Peterborough.—The Relief of Toronto.—Return of the Volunteers to their Homes.—Incorporated Battalions.—Militia Training.—Bad Consequences of the Rebellion.—Good Effects of County Councils.—Township Councils.—Municipalities.—Necessity of Railroads.—Lumber Trade.—Lumber-shanties and Lumber-men.—Timber-jambs.—Tom Burke's remarkable Escape 259

CHAPTER XVII.

PAGE

Domestic Manufactures.—The Colonist a Man of many Trades. — Shoe-Making. — Home-manufactured Soap and Candles.—Yarn-Dyeing.—Weaving.—Knitting.—Carpets . 287

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sugar-Maple. — Canadian Sugar. — Method of boiling Maple-sap into Sugar. — A Series of sweet Disasters led on by Prince.—Non-Vigilance of a Sugar-Sentinel.—Cow-Pilferers.—Dangerous Consequences to the Thieves, who are saved by an Operation.—Sugar-eating Bee.—Maple Vinegar. —Birch Vinegar and Beer 298

CHAPTER XIX.

The three great Wants of Canada.—Hints for the Education of Emigrants.—Bachelor Wants . . . 312

CHAPTER XX.

Need of Churches and Pastors in Canada.—Kind Assistance of my Friends in England towards this good Work.—Zeal of the Primitive Church.—Want of Schools and Schoolmasters 321

CHAPTER XXI.

Death invades my Home-Circle. — Loss of my youngest Son, my Son-in-Law, my Grand-Daughter, my Wife, and my youngest Daughter. — Projected Return Home. — Embarkation. — Navigation of the Genesee River.— Rochester. — Syracuse.—Mohawk River.—American Steamers.—Rail-Carriages.—New York.—Voyage to England. — Return to Reydon.—Kindness and Hospitality of my English Friends . 332

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS IN CANADA WEST.

CHAPTER I.

BRAVERY AND HUMANITY OF DR. DUNLOP. — HIS DANGER.—POPULARITY WITH THE IRISH.—HIS SPEECH ON THE PROPOSED TAX ON WHISKEY.—TOSSES A COPPER TO LOSE A WIFE.—HIS VOYAGE IN THE "DISMAL."—HIS CHARACTER.—LITERARY MERIT.—HIS PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.

As I may not have another opportunity of mentioning the name of my kind and eccentric friend Dr. Dunlop, in connexion with my own, I shall here devote a few pages to his memory, relating some racy anecdotes which exhibit his character in a new and interesting light.

For the following characteristic traits I am indebted to my friend Colonel Fitzgibbon. "Doctor Dunlop, in his youth, was assistant-surgeon in the 89th Regiment, on the Niagara frontier, during the campaign of 1814. He was at that time a young

man who appeared to have outgrown his clothes; at least the sleeves of his coat reached but a short way below his elbows, and his trowsers did not nearly reach his ancles. He was careless if not slovenly in his dress, and he seldom applied a razor to his chin. His proportions were almost Herculean, and his movements and gait were awkward and ungainly.

"When our army attacked Fort Erie by assault, we were beaten back with much slaughter; great numbers of our men falling killed or wounded under the fire of the enemy. As daylight appeared, Dunlop, whose vocation, be it remembered, was that of man-curer not of man-killer, ran through the firing to witness the scene, when seeing that some of the wounded could not get to the rear beyond the range of the enemy's fire, he gallantly caught up a poor fellow and carried him to a place of safety, immediately returning to take up another, and so on until he had thus taken bodily possession of ten or twelve of his patients.

"One man, wounded in the knee, he heaved upon his back and bore to the rear, but on laying down his burden the Doctor found that the soldier had received, *in transitu*, a mortal wound in the back, and so intercepted the shot, which otherwise would have taken effect on Dun-

lop himself. It should be stated that he brought with him, slung over his shoulders, six of the soldiers' wooden canteens filled with wine intended for the wounded, with which he refreshed them, and attended professionally to their hurts under a noble tree, out of the reach of the shot he had so bravely encountered for their benefit.

"Those who enjoyed the friendship of this warm-hearted man had frequent opportunities of knowing his kind and feeling disposition, for there never was a finer jewel, though roughly set, than poor Dunlop. His cheerful and undaunted spirit formed him for an efficient leader of British emigration.

"The 89th was chiefly composed of Irishmen, and among them he learned the management of those refractory subjects* better than any one of their own officers. His influence over them was very great, and during his long residence in Canada, after he left the army, he exerted his influence over the Irish emigrants and settlers, to the great benefit of the poor people themselves and to the advantage of the public. In a violent party-riot in the city of Toronto, about the year 1830, he did more than any other justice of the peace then present, in quelling the disturbance."

* Colonel Fitzgibbon being an Irishman seems perfectly aware that poor Paddy can be governed better by love than fear.

He was a humorous, witty man, and never regarded time or place when any opportunity occurred for displaying his facetious propensities. Upon one particular occasion, I remember, he amused the House of Assembly by his comical questions and witty rejoinders. I think it was seven or eight years ago when Montreal was the seat of government, that a bill was brought before the House to tax dogs and whiskey. The Doctor, who spoke on this occasion, asked—

"If any member present could inform him how many quarts of whiskey was usually made from a bushel of wheat, Indian corn, or rye?"

When the member for the Second Riding of Northumberland replied,—"He believed sixteen quarts."

"I believe," rejoined the Doctor, "the young gentleman is right, but heaven defend me from your sixteen quart-whiskey! I like a stiff horn.* I have read of the beast with two horns, and of the beast with ten horns, but I am a beast of many horns."

The whole House were convulsed with laughter at this sally of the Doctor's, the concluding assertion of which, I am sorry to say, was too true. In every other relation of life the Doctor's

* In allusion to a drinking-horn.

character might have safely borne the strictest scrutiny.

The following anecdote has been related of the Doctor. Its authenticity I do not doubt, for it is highly characteristic of the man.

The Doctor, and his brother the Captain, both old bachelors, lived together on their estate of Galbraith, near Goderich, with a respectable Scotch-body, as the Doctor called her, for their housekeeper. Now, whether any scandal had been raised, or whether the Doctor thought it would conduce to their greater comfort, if he or his brother were to marry the housekeeper, or whether he meant it only for a joke to teaze his brother, does not appear. Be that as it may, the Doctor proposed, in consequence, he said, of some unpleasant remarks, and their lonely situation, for one of them to marry her.

"Now, Sandy, you know I would almost as soon hang myself as put my head into the matrimonial noose, yet I think it only fair to stand my chance. So, what I propose is, that each of us shall toss up a copper* three times, and he who has the most heads shall be free."

As this appeared a very fair proposition the Captain at once consented to the arrangement,

* Canadian term for a halfpenny.

and they immediately proceeded to bring this friendly contest for a wife to an issue.

The Doctor would not have consented to run the risk of losing his liberty, if he had not been perfectly sure of winning, for by some chance he had become the possessor of a halfpenny with a head on either side. So when they came to toss up, as might be expected, the poor unconscious Captain was duly elected for matrimonial honours, to the great glee of the roguish Doctor, who, I make no doubt, chuckled over his successful stratagem.

Strange as it may appear, the Captain honourably fulfilled this singular agreement. I have understood that the lady filled her new station with great credit and propriety, and I have heard, at the death of the two brothers, inherited all their property.

Although the winner of Mrs. Dunlop had some reason to rejoice in getting a good wife so easily, yet I would advise all gentlemen before trying their chance in such a lottery, to examine whether their opponent is the fortunate possessor of a coin with two heads.

Dr. Dunlop was the first representative for the Huron District in the Provincial Parliament, and retained his seat as long as he lived. While

employed in the Canada Company's service, he encountered many perils, and on one of his voyages met with the following adventure. During the early settlement of the Huron District, and before any saw-mill had been built, it was necessary to purchase a quantity of boards and other lumber for the Company's use. For this purpose the Doctor went in a canoe from Goderich, seventy-four miles down the lake, to a Yankee village, at the mouth of the Black-water river, near Fort Gratiot. Here he purchased what he required, and hired a small schooner, which he freighted with the lumber, and took passage in her himself. It appears that, with the exception of the owner of the vessel, there was only one person on board besides the Doctor, not one of whom knew anything about the navigation of the lake.

The Doctor, however, undertook the pilotage; he knew that there was a rocky shoal stretching out some distance into the lake directly opposite Kettle Point, but he was not aware that it extended for miles. Consequently they were startled by finding themselves amongst the rocks several miles from the shore. Luckily there was little wind, and the lake so smooth that every stone could be seen distinctly in the water. In this emergency

the Doctor seated himself astride on the bowsprit, with his hat off and his red hair streaming in the wind, forming altogether not a bad representation of old Neptune.

From this nautical throne his majesty issued his commands of *starboard* and *larboard, port* or *steady,* as the rocks on either side appeared in view. All his skill, however, proved unavailing—the vessel at last grounded, and as they had not sufficient help on board to heave her off, they were obliged to make a raft and abandon her to her fate. However, they had the good fortune to land with their raft in safety near the mouth of the river Aux-Sables, yet distant many miles from any settlement. The vessel became a wreck, and I believe the Company ultimately paid the owner for his crazy vessel, which the Doctor in speaking of always called the "Dismal."

The Doctor's character may be summed up in a few words. He was a kind-hearted generous man; scientific, enterprising, and possessing considerable literary attainments, as his articles published in "Blackwood's Magazine," and his "Backwoodsman," sufficiently prove.

In person he was well made, stout, broad-shouldered, and above six feet in height, with red hair and whiskers, blue eyes, high forehead, nose slightly

aquiline, broad face, and a remarkably facetious and good-humoured expression of countenance.

I am happy to say that he overcame his only failing, but not in time to save his valuable life. However,

> "Take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Therefore farewell, kind, amiable, witty, Dunlop, but not for ever!

CHAPTER II.

UTILITY OF THE LAKES.—INTERNAL NAVIGATION SUPERIOR TO RUSSIA.—PETER THE GREAT AND CAPTAIN PERRY.—THEORY OF EVAPORATION.—COMPARATIVE MEAN DEPTHS, NUMBER OF MILES, AND ELEVATION OF THE LAKES.—FISH.—EFFECTS OF THE LAKES ON THE TEMPERATURE.—WARMING INFLUENCE OF LAKE HURON OVER THE WHOLE WESTERN PENINSULA.

CANADA is yet in her colonial dawn; but the dawn is one of cheering promise. She possesses a virgin soil, finely timbered forests, rich mineral ores, as yet little worked, and lands on the Huron tract of almost unrivalled fertility, with an immense water-power, which, when once put in use by a thriving and increasing population, will render her one of the greatest commercial countries in the world. Providence, by the gift of lakes, which from their vast extent may be fairly denominated inland seas, has marked her for a land of commerce. She enjoys the double advantage of an inland water communication, and an outward maritime one with Europe, the United States, South America, and the world in general. Her commercial relations are as yet only in their infancy. But what will they not be when the

vast tract north-west of Lake Superior shall be opened for the reception of the produce of the West. Twelve thousand mariners are employed at present in the navigation of the lakes. Russia is the only commercial country that possesses the same natural advantages, though in an inferior degree, for the Russian lakes did not communicate with each other till the wisdom of her wise regenerator, Peter the Great, established a communication between them by the aid of Captain Perry, an English engineer, to whose genius Russia is indebted for her inland water communication by means of the canals he cut and the rivers he made navigable to facilitate her internal commerce. Poor Perry was an ill-used man, for the Czar would not pay him his salary for fear of losing his vast services—a common but shameful abuse of despotic power. He finally returned to England under the protection of our ambassador, poor in purse and injured in health. He had been, in fact, working for the benefit of unborn millions, for fame, for commerce, but not for his own profit.*

Nature, however, bountifully placed the Canadian lakes in a chain, and thus provided Canada with an internal navigation, which the science of our gifted but ill-used countryman first opened for

* "Memoirs of Captain John Perry," by himself.

Russia. But much as we must admire the wisdom of Peter the Great in conceiving the mighty design, we cannot but feel indignant at his injustice in robbing his agent of his hard-earned reward. He deprived himself of Perry's services at an important time, and probably had reason to regret the wrong he did to our injured and high-spirited countryman.

"The comparative depths of the lakes form an interesting subject of inquiry, and the vast area covered by their waters. The bottom of Lake Ontario is as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while the bottoms of Lake Huron, Michigan, and Superior, are all, from their vast depths (although their surface is so much higher), on a level with the bottoms of Lake Ontario and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Can there be," (asks our author, M'Gregor) "a subterranean river running from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario?" He considers "the discharge of water through the river Detroit, and that carried off by means of evaporation unequal to the quantity which the three upper great lakes may be considered to receive." *

In Dr. Arnott's admirable scientific work on the "Elements of Physics," we find the theory of evaporation with its vast effects perfectly ex-

* M'Gregor's "British America," vol. ii. p. 557.

plained; and that too in a lucid manner, calculated to convey information even to the commonest mind, although the matter relates to one of the most mysterious agencies of nature. "There are some lakes," he says, "on the face of the earth, which have no outlet towards the sea—all the water which falls into them being again carried off by evaporation alone; and such lakes are never of fresh water alone, because every substance, which from the beginning of time rain could dissolve in the regions around them, has necessarily been carried towards them by their feeding streams, and there has remained.

"The great majority of lakes, however, being basins with the water constantly running over at one part towards the sea, although all originally salt, have in the course of time become fresh, because their only supply being direct from the clouds, or from rivers and springs fed by the clouds, is fresh, while what runs away from them must be always carrying with it a proportion of any substance that remains dissolved in them." *

Thus the evaporation produced by frost in winter, and heat in summer, and the natural outlets of these lakes sufficiently account for the uniformity of their level without the agency of a subterraneous channel. The fact that these lakes

* Arnott's "Elements of Physics," vol. i. p. 277—8.

have a communication by the St. Lawrence to the sea sufficiently accounts for the freshness and purity of these vast bodies of water.

"A curious instance of a lake in the process of losing its saltness exists in that of Mexico, from which a drain was cut to relieve the inhabitants of the city from the consequences of an inundation. This drain, extending sixty miles from Mexico to the lower external country, has not only in the course of a hundred and fifty years freed the city from the water, but by the continual force of the stream is still lowering the surface of the lake, and is daily rendering the water less salt, and converting the extensive salt marshes around Mexico into fresh and fertile fields." * In fact, a traveller this present year (1852) travelled some miles from the city before he could find the celebrated lake which once inundated the city.

That the immense body of water in the Upper Lakes of Canada do not find a lower level, as in the course of ages they probably will do, arises from the nature of the ground through which they are working their channel, which is hard, rocky, and irregular; for "where the soil or bed of a country through which a water-track passes is not of a soft consistence, so as to allow readily the

* Arnott's "Elements of Physics," vol. i. p. 279.

wearing down of higher parts and the filling up of hollows by depositing sand, lakes, rapids, and great irregularities of current remain. We have, for instance, the line of lakes in North America, the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and the stupendous falls of Niagara, where at one leap the river gains a level lower by a hundred and sixty feet. A softer barrier than the rock over which the river pours would soon be cut through, and the line of lakes would be emptied."* Such a change would not however benefit the province, and provident Nature, by the rocky shores that enclose these mighty waters, has insured the internal navigation of this highly favoured country for ages to come. The following table, from the pen of a scientific Canadian writer, will give the reader every information respecting the area, elevation, and mean depth of the lakes of Canada.

Names of Lakes.	Area in Square Miles.	Elevation above the Sea.	Mean Depth.
Lake Superior . . .	32,000	596	900
Green Bay	2,000	578	500
Lake Michigan . . .	22,400	578	1,000
Lake Huron	19,200	578	1,000
Lake St. Clair . . .	360	570	20
Lake Erie	9,600	565	84
Lake Ontario . . .	6,300	232	500
Total Area .	91,860		

* Arnott's "Elements of Physics," vol. i. p. 279.

The greatest known depth of Lake Ontario is seven hundred and eighty feet; in Lake Superior, however, a line one thousand two hundred feet long has in some parts failed to reach the bottom.*

"These lakes contain an immense quantity of fish of considerable size. Fine sturgeon, salmon, some of which weigh sixty pounds, herrings, black bass, and various other kinds of fish are caught in the lakes, but it is remarkable that neither salmon nor herring have been caught in any of the lakes that do not communicate with the St. Lawrence. How either one or the other have got into the great lakes of Upper Canada must ever puzzle naturalists to account for."†

The lakes of Canada contribute to raise the temperature of the country by warming the winds that pass over their ample bosoms. In fact, the influence of this species of natural agency is remarkable, as the following extract will show :—

"The effect of winds on climate, by their prevalence, is considerable, but particularly on that of Upper Canada. Thus, whenever westerly winds sweep over the surface-waters of Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, they will not only receive accessions of heat, but be also in some

* Hind's "Comparative View of Canada West."

† M'Gregor's "British America."

measure diverted from their courses. The mean temperature of the air at Toronto during the three winter months, December, January, and February, is 25·51°; while that of the surface water of the open lakes is never less than 32°, and generally about 33·5°, in other words 7° or 8° above the mean at Toronto. The effect of this difference is occasionally manifest in the high temperatures of the southern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and especially on the Niagara river, where the mean winter temperature does not fall two degrees below the freezing point of water. A similar effect is produced upon the northern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, although in a less degree, while the warming influence of Lake Huron is felt over the whole western peninsula during the winter months. At Detroit, in latitude 42·24°, the mean of three years' observations gives 27° for the winter temperature, whereas the corresponding temperature at Laviston, in latitude 43·09°, or nearly three-quarters of a degree farther north, is 30°. The influence of the State of Michigan (frozen during the winter season) on the temperature at Detroit is sufficient to reduce it to that of Rochester, a degree further to the north. The duration of snow upon the ground, the average fall of rain, the serenity of

the sky, and the humidity of the atmosphere are all affected on the shores of the Lakes by the great depth and expanse of their waters."*

"The peculiar temperature of Canada West originates from two causes. Its elevation may be referred to the mighty mass of water contained in Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario, and more remotely Lake Superior, water being an element in which much latent heat is found. The second cause may be traced to the serenity of the sky during the summer months, a serenity of long continuance." †

"The causes which tend to lower the temperature, we find the uniform extension of land north and north-west of the lakes, towards the polar regions, in the direction of the winter winds (north-west); extensive forests which, besides the shade they afford the soil, expose a great evaporating and radiating surface during the summer months; the frequency of extensive swamps, and the clear winter sky." ‡

* Hind's "Comparative View of the Climate of Western Canada."
† Hind's Pamphlet. ‡ Ibid.

CHAPTER III.

HEALTHINESS OF CANADA-WEST. — ITS DRYNESS. — ITS HEAT AND COLD.—SUPERIORITY OF ITS CLIMATE TO THAT OF ENGLAND.—BEAUTY OF THE CANADIAN FORESTS IN AUTUMN.—FELLING FORESTS BENEFICIAL TO THE CLIMATE.—MEAN TEMPERATURE IN SUMMER AND WINTER.—DECREASE OF SWAMPS.—CLIMATE FAVOURABLE TO AGRICULTURE.—TEMPERATURE OF THE CANADIAN MONTHS.—CLIMATIAL ADVANTAGES OVER MANY PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—ANNUAL PRODUCE OF WHEAT.—POSSIBILITY OF ACCLIMATIZING MANY HERBS AND TREES.—BLACK CHERRY, ITS USES IN MEDICINE. — VALUABLE AS AN ORNAMENTAL WOOD.—NATIVE GRAPE. — FUTURE VINEYARDS. — HIND'S TABLES OF TEMPERATURE.

THE climate of Canada West is both healthful and pleasant; and few persons long resident in the western province find themselves benefited by their exchange to the damper one of their native country.

I confess that I have suffered more with cold during this unusually mild winter of 1851-2 than in the land in which I have sojourned so long. The dry air of Canada, though so low in temperature, has not such chilling effects on my frame, as that of England. Besides the sharp piercing cold of

the Canadian winter is really invigorating, and warm thick clothing protects the person from the effects of the climate, while nothing can guard the frame from damp which we continually breathe in England, and which no precaution can really exclude. Then the extreme variability of the temperature, and the chance of having no summer as a counterbalance for having no winter, is an unpleasant contingent: I therefore, prefer the certainty of having a long bright summer in return for a sharp winter, and a mild autumn clad in the gorgeous hues with which Nature chooses to decorate our Canadian forests. "It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the autumnal beauty of these forests. Nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur."

"Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the boundless verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern inexorable fir-tribes alone maintain their eternal sombre green. All others, on mountains or in valleys, burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and enchanting panorama on earth."

The author from whom I have taken this

glowing descriptive passage, imputes the change in the hues of the forest, to the action of the frost on the acids contained in the leaves.*

The felling of these fine forests contributes to the amelioration of the climate, and it is conjectured that in some districts the absence of snow at some future time will form a subject of complaint when the farmer misses his former winter roads, which he found useful for the transfer of his produce to the market and flour-mill, or his timber to the saw-mill."†

"The lands in the Huron tract have only a winter of three months, and it is for nine months much warmer than England."‡ I do not wholly rely upon my own long experience of Canada West; I have carefully collected those of other men,—men of science and judgment, which I shall present in illustration of my assertion that the Canadian westward province is superior to our own island, in climate, at least.

"Great misconception exists in respect to the soil and temperature of Western Canada, for notwithstanding the eminent fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, and its superiority for agricultural purposes over the State of New York;

* M'Gregor's "British America."

† Mac Taggart's "Three Years in Canada." ‡ Ibid.

the northern part of Ohio and Illinois, the States of Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, the Far West, and the whole of New England; in a word, over the wheat-growing states generally; yet among multitudes of British and Irish desirous of emigrating a far different idea is commonly entertained.

"The impression in their minds being that the climate of Canada West is distinguished by intense winter, cold, and a brief, scorching summer, in which the cultivator can scarcely find time to secure his harvest." *

"The European emigrant in preferring these parts of the United States to which allusion has been made, chooses far greater extremes of heat and cold, and fixes his location not only in a more unhealthy climate, but in a soil far less fruitful, and more exposed to vicissitude."†

"Canada West possesses a greater immunity from spring frosts, and summer droughts, in comparison to many parts of the United States, and it has a more favourable distribution of clear and cloudy days, and in the distribution of rain over many days. Canada West is also more salubrious.

* "Climate and Soil of Canada West."

† "Comparative View of Canada West," by H. Y. Hind.

"The climate of Canada, in many respects, is more favourable than that of Great Britain and Ireland, for it has a higher summer temperature, greater dryness, and enjoys a serener sky."*

"The clearing away of the immense forests which at present cover the fertile soil of Upper Canada, will produce a considerable change in the temperature. At present, during the nights of the summer season — which these forests by their nocturnal radiation lower—Humboldt has clearly shown, by the reason of the vast multiplicity of leaves, a tree, the crown of which does not present a horizontal section of more than one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty feet, actually influences the cooling of the atmosphere by an extent of surface several thousand times more extensive than this section. The upper surface of the leaves first become cool by nocturnal radiation; these again receive heat from the lower stratum of leaves, which is in turn given off into space. The cooling is thus propagated from above, downwards, until the temperature of the whole tree is lowered, and, as a necessary result, the air enveloping it. As the forests of Western Canada disappear before the

* Hind's Pamphlet.

rapid encroachments of the settler, we may look for a rise in the minimum temperature of the spring, summer, and autumnal nights. Late spring and early autumn frosts will probably become rarer, as the country becomes more cleared. Notwithstanding the cold produced by the radiation of heat from the leaves of forest-trees during summer nights, there is no reason to suppose that the destruction of forests elevates the mean temperature of the year. The clearing them, however, exhibits the following results :—

"The elevation of the mean temperature during the summer months, the lowering of the mean temperature of the winter months, whose duration is, nevertheless, shortened.

"The acceleration of the coming of spring, the drying up of swamps, shallow springs, and the diminution of the water in creeks; the disappearance of snow from exposed districts will also be accelerated." *

"Indeed, the destruction of forests seems to have a marked effect upon swamps, springs, and running streams. In all parts of the country neglected saw-mills may be seen, having been abandoned by their proprietors, owing to the want of

* Hind's "Comparative View."

water. This decrease may reasonably be ascribed to the felling of the forests, whereby extensive swamps are exposed to solar radiation and that supply of moisture which they received in the summer months from the condensation of the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere, by the leaves of the trees overshadowing them being altogether cut off." *

"The climate of Canada is favourable for agriculture, since a moderately humid atmosphere, in relation to cultivation, can scarcely be estimated too highly. The most interesting, and perhaps the most advantageous, form in which atmospheric influence exhibits itself, is that of dew. The quantity of this revivifying agent condensed on the leaves of vegetables in the Canadian Peninsula is very great, and furnishes one important reason why Western Canada is less liable to suffer from those destructive droughts which are common to the west of the Lakes, and not unfrequent towards the east and south. The terms rainy season and dry season are unknown in Canadian climatology; the distribution of rain over the months of the year is, in general, remarkably uniform." †

* Hind's "Comparative View of Western Canada."
† Ibid.

The able author of the Pamphlet from which these quotations are made, has proved a fact not usually well understood, that the climate of Upper Canada is healthier and more equal in temperature than a great many provinces of the United States. Indeed the severer temperature of the Lower Province, or Canada East, as it is now called, does not apply to that of Canada West, which the causes just quoted render milder even than many parts of the States.

Hind has made an ingenious classification of the mean temperature of the Canadian year, which is subjoined for the use of the reader.

"The hottest month in the Canadian year is July, the coldest, February. There are four months in the year during which the average temperature is less than the freezing point of water; these months are January, February, March, December. These constitute the winter months.

"There are three months, April, October, and November, during which the temperature is above the freezing point of water, and below the mean temperature of the year. There are five months in the year during which the mean temperature is above the annual mean; these are May, June, July, August, and September. These months,

with October, constitute the agricultural or growing months of Western Canada. The mean highest temperature of the hottest month (July), is double of the mean annual temperature. The mean minimum temperature of the hottest month is the same as the mean annual temperature. The temperature is most uniform in August, and most fluctuating in April." *

"It is well known in America," remarks an intelligent government officer, "that the climate always improves, or rather increases in warmth, with the destruction of the forest and cultivation of the soil." †

"We are as yet imperfectly acquainted with the natural agricultural advantages of Canada West, but from what we do know from its peculiar situation among the great Lakes, we may positively assert its general superiority over any other portion of North America, with very few exceptions.

"The most important points in which the climate of Canada West differs from those of the United States which lie north of the forty-first parallel of latitude, may be thus enumerated:

* Hind's "Comparative View of the Climate of Western Canada."
† Mac Taggart's "Three Years in Canada."

"In mildness, the extremes of winter cold and summer heat being, comparatively speaking, much less, in being better suited to the growth of grain and green crops, on account of the more equable distribution of rain over the agricultural months; and, also, in the humidity of the atmosphere, which, though less than that of an insular climate, is greater than that of localities situated at a distance from the Lakes." *

"Wheat of a fine quality, to the amount of two millions of bushels, is the annual average rate, at present, of growth in Canada West; but, as emigration and population increase, the quantity, as a matter of course, must also multiply. Fine samples from the old country must be acclimated, just as many plants of our own produce have been, before they reach their maximum. Thus the new seed will not equal your expectations; but if you sow from it again, you will find them realized." †

In respect to vegetable assimilation to climate, we all know that the hardy lauristinus and the scarlet-bean were confined in the early part of the last century to the green-house. There is little doubt that many herbs and useful vegetables may gradually be acclimated.

* Hind's Pamphlet. † Ibid.

Canada has an indigenous growth of plums and grapes, which will improve by cultivation. The black cherry is, in its wild state, crude and astringent; it is used medicinally in the United States for consumptive complaints; the value of the tree in Canada arises from the beauty of the wood, which makes it prized for furniture. No attempt has been made to improve the native grape, which is small and crude; but the fact that it ripens at all, exhibits a point favourable to the climate, since this fruit mainly owes its fine qualities to cultivation. The Canadian settler, who at present leaves the forest-vine to the birds of the air and beasts of the field, will, probably, some years hence, have vineyards as well as corn-tracts. Indeed vines from Germany might be tried for this purpose in the more westward tracts with, perhaps, a fair chance of success.

The tables exhibited in the following pages will give some important information on the subject of temperature to emigrants, which I have extracted from the scarce and valuable pamphlet,* for the sight of which I am indebted to the Canada Company, and of which I have already availed myself so largely.

* Hind's Pamphlet.

TABLE OF THE MEAN TEMPERATURE OF THE SUMMER MONTHS (June, July, and August) at Toronto, during the years 1840 to 1850, both inclusive; also Table of the Mean Maximum Temperature during the same periods :—

Year.	Mean Summer Temperature.	Mean Maximum Summer Temperature.
1840 . .	63·90	81·5
1841 . .	65·3	88·9
1842 . .	62·33	82·9
1843 . .	63·33	83·7
1844 . .	62·55	85·6
1845 . .	65·30	88·1
1846 . .	66·16	88·4
1847 . .	63·26	82·5
1848 . .	65·41	87·1
1849 . .	65·30	84·0
1850 . .	66·81	85·3
Mean	64·51	85·26

To the east and west of the Lakes (especially in the latter direction) high summer means of temperature are invariably associated with low winter means; in other words, great and often injurious extremes of temperature occur, particularly in the Western States. Compare the subjoined temperatures of the seasons at the stations named :—

Places.	Latitude	Winter Mean.	Spring Mean.	Summer Mean.	Autumn Mean.
Toronto . .	43·39	25·33	41·60	64·51	47·41
Hudson . .	41·15	25·70	48·20	69·20	46·40
Muscatine Iowa .	41·26	25·80	49·90	69·00	49·30
Council Bluffs .	41·28	24·28	51·60	75·81	52·46
Fort Crawford .	43·03	20·69	48·25	72·38	48·09
Fort Winebago .	43·31	20·81	44·67	67·97	46·10
Fort Dearborn .	41·50	24·31	45·39	67·80	47·09
Detroit . . .	42·62	27·62	45·16	67·33	47·75

TABLE OF THE MEAN SUMMER TEMPERATURES at various localities in Europe, compared with those at Toronto.

	Mean Summer Temperature.
Toronto	. 64·51
Berlin, Europe . . .	. 63·2
Cherbourg	. 61·9
Penzance	. 61·8
Greenwich	. 60·88
Cheltenham . . .	. 60·04

	Mean Temperature of the Hottest Months.
Toronto	· 66·54
Paris	. 66·02
Frankfort-on-the-Maine .	. 66·00
Berlin	. 64·4
London	. 64·1
Cherbourg	. 63·2

CHAPTER IV.

OLD INDIAN HAUNTS.—THEIR ENCAMPMENT NEAR GODERICH HARBOUR.—INDIAN WIGWAMS.—INDIAN MISSIONARY, PETER JONES.—INDIAN OFFERINGS TO MANITON.—PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS.—IMPROVEMENT IN INDIAN MORALS SINCE THEIR CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.—HISTORY OF AN INDIAN FAMILY—THEIR MISERABLE CONDITION.—MY REMEDY.—INDIAN MANUFACTURES.—CANOES.—LOG-CANOE.—ELM-BARK CANOE USED BY THE CHIPPEWAS.—MANY USES OF THE WHITE BIRCH.

It is interesting to mark the rise of the towns of Canada West; to compare them with what they were, and to reflect upon what they will become.

Some of these locations, reclaimed by civilized man from the wild-forest tract, were once the haunts of the red man, who still loves to linger near the site of his old encampments. The Chippewas still repair at certain seasons of the year to the environs of Goderich.

The bottom of Goderich harbour is formed by a long strip of sand and gravel, which separates the waters of the harbour from the lake. This

little peninsula is only a few yards in width, and dotted here and there with clumps of bushes. During the summer months it used to be the favourite camping-ground of the Chippewas. I have seen more than a hundred of them, men, women, and children, at one time occupying rude wigwams on this point. In hot weather they are not very particular how they construct their tents. A couple of slight poles crossing one another about six feet from the ground, fastened with bass-wood bark, are fixed in the ground at either end. A pole is then laid on where the end-sticks cross one another, and are securely tied, this forms the ridge-pole against which a few more poles are leant in a sloping direction covered with cedar bark.

If the weather looks settled they do not encamp at all unless they intend to stay some time.

In winter, however, they take pains to make a warm camp, which is either circular or oblong. In either case the poles are planted from a foot to eighteen inches apart at the bottom, and closing together at the top. Birch-bark is generally used for the winter covering. The common size of a circular wigwam is about twelve feet in diameter. This will accommodate two large families. The fire is made in the centre, and a door-way is left

opposite each end of the fire for the better convenience of bringing in wood, a blanket being fastened across these apertures in lieu of a door, which is merely put on one side by the person who wishes to enter.

During the sugar season the Indians construct much larger wigwams. I remember when I purchased the land I now reside upon, I found the remains of a very large sugar-boiling camp upwards of thirty feet in length by sixteen wide, furnished with bed-berths made with poles covered with bark, raised about fifteen inches from the ground, serving for seats as well as beds. The fire had evidently occupied nearly the whole length of this building, for the hooked sticks which had supported their pots and sugar-kettles still hung suspended from a pole above the hearth.

The Indian wigwams are very warm. I have slept in them in the coldest weather with only one blanket wrapped about me, without experiencing the least inconvenience arising from either draught or cold.

On my first acquaintance with the Indians I found them—particularly those who were in the habit of visiting Goderich—a poor, drunken, dissipated set, destitute both of morality and re-

ligion, which was entirely owing to that abominable custom practised by the fur-traders, of keeping their wretched victims in a state of drunkenness whilst bargaining for their peltry. I have seen forty or fifty Indians and squaws drunk in an encampment at the same time, rolling about on the grass, nearly naked, and while in that state pillaged by those white fiends, the traders, who dare to *call themselves Christians*. I am, however, happy to say, that a great reform has taken place among them—owing partly to the preaching of the Gospel to them, and partly parliamentary enactments inflicting heavy fines on any one selling spirits of any kind to the Indians.

Foremost in the good work of Gospel-diffusion may be mentioned Peter Jones, an Indian by birth, I believe, of the Mississauga tribe, for he speaks their language as though it were his own. I have understood he was the first person who translated the Gospels into this Indian dialect, and also rendered a book of Wesleyan hymns into his own tongue.

It is quite surprising to see what a change for the better has taken place amongst these poor creatures, once so benighted, within the last fifteen years. I was down at their encampment one

day, before the conversion of the tribe, when I noticed an old Indian take his canoe and paddle off into the middle of the harbour. He then laid in his paddle and knelt down in the centre of his little bark, and commenced a long oration, during the delivery of which he from time to time threw into the river small pieces of tobacco, and concluded the ceremony by emptying some kind of liquor from a bottle, which I afterwards learned was whiskey. On making inquiry of one of the traders, "What the Indian meant by this extraordinary proceeding," he informed me "that the man was praying to the Great Maniton to make the waters yield them an abundance of fish and game, and the pieces of tobacco and the whiskey were intended as offerings to propitiate him. The word Maniton meaning presiding spirit."

It has been asserted that many of their traditions and religious ceremonies are undoubtedly of Jewish origin, and some think that the North American Indians are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. I have, however, not the slightest doubt that this portion of the continent has been peopled from Northern Asia. I have come to this conclusion from two causes—first, from the proximity of the two countries, which, at Behring's Straits, is only thirty-nine miles across from the

Old World to the New. In the mid-channel there are two islands, called by the Russians the St. Diomedes, which are from two to three leagues in circumference—thus leaving either of the passages not more than twenty miles from land to land, which distance could be easily traversed in fine weather and a smooth sea by canoes. Secondly, the black hair, dark eye, slightly pointed at the corners, the high cheek bones and want of hair on the face, sufficiently prove, I think, their Asiatic origin.

It has been said, and is generally believed, that the Indians are in the habit of pulling out the hair of their beards on its first making its appearance. This I believe to be altogether a fiction, not only from my own personal observation, but also from the report of those who have lived for years amongst them. The half-breeds have more hair on the chin, which clearly proves that they inherit that troublesome appendage from their European fathers. The Indian complexion is not darker than the English gipsy, but has a redder cast; the profile regular, the nose being thin and straight, and the eyes close together. They are naturally grave in their deportment, and silent on common occasions, but are eloquent public speakers.

Since their conversion they have become sober, religious, and, generally speaking, more moral and virtuous than their white brethren; for, upon the first preaching of the Gospel, its effects are always more strikingly apparent than afterwards, as if upon the new converts the Spirit of God was more plentifully poured forth. In this I allude more particularly to those Indians who inhabit the villages of Rice Lake, Alnwick, and Chemong Lake, and who are more particularly under the superintendance of the Rev. J. Gilmour, the Baptist Minister at Peterborough, who has done much to better their condition both in a temporal and spiritual sense. However, these converts to Christianity are not Baptists, but belong to the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, having local preachers amongst their own people.

I am sorry to say, the introduction of European diseases and vices have tended greatly to diminish the number of this very interesting people. I was told by a very clever medical gentleman, that consumption carried more of them off than any other disorder, and that this insidious malady had been entailed upon the present generation by the dissipation of their fathers. Happily for them, they have forsaken

these intemperate habits. In fact, it is now as rare to see a drunken Indian as, twenty years ago, it was to see a sober one ; so great a blessing has the Gospel been to these tribes.

I have heard it said, that it was impossible for an Indian to lose his way in the bush ; and I was for some time of that opinion myself, until the following circumstance considerably shook my belief.

It appeared that an Indian, his squaw, and two children, one of whom was a lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age, left Owen's Sound, on the Georgian bay, Lake Huron, with the intention of travelling through the woods to Goderich, where a party of his friends were encamped for the winter.

The snow was deep, and the distance, in a straight line, nearly eighty miles. It seems that, after crossing the river Saugeen, the weather became cloudy, attended with frequent snow-storms; so that they had nothing to guide them but the moss on the trees, for it appears they had never traversed that part of the country before. However, from some cause or another they lost their way ; and their provisions also failed them. In this emergency they pitched their wigwam near

a small stream, where they waited several days, hoping the sun would make its appearance. To add to the difficulties of the miserable couple, their youngest papouse, a girl, died from want and the hardships to which she had been exposed.

Although the Indian had some ammunition, he was unable to find any game ; not even a partridge. And the snow was so deep that it was quite impossible, in their exhausted state, to travel without snow-shoes, especially.

When they left Owen's Sound there was not more than eight inches of snow, but in consequence of the continued fall it had increased to a depth of upwards of two feet. So when, at last, the weather cleared up they were totally unable to proceed.

How long they remained in this dreadful situation is not easily known, but they were at last accidentally discovered by a party of French Canadians, who were out trapping, about twenty miles up the Maitland, and who told me they were perfectly horrified at the scene that presented itself to their view. The old Indian and his squaw, wasted to perfect skeletons, were lying in the wigwam, unable to rise. Near these anatomies lay the remains of some human flesh that

had evidently been used for food, and which the trappers positively declared to be part of the Indian's own son, who had been shot through the back by his wretched father, as he left the wigwam to go to the creek for water. Be this as it may, both the Indian and his squaw, when I questioned them on the subject, after their recovery, denied it in the strongest terms.

As soon as their situation was known in Goderich, a party of Indians and trappers went to the wigwam and brought them to the town in litters. When I heard of the arrival of these poor creatures I went down to see them, taking with me some broth and other necessaries that I thought might be good for them. I think I never beheld two such miserable objects with a spark of life in them. They were groaning piteously, and appeared to be suffering excruciating agony. I found out at once the cause of this. They had been allowed to satisfy their ravenous appetite without restraint, and had gorged themselves till they were nearly mad with pain.

I gave them each a dose of laudanum, which had such a good effect that in a few days they were able to sit up and speak. Their miserable

state excited such general compassion that almost every one sent them something to eat; so that in a month's time they were as fat and strong as before their days of starvation. Indeed, I could hardly have believed it possible for human beings to make flesh so quickly as they did.

Whether the Indian killed his son to sustain his own life and that of his squaw, rests entirely on the assertion of the Canadians who found them, though I believe there is little doubt that in their extremity they made use of his flesh. This is the only case of cannibalism I ever heard of among the Indians, and even this terrible fact, if the victim had not been their own son, would have been no more than a case of stern necessity. I am glad to be able to state that these unhappy parents were not Christians.

Before the conversion of these Indian tribes they were in the habit of painting their faces and eye-brows, upon every remarkable occasion, which certainly did anything but improve their appearance. Some of the squaws are pretty, but as they advance in years, they grow fat and ugly. The men, on the contrary, are of a spare make, and very seldom become fleshy. Their mode of life, as hunters, requires the greatest activity;

while that of the squaws is of a more sedentary nature, being chiefly confined to the wigwam, their principal occupation being the making of baskets, brooms, and deer-skin mocassins, which they ornament very prettily with porcupine quills or beads. They have a curious method of dyeing the quills, which is effected by extracting the colour from pieces of English broad-cloth, from which process they obtain the most vivid dyes.

Some of these Indian designs are pretty, and even ingenious, and may be obtained at a reasonable rate.

The price of a pair of plain mocassins is 2*s*. 6*d*. Halifax currency ; handsome ones, worked with a pattern on the instep, wrought either with quills or beads, a dollar or 5*s*.

Their brooms are manufactured principally from the birch, iron-wood, black-ash, and blue-beech, the latter wood is considered the best and toughest for the purpose. The manner of making them is quite different from any I ever saw made in the old country. As all settlers far back in the bush are obliged to use these articles, I may as well describe the method of their construction. A clean growing young tree, about two inches in diameter, should be chosen, straight in the grain and free

from knots. After removing the bark, small stripes of wood are drawn from one end of the stick with the grain, and as fine as possible, about eighteen inches in length, which is done by inserting a knife at the end of the stick and raising as much wood as will run with the grain the length required. When a sufficient thickness of fibres has been obtained for half the thickness of the broom, the same process is gone through from the other end; one set of fibres being turned back over the first, making the thickness required, which is securely tied with bass-wood bark. The handle is then reduced to the proper size and the sweeping part cut off even at the bottom. This kind of broom is considered the best sort for stables, barns, or to clean the yards about the back doors of houses.

The Indian baskets are made from the wood of the black-ash, beaten with a wooden maul till the wood readily separates in rings of one year's growth from the other, and is as it were stripped off in ribbons from one to two inches in width the whole length of the piece. These ribbons, or stripes, are again subdivided to any thickness required, dyed of various colours, and put by for use.

They use the bark of the hemlock pine to dye red, indigo for blue, and the inner bark of the root of the white-ash for yellow, which, when mixed with indigo, forms a good green. The baskets made of the wood of the black-ash are very light and pretty; the settlers' wives purchase them for cap-baskets, and the larger ones to keep their linen in: a coarser sort is used by the farmers for a variety of purposes; I have made many a one myself, and found them very serviceable.

The squaws manufacture the birch bark into a variety of articles, such as baskets, dishes, hat and work-boxes, and cradles, some of which are curiously ornamented with porcupine quills. The making of these things and tanning deer skins, together with their household or wigwam duties, constitute their chief employment when in camp or in their villages.

In their hunting and trapping excursions it is the squaw's duty to steer the canoe, build the wigwam, and assist in skinning the various animals taken in the chase: they are very industrious—indeed it is difficult to find them unemployed.

The men employ themselves in hunting, fishing, and in making a variety of hollow ware out of the

wood of the butternut and black ash-knots, such as troughs, butter-dishes, bowls, and barn shovels. They make but a poor hand at carving, though I have seen some stone pipes tolerably well done; but of all their manufactures I consider their canoes to be the most ingenious.

As many of my readers, probably, may never have had an opportunity of seeing one of these canoes, I shall endeavour to describe the method of constructing them by the Chippewa and Mississauga tribes.

The bark used for this purpose is taken from the white birch (*Betula alba*). It strips readily from the tree at the proper season: the thicker the bark, and paler in the colour, the better it is for the purpose. The bottom of the canoe should, if possible, be of one entire piece, each end of which is turned up from the sides until they are contracted to a sharp point. This sudden contraction of the bark, to form the ends of the canoe, gives the centre part too much beam. To obviate this difficulty, incisions of a foot or more in length are made from the outside edge towards the centre on both sides of the canoe, and about two feet apart. At these incisions, wedge-shaped pieces are cut out, the widest part of the wedge

being towards the upper edge of the bark. The edges of the incisions are then brought together and sewed firmly; by this means the proper shape of the bottom, and at least half way up the sides, is obtained. Pieces of bark are then sewn to the upper edges of the bottom, to complete the height of the canoe. A strong knife is employed to trim the upper edge of the bark ready for the false gunnel, which is composed of two thin laths of cedar bent round the inside and outside of the upper edge of the canoe, from stem to stern, and fastened securely at both ends. These under or false gunnels thus firmly secure, between them, the upper edge of the bark. The canoe is now placed on its bottom in a level place, the sides are contracted to the proper width, and stakes driven into the ground on each side to secure it in its position. Thin laths of white cedar, not more than an eighth of an inch thick, and from three to four inches wide, shaved very smoothly, are placed length-wise, inside the canoe, of which it forms the lining. Ribs of cedar, half an inch thick by two inches in width, and from two to three inches apart, are then bent into the canoe, the upper ends of the ribs being secured between the false gunnels. The pressure by the elasticity

of these ribs forces the bark into the proper form, and prevents the sides from collapsing. The upper gunnel is now firmly placed on the outward edges of the false ones, either with nails, screws, or wooden pins. Four pieces of hard-wood timber, three inches wide and an inch thick, called thwarts, are secured firmly, at equal distances, across the canoe from gunnel to gunnel, thereby strengthening and effectually preventing the canoe from spreading.

The roots of the tamarac, or cedar, are used by the Indians for sewing the seams and fixing the thwarts of their canoes, which they split and scrape, soaking them for some time in water before using them. A preparation of cedar or pine-gum, mixed with pitch or resin, is run neatly over the seams, which process completes the canoe.

The dug-out, or log-canoe, in general use by the settlers, is derived from the Indians, who still continue to construct them. These canoes are of various sizes and make, and some of them exhibit rude attempts at carving on the bow and stern. The largest I ever saw of this kind was made out of a pine-tree, and was twenty-six feet long, and three feet nine inches beam. I assisted to

unload a schooner with her on Lake Huron. She would easily carry nine barrels of pork and four or five men to paddle her. Pine, black walnut, butternut, and basswood, are used for this canoe, the two latter are the best for lightness, and the wood is not easily split by exposure to the sun. My boys and I have made canoes of this sort so light, that one person could easily carry one of them on his head over short portages. A canoe of this kind is the best for hunting ducks, because the wild rice and rushes make no noise against its side, which is a defect in the bark canoe. Besides, the birch-bark canoe, they construct for temporary purposes, a ruder-built one made out of an entire roll of the bark of the swamp-elm, which is merely sewn up at both ends, and the seams gummed. Two thwarts are then fastened across the upper edges of the canoe, to keep the bark expanded to the proper width, which should be about three feet and a half at least in the centre. These canoes are only used to descend from the head-waters of rapid streams which would be apt to injure the more elegant one formed of the fragile birch bark.

The Chippewas, near Goderich, are the only Indians I ever saw use the elm-canoe. The Mait-

land is too rapid to ascend, and as the Indians extend their hunting excursions to the head-waters, and even beyond, they find the distance is too great to carry their canoes, consequently, as soon as their spring hunt is finished, and their sugar season is over, they construct the temporary canoes above-mentioned, which they load with the product of the chase, baskets of sugar, traps, &c., and boldly descend the most rapid streams which flow into Lake Huron with their freight.

These canoes are very ably managed both by the male and female Indian, though the squaw generally fills an office rather opposed to our nautical notions, for she is almost invariably the steersman; and, it must be acknowledged, performs her duty admirably well. In running down a rapid where there is much swell, they turn the bow of the canoe a little sideways, which causes it to ride over the waves without shipping so much water as it would if it ran straight through the swell.

The Indian canoe is admirably adapted for the purposes for which it is designed, being so light that a man or squaw can carry it for miles over the roughest portages. Great care, however, is necessary in descending rapids, for the least

grate on the rock is apt to rend the birch-bark; therefore the Indians always provide themselves with a pan of gum and a roll of bark in order to repair such accidents, should they occur.

The bark canoe is elegant in its structure, and sits lightly on the water. Some people think them unsafe; and so they are to those unaccustomed to them, but to those who understand their management, there is no safer craft, especially when laden.

Some of the bark canoes used by the Hudson Bay Company are very large, and capable of holding a good many men and a considerable weight of merchandise. The largest I ever saw-crossed Lake Huron from Saginaw Bay with a party of twenty-five Indians and some bales of fur. The morning was foggy when they entered the harbour, and from her carrying topsails I mistook her at first for a small schooner; I was therefore greatly surprised when, on their approaching the wharf, I found out my mistake. They had an ingenious contrivance, which enabled them to hoist both main and topsails at the same time, and lower them instantaneously; a good precaution in squally weather.

It is very seldom you hear of accidents occur-

ring by the upsetting of these canoes. Their crews, too, are expert in the river for this navigation. Besides this, they seldom venture out of sight of land on the great lakes, unless there is every prospect of a continuance of fine weather, of which they are excellent judges.

The birch-bark is almost invaluable to the Indian. It furnishes him material not only for his canoes, but also for a variety of domestic and ornamental articles. It affords him shelter from the fury of the thunderstorm as well as the winter snows, and forms his protection from the scorching summer sun and the night-dews of heaven, while by the brilliant light of the birch-bark torch, fixed in a cleft stick in the bow of his canoe, he is enabled to spear with unerring aim the swift maskinongi.

The bark of the birch-tree is about the eighth of an inch in thickness, but it has the property of being easily separated into leaves not thicker than paper, for which it is sometimes used as a substitute, answering the purpose tolerably well if a black-lead pencil be used instead of pen and ink. Indeed, I have often received letters written to me by the Indians upon this material.

The squaws have a curious method of forming patterns upon this bark with their teeth, producing very elegant and elaborate designs. They double a strip of bark many times into angles, which they bite at the sharp corners in various forms. Upon the piece being unfolded, the pattern appears, which is generally filled in very ingeniously with beads and coloured porcupine quills. The squaws perform this work in the dark quite as well as in the daylight.

CHAPTER V.

AQUATIC PROPENSITIES OF THE INDIANS. — INDIAN BURYING-PLACES. — FRAGMENTS OF POTTERY. — PIT DISCOVERED AT MANVERS. — INDIAN HUNTERS. — CURIOUS ORATION OF AN INDIAN CHIEF INTERPRETED BY JOHN GOT. — NATIVE INDIAN PREACHER, PETER JONES — HIS SUCCESS. — PROGRESS OF THE INDIANS IN READING AND WRITING. — INDIAN ORATORY. — NAMES GIVEN BY THEM TO THE ENGLISH SETTLERS. — PETER NOGUN MAKES A BAD BARGAIN FOR JOWLER. — GOOD AT DEER. — INDIAN DANCE. — CAPTAIN GEORGE KISHCOW. — INDIAN DUEL. — INDIANS AT EVENING SERVICE. — INDIAN HOSPITALITY AND GENEROSITY TO MY DAUGHTER. — POPULATION AND PLACES OF RESORT. — BURIAL-PLACE OF THE CHIPPEWAS AND MISSISSAUGAS. — GRAVE RIFLED BY A PHRENOLOGIST. — OBSOLETE INDIAN FESTIVAL. — BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL AND THE FLOOD.

THE Indians, men, women, and children, are excellent swimmers and divers. Indeed, during the hot months the children are continually in the water, splashing and swimming about like a flock of wild ducks. I remember once seeing an Indian, named Bill Crane, dive across a mill-pond, which I am sure was full sixty yards in width; and from the ease with which he accomplished this feat, I am sure he could have gone some yards farther. I do not know if the squaws are equally

expert, as I have never had the pleasure of seeing them make the experiment, though I have no doubt they can swim well.

In this part of the country there are few remains of Indian antiquities; but I have sometimes found pieces of a coarse kind of pottery in the bottom of springs near which it is most probable the Indians had been in the habit of camping for the sake of good water.

A few years ago a settler in the township of Manvers, discovered a circular hollow, ten or twelve feet deep, and twenty-five or thirty in circumference. Nearly at the bottom of this place a fine basswood-tree was growing, which, from the number of rings, must have been more than one hundred and fifty years old. Upon opening the pit no less than one hundred and thirty-eight human skulls were found. As this spot is not very far from the Scugog Lake, it is more than propable that some great battle had been fought on this spot between some hostile Indian tribes.

On the late Major Anderson's farm on Rice Lake, near the *debouche* of the Otonabee river, there are several large mounds, or tumuli, which are said to be the burial-places of those Indians, who fell in a great battle between the Mohawks

and Mississaugas, in which the former were defeated with great slaughter.

I was down at the store-house near the harbour one afternoon, when a party of Chippewa Indians landed with no less than five large bears they had killed within the week. As soon as the news spread, nearly all the population of Goderich came down to see the "critters," as the Yankees call every beast larger than a cat.

For the last month the inhabitants had been living principally upon salt pork, so that the sight of so much fresh meat made us look forward to a rich treat, consequently the poor Indians were beset on every side, begging for a piece in such Indian words as could be mustered for the occasion.

"I say, Nitchie,* cannot you spare me a ham?" exclaims one of the most modest of our townsmen. He might as well have asked for a whole bruin at once.

"Tiya!"† exclaims in answer the Indian chief, a fine weather-beaten old warrior, who wore a large silver medal, bearing the effigy of our late good sovereign, George the Third, which had been bestowed upon him for his gallant conduct, and

* This word signifies an Indian. Nitchienorbie means my friend.

† An exclamation of surprise or wonder.

the honourable wounds received in the last war with the United States of America.

"I say, old fellow, won't you give me a piece? I am very buckata,"* remarked a second.

"Pah mah cavahbetch,"† said the old chief. But at length quite wearied by their importunities, he stepped upon the carcase of the largest bear, and waving his hand in the most graceful manner to command the attention of his greedy audience, he commenced, in his own soft flowing language, a most animated oration. First, pointing to the bears lying at his feet, then to us, and then again suddenly turning round, he extended his arm in the direction of some cows and oxen belonging to the settlers, which were quietly grazing in the distance.

As soon as he had concluded his harangue, his place was immediately supplied by John Got, a French Canadian, who evidently could claim a sprinkling of Indian blood in his own veins.

"John, what did he say?" exclaimed twenty voices at once.

"He said," answered John, "that Indian very great hunter, kill plenty bear and deer—white man kill beef. Sometimes Indian very hungry, he see his white brother kill an ox, he asks him for a piece, he says, 'No, go away; by and by give you

* The Indian word for hungry. † By and by, perhaps.

the paunch, plenty good enough for blackguard Indian.' If Indian kill a bear, white man say 'you very good man, you my friend, give me piece.' Indian great hunter he no tell his brothers to wait for the paunch, but gives them a leg, or some good piece."

Accordingly, one of the huge beasts was immediately flayed and divided amongst the applicants for bear-meat, who in the end payed double the value of it, in one shape or another.

If an Indian makes a present, it is always expected that one equally valuable should be given in return, no matter what you give them, or how valuable or rich the present, they seldom betray the least emotion or appearance of gratitude, it being considered beneath the dignity of a red man to betray his feelings. For all this seeming indifference, they are in reality as grateful, and, I believe, even more so than our own peasantry. Indeed, I could cite many instances of their kindness to prove this assertion.

To the best of my recollection, it was in the autumn of 1830, that the Indian missionary, Peter Jones, visited the Chippewas (who were at that time encamped on their old and favourite ground, between Goderich harbour and Lake Huron), with the intention of preaching the gospel amongst

them. He stayed all night at my house, and the next morning, being the Sabbath, he preached to a large congregation of his red and white brethren.

His sermon was delivered extempore, and, in my opinion, was both eloquent and instructive. He addressed the assembly first in English, and then in his native tongue.

The Indians listened to him with the deepest attention, while he set forth, in the most forcible manner, the sin of drunkenness. He told them "that Jesus Christ came to save the red man as well as the white, and earnestly entreated them to repent of their sins, and be saved through Him." His similes were beautiful and well chosen; his language powerful and impressive. At the conclusion of his discourse he gave out a hymn in the Chippewa tongue, in which he was joined by the Indians present, who all have excellent ears for music; indeed it would be difficult to find one who has not. The squaws sing very sweetly, and much more naturally than the over-strained voices of many of our fair cantatrices in Old England and the colonies.

Much praise is due to Peter Jones for his untiring energy and perseverance in this good work. To him and the Methodist missionaries is the merit of having converted these poor benighted creatures

justly due, a noble monument of Christian benevolence and love. The Rev. J. Gilmour, the Baptist minister at Peterborough, has also done much to ameliorate both the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Mississaugas in that neighbourhood.

Since my long residence in Canada West, I have only heard of one case of murder amongst the Indians, and this occurred long before their conversion. I knew the man well. His name was Bedford. He was jealous of his wife, and under the excitement of drink shot her dead in the camp. Some years after this tragical event I spoke to him on the subject, when he expressed much contrition, and said, "Indian very bad man then—drink too much fire-water; Indian hear gospel preach, now better man." Indeed there can be no doubt that the preaching of the gospel has wrought mightily among them for their moral regeneration.

I consider the intellect of the Indian above mediocrity—that is, if you compare him with the uneducated peasantry of other lands. They learn to read and write well, and quickly; and they have decided talents for music and drawing. I have often seen an Indian construct a very correct map, with the rivers and lakes delineated with great exactness.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Indians, who

are naturally taciturn, excel in oratory. They speak well on any public occasion, without embarrassment, and without previous study. Their language is beautiful and appropriate, and often sparkles with the richest imagery. Their general deportment is grave, dignified, and reserved. But when once you win their confidence they open themselves out to you, and the coldness of their manner disappears.

During the winter of 1834, three families of the Mississaugas built a large wigwam on my farm on a point at the foot of Kaw-che-wah-noonk Lake, and took up their winter residence in it. I often used to go down to their camp on an evening, accompanied by some of the members of my family and a young gentleman named Bird, who was staying at my house. When paying these visits I seldom went empty-handed: a few potatoes or broken victuals of any sort were always thankfully received.

As soon as we entered the wigwam they immediately made room for us on the blanket beside them. During these visits I often talked to them of their brethren, the Chippewas, whom they acknowledged to be the head of their tribe. This seemed to please them greatly and, I suppose by way of compliment, they gave me the name of

Chippewa, by which I am as well known in the section of the country in which I reside as by my legitimate name, time-honoured though it be.

They are very fond of giving names to their friends and acquaintances. Generally speaking, it is only the Indian rendering of the name you bear, or of some particular employment you follow. For instance, my friend, Mr. Bird, they called Penashie, which signifies a *bird.* My brother-in-law, Capt. Moodie, they named Tewagan, meaning a drummer. He, too, played beautifully on the flute, an instrument for which they had no Indian name, I believe their only one being a curious kind of drum, which they beat with one stick, producing a most monotonous sound. My brother-in-law's name being Reid, they called him Ekindermink, which means *to read.* My father-in-law's name, which was Robert Reid, it puzzled them to translate. They had no Indian word for Robert. But one day, after talking for some time to one another in their own language, they suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, a very unusual thing for such grave people. On my requesting an explanation of their mirth, one of them replied apologetically, "That they were only laughing at the name they had just invented for Robert Reid."

"Well, what is it?" I demanded; "let me hear it."

"Wah-pous Ekindermink," replied one of my red brethren.

"Pray what is the meaning of Wah-pous Ekindermink?" was my rejoinder.

"It means Rabbit Reid. Rabbit is as near Robert as we can find," and then they again laughed, in which I heartily joined.

My eldest daughter, who was an especial favourite, they named Openegeesacook, signifying in their dialect, a "fine day, every day for ever." No doubt this was intended as a great compliment, which was duly acknowledged in the shape of cocosh* and nappanee.†

The only game I ever observed them play in their camp is very similar to our well-known game of cup and ball. Instead, however, of catching a single ball on a point as we do, they have ten little bone cups, about the size of thimbles without bottoms. These cups are fastened to one another with a string, sufficiently loose to allow one cup fitting easily into the next, and so on throughout the whole set. A piece of string about a foot long is fastened from the cups to the centre of a sharp-pointed piece of wood eight or ten inches long. This stick is held with the

* Pork. † Flour.

string over the finger exactly in the same manner as the cup and ball. The cups are jerked up and as many as possible caught on the pointed stick; a smart hand will often catch the whole ten at once. I have seen some Indians so expert as to catch them so three or four times running. During some of our evening visits to their camp they used to ask us to join them in this amusement.

The two oldest Indians in the wigwam selected the parties who were to form the opposing sides, whichever side marked a hundred first being the winner of the game. The players sit round the fire in a circle, each person throwing the cups in turn. Every cup caught on the stick counts one; but if the whole ten are secured they count twenty. We used to enjoy the amusement greatly, and the Indians especially delighted in the failures we made. Every time one of our party missed the cups they laughed immoderately at our want of skill.

They enjoy a joke amazingly, even though it should raise a laugh against themselves. Young Rowlandson, a neighbour of mine, offering old Peter Nogan a hound called Jowler for sale, the Indian asked him "If he were good for deer," meaning of course would he hunt them. Rowlandson replied, "Oh, yes, he is a first-rate

fellow for deer." Upon which recommendation Peter was induced to purchase the dog; the price agreed on between them being two pair of mocassins and a haunch of the first deer killed by Jowler's aid.

The next day being fixed upon to try this paragon of deer-hounds, a fine buck was started and ran to the water where it was ultimately shot by young John Nogan, Peter's son. Jowler, however, was quite guiltless of his death, for after running a few hundred yards on the track he gave up and let Music, Peter's other hound, have all the glory of the chase to himself, to the no small mortification of my friend, who found he had made a bad bargain with Rowlandson.

When he saw Rowlandson at the camp in the evening he upbraided him with selling him such a useless animal, and one that was evidently "no good for deer." Just as Peter was making this complaint, Rowlandson chanced to cast his eyes in the direction of the slaughtered buck, which was hanging up at the farther end of the wigwam, where he espied master Jowler quietly making his supper off the shoulder of the beast.

"There, Peter, did I not tell you he was first-rate for deer; only see how he is tucking the venison into him; are you satisfied now?"

This sally was too much, even for the gravity of poor Peter, who laughed as loud and as long as any one in the wigwam, especially when I told him he was perfectly safe from being called upon to pay the haunch. I also induced Rowlandson to return to the poor fellow one pair of the mocassins.

Many of the old Indian customs have become obsolete, those tribes who have embraced Christianity having given them up from motives of conscience, while even those who are still heathen, gradually approximate nearer to the manners of the white man, either from motives of policy or pride. I once, and only once, had an opportunity of witnessing the national dance, which probably was the ancient war-dance once peculiar to the native Indian tribes throughout North America. Some years ago, during the first settlement of Peterborough, I witnessed this curious dance performed by the Indians, who had assembled opposite one of the government store-houses, for the purpose of receiving their annual presents.

It was on a lonely evening early in September, the most beautiful month of the Canadian year. The place chosen by these children of the forest for their night bivouac was then one of the sweetest spots to be found for miles, and had been for

years their most favourite camping-ground. Several hundred acres of open plain were dotted here and there with clumps of oak and pine. In the spring of the year these openings were gay with wild flowers. Amongst the first to show their varied beauties might be seen the red, white and blue hepaticas, or liverwort, the white and yellow violet, and many others indigenous to the country. Later in the season, the cardinal-plant, lobelia,* lupin, and tiger-lily, and a profusion of flowery gems lent their aid to adorn the charming scenery of this sylvan spot.

This natural park lies on the west bank of the Otonabee river, and at the head of the navigation, surrounded on the north and west by gently sloping hills of moderate height. Through a narrow valley between these hills rushes a fine mill-stream, which, after meandering through the plain, falls into the Otonabee, opposite an expansion of the river called the Little Lake. Between this stream and the Otonabee the flourishing town of Peterborough is now built, this once charming spot being nearly covered over with the abodes of those who left their native land beyond the broad Atlantic, to found a name and a new home in this

* This plant grows wild in the woods, especially in damp places. It is used extensively among the settlers an an emetic.

highly-favoured country, and, I might add, to help to fulfil the great destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Upon a green bank, twenty feet above the level of the bright waters of the Otanabee the camp-fires of the Indians blazed, cheerily throwing long lines of silvery light through the arched vistas of oak and pine, and casting a redder glare on the swarthy countenances of the sons and daughters of the soil.

It is sad to think that thousands of these interesting people have fallen victims to intemperance. On whom, I ask, will the punishment fall? on the ignorant red savage or on the tutored white one, who, for the sake of gain, has caused thousands to perish, and entailed upon the rising generation diseases originating in the drunken habits of their fathers?

I have said that consumption, before almost unknown amongst the Indians, is silently but surely doing its work, so that in a few years these original possessors of the soil will only be as a people that were.

But to return to my story. Upwards of a hundred Indians with their papouses were assembled on this occasion. Their presents had been distributed during the day, and already had the

traders, like a hungry set of sharks, possessed themselves of many a good blanket, for which they paid their victims, by way of barter, a villanous compound, yclept New England rum, or, as the Indians call it, skitawahbo.* No wonder, then, that I found them in a state fast verging on intoxication. Both men and squaws were frightfully painted. The squaws had decorated their persons with the finery they had just received; necklaces of many-coloured beads, armlets, bracelets, and large silver brooches were the most conspicuous of these ornaments. I dare say the poor creatures fancied themselves as handsomely and fashionably dressed as the belles of our London drawing-rooms.

Mr. R——, one of the traders who appeared to have considerable authority amongst them, requested them to perform their war-dance for the amusement of the bystanders. Had they been sober, they would have treated the request with scorn, for they dislike to be made a public spectacle of. But all native pride gave way before the promise of more spirits.

A number of the Indians then formed themselves into a circle, each person facing the back

* I write this word as pronounced by the Indians, but cannot answer for the orthography.

of the man before him. Every one was furnished with either sword, tomahawk or club. Thus equipped, they began to dance round in a circle, following one another, brandishing from time to time their weapons, and uttering every now and then a guttural exclamation, resembling the word "how-ey," prolonging the sound on the last syllable. The tewagan, or drummer, stood in the centre of the circle, and beat time manfully upon that odd-looking kind of instrument with only one head, yclept an Indian drum.

The motion of the dancers was at first slow, but gradually grew more animated, until at length the dancers became greatly excited, whooping and yelling at a furious rate. This violent exercise continued for some time, when the slow march recommenced, which terminated the singular performance. Happily, this barbarous custom has become obsolete. Peace and Christianity have driven it from the land.

When the first attempts were made to induce the Indians to give up their intemperate habits, some of the oldest and most habitual drinkers were long before they could be prevailed upon to do so. I remember particularly two Credit*

* Part of the Mississauga tribe; called Credit Indians, from their village at the mouth of the river Credit, twenty miles west of Toronto.

Indians, who were notorious drunkards, and long resisted any attempts made for their temporal or spiritual regeneration. Old George Kishcow, or Captain George, as he was generally called, and old Johnson, were the two who made such a stand against sobriety and religion. The favourite camping ground was Darlington and Whitby.

One day there was a meeting held at a school-house in the latter township, at which an itinerant minister was preaching. In the immediate neighbourhood several families of the Credit Indians were encamped, amongst whom was our friend Captain George, who was persuaded to attend the meeting, in company with his red brethren. He took his station close to the minister, who thought it was an excellent opportunity "to convert him from the error of his ways." In the midst of a powerful appeal to his uncivilized audience, upon whom he hoped he had made a suitable impression, the preacher laid his hand on old George, and said, "Brother, have you religion?"

"Oh yes," replied the Captain, "me got him here, won't you have some?" at the same time producing a flask of whiskey from the pocket of his blanket-coat, which he handed, with the utmost gravity, to the astonished minister. This

was too ludicrous even for the most serious to suppress a smile.

Captain George fought on the side of the British during the last American War, and received a bayonet-wound just below the chest, but, luckily for him, in a slanting direction. He showed me the scar, and when I asked him the particulars, he told me that he and some other Indians were surrounded by a party of Americans, and that whilst endeavouring to break his way through them he received the wound before-mentioned.

"But," said he, and his eyes flashed as he spoke, "I throw my tomahawk, Yankee do this;" then he threw up both his hands above his head, rolled his eyes furiously, and staggered backwards, imitating the fall of a dying man, and exclaiming at the same time, with much excitement, "I kill him."

It is considered rather an unusual occurrence for an Indian woman to produce two children at one birth. Unfortunately, Captain George's squaw proved an exception to the general rule, to his great annoyance. In this difficulty, he came to the house of my father-in-law, and very generously offered to make him a present of a fine male papouse.

"Me got one too many this morning—no nappanee—my squaw very buckata."

Colonel Reid thanked the Captain for his polite offer, but at the same time "assured him that he was quite over-stocked, for he had ten of his own, which sometimes he thought nine too many." He, however, kindly gave him the required flour and some other necessaries for the lying-in lady. It appears from Charlevoix, that it was considered among the Indians very disgraceful to be the parents of twins, one of which was invariably destroyed. Our Indian, it must be confessed, was more mercifully disposed towards his infant in wishing to present it to the Colonel.

The Mississauga Indians are about the middle height, spare made, and active. Probably for a day or a week's march in the woods the Indians would tire the Europeans, but for constant fatigue they can not compete with their white brethren. They wrestle well, but know nothing about boxing.

I once saw two Indian acquaintances of mine fight. They had been to Peterborough to sell furs, and I suspect were a little the worse for drink. However this might be, they quarrelled on their way back to their wigwams, and fought it out in true Indian style, wrestling, kicking,

biting, and scratching. Luckily they had neither knives nor tomahawks with them, or the consequences might have been serious. After twenty minutes of "rough and tumble," as this kind of fighting is called in Yankee parlance, the younger Indian (Tom Nogun) gave in, to the no small exultation of the old man his antagonist (Snow Storm), who, as soon as the fight was over, marched up to his discomfited foe, grinned in his face, clapped his hands, and crowed like a cock three times loudly and clearly. Tom's eyes flashed at this pointed insult, and for a minute I thought it would have caused a renewal of the fight; but no, he was fairly beaten, and prudently pocketed the affront. This is the only instance I ever saw of two Indians falling out with each other. Generally speaking they appear to live among themselves in great friendship and harmony one with another. I shall conclude this short sketch of my red neighbours by giving the following interesting anecdote :—

A few months before my return to England (1851), a party of Indians from the Chemong and Rice Lake villages encamped with their squaws and papouses on my point. The next day, being the Sabbath, they asked permission to attend at my house in the afternoon to hear me

read the evening service and portions of the Scripture to my family, which, of course, I readily granted. They conducted themselves with extreme propriety during the domestic service, and afterwards sang some of the hymns which had been translated by the missionary, Peter Jones. They gave them in beautiful style and with great feeling. One little girl, a daughter of John Nogun's, sung a hymn by herself so prettily, that my daughter, Mrs. Beresford, was very anxious to get a copy of it in the Indian tongue. As soon as she made her wishes known, John Nogun promised to write out the hymn in question, and send it to her by the first opportunity. Very soon after this, I determined to go to England, in order to behold once more my venerable mother and dear sisters, and revisit my native land, from which I had been a stranger nearly twenty-seven years. Upon this occasion my eldest daughter, Mrs. Beresford, was my companion.

Our first day's journey lay through the Indian village of Rice Lake. Whilst we were waiting for a boat to cross the water, my daughter expressed a wish to call at Nogun's house and ask for the promised hymn. Unfortunately, John was away on a fishing excursion, but his mother, wife, and sister Eliza, were overjoyed to see us.

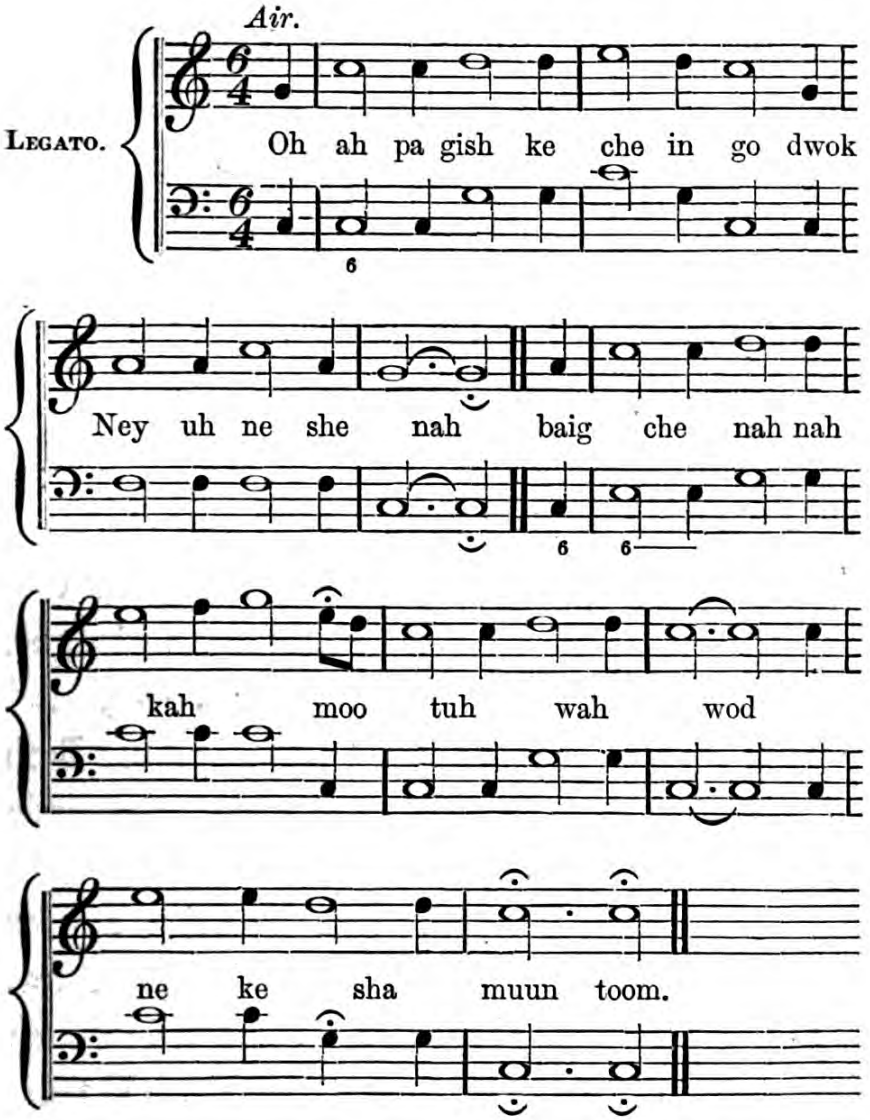
They made up a fire immediately, and fried some venison with slices of bacon, which they set before us with a hot shanty-cake and a good cup of tea, having previously put a clean cloth on the table and made everything look nice and clean. We had often given them flour and pork, and many a dinner and tea, which the grateful creatures remembered on this the first opportunity they had of showing their hospitality and gratitude.

They expressed the greatest surprise when they heard my daughter was going to cross the great salt lake, and that she would not be back for a year. When she rose to depart they hung about her and shed tears. That these tears proceeded from the genuine feelings of the heart I could not suffer myself to doubt.

We crossed the lake and stopped all night at the pretty village of Gore's Landing, when, early in the morning, a canoe arrived at the village containing the squaws of the Nogun family, who each brought for my daughter's acceptance a pretty bark-basket worked with coloured quills, and among the rest a tiny specimen of the art, made and presented by the little girl who had sung so sweetly at our Sabbath service.

A few months after our arrival in England, my

daughter was surprised to receive a letter from John Nogun, which I have copied verbatim from the original.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Oh ah pa kish ke che ingo dwok
Ne gah ne she nah baig
Che nah nah kah moo tah
Wah wod ne ke sha mun ne toom.

My gracious Master and my God
Assist me to proclaim, to spread
Through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

Ne gee che no sa we ge e shin
Che win duh mah ga you omah
Awe gook kuk me gog
Azhewa be se you.

Mrs. Moriah Beresford,

Excuse me for I am in Pour hand
to print thise few notes
you d find two verses Each lines
English and Indian words

Yours most Obedient friend
John Naugon.

Rice Lake Village,
July 9th 1851.

This specimen of Indian composition is not only curious but highly interesting as a Christian document, for it is the praises of the living God rendered from the English into the native tongue, by the Indian Missionary, Peter Jones, and adapted to the music of a Wesleyan hymn. Both music and words are fairly copied, and the epistle brief and amusing. John Naugun, in saying "I am in pour hand," means that he writes a poor or indifferent one. The writing, however, was an easier task than the English composition, such being always difficult to a foreigner. I trust my readers will not despise the first epistolary effort of the poor untutored Indian, who, before the gospel dawned upon him, only "saw God in

clouds and heard him in the winds," but who now rejoices in the everlasting hope of salvation given to him in His blessed Son.

The following statement, taken from Preston's "Three Years' Residence in Canada," compiled by him from official returns of the Indian Department, shows the number of Indians dwelling within the limits of Canada West in the year 1840.

Chippewas	Michipicoton, Lake Superior	57
„	Sault Ste Marie, Lake Huron	99
„	St. Joseph's	90
„	Manitoulin Island	188
„	the country between Manitoulin and Penetauguishine	202
„	Lake Nepissingue	59
„	La Cloche and Mississaugeeng	225
„	the Upper St. Clair	312
„	the St. Clair Rapids	401
„	Chenal Ecarté	194
„	Rivière aux Sables	217
Pottawotamies and Chippewas of Saugeen, Lake Huron		370
Hurons, Chippewas, Shawnies and Munsees of Amherstburgh and Malden		214
Delawares, Chippewas and Munsees of the river Thames (Western District)		762
Ottawas of Manitoulin Island		80
Upper Moravian Delawares		300
Six Nations of the Grand River		2210
Mississaugas of the river Credit		240
Yellow Heads of Cold Water and the Narrows		426
Indians of Rice Lake, Mud Lake, and Alnwick, &c.		508
Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte		336
	Total	7490

The visiting Indians, or those who come to receive presents, are computed to be from three to four thousand in number; but at the last distribution in 1839, it was intimated to them that such presents would thenceforward be discontinued. It appears by this statement that none of the Indian Tribes north and north-west of Lake Superior, or east of the Ottawa River, are included in this list.

No nations in the world are more particular respecting the interment of their dead than the North American Indians. Their belief in a future state of rewards and punishments induces them, perhaps, to take this care respecting the remains of their deceased friends. Indeed, such tenderness generally denotes in savage nations the idea of the soul existing in another land, and being conscious of any injury or neglect done to its earthly tenement.

The Chippewas and Mississauga Indians bury their dead on islands or near their favourite camping grounds. In the township of Colborne on the north side of the river Maitland, on the top of a high cliff overhanging Lake Huron, there still exists an ancient burial ground of the Chippewas.

A considerable part of this cemetery has evidently been undermined by the waves and fallen

into the lake; for when I visited the spot I saw the ends of several rude cedar coffins projecting from the face of the cliff. The use of coffins appears to be a modern practice. I have seen several interred with only cedar bark laid above and below the corpse, and sometimes even that is omitted. I have often found old Indian graves in the woods near the lake, a row of stones laid round the grave generally marking the spot where the red man reposes.

I was at a logging Bee at my brother-in-laws', Captain Moodie, one day, when some of the loggers found an Indian grave. On digging up with their handspikes about a foot below the surface they found the skeleton of a full-grown man. It was quite evident from the decayed state of the bones, that the body had been buried many years before. A broken stone-pipe and two flint arrow-heads were all that could be found in the grave, although I heard several persons assert that they have seen tomahawks, pipes, silver and brass ornaments, and even copper sugar-kettles taken from Indian graves. As soon as we ascertained that there were no relics of this kind we collected the bones and buried them near a large rock, where there was little chance of their being disturbed.

Twenty-five years ago a young squaw, named Polly Cow, was buried on a small island near the head of Kaw-che-wah-noonk Lake at the time when the science of phrenology was all the rage. Unfortunately for the repose of poor Polly Cow, a young gentleman of my acquaintance exhumed the Indian girl for the sake of her skull, which, I believe, now graces the cabinet of some learned phrenologist in the old country. The island on which Miss Cow was buried has ever since been called Polly's Island.

The Indians of the present day express the greatest displeasure at the violation of their graves. A short time since, Isaac Iron and his family were encamped on a point of land in Deer Bay. During their sojourn there one of his papouses died, and was buried a short distance from the wigwam. A few years after this event he and his squaw landed at the point with the intention of encamping there for the night, when the first object which met their astonished gaze was the skull of a child stuck on the top of a stick close to the landing place.

Poor Isaac and his family were stupified with grief and horror, when, upon examining the burial place of their little papouse they found it had been recently violated, and the skull, as if in

mockery, placed purposely to catch the eye of the poor unoffending Indian. A few days after the occurrence of this painful circumstance Isaac came to me and related, in simple but affecting language, the revolting incident.

"Chippewa," he said, "you one magistrate and good to Indian. Some bad man dig up my papouse, stick up head by our landing-place at Deer Bay; me very sorry for my little child."

During this recital the tears streamed down the brown cheeks of poor Isaac, who was one of the meekest creatures in the world. I asked him if he could swear to the person who had committed this outrage.

He said, "he thought he could, but he would not like to swear."

As there was no certain proof, I could of course do nothing in the matter; but I was heartily sorry for the poor fellow and his family, and secretly execrated the author of the outrage. If the person who disturbed the remains of Isaac's child had, out of mere curiosity, opened the grave, not knowing but that it was an ancient tomb, some excuse might be offered; but in this case there could be no mistake, its comparatively recent formation involving no possibility of doubt,

and therefore it was a heartless and cruel act, with nothing to palliate or excuse it.

The native Indian, notwithstanding his apparent stoical apathy in respect to many things which affect the feelings of other men, entertains a veneration for the remains of the dead, surpassing that of more polished nations. His conversion to Christianity has in a great measure lessened this almost idolatrous affection to the mouldering relics of his ancestors.

Nor is this attachment peculiar to the Aborigines of Canada; it may be traced to the shores of the Pacific, where caves are filled with a species of human mummies dried by art, and neatly sewn up in baskets of plaited rushes, the baskets being carefully replaced when they become worn or shabby.* The half-starved savage of Chili, notwithstanding his wandering and degraded state, taking long journeys to pay these melancholy duties to his deceased relatives. In Canada, where the art of embalming is unknown, an affecting custom, long since obsolete, though once prevalent among the Hurons and Iroquois, has been minutely described by Lafitan, the historian of the Indian nations:—"It should appear, that the highly curious and remarkable religious festival

* Commodore Byron's "Loss of the Wager."

held in honour of the dead, was not confined to the two tribes just mentioned, but was prevalent as an old pious custom throughout the Continent."

It is thus described by our author:—"The Feast of Death, or Feast of Souls, is celebrated every eight years among the savages of America, or every ten years in some tribes, as the Huron and Iroquois.

"The day of the ceremony is appointed by public order, and nothing is omitted that can render it imposing. The neighbouring tribes are invited to the solemnity, when all who have died since the last celebration are taken out of their graves, and even those who have died at a distance are brought to the general meeting of the dead. Without question," remarks Lafitan, "the opening of these tombs displays one of the most striking scenes that can be imagined—this humbling portrait of human misery in so many images of death, wherein she seems to take a pleasure to paint herself in a thousand shapes of horror in many corpses, according to the degree in which they have become subject to corruption. I know not which ought to strike us most horror at a spectacle so revolting, or the tender piety and devoted affection of these poor people for their departed friends, which justly demand our admi-

ration. They gather up the smallest bones, handling objects still so dear with melancholy affection, cleansing them from the preying worm, and regardless of noisome smell, bear them on their shoulders, without yielding to any emotions but regret for having lost friends so dear to them while in life, and so lamented by them in death.

"They bring them into their huts, where they prepare a feast in honour of the dead, during which their great actions are celebrated, and all the tender intercourses which took place between them and their friends are piously recalled by the survivors to mind — the strangers, who have come many hundred miles to be present at the commemoration, joining in the condolence, while the women, by their dreadful shrieks, demonstrate that they are pierced to the heart with the sharpest sorrow. Then the dead bodies are carried to the place of general reinterment. A great pit is dug in the ground, and thither, at a certain time, each individual who has experienced the loss of a person dear to him, attended by his family and friends, bears to the grave the corpse of a father, son, or brother. When thus met round the pit, the dust bones, or complete remains of the dead, are in solemn silence deposited therein, whereupon a fresh burst of sorrow once more takes

place, and whatever they consider the most valuable is interred with the dead. The invited guests are not wanting in generosity, bringing with them presents suitable to the solemn occasion. Then all go down into the pit, each one taking a little of the earth, to be preserved by them with religious care. The bodies, ranged in due order, are then covered with new furs, and next with bark, upon which is thrown wood, stones, and earth, after which they take their last farewell, and return to their own wigwams.

"We have mentioned, that in this ceremony the savages offer as presents to the dead whatever they themselves value most highly. This custom, which is universal among them, arises from a rude notion of the immortality of the soul. They believe this doctrine most firmly, and it is the principal tenet of their religion: when the soul is separated from the body, they conceive that it still continues to hover round it, and to need and take delight in the same things with which it was formerly pleased. After a time, however, they believe that it forsakes its dreary mansion, and departs far westward to the land of spirits. They even assert that a distinction exists in the condition of the inhabitants of the unseen world, imagining that those who have been fortunate

in war, enjoy a higher degree of happiness, having hunting-grounds and fisheries which are never exhausted, and other terrestrial delights for which they never labour. The souls of those, on the contrary, who have either been conquered, or slain in battle, will be extremely miserable after death."*

This singular festival resembles, in some of its details, the old Scythian custom of carrying the deceased about in his war-chariot if a chief, or more humbly if in a private station, to the houses of all his friends for forty days, during which period he was placed at the head of the board, to preside over the feast made in his honour. The gifts, too, cast into his grave, resemble those formerly presented to the dead in Canada. Nor is this the only parallel to be found between the ancient Scythian and Canadian Indian, for scalping was a custom peculiar to both. The use of birch-bark in the construction of huts, utensils, and canoes, is also found still in that part of Tartary which is supposed to be the ancient Scythia. It is only by tracing the analogy between the customs and manners of one unlettered nation to another, that we can form a just conclusion respecting their identity to each other. The resemblance between the Scythian and Canadian savage

* Lafitans' "Feast of Souls."

has very often excited the attention of learned men.

The custom of holding this strange religious festival is now certainly extinct, since the tribes who have been converted, of course, no longer practise it; and the heathen ones have gradually dropped many of their ancient forms since their intercourse with the whites. It was in full force when Lafitan gave the description of the Feast of Death, which I have just quoted.

The North American Indian worships one God, of whose person he makes no image, and of whose attributes he has a sublime conception. Whether this faith has been derived from the ancient patriarchal one, that must have once been prevalent all over the earth, is uncertain; but the Indian is familiar with the history of the deluge. Indeed, the general idea of the flood all over the earth seems fixed in the mind of the human family from Pole to Pole, as if to give the lie to the foolish quibbles of infidelity.

CHAPTER VI.

ANCIENT INDIAN CUSTOMS.—RELIGION.—JUGGLERS.—RESEMBLANCE OF THE CUSTOMS OF THE SIX NATIONS TO THE JEWS.— LAND OF SOULS.—INDIAN PROSERPINE.—FEAST OF DREAMS.—INDIAN QUACKS.—COURTSHIP.—NAMING THE CHILD.—DISLIKE OF THE INDIAN NATIONS TO PUNISHING THEIR CHILDREN.—INEXPIABLE WAR.—ITS CAUSE.—THE HURON NATION ALMOST DESTROYED.—THE WAMPUM.—THE CALUMET.—INDIAN ORATORY.—METHOD OF DECLARING WAR. — TREATMENT OF THEIR PRISONERS. — THE DEATH-SONG.—MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF RAW SPIRITS.

We have been considering the Mississauga tribes in their converted and half-civilized state, for those who are not yet brought into the Christian fold have adopted insensibly many of the customs of the whites, and have forgotten, or at least forsaken, those warlike habits which rendered them, like all the Aboriginal natives of the Canadas and United States, a peculiar people, differing widely from all other nations on the face of the earth, so that in describing the manners and customs of one tribe we shall find a general assimilation to all.

Let us then consider "the stoic of the woods,

the man without a tear," in his former state, before the Gospel dawned upon him, or civilization had subdued his ferocity. For the possibility of doing this we are indebted to the Jesuit Missionaries,* who sought in their native wilds these fierce races of men, with the benevolent design of converting them, and exposed themselves to death in the most frightful form under which it could appear.

These devoted missionaries (for widely as their religion differs from the purer tenets of our own, candour compels us to admire their fervent piety and unremitting zeal in pursuing the object they had in view) have left in the records of their Mission in Canada the earliest account we can cite of a people who, with the exception of those which regard their religion, have no historical records and no ancient traditions. It appears that they have a vague confused notion of the origin of man ; and we find that the first woman, who, by-the-by, appears to have been an Eve without an Adam, had two sons, one of whom murdered the other.† The Deluge overflowed the whole earth, and, according to the Iroquois, destroyed the whole posterity of Youskeka, the Indian Cain, in the third generation, which compelled the

* See the Jesuit Missions. † Charlevoix.

Supreme being to change beasts into men. However, it is certain that a general belief in the flood existed among the Indian nations prior to any Christian missionary coming among them; likewise a general belief in the existence of one Supreme God, to whom they give different names and attributes, but to whom every tribe assigned the creation of the world, are positive facts. The missionaries, also, in the expulsion of the Indian Eve, Atahensic, from heaven, seem to recognise the history of the fall of man.*

The immortality of the soul also forms a distinct feature in the Indian creed. But to the beasts serviceable to man this immortality is also assigned. The souls of children are supposed to enter other bodies and return to the world. Those who are drowned, or die by accident, are considered unfortunate, and their souls are deprived of happiness, in which we find those who fall in battle are included, probably until they have been fully revenged. None of those who come to such ends are interred in the general burying-ground. A very dreary superstition.† The festival formerly held for the reinterment of the dead has already been cited in a former chapter.

Besides the Supreme Being every Indian has a

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

genius, who attends him as soon as he has acquired a certain degree of skill in the use of the bow. The genii of the Canadian Aborigines are called Okkis by the Huron nations, and Manitous by the Algonquin. Manitou, or spirit, appears to be the word in general use among the Mississauga tribes, who, with the Chippewas, were formerly included in the general name of Algonquin.

As the genius of the adult Indian is supposed to be his guardian and protecting spirit, he has to undergo a singular ordeal to discover him from among that crowd of imaginary beings with which the fancy of the Indian nations have peopled earth and air. When the child was sufficiently skilled in the use of the bow, it was the custom to blacken his face and compel him to a rigorous fast for eight days, during which he must repeat all his dreams, which is the only means he has for discovering his invisible guardian under some symbolical representation. Now, whether he determines to end his fast speedily, or that the imagination of an Indian child has little range, or that he really trusts to his dreams for the recognition of his guardian spirit, it is certain that the symbol of the genius was soon discovered under the commonest forms, such as pieces of wood, birds' feet or head, a pebble, or anything the child is accus-

tomed to see. These emblems are ever after sacred to the Indian, they being to him what the *Dii penates*, or household gods, were to the ancients.* Formerly every object in nature was supposed to have its genius, although some of these invisible beings were superior in rank and power to the rest.

As soon as the child has been taught to discover his genius, he is instructed in what manner he is to reverence him and follow his counsel, which he is led to believe will be given him in his sleep. He is warned of the consequences of displeasing him by disregarding his suggestions. A feast is then made, and the figure of his Manitou is pricked upon the body of the child.† The female Indian has her Manitou, but she does not so superstitiously venerate her guardian spirit as the male.

In order to render their genii propitious, the Indians throw into the rivers and lakes tobacco, or birds that have been strangled to render them so. Every power in nature has its supposed genius. The sun, the waters, the elements, have also their sacrifices. They also paid the same compliment to the malignant genii to prevent them from doing them injury. Occasionally they offered victims, of which the dog was unfortunately that

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

animal the most in use. It was their cruel custom to hang the poor beast up alive by his heels till he died mad.

The missionaries could not trace any affection to the Supreme Being in the devotion of the Canadian savage, and in fact the tutelar genius, or his emblem, seemed to have absorbed that veneration, "as indeed," remarks Charlevoix, "is common with every people who have deviated from the primitive religion—they lose sight of the reality in the supposed type."*

The jugglers exercised an immense influence over their countrymen. Their tutelar genius was, according to them, so powerful, that when they fell into trances or ecstacies, he made them acquainted with future events, however distant, and the worthy missionary is compelled to acknowledge that the oracles delivered by these impostors often came to pass, which he ascribes at once to the agency of the devil.

Some of the customs of the Indian nations resemble those of the Jews, and it is certain that the first missionaries seemed to identify the six nations with the Hebrews,† but Father Charlevoix, while he allows that in some respects there is a likeness, does not believe them to have been

* Charlevoix. † Pere Prevoste, "Jewish Expositor."

Jews. He does not notice a remarkable fact that some of these Jewish tribes, who refused to return to their own country after the captivity, wandered to the borders of Scythia, and that if these Indians be of Scythian descent, they might have adopted many of the Jewish customs without being Jews by actual descent. The hunting-feast has been considered to be the Passover, and it is possible may have been an imitation of it.

The land of souls, according to the Indian nations, lies westward, and the spirits of the departed have to pass a river, in which they are in danger of shipwreck, guarded by a dog, from whom they have to defend themselves. They speak of a place of torment, where they must expiate their sins; and also of another place of punishment where the souls of those prisoners of war, who have been tormented, are to be found.*

There is much in these fables which will remind the reader of the Greek mythology. The fallen woman, or Indian Eve, Atahensic, being the queen of the Indian Tartarus, among the Iroquois or six nations: the seduction of human souls forming her sole employment; the Indian Cain, Rouskeka, however, taking infinite pains to secure them from the wicked designs of his mother. They

* Charlevoix.

have a legend so closely resembling the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice, that the circumstances being the same, nothing is wanting but the change of names to identify them together.*

"The idea that he who is the happiest in this world will also enjoy the most felicity in the next, pervades their prayers, in which they never refer to another world. Their songs were," Charlevoix believes, "originally prayers. They rely much upon their dreams, and the missionary relates the extraordinary effect these visions sometimes have upon individuals, who appear for the time to have gone out of their senses.† A festival, called the "Feast of Dreams," lasts fifteen days, and is held towards the end of winter, the 22nd of February. This solemnity the Iroquois call "The Turning of the Head," which in its bacchanalian character it seems to deserve. It was a sort of masquerade in which the inhabitants of the villages assumed all kinds of disguises, running from cabin to cabin, demanding the interpretation of dreams, which they do not choose to communicate, and destroying the property of those who cannot guess the dream, and who can only save their goods by giving the dreamer what he dreamt of, —an expensive mode of escape.

* Pere Charlevoix. † Ibid. vol. ii. p. 157.

Sometimes one of these Indians dreams of murder, and immediately slays the person whose throat he pretended he cut in his sleep. Woe, however, to him if another person chooses to dream that he revenged the dead, for his fate is sealed immediately. The missionaries, who had more than once run the risk of their lives during this festival, believed that many of the Indians made their dreams subservient to their private resentment, in order to give a good drubbing to those who had offended them, waiting patiently for this public occasion till the feast came round, well knowing that everything they did then must be forgiven, when once the festival of dreams was over.*

The Autmans, or quack-doctors, are skilful in medicine, and expert in setting broken bones. In Acadia, in the Lower Province, the chief of the tribe was also autman. Expelling the devil was among the accomplishments of this influential person. When called upon to decide a doubtful case the autman would affirm, "that the devil would neither permit the poor patient to live or die, and ended by advising his friends out of

* Pere Charlevoix. This festival seems to resemble the Lupercalia of the Romans, and their Saturnalia also. It is now obsolete.

charity to end his days," which accordingly was done by pouring a quantity of cold water upon his face till he died. It is evident from this that in all dubious cases the sick person was destroyed.*

Courtships are very brief episodes in savage Canadian life, and the matches are made by the parents. When consent has been given, the young man enters the cabin of the young woman and seats himself by her side. Her permitting him to do so is her tacit consent to the marriage. The bridegroom treats his beloved with great respect, yet in the presents of the collar and straps for burdens, and the kettle and faggot, clearly implies his intention of becoming her master.†

Although the women are possessed of some authority in the tribe, they are only slaves in respect to their own husbands. Upon them fall the maintenance of their parents and their own children; the last are considered their peculiar property, being wholly educated by them. The practice of nursing them for three years, and their severe toils, render these women very unfruitful, for they seldom have large families.

The child's nurture terminates in a festival, on which occasion, when seated on the knees of one

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

or other of its parents, its name is given, while the father and mother are praying to the genii, and to the babe's genius in particular, that he may be fortunate.* The Indians never chastise their children, considering that corporeal punishment only degrades them without improving their judgment. A handful of water flung in the face of the offender is the only affront offered by these mothers to their little ones.† This custom is still extant: I have myself often seen it practised.

The Indian considers man a free agent, and that no power on earth has a right to deprive him of that blessing. There is no constraint among them, and the French Missionaries found this freedom of action and will a great bar to the conversion of these nations. Crimes are seldom punished, and they consider that insane or intoxicated persons are irresponsible agents, coolly remarking upon any murderous mischief committed by them, "that it was unfortunate, but that the persons knew not what they did.‡ They always burn witches, but rarely put one of their own people to death for murder. They are extremely afraid of ghosts, and believe that the soul has many shapes or likenesses to its own body;§ a idea which is to be found in Lucretius.

* Charlevoix. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid.

The Aborigines of North America have no written records, consequently they have no historic annals. The inexpiable war between the Algonquins and their allies, the Hurons and Iroquois, constitutes the only oral tradition of their combats; it commenced before Monsieur Champlain arrived in Canada in 1603, and furnishes them with their sole historical data.* The warlike Algonquins and Iroquois were once friendly, having made an alliance offensive and defensive with each other, in which the Hurons were included. The Algonquins, who were celebrated hunters, and scorned agriculture, engaged by the terms of this treaty to furnish the Iroquois with game if they would give them corn in return. The Iroquois also agreeing to skin the beasts taken in the chase, and dress the skins. The pride of the Algonquin nation caused the treaty to be broken, and changed the union of the two nations into a fearful and inexpiable war.†

The occasion was this. Some Iroquois wishing to join the Algonquins in the chase, were reminded that they would be wanted to skin the elks. However, during three days they furnished their allies with no employment of the kind, whereupon the young Iroquois went out privately

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

to hunt, and returned in the evening loaded with game. The Algonquins were so much mortified by the success of their allies, that they rose up in the night and murdered all the hunters. The Hurons espoused the side of the Algonquins, which led to their being nearly exterminated.

If the Algonquins in the commencement of the quarrel, would have given up the murderers to their allies, there would have been no war ; but upon their refusal to deliver them, the Iroquois swore they would perish to a man rather than not be revenged on their enemies. Very dearly did the Algonquins pay, and still more dearly their allies, for having exasperated a brave people to despair.*

The wampum, or collars, adorned with shells, besides their ornamental uses, were used to signify, by their arrangement, certain characters or signs by which the public affairs of the tribe were distinguished. Red collars were sent to their allies when a war was in contemplation. These curious hieroglyphics were treasured up in the cabin of the chief, forming, in fact, the archives of the nation, being considered sacred.† The calumet, or pipe, was the symbol of peace, and held in universal veneration. The Indians be-

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

lieved that the Great Spirit never forgave any infraction of a treaty in which the calumet had been smoked as a pledge of inviolability.* The manner in which the pipe was adorned always denoted whether the treaty regarded war or traffic. From the disposition of the feathers the contracting nations could be known; and when war was in agitation, the feathers were red.†

The Indian is by nature an orator, and the eloquence of the chief is chiefly exerted in exciting his tribe to take up the hatchet; but he first observes a severe fast, paints his face black, and continually invokes his genius: then holding the collar, or wampum, in his hand, he tells the tribe "that the Great Spirit inspires him with the intention of revenging the blood of one of his brethren by marching to such a place to take scalps and captives—if he perishes, the collar will serve to receive him and the person he seeks to revenge, lest they should be hid in the dust; that is, perhaps it will be his recompense who buries the dead."‡

After this obscure intimation, he lays upon the ground the wampum, which is taken up by the person wishing to become his lieutenant, who washes the blackness from the face of the chief,

* Charlevoix. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

paints his face and hair, and greases his person. The chief then sings the death-song in a hollow voice, while the volunteers (for no one is compelled to follow him unless they choose to do so), sing their war-songs, but not in chorus, for each warrior has his own peculiar one. Then the council sits in deliberation, excluding, however, their chief; if they approve his design he makes a feast, which consists only of a dog.

Then among the Iroquois a kettle is put on, and the volunteers throw into it little bits of wood with a mark upon each, by which the parties are distinguished. To draw back after this pledge has been given, would for ever disgrace the party, whose person also would not be safe.*

In a burst of eloquence the chief then once more explains his reasons for making war; he reminds the warriors of their lost brethren, appeals to their affections and their revenge, and concludes by bidding the young men to prepare for the expedition by painting their faces, anointing their hair, filling their quivers, and singing. † He then takes his hatchet in his hand and sings. The warriors sing in their turn, and many dances are performed. That of the discovery is performed by a single warrior; but in fact the whole method

* Charlevoix. † Ibid.

of Indian warfare, it is said, is represented by these dances. Hanging the kettle over the fire is only practised when many nations are at war, and certainly agrees with the declaration of war in which they say, "they are going to eat their enemies." It is not, however, very clear that these Indians are really cannibals: Charlevoix thinks the expression and action may be merely allegorical.

The veteran warriors among the Six Nations, before marching against the enemy, always molest, revile, and even beat the young men who have never been in battle. They used bows, javelins, and wooden hatchets in war; and before fire-arms rendered their armour useless, wore a curious sort of coat-of-mail which they afterwards abandoned.* Their warfare is always one of ambush; but their method of dealing with their unhappy prisoners, and the conduct of these unfortunate persons during the tragedy of which they are the victims, seem peculiar to North America.

As the particular marks made and painted on the face of the victorious chief, or on the hatchet he leaves on the scene of his triumph, tells intelligibly enough his feats in war to the vanquished nations, so the cries of his deputy relate to his nation,

* Charlevoix.

or its allies, the number of the slain, and that of the prisoners, before he enters their villages.*

Before condemning a prisoner to death he is offered to supply to any woman, the husband, son, or brother she has lost. If she accept him, his wounds are washed, and he is unbound and carried to his future home. If he is rejected, the woman addresses the soul of the deceased, calling upon him to rejoice in the torments preparing for the prisoner. A herald informs the captive of his rejection, and leads him out of his cabin. He is followed by a second, who condemns him in these words,—"Thou art going to be burnt, my brother, be of good courage."

The victim usually replies, "It is well, I thank thee." He is then painted and adorned, and comes forth singing his own death-song. "I am brave and undaunted, and fear neither death nor torture. Those who fear them are less than women. Life is nothing to a courageous man. May rage and despair choke my enemies. Why cannot I devour them, and drink up their blood to the last drop?" He then recounts his own brave actions to the sound of his enemy's music, and does not fail to say everything cutting to their national pride during the whole tragedy. His forti-

* Charlevoix.

tude depends upon his strength of mind or power of enduring pain, but he is generally a hero.* The dreadful tortures to which these captives are subjected are too well known and authenticated to need repetition: like the other customs of the Indian nations, the abhorrent practice has passed away before civilization and Christianity.

The use of spirits broke the brotherly bond of affection among the Indians of the same tribe, for, according to the accounts given by Charlevoix, "the fire-water given by the English fur-traders converted a whole village into devils incarnate." This charge, I am afraid, is only too true, since I have already described the ill-consequences of selling spirits to the red men, whom intoxication fearfully excites.

I have collated the preceding narrative from Père Charlevoix, in order to show what the Canadian Indians formerly were. The Mississauga tribes are Chippewas, and once formed a part of the great Algonquin nation, whose eloquent language is considered by our author as the finest of the Canadian mother-tongues. I have found them a grateful and attachable people, and their conversion to Christianity has made them sober, indus-

* Charlevoix.

trious, and peaceable. They were formerly very warlike, and were celebrated for their skill in the chase, and their dexterity in performing the war-dances of their tribe. That of the fire-dance has been very graphically described by Père Charlevoix, but I have never seen it performed. There is an old grudge still subsisting between the Mississaugas and the Mohawks, the latter never failing to beat the former if they can do it slyly.

Consumption appears, from Charlevoix, to have been an hereditary disease among the Indian tribes of Canada, and they are very subject to it at this period.

The Mississauga, who have become Christians, are becoming perfectly civilized; many of them have not only adopted the religion but the customs of the whites.

CHAPTER VII.

MY VOYAGE ON THE HURON TO THE THAMES IN THE "PIONEER."—TAKE IN MY CARGO.—WARM WELCOME GIVEN TO MR. CAMPBELL BY A HIGHLAND WOMAN.—IRISH SONNET.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—SPECIMEN OF BACHELOR-HOUSEKEEPING NOT RECOMMENDATORY TO CELIBACY.—MINE HOST SETS FIRE TO HIS HOUSE PAR-ACCIDENT.—CURIOUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND HIS COOK.—EXCELLENT SUPPER.—PROCEED ON OUR VOYAGE.

EARLY in October of this year, 1831, Mr. Prior hired a small schooner, called the "Pioneer," which was despatched to our transatlantic "river Thames" for the purpose of loading her with wheat, potatoes, and other stores for the use of the new settlement. It was, therefore, necessary to send thither some person to make the purchases, and transact the Company's business. This, of course, by right devolved on me; but at that time I was confined to the house by an attack of ague, and, consequently, had a fair excuse for stopping at home. I knew, however, there would be some difficulty in supplying my place, so I volunteered to go, thinking perhaps that change of air and scene might effect a cure.

To the best of my recollection, I went on board on the 5th of October, and we sailed the same evening, with a fair wind blowing fresh; and at daylight next morning, found ourselves in sight of Fort Gratiot, on the American side of the lake. This fort belongs to the United States, and is so situated as to command the entrance of the river St. Clair,* which river or strait connects the waters of Lake Huron with those of Lake St. Clair, from thence to Lake Erie it is called the Detroit.†

* "Lake St. Clair is about thirty miles long, and nearly the same breadth, and its shores, as yet, not well settled. It receives several rivers, the principal of which, named the Thames, winds for more than a hundred miles from the north-east, and on its banks settlements and embryo towns are growing. It has its Chatham, London and Oxford; and certainly the situation of the Canadian London is much better adapted for the metropolis of the province than York (Toronto). General Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, was exceedingly anxious that the seat of government should be established somewhere nearly equidistant to Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron.

"There is a large Delta at the upper end of Lake St. Clair, which appears to be increasing, and through which by several channels the river issues. On the east or American bank stands Old Fort St. Clair, and a few miles further up, where Lake Huron opens, Fort Gratiot was erected to command the river."—"British America," by John Mac Gregor, Esq.

† The river Detroit runs from Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie. Its navigation is not interrupted, and its fertile banks are thickly peopled. But different characteristics present themselves to these we meet elsewhere in Upper-Canada. The inhabitants are French Canadians, and on the banks of the Detroit they tenaciously retain all the habits and observances common to their countrymen, the *habitans* of Lower Canada. Here for twenty or thirty

At the entrance of the river the current runs very swiftly for about the distance of a thousand yards, at the rate of seven miles an hour, so that it requires a strong leading wind to stem the current. This would, consequently, preclude the possibility of any hostile vessel attempting the passage.

Since my visit to this place, a town has been founded on the British side, nearly opposite, called Port Sarnia, which, from its situation, must become a place of importance; and I understand it has been contemplated to make this port the terminus of the Great Western Railway.

The river St. Clair is, without exception, one of the finest in the country. The shore on the American side is low, but the land, however, appeared good, and well and thickly settled with thriving villages, churches, pretty villas with green venetian blinds and neat verandahs, with flourishing orchards and gardens, sloping to the water's edge. The Canadian side at this time presented

miles we again observe the village form of settlements, the pious priest, the decent church, and the kind, civil *habitan.* This is a rich, beautiful country, and if once the ague and lake fever were banished, the climate would be truly delightful. All kinds of grain, and the finest apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, and grapes grow in perfection. Near Detroit there is a settlement of simple, harmless Moravians." —"British America," by John Mac Gregor, Esq.

a strange contrast to the other. It was chiefly covered with a dense forest, to the river's brink; varied here and there with patches of clearing. I should think the average width of the St. Clair varies from five hundred to six hundred yards, presenting a clear deep stream, crowded with steamers and schooners bound to the Far West. The only difficult part of the navigation is where the St. Clair empties its waters into the lake of the same name, forming a bar by the deposits it leaves at its embouchure, over which, during the dry season, there is scarcely nine feet of water. But I make no doubt, from the large class-steamers which now navigate the lakes, that the navigation over this bar has been greatly improved. The shores round Lake St. Clair are very flat and uninteresting, being almost on a level with the water. From their appearance I should be inclined to think that, not many years since, this lake must have been double its present size, since, during the spring floods, many acres of these marshes are still flooded. The depth of the water seldom exceeds thirty feet, the extent being about twenty-six miles each way.

We had some difficulty in finding the mouth of the Thames, which empties its waters on the south side of the lake. At length we espied a

large tree of the swamp-elm species, and the only one we could descry for miles, which our skipper declared was the sole land-mark by which to shape our course. In which he proved correct, for an hour after we were sailing up the river with a fair wind. The waters of the Thames, which are nearly the colour of coffee, offer a strange contrast to the bright green and pellucid waters of the St. Clair. This dismal hue, however, is not at all surprising when we consider the fine rich country it drains in its lengthened course.

By a reference to the map of the province, it will be seen that the head waters of the Thames have their rise in the Huron tract, the principal branches of which are the Avon and Black Creek, besides several other inconsiderable streams, which contribute to swell its current. After leaving the Company's lands it flows through the fertile and well-settled London district, to the town of New London, where it becomes a handsome river, receiving several tributaries throughout its course of sixty-three miles, to Chatham, from whence, to its embouchure, it extends about sixteen more. The channel of this stream is very tortuous, and for the first ten miles meanders through extensive meadows, which are, for the

most part, flooded in the spring. A great many horses and droves of cattle are pastured here during the summer months. A few miles farther on the land rises, and the low meadows give place to fine old cleared farms, extensive orchards, with, here and there, groves of black walnut.

We anchored for the night opposite Goss's Tavern, and it was my intention to proceed the next day to M'Gregor's Mills, a short distance up the stream. Luckily, however, for me, I fell in with a Mr. M'Crea, who promised to furnish me with wheat and other necessary articles; at the same time giving me a courteous invitation to reside in his house whilst we took in the cargo. Amongst other stores, I purchased for my own use a quantity of excellent apples, which I obtained for the trifling sum of six pence sterling per bushel. I was allowed to choose my own fruit from a ten acre orchard, gathering off any trees that suited me best into a corn-basket which held at least six pecks for my bushel measure. I bought potatoes from the same person for one shilling, being double the price of my apples, which were exceedingly plentiful in this section of the country.

Most of the substantial farmers in the vicinity of the river have ice-houses, the Thames water being warm and bad to drink in the summer

season. The tavern-keepers here put cherries in their whiskey, which give it a good colour and very pleasant flavour; and mixed with ice-water this beverage makes an excellent drink in hot weather, being far more wholesome than malt liquor.

We were delayed a week while taking in our cargo, and afterwards by contrary winds; but at length we got under weigh, and dropping down the stream with a

> "Wet sheet and a flowing sea,
> And a wind that followed fast,"

crossed Lake St. Clair, and anchored for the night amongst some low islands at the mouth of the river, where we were detained three days for want of wind to stem the current of the St. Clair, which runs at the rate of three miles per hour.

As we had nothing else to do we manned the boat and went off duck-shooting; and although we had only the schooner's boat, which was quite unfit for the business by reason of the noise it made in being propelled through the rushes, yet we had very good sport, having by three o'clock, P. M. bagged eleven brace of wild ducks and blue-winged teal,—the last I consider the most delicious of all the numerous species of American wild fowl, not even excepting the far-famed wood-duck,

of which I have made honourable mention in a former chapter.

On our return home we passed a small log-house on one of the islands, where we saw two men busy building a boat; so we went ashore and asked for a drink, the river-water being rather unpalatable.

On entering the house we perceived a decent old lady sitting at a spinning-wheel, who asked us in a very strong Highland accent, "What we wanted?" One of our party, who was of Highland parentage, though a Nova-Scotian by birth, answered her inquiry in her native tongue, which so overjoyed the good creature, that in her ecstasy she jumped up from her seat, knocking down the spinning-wheel and two or three chairs in her excitement, and throwing her arms round poor Campbell's neck, bestowed several hearty kisses on either cheek before he could recover from his astonishment. I think he would rather she had directed her daughter, a fine comely girl who sat by the fire sewing, and regarded her mother and the victimised Highlander with an arch smile, to stand proxy for her on this occasion.

The old lady told us she had not heard the sound of her own native Gaelic since she lost her husband, more than eight years since, having left her native land when quite a girl, after her mar-

riage to one of her own countrymen, who had settled on this spot more than forty years ago; she pronounced herself happy and contented, informing us, "that her eldest son was married and was a boat-builder." After these communications she went to the door, and calling him in told him how rejoiced she was to see one of her own countrymen, hospitably inviting us to stop and have some refreshment, which she ordered her daughter to prepare immediately.

Going to a cupboard, the good woman produced a bottle, and insisted that we should take a good stiff horn, as she called it, to which most of our party seemed nothing loath, particularly her new friend, Mr. Campbell. Our pretty cook soon placed before us a dish of excellent black-bass nicely fried, and a bowl of smoking hot potatoes in ragged jackets, a sure sign they were well cooked and of a good quality. I never see a dish of murphies, as the Irish call them, without recalling a clever repartee made by an Irish labourer in Peterborough, of the name of Murphy, who, when his master remarked upon the tattered condition of his coat, in a tone of reproof answered his lecturer thus:—"And sure, sir, and did yees ever know a good Murphy without a ragged jacket?"

We offered our hostess a dollar at parting,

which she refused, and it was not without difficulty we induced her even to accept some of our game. So brightly burned in her aged bosom the pure *amor patriæ* for her wild Highland glens—so dear was the sound of her unforgotten Celtic to her ears—poor Campbell, I am afraid, heard more frequently, however, of the loving greeting given him by his countrywoman than he thought at all necessary or pleasant.

Our passage up the St. Clair was very tedious, the wind being light and baffling. To avoid the strong current, we crept up close to the shore, the water being sufficiently deep except where sandbars were formed by the embouchures of small rivers and creeks into the main channel. As we were not always aware of these obstructions, we were constantly running aground; then the anchor had to be taken aft by the boat, and all hands at the windlass, much to my annoyance.

One evening, as we lay at anchor, a gentleman of the name of M'Donald came on board the schooner—a pleasant intelligent person, whom I asked to take a glass of punch with us, which he accepted; and we soon became very sociable. Our visitor discovered by my appearance that I was an invalid, my attack of ague having degenerated into a low intermittent or dumb ague, as the

backwoodsmen call it. He therefore very kindly invited me to go ashore with him, and stay all night at his house, remarking "that he could give me a good supper, a good bed, and a hot glass of brandy and water," which he declared "was better than all the doctors' stuff in the world for ague." An assertion which, from experience, I believe to be perfectly true.

M'Donald was an old bachelor, and kept no female servant; but he prided himself upon having an excellent man-cook, who, he informed me, "had only one fault in the world, namely, that of sometimes getting drunk, which was generally the case on particularly inconvenient occasions. When I send him across the river to the store, or have company, the fellow is sure to be intoxicated," said he. "And you know it is very inconvenient for us both to be drunk at the same time. I tell you this, that you may not be surprised if you see him in that state this evening, for he went to the store for groceries just after dinner, and he has not returned yet." Having made me acquainted with the bacchanalian tastes of his cook, he ushered me into his parlour—a large room plainly furnished, but commanding a pleasant and extensive view of the river and the opposite shore, adorned with a number of pretty villas.

The evening was cold, so he proposed making a fire in a large double Canadian stove, which stood in the middle of the room. Now it happened that this was the first time a fire had been lighted this season; and his cook, who thought the upper part of the stove or oven was a nice cool place in which to store the butter, had, during the summer, been in the habit of keeping a few pounds there for every-day use. At this time there happened to be a fresh supply of five pounds in a china dish, when M'Donald, not knowing or having forgotten all about this most original buttery, made up a good fire, which quickly heated the oven, and of course melted the butter, which, running down into the lower part of the stove, was instantly in a blaze, roaring like a furnace, and heating the stove-pipes red-hot, causing flames to ascend from the chimney at least ten feet into the air.

For some time the house was in great danger, but by wetting some blankets, which we laid on the roof in the vicinity of the chimney, and throwing, at the same instant, a quantity of salt into the stove, we soon succeeded in damping the fire without further damage, excepting the loss of the aforesaid butter and the china dish, which was broken by the heat.

We had scarcely got over this trouble when the old cook made his appearance, half drunk and in a terrible passion. To hear him, a stranger would have supposed, indeed, that he was the master of the whole establishment, upon whom all the loss would of necessity fall.

"So," said he, "you are a nice fellow, ain't you, to go and put fire into that stove, and destroy so much good butter and break our best dish. I can't go out of the house for an hour but what you do some mischief or other."

"Come, John," replied M'Donald, "cut short this impertinence, which I will not bear much longer. How should I know you chose such an odd place for the butter? If you would not stay away and get drunk as you do, when you are sent of an errand, there would be no occasion for me to do your work and light the stove."

"I wonder who was drunk last," retorted John, "and who carried you to bed last Thursday night. However, I shall leave you in the morning, and then I should like to know how you will get on." So saying, he slammed the door to, and took himself off, grumbling as he went.

"There," remarked my host to me, "this is the way in which I am constantly used by that fellow. I almost wish he would make himself scarce. But

there is no fear of that: and he is such a good cook, having lived so many years with me; and is, besides, perfectly honest; so that, after all, I suppose I must continue to put up with his impertinence, for I cannot do well without him."

Notwithstanding this little *fracas*, our irascible *artiste* prepared us a capital supper of venison steaks fried with slices of bacon—a real backwoodsman's dish; and famous fare it was, with hot potatoes and the accompaniment of a good cup of tea. We did ample justice to this bachelor fare, after our labours in putting out the fire.

In the morning mine host showed me round his farm, which was a very good one. He had some fine alluvial flats near the river, that he had cropped the last summer with tobacco, assuring me "that it had succeeded very well." I have understood that the lowlands in the western district are better adapted for the growth of this plant, the climate being more suitable than any other part of Canada West.

Nearly the whole of this farm was fenced with black walnut rails, this species of timber attaining a large size in this district. I have seen canoes that would hold ten or twelve persons made from a single tree: the wood is finely

clouded, and makes beautiful furniture. It really seems a pity that precious material like this should be used for such purposes as fencing. Some fine specimens of this wood, made up into furniture, were exhibited in the Canadian department at the Crystal Palace, likewise some noble planks in the rough, all which, being much admired, will most likely be the means of introducing it into general use in England.

At Port Sarnia we were again detained for want of a leading wind to carry us up the rapids into Lake Huron. During our detention (two days) I again amused myself with duck-shooting, this place being then famous for that sport. I went on shore, and walked over the ground where the flourishing village of Port Sarnia now stands, but which at this time consisted of one solitary log-house.

In the evening the long-looked for change of wind took place, it blew freshly from the south-west, which enabled us, by the help of a tow-rope, to ascend the current, and we found ourselves once more on the broad bosom of the mighty Huron.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE PASS GODERICH HARBOUR IN THE GALE.—WANT OF A CHART.—LAKE-SICKNESS.—DANGEROUS POSITION.—FIND OURSELVES AMONG THE ISLANDS.—DASH THROUGH OUR DIFFICULTIES.—HARBOUR OF REFUGE.—CAMP ON SHORE.—MY WALK ON THIS TERRA INCOGNITA.—FIND FIVE STEEL TRAPS.—MISS SHOOTING A BLACK FOX.—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY.—OUR HILARITY.—TRANSPARENCY OF THE WATERS OF THE BAY.—VISIT OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.—NOBLE SALMON-TROUT.—IN SIGHT OF PORT.—FRESH DIFFICULTIES.—GREETINGS FROM SHORE.—SHIP A SEA.—CROSS THE BAR.—LET OUR ANCHOR GO.—ACCIDENT TO OUR CABLE.—MAN THE BOAT.—TOWING-LINE TOO SHORT.—JEOPARDY.—RESOLVE TO SWIM ASHORE.—DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT.—PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION.—HOME.—A SOLITARY FIRESIDE.—RETURN OF MY WIFE.—HER ANXIETY DURING MY ABSENCE.—HER TERROR ON SEEING THE SCHOONER STRANDED.—RECOVER MY HEALTH AND SPIRITS UNDER HER TENDER CARE.

THE increasing wind and sea warned us to prepare for a rough night. We, however, felt no alarm, for the gale was aft, and we calculated we should be able to make Goderich harbour at daylight, though distant from Port Gratiot seventy-two miles. As the darkness increased so did the gale, which, towards midnight, blew a perfect hurricane. Being well aware I

could be of little service, especially in my weak state from the continuance of the dumb ague, I turned in and slept, in spite of the noise and howling of the storm, until I was awakened at daylight by our skipper, who gave me the unwelcome intelligence that Goderich was in sight, which it seems we had passed by during the darkness, and were now some six or seven miles from the harbour, so that we had no alternative but to run for the Manitoulins, near the head of the lake, where we might shelter ourselves till the storm was over.

I dressed immediately and went on deck to see how things looked, which, indeed, had anything but a pleasant aspect. We were running parallel with the shore from which we were about six miles, Goderich being still in view. We were scudding before the gale under a close-reefed foresail and gib, the sea running in dark, heavy masses, which threatened to poop us every minute.

We now retired to the cabin and held a council of what was best to be done. Our crew and passengers amounted, including myself, to eleven souls, several of whom were Indian traders and Frenchmen. Our captain opened the proceedings by informing us that he had no chart of the Lake or coast on board, that he had never been

higher up the Huron than Goderich ; upon which one of the Indian traders told us "that there was a good harbour at the mouth of the Saugeen, a fine river seventy or eighty miles above Goderich." But as none of us on board knew the land-marks at its mouth, we deemed it madness to attempt running in towards the land, as we knew not what dangers we might have to encounter.

At last it was agreed by a majority that we should hold the course we were then steering. The only one who opposed this plan was myself. I argued that if the gale continued we should be amongst the rocky islands before daylight, in which case our destruction was almost inevitable ; for I knew well from the study of the Canada Company's Maps that the iron-bound coast of the Manitoulins * stretched across the Lake for miles in a north-west direction, and that in the darkness our vessel ran the greatest risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks. I therefore strongly recommended a more north-westerly

* These islands are three in number, stretching across the lake in a north-westerly direction from Cabot's Head to the Detour and the island of St. Joseph's, a distance of more than one hundred and thirty miles ; the most northerly of these is called Drummond's Island, the second Cockburn, and the third, the Great Manitoulin ; they almost divide the lake into two parts. There are several good harbours on these islands, and it is said both copper and lead are to be found in considerable quantity.

course, which would give us plenty of sea-room. My objections, however, were overruled by the general voice, so I had nothing left but to trust in Providence for the result.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we supposed ourselves off the Saugeen. The storm was now at its height, and blew with terrific violence. We shipped some heavy seas, which so frightened our skipper that he insisted on having some of the cargo thrown overboard. I was not aware of this proceeding till six or seven barrels of Indian-meal and other stores had been heaved overboard, I immediately put a stop to this proceeding, though not without considerable opposition.

There was no moon and the night came on as dark as pitch, and to add to our misfortune, every person on board was dreadfully sea-sick excepting myself. Indeed the rough lake passage having the same results, occasions the internal commotion to take the same form, and, of course, those who were suffering from its effects could scarcely keep the helm. I thought that long night would never end. Every moment I expected to feel the shock and hear the crash that would consign us to the deep.

Several times I went on deck, fancying I could hear breakers, and occasionally I thought the

wind lulled, but it was too dark and the noise of the wind so great that it was impossible to be certain. Yet so sure did I feel that I heard the dash of the waves on shore that I did not think it prudent to leave the deck.

During those long hours of darkness and uncertainty many strange feelings crowded my mind and painful reminiscences. I thought I should never again see my beloved wife and young children. I remembered my mother, sisters, and brother, and dear familiar friends I had left at home in Old England at this dangerous crisis, for I had little hope we should escape shipwreck. I knew if we struck the rock-bound coast our chance was small indeed. A merciful Providence, however, had ordained otherwise, for the long-expected dawn at length revealed our position. We were surprised to find ourselves amongst the islands, for we had nearly run 200 miles since we were in sight of Goderich. Land was to be seen on all sides, or rather piles of rocks.

Directly in our course, and stretching for more than a mile into the Lake from a point of land, lay a reef of rocks upon which the sea broke with a thundering sound, throwing up the spray high into the air, and not five hundred yards from the schooner. To weather this reef was impossible,

but luckily we noticed a narrow spot of smooth water about midway up the reef; so we determined to risk the passage. Indeed we had, to use an old saying, "Hobson's choice"—that or none. So we steered for the opening and passed gallantly through; but so near were we to the rocks on either side of us that we could easily have pitched a biscuit upon them from the vessel.

As soon as we were safely through we gave three hearty cheers, and on rounding the point we entered a beautiful and spacious harbour, completely land-locked with a smooth sandy beach at the upper end, in one corner of which a large creek of transparent looking water came rattling into the bay. As soon as our anchor was let go, we manned the boat and went on shore, taking with us the square sail to make a tent, and a stock of provisions and other necessaries; in fact we determined to recruit and make ourselves comfortable after the fatigue we had undergone. One party made up a large fire in front of the tent, and prepared for cooking the dinner, while the rest picked brush and wild grass for our beds, and erected the tent.

Whilst these preparations were going on, I took my gun and explored the shores of the bay, and walked up the side of the creek, which I followed

for a couple of miles. The waters of this stream were clear as crystal and of a greenish hue, and I passed several very romantic falls: indeed as far as I went the river presented a succession of cascades. I saw a great many otter slides and beaver cuttings.

On my return, near the mouth of the creek, I found five large steel-traps, which, most likely, some of the Hudson Bay Company's traders had left by mistake, who probably had camped near this spot; but when loading their canoes to depart, had overlooked them, since they appeared by the rust to have lain there for upwards of a twelvemonth. Our traders considered these traps quite a prize, being at the least worth ten dollars.

I shot several rabbits and a brace of wood-ducks to add to our larder. While crossing a low sand-ridge near the shore, a beautiful black fox passed me, within twenty yards—a splendid shot, if I could have hit him; but, unfortunately, my gun missed fire, which was very unlucky for me, as the skin of these animals is very valuable: I have been informed a good one in season is worth from 10*l.* to 15*l.* The pure black-skinned fox is extremely scarce; in fact, during the whole of my long residence in Canada, I have not seen more than four or five of this rare species.

The scenery around our anchorage was very picturesque ; the rocks rose boldly, terrace above terrace, until a mile or so from the shore they had attained an altitude of at least a thousand feet. For five days we were wind-bound in this romantic little bay, and during that time "we ate, drank, and were merry." We amused ourselves with exploring the country, shooting, fishing, and telling our adventures, our recent peril making us enjoy our detention in this harbour of refuge.

Our merry sojourn ashore, on our pleasant terra incognita, at length terminated with the change of the wind, and we prepared to bid a long adieu to the harbour of refuge. What a change in its silent loveliness a few years will probably make! And where I awoke the slumbering echoes of the shore by the sound of my fowling-piece, the stirring hum of population will come and the voices of a numerous people will be heard.

Early on the morning of the 6th we weighed our anchor, and bade adieu to our harbour of refuge. The day was fine and clear, but about noon we were becalmed between two small rocky islands. The view from the schooner's deck at this time was exceedingly fine. Innumerable islands, as far as the eye could reach, dotted the north-east

shore of the lake, while the main-land rose boldly; the scarp of the rock showing here and there, between their openings, the dwarf trees which clustered in thickets, wherever there was soil sufficient to nourish their growth.

What added greatly to the beauty of the scene was the extraordinary transparency of the water. Our vessel lay about half a mile from the land, in ten fathoms water, and yet the bottom of the lake was so plainly visible that we could see every seam in the rock and the smallest stones. If we looked over the side into the depth below, we at first experienced the same giddy sensation usually felt when beholding objects from a great height, as indeed we really were : the schooner seeming apparently suspended in the air. This purity of the water is only observable among the islands, for, from Cabot's Head downwards, the banks are of a clay formation, which, during a storm, discolour the waters some distance from the shore.

We made little progress the first day, and nothing occurred worth notice, with the exception of a visit from a number of Chippewa Indians in nine large bark-canoes, bound for Drummond's Island. These Indians came on board and bartered with us, giving us fresh salmon-trout for whiskey and apples. One of our passengers purchased the

largest I ever saw for a quart of whiskey: it weighed no less than seventy-two pounds. I had seen one caught by a night-line, opposite Goderich, which weighed fifty-six pounds; but I had no idea that fish so much larger, of the same species, could be obtained at the head of the Lake.

The next day we cleared the Manitoulins, flattering ourselves with the deceitful hope that we should make our port the next day; but no! the wind again headed us, and blew stiffly night after night, so that we were obliged to lay to. At last it shifted to the north-west, and freshened to a gale; but, as it was in our favour, we did not care; all we hoped was, to make Goderich before night-fall.

It was now three o'clock, P.M., and the white houses on the cliff were visible at the distance of about nine miles. We were all in high spirits till our skipper damped our ardour by informing us "that he thought it impossible for us to make the harbour; for, though the wind was directly aft, yet, to make the desired haven, we should have to round a point where both wind and current would be dead against us." However, after much argument we finally determined to make the attempt.

As we neared the harbour, to our great satis-

faction and joy, we saw that we were expected and recognized; for a large fire of brushwood was kindled on a high point of land at the harbour's mouth, and we could sea a crowd of persons on the beach waiting our approach. As we neared the bar, we found a heavy sea breaking on the shoal; and, in crossing, a tremendous one struck us, deluging our deck and causing our little vessel to quiver from stem to stern. We, however, succeeded in crossing the bar in safety, but were immediately met by the wind and current of the river. We let our anchor go as soon as possible, but unfortunately, the cable parting, left us exposed to great peril. The boat was instantly lowered, and manned with six of our best hands, including the captain, who, with a tow-rope, hoped to reach the shore. But, as misfortunes seldom come singly, as bad luck would have it, the rope proved too short, consequently the boat upset in the surf; though, luckily, all the crew succeeded in making good their landing.

There remained on board the schooner four persons besides myself, not one of whom knew anything about the management of a vessel. I saw at a glance that we could expect no help from the shore; and I was so heartily sick of this protracted voyage, that I determined to attempt

swimming ashore, at all risks. I knew there was considerable danger in the effort, but I thought if the schooner struck on the bar or was driven out to sea, that the risk would be still greater. I therefore jumped on the taffrail, and, as the next heavy swell passed the stern, sprang into the water; at the same time calling upon my neighbour, Mr. Eberts, to follow me, which he had previously agreed to do.

I was a good swimmer, but had not calculated on the debility arising from nearly five weeks of ague. I however buffeted the waves manfully till I struck the current of the river which set strongly along the shore of the Lake to the southward; consequently I was driven in the direction of the light-house point. * The cliff at this point was more than a hundred feet in height, the first twenty from the Lake being a perpendicular bank of stiff clay, against which the waves dashed with great violence. I found with all my exertion I could not weather this spot. Luckily for me, however, I espied the head of a birch-tree which hung down from the cliff above. This tree had been thrown down by the wind, but was still

* A high point of land on the south side of Goderich Harbour, reserved by the Superintendant of the Canada Company to build a light-house upon.

firmly secured to the bank above by a large mass of roots and earth which it had turned up in its fall, a fortunate circumstance to which I owed my preservation, for I was carried directly into the branches by the force of the waves, being left by them at least ten feet from the water. I lost no time in scrambling up the tree till I got firm footing on the sloping bank, where, by the help of young twigs and brushwood, I found myself, after some difficult struggles, safe on the top of the cliff, and within two hundred yards of my own door. Feeling my preservation to be almost miraculous, I did not forget to thank the Almighty for his mercy in restoring me in safety to my family through so many dangers.

On reaching my house I was surprised to find no one within, although a cheerful fire blazed on the ample hearth. I was conjecturing what could be the reason of this, when my dear Mary made her appearance with my little Maria in her arms to welcome and embrace her Wanderer, whom she had mourned as though he had been lost to her for ever. Ours was a blessed and joyful meeting, full of the purest conjugal tenderness and love. My poor girl then told me how she had sat on the lighthouse point day after day, watching till her eyes ached for the long-delayed

vessel, which few had ever expected to see again. She had continued to hope, even against hope, still clinging to the cherished idea that we were safe, till the day previous, which was the thirty-fourth of our absence, when upon being informed that a barrel, marked with the name of one of our party, had been picked up near the Saugeen by the Indians, she lost the confidence which had hitherto kept her up, and the same fear entered her mind that all the town's-people had long entertained, that the vessel had been dashed to pieces in the awful storm, and that consequently we had all perished. My dear wife could therefore hardly realise the joyful truth when Mr. Fullarton ran into the house and told her to cheer up, for the schooner was in sight and making for the harbour. Upon receiving this unexpected intelligence she ran down, filled with joy, to welcome my arrival; but what was her consternation upon seeing the schooner drift back over the bar, and finally strand on the beach, a few hundred yards from where I had, unknown to any one, effected my landing. After this sad scene she heard, in reply to her agonized inquiry, that I had jumped overboard with the intention of swimming ashore, and that I had been seen close to the point. The darkness prevented those in the schooner from

ascertaining whether I had succeeded in making good my landing or not. Dreadfully alarmed she had hurried home from the harbour, knowing that if safe I should most probably be there, "And, thank God, my dear husband," she said, her beautiful eyes swimming in tears, "that you have been spared by a merciful Providence to me and your little ones." Warm dry clothing, a cheerful fire, and the tender cares of an affectionate wife soon restored me to my wonted health and usual spirits.

Thus ended my first and last voyage on the mighty Huron, that vast lake, or small fresh-water sea. The schooner, on examination, was not the least injured. By good luck she had missed the point and stranded herself on a sandy beach, opposite Read's tavern, and in a few days she was got off and brought safely into the harbour.

CHAPTER IX.

I QUIT THE SERVICE OF THE CANADA COMPANY.—LEAVE GODERICH.—HOMEWARD JOURNEY.—WANT OF ACCOMMODATION AT SEBACH'S HOUSE.—MY LANDLADY AND HER BROOD.—MIDNIGHT ADVENTURES.—DISORDERLY BEHAVIOUR OF THE YOUNG DUTCH BOORS.—MINE HOSTESS GIVES THEM A THRASHING.—YANKEE GUEST.—OLD JACKSON HICKORY.—LOYAL LAWYER AND YANKEE FOOL.—THE UTILITY OF IMPUDENCE.—RETURN HOME.—WARM WELCOME.—HAPPY PARTY.

I HEARD such flattering accounts from my Douro friends of the fast increasing prosperity of Peterborough and the neighbourhood, that at length I made up my mind to give up my situation with the Canada Company, and return to the farm I had left in Otonabee. Several reasons prompted me to this determination. One was the reduction of my salary, which took place immediately after Mr. Galt's retirement. The Company's affairs, indeed, after that event were conducted on a much more economical plan by the new commissioners. The diminution of my income did not suit a young man with a fast increasing family, and I thought I could better provide for them on a farm of my

own. I however found out my mistake, after I had left the Company, when it was too late to remedy the evil, and I committed a second blunder in being tempted by a good offer to sell my farm in Otonabee, close to the fast-rising town of Peterborough, and purchase land ten miles farther back in the Bush.

As soon as my wife and I had made up our minds to leave Goderich, I sold my two town-lots and the improvements upon them for five hundred dollars, which paid me very well for the speculation, for the lots cost originally twenty-five dollars each, and the improvements about two hundred, thus in little more than two years I doubled my capital.

There can be no doubt that land speculation is one of the surest and best means of making money in Canada, provided the speculator can afford to sink his capital for a few years. He must also be a person well acquainted with the country and its capabilities, the quality of the land and timber, number of mill privileges, and the best and most eligible situations for towns and villages, in which case there is no danger of his being a loser. Indeed, if the land is well selected, there is almost a certainty of the speculator doubling his purchase-

money in the short space of from three to seven years.

On the 13th of February, 1831, I bade adieu to Goderich, where I had spent many happy days. I hired a Dutchman from the settlement with his lumber-sleigh and span of horses to move my family, consisting of my wife, her sister, and my two children. We commenced our journey in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, which had been falling without intermission since the previous evening; this rendered the road almost impassable for our team, which had to break the road the whole way to the settlements. The snow was so deep that the beams of our sleigh were constantly imbedded, so that we were unable to accomplish more than eighteen miles the first day.

We found excellent accommodation at Von Egmond's tavern, which had just been completed. Not so, however, at my old acquaintance Sebach's, where we were doomed to stop the following night. Anticipating what we might expect by former experience, we took care to carry provisions and tea for our own use, which proved a necessary precaution.

The extent of our host's accommodations were very limited. They consisted of a public room, about sixteen feet by twelve, at the farther end

of which a door opened into a narrow sort of closet, which served for a bed-room, where our hostess and four or five of her younger children slept. I think she had at least a dozen. The eldest of this numerous brood, whom she called Fater (his name, however, was Peter), could not be more than fourteen or fifteen years of age at the most. A Mrs. R——, and her little daughter Susan, who were moving into the neighbourhood of Peterborough, formed a part of our company, which almost filled the little room. Bad, however, as the inn was, we were glad to avail ourselves of its shelter. Besides, one thing at least we found comfortable, the large fire blazing cheerily on the ample hearth.

In regard to our sleeping we had some difficulty to arrange that important matter, since they had only two beds for our numerous party, and they were both in the same room. Under these circumstances undressing was out of the question. Luckily we had several horse-blankets and buffalo-robes, so that I was enabled to separate our dormitory by these fancy hangings. The teamster and myself contented ourselves with a shake-down before the fire, where five of our hostess's boys had already ensconced themselves for the night on a number of deer-skins.

About the middle of the night we were awakened by one of the Dutch boys tumbling into the fire in his sleep. He made as much outcry as if he had been half-roasted, though on examination we found he had escaped with only a slight burn on one of his hands.

This little incident having thoroughly roused his brothers, they seemed determined to let no one sleep for the remainder of the night. It was in vain that I threatened them with a suitable caning, if they were not quiet, for they either did not or would not understand English, and appeared to regard me and my cane with absolute unconcern. At length they became silent, and I had just fallen asleep when I was again awakened by a shriek from Mrs. R——, who seemed to be in an agony of terror; and no wonder, poor woman! for these impish Dutch boys had slily crept under the old lady's bed, and almost frightened her out of her wits by placing their shoulders under the mattress and, all lifting together, nearly succeeded in rolling her out of bed.

I could not help laughing at the trick, but the old lady, to whom it was no joke, was in a great rage, and shook her fist at the boys and scolded them soundly. Her irate eloquence was only received with shouts of laughter by her tormen-

tors, in the midst of which our old Dutch hostess made her appearance, stick in hand, which she laid about her with great dexterity, to the no small discomfiture of her young rebel boors. This well-merited chastisement had the desired effect of quieting Master Peter and his brother imps, who let us sleep soundly during the remainder of the night.

Upon the evening of the fourth day we reached Farewell's Inn, in Whitby, where we put up for the night. After supper I sauntered into the bar-room to speak with the landlord, whom I had formerly known. While I was conversing with Mr. F——, a stranger entered the room. The new-comer was a fine looking handsome man, considerably above six feet in height, and well put together; still I knew he was a Yankee the moment I looked at him, by his long neck, want of whiskers, and his free-and-easy manners.

"Come, landlord, let us have some bitters,—I guess it is my treat,—I am no slouch. I can tell you my names—I am called Tom Temple, and I am from the Green Mountains, State of Varmont. I am just taking a look at this country of your'n; come, boys, won't you liquor?"

So saying he filled a tumbler half full of raw

whiskey, and proposed the health of old Hickory Jackson.

"Pray," said I, "why do you call your President Old Hickory?"

"Wal, now, stranger, I will just tell you how that was. One time when our old gineral was going to 'tack the British, he made us a bit of a stump speech on the occasion.—'Now, boys,' said he, 'don't you see them are tarnation British, just step into the woods, and every one of you cut a good hickory gad,* and if you don't whip them fellows out of that I'll whip you.' Wal, we just done as Old Hickory told us, and if we din't take a most unrighteous snarl of them I'm sucked, that's all. And so you see, stranger, that's how he got the name of Old Hickory Jackson, and a tough un he is, you may depend."

Such was the extraordinary account given me of General Jackson's *nomme de guerre* by Mr. Thomas Temple, Green Mountains, State of Vermont.

It is certainly ridiculous to hear some of these gentlemen's constant bragadocio. This very man, before the evening was over, actually persuaded our landlord to hire him for the summer at twenty dollars a month to attend his saw-mill, only by

* Yankee for an ox-goad or rod.

dint of his own sheer impudence in praising himself. I have no doubt that the man was capable enough, but to hear him talk you would suppose he had worked in every mill in the Union. Indeed, his answer to the landlord, who asked him "If he understood working in a saw-mill, and repairing it when out of order?" was characteristic of the man, and in a few words conveyed all that could be said on the subject.

"Wal, I guess I'm a clear saw-mill myself?" Meaning in Yankee parlance, that he understood everything connected with saw-mills, and the working of their machinery.

While on this subject I may as well relate a laughable circumstance which took place in the public stage-coach. Mr. H. I. V——, a rising lawyer in the county of Peterborough, was travelling between Cobourg and Toronto, having for one of his companions a thin, sallow-looking importation from the United States. Among other topics the conversation turned upon the marriage of our young Queen, when the names of several royal and noble personages were mentioned by the different passengers. The Yankee listened with great attention to the various opinions expressed, when, addressing himself to the lawyer, he said,—

"I guess now, Mister, you all make a mighty fuss about that Miss Kent, why our Mat's* son John went over the herring-pond the hul way to see her; but I guess he din't like her well enough to take her."

"Why, you impudent scoundrel, is that the way you speak of our lovely young queen! I will teach you to use more becoming language towards the Sovereign Lady of the realms."

So saying the loyal young lawyer seized the fool by the collar, and ejected him from the coach in the most summary manner possible, and at the greatest risk of breaking the long neck of the ill-behaved Yankee, who would scarcely venture to lampoon her Majesty in the presence of English gentlemen again. I guess he had had enough of it. My readers must not imagine that such men as I have described, however, are fair specimens of American manners; perhaps these are extreme cases, for I have met many gentlemanly and some elegant persons both in Canada and America who ought not to be classed with people like him.

Upon the evening of the sixth day we arrived without farther adventure at my father-in-law's house. I need hardly say what a joyful meeting

* Matthew Van Buren, then President of the United States.

we all had after nearly four years' separation, during which period many eventful circumstances had occurred. I had buried my eldest child, a fine boy of three years old, to my great regret, but God had replaced him with a lovely boy and a girl, which I now presented with some paternal pride to receive their grandfather's and grandmother's blessing.

We were a very happy party that night assembled round the cheerful fire, talking over the past, and anticipating a fortunate future. Nor did I forget my mother, sisters, and brother, or dear old Reydon, while rejoicing in my reunion with the valued relatives I had gained by my second marriage to a lovely, amiable, and worthy young lady.

CHAPTER X.

EXCHANGE MY LAND FOR A LOT IN DOURO AND SOME HARD CASH. — ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY. — CANADIAN ORCHARDS. — BAY OF QUINTE. — ROOT-GRAFTING. — AMERICAN GRAFTSMEN, AND METHOD OF GRAFTING.—HISTORY OF A POOR BLACKSMITH.—HE SEES A GHOST. — CRUELTY OF CAROLINE GRIMSHAWE'S FAMILY. — GENEROUS BEHAVIOUR OF COPPING'S MOTHER. — DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE MASTER BLACKSMITH AND HIS FOREMAN.—CHEAP WAY OF BEING GOOD.—DISTRESS AND POVERTY. — MY SISTER ADVISES COPPING TO GO TO CANADA. — HE REACHES ME IN PENURY. — CHANGE IN HIS CIRCUMSTANCES. —HIS SETTLEMENT.—OUR SEARCH FOR HIS LOT.—HIS WEARINESS AND PATHETIC EXCLAMATION.—HIS LOCATION.—COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES AND DECEASE AFTER SOME HAPPY YEARS SPENT IN UPPER CANADA.—THE BUSH.—OUR EXPLORING PARTY. POOR CAPPING'S LAMENTATIONS. — WE GIVE NAMES TO OUR LOCATIONS.—UNPROMISING VIEW OF THE BLACKSMITH'S LAND.—HIS LOT TURNS OUT WELL.—HIS SUCCESS AS A SETTLER.—CONCLUSION OF HIS HISTORY.

Soon after my return from the Huron tract, I made a trade, as the Americans call it; that is, I exchanged my two hundred acre lot of land in the township of Otonabee, for the same number of acres in the township of Douro, and six hundred dollars in cash. I was induced to take this step for several reasons, the principal of which

was, that I could increase the quantity of my acres, by purchasing wild lands in the neighbourhood, at a low price, which I could not do in the part where I was living. Then the situation of my new purchase was more beautiful, the land better, and the fishing and shooting second to none in the province—a great temptation to a young man, and especially to one fond of wild sports.

Though I was well aware that it would be years before my new location could possess the comforts I was leaving, still I looked forward, hopefully, to the time when, by my own exertions, I should have overcome all the difficulties of my new position, and established a pleasant home for my family.

I do not know a greater charm than, after years of toil and privation, to see what perseverance and industry have accomplished. To know that your pretty cottage, your orchards, your fruitful fields, and ornamental improvements are the work of your own hands; and that a few short years ago, the solitary forest reigned undisturbed where now you behold all the comforts of civilization.

Many persons, on leaving England for Canada, fancy they shall see nothing but interminable woods and lakes. This was, no doubt, the case in regard to the Upper Province fifty years ago; but

they forget what the hardy bands of pioneer emigrants have effected in that short period, and that a belt of land, following the course of the great St. Lawrence, and the lakes from the embouchure of the Ottawa to the Saugeen river on Lake Huron, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, by an average depth of forty, have been reclaimed from the forest and thickly settled by a thriving and industrious population.

The farm-houses along the great leading roads are, for the most part, superior in appearance to those in the old country; though, in point of taste and ornamental arrangement, they fall short of them. This is principally owing to the want of shrubberies. The holly and ivy which impart such a charm to the English cottage will not grow, it is said, in Canada. This is the more surprising, as these ornamental trees are said to thrive best in a cold country; at least, so sings the poet:—

> "For the ivy, the ash, and the bonny holly tree,
> Oh! they grow best in the North country."

However, in some respect, to make up for this defect, Canada can boast of as fine orchards as can be found in any part of the world. From the river Trent to Belleville, on the Bay of Quinte, for twelve miles the road runs between almost a continuous line of them. In the month of May,

when the trees are in full blossom, nothing can exceed the beauty of the country. That lovely sheet of water, the bay of Quinte, runs parallel to this pretty chain of orchards, the ground sloping gently towards the shore, fringed here and there with groves of hickory and butternut, which tend greatly to increase the natural beauty of the scene.

The best climate for fruit of all sorts, and where it most abounds, is undoubtedly round the head of Lake Ontario, and the peninsula lying between Hamilton and Long Point, on Lake Erie. The standard peach comes to perfection in this part of the country. Indeed, in some years the fruit is so plentiful that bushels may be seen lying rotting under the trees, their only consumers apparently being the pigs. The Western Canadians pay much greater attention to their orchards now than they formerly did; the best kind of fruit being introduced from England and the United States.

The American nursery-men have a method of raising trees by root-grafting, which is by far a surer and more expeditious plan than that in common use.* Instead of clay they prefer a

* In the spring of the year American graftsmen travel through the Canadian settlements provided with the best description of scions from American orchards. These men charge so much per

composition made of yellow wax and resin, which is found to be much the best for the purpose. The proper way to apply this mixture is by heating the composition and smearing over the place with a brush, where the graft is inserted and the cleft made by splitting the stock, which excludes the air much better, is quicker, and also less unpleasant than the old practice of kneading the clay over the graft with your hands, and which often falls off after the first heavy shower.

As soon as I had completed the bargain for my land, I commenced making preparations for my removal. Just at this time I received a packet of letters and a valuable parcel, by the hands of Samuel Copping, a Suffolk blacksmith, who was a near neighbour of mine when I resided in England. The history of his adventures and settlement will, perhaps, interest the reader.

During the spring of 1831, a poor working blacksmith, his wife and family, found their way down to my clearing; I had formerly known the man in England for a good natured, industrious creature; but he and his wife were better acquainted with my sister Jane, to whom their long and distressing illness had made them more inti-

hundred for grafting old trees. One year's credit is given, no charge being made for trees that have missed. A great many of the old orchards were originally planted from seedlings.

mately known: she thought them interesting people, anxious for spiritual instruction, and remembered that they had formerly been kind and helpful to their neighbours, by whom they were much beloved. During a period of agricultural distress in Suffolk this family had previously been reduced to the utmost distress. In the sore sickness of Copping it was some time before they could procure a nurse, but the people near one day gave them their gratuitous services; until my sister was pleased to find there a handsome intelligent young woman who had come, to use a Suffolk phrase, "to do for the family." Now, doing for a family in slang parlance, would stand for taking them in; however, in Anglo-Saxon it signifies able assistance in the general management of a household; and this the pretty Caroline Grimshawe was come to do; "and all for love and nothing for reward," in grateful return for a home afforded her in childhood by the poor man, Copping's mother.

Caroline had a curious romantic story attached to her birth and bringing up, which I will relate just as her foster-brother told it to my sister:

"Ma'am," said he to my sister, "I was a native of Halesworth, in Suffolk; my parents were honest poor people, quite unlettered; but clean and

quite (quiet), burdened with a large family, yet just able, with God's help, to get along.

"It happened that a woman from Lincolnshire and her husband used to come to Halesworth with a huckster's cart; 'licensed hawker' was the word put on the cart; but huckster was what we called the man; nevertheless, my mother bought my father's shirts of them; and, as our house was out of the town, near it, yet standing by itself, these people used to lodge with us when they came our way, their cart being locked up in the farmer's barn, for whom my father worked. Grimshawe had several sons and daughters grown up; some were in trade, others in farms in his own county, and he was a wealthy man. My mother wondered he did not leave off travelling the country and set up himself for a gentleman, and his wife for a lady; but he had been a huckster all his life, and, I suppose, he liked it better than being a gentleman. It happened that late in life Mrs. Grimshawe was likely to have a baby, and worse than that, the child would come into the world at an inconvenient period, just in the time of the Suffolk journey. Both parents were rather sorry at the prospect of another child, for the woman hoped she should have had no more, and her family were grumbling about the expected

addition to their number, and were inclined to give the poor little stranger an unkind welcome to this world of sorrow. Things were not mended by the death of the man, whose eldest sons were the executors of a will made many years before, and in which no mention of course was made of an unborn child.

"Well, the long and the short of it all is, that the poor widow Grimshawe took her Suffolk journey in the cart, and stopping at my mother's house, gave birth in her fiftieth year to a fine lovely girl, whom she named Caroline. My mother's month was just up from her confinement with me, for I was her seventh child, a slip of a thing not half so fine and thriving as Caroline. But my mother had a superabundance of nourishment for me while the widow had none for her hungry baby. So it was agreed between the friends that my good mother should share her milk between us.

"By this arrangement Caroline was left behind, in Suffolk, and the widow returned to Lincolnshire. Very fond was I of my foster-sister, whom my mother took to, just as if she had been her own; and when the course of the year brought back the widow Grimshawe, she was *so* proud of her baby and so thankful to my mother, whom she

paid handsomely for her trouble, and thanked too. Caroline was left with us, year after year, in this manner, and very dear she was to us all. I called her sister, but no sister I ever had was ever half so much to me. We slept in the same crib, and her fair face and golden curls must have made her look like a little angel, so close to my dark cheek and black straight hair: but no matter, she loved me just the same as if I had been prettier.

"The arrival of Caroline's mother was quite a gay time for us: she brought sweets and nice frocks for the children, and we lived so well while she stayed with us. She promised a Lincolnshire cow for mother, and agreed to hire a rich piece of meadow-land to pasture her on. This was to be done the next summer, when she came again. In this, her last visit to Halesworth, for so it proved to be, she often lamented to my mother the unkind feeling manifested towards her fatherless babe by her grown-up family. 'She had borne her,' she said, 'at an unusual period of life, and this had made the child unwelcome.' She added 'that she herself feared little Cary would have none of her father's savings; but she was working hard to save for her.'

"Time passed on, little Caroline was not well. It was midsummer, and the day had been hot,

and my mother had put us both to bed in the afternoon, meaning to take us up at supper time. However, Cary was so sound asleep that she would not awaken her. So I had my supper and sat on my mother's knee just opposite the ladder leading to the two little chambers above. Now what I am going to relate may seem as strange to you, ma'am, as it does to me; therefore, I am only about to tell you what was told to me, for I do not remember it, being only five years' old at the time.

"Our house, as I before said, was close to the town, standing quite by itself. It had only one door and no regular staircase, but a ladder leading up to two small chambers, and these chambers had no doors, so that if any one were entering the first room they would be seen on the highest step of the ladder. The only door of the house was shut, because my mother was beginning to take off my clothes while I was on her lap. We were not alone. Two neighbours were with us, when looking up from my mother's knees I suddenly cried out at the top of my voice, 'Caroline's mother is come! Caroline's mother is come!'

"My mother and her neighbours naturally looked to the window which they supposed she had passed, and one opened the door; but no Mrs. Grimshawe was there.

"'Child you must have seen some woman like her pass the window, for you see nobody is here.'

"'Yes, yes, Caroline's mammy is here, for there she stands on the top of the ladder; and now she has gone into the chamber to see Cary,' was my answer.

"My mother and her friends looked up, but no one was there. It was still light, and my positive assertion troubled her. She ran up into the chamber and found the child in a troubled and unquiet sleep. She took her up in her arms and entered the other chamber, looked under the beds and in both the closets, thinking some strange woman had got into the house; but no one was there. She had been at home all day on account of Caroline's indisposition. No one could have entered the house without her knowledge. 'However, there was no accounting,' she said, 'for children;' so after she and the good women had wondered a little the matter was forgotten.

"A few days after this adventure she met an acquaintance who asked her 'what she meant to do with her nurse-child now her mother was dead.'

"She naturally required an explanation; upon which he told her 'he had seen the death of the widow in the newspaper,' who it seems had died of a fever on the road while on her way to Suffolk,

the same day on which I had seen her enter the chamber where her child was sleeping.

"You see, Miss Jane," continued the poor blacksmith, "though I have seen a spirit, I do not remember it, nor can I guess why I alone saw that poor widow; but I can fancy that in passing away from the world on her journey to another, the soul of the poor mother might come to visit her orphan little one, to mourn over her who was to be robbed of everything but her undying love. Well she knew too that I was mortal fond of my pretty playfellow, which, perhaps, was the cause why she showed herself alone to me. But the child looked strange when my mother took her up, and her eyes stared as if she had seen a spirit, and she was kinder dull and heavy for some days after her mother's ghost had come to her bedside."

"Well, Copping," asked my sister, "did Caroline's brothers and sisters do justice to the little orphan?"

"No, Miss Jane, they disowned her altogether, as you shall hear; for first the farmer for whom father worked, and then the clergyman, wrote to ask them what they intended to do with the child. They answered by post from Lincolnshire, impudent-like, denying that their mother ever had had such a daughter, declaring that her age rendered the statement incredible.

"My mother was advised to send Caroline to the workhouse; but that she vowed she never would do, since the child whom she had nourished at her own bosom and who had been to her as a daughter, should not be reared in such a place as that. Besides, her son Sam,' she added, 'was so fond of Caroline that it would break his little heart to part with her.'

"She kept her word, and being too poor to put her nurse-child to school, sent her with me to that free school at Halesworth, where so many poor children have had a good education given them.

"I learned a trade, or rather two, that of a tallow-chandler first, afterwards that of a blacksmith; and Caroline went to service. She has just lost her kind old mistress, and has come to nurse us both, bringing with her the legacy of ten pounds left her by that good friend, to help us at a pinch."

My sister expressed her wonder that he had not married Caroline; but he replied, "No, Miss Jane, I always thought that she was my sister, and my brotherly feelings never changed towards her, and, indeed, never could. My mistress* has often been surprised too; but I should have thought it just as bad as marrying my own sister."

* In Suffolk husbands always style their wives Mistress, and good wives call their partners Master.

There is something very beautiful in the kindness of the poor for one another when it is found under circumstances so trying. What could be more generous than the conduct of the impoverished mother of seven children in thus maintaining, educating, and clothing another child not at all related to herself! What a contrast between this tender foster-mother's treatment of the deserted orphan and the sordid, unnatural conduct of her own family! Yet Caroline was a handsome, clever, well-mannered girl, who might have done honour to a higher station than that from which they had excluded her! No doubt the law could have forced them to give up her portion; but her only friend being a poor, unlettered woman she was unjustly robbed of her rights. Poor Caroline had the misfortune, I am told, to get a bad husband, in a Norwich weaver—a sad conclusion to her singular story.

Copping was a good hand at his business, but the removal of a nobleman's racing stud from the village where he lived affected his humble fortunes: several good hands were thrown out of employ, and amongst them our poor blacksmith. He jobbed about from place to place, and, reluctantly enough, worked for Boniface B., a confirmed infidel, who did all he could to turn away

from the truth his poor, working hand. One day the following curious dialogue took place between them.

"As for religious people, I hate them," commenced Boniface. "Now, Sam, there cannot be a better man than myself," remarked the reprobate master to his wiser foreman. "Do you know a better, pray ?"

"Why yes, sir, I think I do know some a little better."

"Why, Bor, * I always pays you your wages."

"True, sir ; but then you know I should not work for you unless you did," was Copping's shrewd rejoinder.

"If I am not a good man I do not know what a good man is—Sam, can you say I am a bad man ?"

"Sir, I dare not call you a good one. You get drunk very often, beat your poor wife, swear, and never go to a place of worship, and drink, smoke, and fight the live-long Sabbath day."

Bonny B. sneered as he made this taunting answer. "I am not an old Methodist, for that is worse than anything else : besides, if I choose to go to the devil my own way I have a right to do so if I like. However, Sam, as I said before,

* Bor is used universally in common Suffolk parlance by the working classes, and I believe is the diminutive of neighbor.

I always pays you your wages, and so I think I am a good man."

Well, Copping's very virtuous master, in his own opinion, was soon ruined, and he found employment with a worthy man some miles from home; but times were hard, and he was discharged when work was slack, and was forced to follow agricultural employments, and finally was set to labour on the roads. He came to my sister, and could not help weeping when he told her of his degradation. She advised him "to go to Canada," where his two trades, and some knowledge of rural employments, would soon make him a rich man. She finally overcame the reluctance of his wife, gave him a letter of recommendation to me, and traced out his route by the help of my correspondence with my family. He sold off his furniture, took leave of my sister, with many tears, and found his way up the country to me. He had only one halfpenny in his pocket and a dying child in his arms when he reached me. His wife and little Sarah were, however, in good health, and I soon found a shelter for them, and was only too happy to assist a virtuous Suffolk man from my own neighbourhood: and I shall now be able to show the change effected by coming out to Canada, in the circumstances of an honest, worthy

creature, who would have worked industriously at his trade in the old country if, poor fellow, he could have found work to do. I will, therefore, describe the manner in which I settled my sister Jane's *protégé*, when I found a good-hearted, industrious man, always remembering in his prosperity with deep gratitude the painful poverty from which it was my good fortune to rescue him.

Fortunately for Copping, a friend of mine wanted a man and his wife for the remainder of the summer; so that, at once, I was able to get both of them employment and the use of a small log-house, until such time as they could procure land and build one of their own.

A few days after Copping was settled in his new abode, his youngest child and only boy sickened and died. He had been ailing all the voyage, having been weakly from his birth. The poor father came to me in great distress on the morning of the child's death, and with tears in his eyes told me he had no money to buy a coffin or provide for the funeral expenses.

I told him not to be down-hearted; for, as the child had been sickly so long, it was a merciful dispensation that the infant sufferer was taken from him. As for the interment, I assured him he need not trouble himself about that, as little

funeral expense was required in the bush. We soon made a coffin. On the following day our preparations being completed, we carried the child to the Peterborough grave-yard, followed by the sorrowing emigrant and his surviving family; and I buried him beside the grave of my own first-born son, whom I had lost the year before—a circumstance that greatly consoled poor Copping.

Soon after this event I applied for and obtained a lot of land of one hundred and twenty acres for him, on the same terms as the new colony of emigrants located in the township of Dummer: that is, to pay to Government five shillings an acre, to be paid in five years and actual settlement. His land was about two miles above mine, in the township of Douro, where our travels over our lots furnished us with a series of adventures; more amusing to me and a friend, than to our poor Suffolk blacksmith, who had more good-nature than pluck, and who was ignorant of the toils and hardships of exploring for land in the bush.

Nothing can really be more bewildering than a lot of wild land covered with unfelled forests, so inaptly but usually termed, in Colonial language, the Bush. To examine and penetrate a lot of two hundred or more acres, in its original state,

is always an herculean labour, attended with some difficulties, loss of time, and bewilderment. My lately purchased lot and Copping's grant were as yet terra incognitas to us both.

However, I was an experienced backwoodsman, while he, poor fellow, was quite out of his element, being fresh from Suffolk—that garden of East Anglia, with its rich corn tracts and lovely pastures.

Neither Copping nor myself, as I have said, had yet been upon our land; so it was agreed that we should go up in September and commence a settlement, assisting one another in building shanties, &c. The distance from Peterborough to Copping's location being eleven miles, of which only the first four were cut out, the remaining seven following the upward course of the river, at that time was composed of a dense thicket of pine and cedar, in some places almost impassable.

Upon the 20th day of September, 1831, Copping, a young Englishman of the name of Rowlandson, and myself started on our expedition, each carrying an axe and eighty pounds' weight in blankets, provisions, and other necessaries.

Although the distance, in a straight line, was not so very great, yet, owing to the want of a

road, or indeed any track, we were obliged to deviate so often from our course, and had so many times to climb over fallen timber or wade through wet cedar-swamps, that the distance was nearly doubled. Had we only known that good hard wood-land, easy to travel through, lay not more than forty rods from the river, we should have got on much better. But we were afraid of leaving the river, as we had no other guide.

I knew by the diagram of the township that my land came down to the shore of the first lake above the rapids; but, when within a mile of our desired haven, poor Copping sat himself down on a log and declared he could go no further. Persuasion was useless; "I am wholly done, sir! I can't carry that pack another step." He then burst into tears, crying and lamenting his hard fate in this odd way:—"Oh, Master Samewell,* I wish I were home again at Wangfor;† you would not catch me here again, I know." For he was not a strong-minded man, and had a poor constitution by nature.

"Well," said I, "Copping, it is of no use being down-hearted; that won't get us out of our diffi-

* His Suffolk way of pronouncing Samuel.

† The village of Wangford, in Suffolk, where the poor blacksmith used to live before he came to Canada West.

culties. You will laugh yourself, by and by, at these little troubles. Come, pick up your pack, and let us proceed. I know we cannot be very far from my land. Besides, the sun will soon be down, and we have our camp to make, fire-wood to chop, and a number of other things to do before dark."

All our arguments, however, proved in vain; for, to use Copping's own words, "He was done —wholly done;" so at last Rowlandson and I took compassion on him, and divided his pack between us, leaving him only his axe to carry, with which he managed to get along.

Thus doubly weighted, we toiled on till the bright waters of Kaw-che-wah-noonk Lake glittered before us, in the rosy hues of the setting sun. A few rods farther on, a pretty little stream contributed its scanty tribute to the swift flowing Otonabee. Upon a rising knoll of hard wood, beside this rill, and in full view of the lake and river, we pitched our camp for the night.

A good supper and a glass of whiskey punch, in which we drank success to our new location, put us all into good humour. Even poor Copping cheered up; and, having a good voice, sang us two or three real old Suffolk ditties, with a suitable drawl at the end of each line. (By the by,

the blacksmith was a musical genius, and had played the tambourine for years in the Wangford band.)

As this was our first night, and the commencement of a new era in our lives, I served out another glass round ; and now it was proposed that we should name the new possession by some familiar name.

"And soon their native England,
And Suffolk's verdant vales,
Will seem like dreamy memories,
Or scenes in fairy tales.

"But brighter hopes shall greet them
Amidst the pathless wild,
Than e'er on Britain's cultured soil
For British peasants smiled.

"The hands that wove the useless flowers
Are called the sheaves to bind,
While golden harvests of their own
The sons of labour find.

"The children's faces brighten
Around the evening blaze,
While industry forgets the toils
Of busy, well-spent days.

"And when, those toils rewarding,
Broad lands at length they 'll claim,
They 'll call the new possession
By some familiar name.

"The name beyond all others
Endeared in grief or mirth,
Of that far distant village
Which gave *the* exiles birth." *

* Agnes Strickland's "Historic Scenes."

Accordingly, my place was named after the home of my childhood, *Reydon*, the Saxon meaning of which signifies red-hill. This name was equally appropriate for my new settlement, which, half a mile from the river, attains an elevation of seventy or eighty feet above the level of the lake. When the land was first disturbed by the plough, it presented the appearance of a reddish loam, which tint, however, cultivation and exposure to heat and frost have considerably darkened.

Copping's place we called Wangford—the name of the adjoining parish to Reydon.

As soon as it was day-light, we commenced operations in earnest. The work of three axes soon made a clearing in the forest; and, before the end of the week, we had cleared at least a quarter of an acre; chopped and piled the logs for a small house, and had laid the foundation of it. This latter business was attended with considerable difficulty, as we had no road to bring up oxen to draw the logs; but, luckily, we found a sufficient quantity of straight cedars close to where I intended to build my house, which, being only designed for a temporary residence for a year or two, till I could find a better situation, and clear up sufficient land to prevent the danger of fire, was not of very imposing dimensions.

With great labour, and the help of five or six additional hands, who kindly volunteered their services from the settlements, on the last day of the week I was enabled to raise the rough walls of my house.

According to my agreement, the following Monday was fixed upon to find out Copping's lot, and build his shanty. A house was then quite above his means.

His land was back from the lake, so we determined to run a blazed line, as straight as possible, through the woods—only deviating where the nature of the ground made it imperative. Though only two miles and a half, this job took half a day. I had nothing better than a pocket-compass; yet so well did I lay the course, that the road now travelled does not deviate, in any place, its own breadth from the line I ran.

As soon as we found the corner-post of his lot, we followed the concession line across the western boundary of his land, which looked very unpromising; for it was a cedar swamp throughout nearly the entire distance. Poor fellow! he looked ready to cry, and would certainly have turned back in disgust, and given up his land without further inspection, if I had not cheered him by addressing him thus:—

"Come, old fellow, do not be down-hearted: we have only examined one end of the lot, and these cedars are so thick, we cannot see fifty yards in any direction. Let us now strike out an easterly course, which will take us up the length of the lot; and if we find the swamp continue, we must give it up as a bad bargain, and look out for another location."

However, as I suspected, on changing our route the land continued to rise, and in a few minutes we emerged from the swamp, and had the satisfaction of finding that the remainder of the lot was good. The swamp proved to be only a narrow belt, through which the concession line happened to run the entire length. I mention this little circumstance to show how an inexperienced person may be deceived.

The emigrant should not only examine both concession lines, but also go through the entire lot from east to west; because it often happens that both lines may be swampy, and all the centre good; while a few acres of cedar swamp are really desirable, for furnishing rail-timber and building-logs. I therefore consider eighty acres of hard wood timber, out of one hundred, to be a good lot; that is, provided the soil be equal in quality to the appearance of the timber, which is not

invariably the case. But only a residence in the country and sound judgment can detect a deviation from the general rule.

We pitched upon a very pretty hill for the site of the blacksmith's shanty. A nice little spring-brook ran round the base of this hill and across a small alluvial flat—a little meadow of nature's own making—containing only one tree—a beautiful Butternut—the prettiest, to my mind, of all Canadian forest-trees.

As soon as the walls of the shanty were up, we put on the rafters, and split cedar laths to nail the shingles, which we also completed before Rowlandson and I left him.

I may as well finish this chapter by concluding the history of this Suffolk emigrant and his family.

Being a hard-working industrious man, Copping set up his business—that of a blacksmith—in the neighbourhood, which enabled him, in a very short time, to pay the Government the price of his land. Soon afterwards, a young Scotch gentleman settled on the adjoining lot, when he made Copping an offer of £50, for as many acres of uncleared land adjoining his own; which proposal was joyfully accepted. Thus, in the short space of three years, did the lately-destitute emigrant and his family find themselves in possession of a

comfortable home. For they had built themselves a good substantial log-house, barn, and suitable out-buildings, and, besides their farm, possessed £50 in hard cash, a horse, a yoke of oxen, and two milch cows, pigs, &c., whilst they still retained twenty-five acres of cleared land, and twenty-five of forest, all free from debt or encumbrance of any kind.

I wonder how long the poor blacksmith might have drudged on at his journeyman's work in England before he could have realized such a sum ?

Some years after his settlement at Douro, the poor man, who was naturally of a weak constitution, caught the ship-fever, which had been imported by some Irish emigrants, and died, leaving his wife and two little girls well provided for.

We had no clergyman near us then ; so the neighbours collected on the Sabbath afternoon, and we buried the poor Suffolk blacksmith in a secluded spot under the shade of the sugar maple on his own woodland. I read our beautiful church service over the remains of my humble friend. A rude fence of logs was placed round the grave, but they have long since decayed. Nothing now marks the spot but the more luxuriant growth of the wild flowers which wave above his tomb.

His widow married again, and survived him upwards of fifteen years. His eldest daughter married a farmer, "well to do" in the world. The youngest is still single; but, if report speaks true, is likely soon to become a bride. The farm left by the Suffolk man is much increased in value, and has become the joint property of his two surviving daughters.

CHAPTER XI.

MY HOUSE.—METHOD OF BUILDING AND FLOORING.—MY CHIMNEY.—UNDERBRUSHING.—MY HERMIT LIFE IN THE WOODS.—NOCTURNAL VISITATION.—AN EXIT IN FLAMES.—I MEET THE POOR FIEND BY DAYLIGHT.

On my return from locating my *protégé*, Copping, Rowlandson and I busied ourselves in making our camp a little more comfortable; for I did not expect that I could get my log-house completed before Christmas, if so soon. (I forgot to mention that the lot of land I was clearing was a frontage on the river and lake, which I purchased of Government. This was a good bargain, for the soil is of fine quality, having besides the advantage of joining that which I had received in exchange for my Otonabee farm.)

I think it was on the 21st of September when I commenced operations on my new purchase. I could not, therefore, reckon on more than two months' open weather, during which time a great deal had to be done. The completion of my house,

and the underbrushing of twenty-five acres of land before the snow fell, were amongst some of the most important of these transactions.

I must tell my readers, that settling in the bush now, and twenty years ago, is quite a different affair: at the present time good roads and saw and grist-mills exist in almost every township, which was not the case when I located myself in Douro. There were then neither mills nor factories in my township, nor in the adjoining ones of Smith to the west, or in Dummer to the east, the nearest mill being in Peterborough, ten miles distant. But if it had been twice as near, there was no road or any possibility of drawing up boards or lumber of any sort: so I had nothing better for it than to do as better men had done before me, *viz.* to hew boards out of the solid timber, a work of much difficulty and labour. I shall, however, be minute in giving these particulars of my settlement, because it may prove useful to those emigrants who may, from circumstances, be placed in a similar position.

I remembered once having seen a very respectable partition in a log-house made of planks, split out of a black-ash tree: of course these boards were rough and uneven on the surface.

I thought, however, I could improve upon this

primitive method of manufacturing boards. I selected the cleanest and straightest grained pine-tree I could find, and which was about three feet in diameter. With the assistance of Rowlandson and a cross-cut saw, I cut the cleanest part of the trunk of this tree into logs eight feet in length. I then lined with a black mark one of the ends into planks four inches wide ; these I split out of the log with wedges, commencing with the ouside-slab first. It must be borne in mind that all Canadian timber splits best through the centre of the log, with the exception of pine, which splits best the way I have described. The American term is "slabbing," because the timber is split off the log in broad slabs, or planks. A person who understands it will split thick planks in this way with great exactness.

My first attempt at this species of plank-making was very successful, my lumber tolerably straight, and level on the surface ; I however improved it very materially by the following process.

I cut a square notch on the top of two large logs, laid nearly the length of my plank, apart from each other ; I then placed one edge of the plank in the notches, which I wedged firmly. By this method, after lining the upper edge, I was enabled to hew the surface of the plank with my

broad axe, and reduce it to the proper thickness. As soon as the surface was smoothed, I struck a straight line on each side of the plank, which I dressed with my axe, thereby forming a square straight edge, easily jointed with the plane.

In this manner did I prepare my flooring and partitions, which for a time answered a very good purpose; as roof-battens for shingle on narrow cedar boards are easily split. Those I made were six feet long, and varied from four to eight inches in width, and an inch thick. A board of this length reaches across three rafters. (The white cedar splits very freely.) I boarded both ends of my house with planks made in this manner.

The most difficult job I had to do was to build a stone-chimney. This was a work of time; for I had first to make a large log-canoe to bring the flat building-stone from the shores of the lake and river; and after they were landed at the nearest place to the house, we had to carry them on hand-barrows upwards of fifty yards.

I might have made what is called a stick-chimney much easier and in half the time; but I had a serious objection to that plan: firstly, because these chimneys are very likely to catch fire; and, secondly, in a general way, they do not draw so well, and look more unseemly. Where good build-

ing-stone abounds, I would never advise stick and clay substitutes for the sake of saving a little expense and trouble.

There is another kind of chimney which, I think, answers very well for a shanty, if constructed with cats.* Four upright poles are placed in the corner of the shanty, where the fire-place is intended to be built: these poles are bored with an auger about a foot apart. Rings or steps, like those of a ladder, connect these poles together: a space is left open on the front side of this four-sided ladder from the floor, three feet upwards, leaving sufficient space for the fire-place. The clay-cats are then kneaded strongly round the rings, and all the interstices well filled up; some well-tempered clay is plastered inside the chimney, which, as the work progresses, soon hardens and reddens inside by the heat of the fire. This kind of chimney draws well, and throws out a great heat.

My chimney was the first piece of stone-work I ever attempted: I took as much interest in the construction of it as a school-boy would have done in building a miniature house. I had a mason's stone-hammer, with which I managed to dress the

* Clay and straw, mixed and made into rolls or squares, and used a good deal by the *habitans*, are called cats.

arch-stones, which though roughly done, were beviled on scientific principles. When the arch-stones were ready for putting in, I fixed a wooden centre-piece, slightly curved, to support the weight of the arch, which was a span of five feet. To set up the arch, I considered, was the most difficult part of the business; however, I succeeded very well, and had the satisfaction to find that, after the chimney was finished, and the centre-piece supporting the arch burnt-out, every part of the work stood firm: besides, I had the additional pleasure of finding that my chimney drew to perfection.

It was the middle of November before this needful work was completed. I still had a great deal to do before the house would be habitable; and yet I was obliged to leave it and go with all diligence to my underbrushing; for it was necessary to complete this before the depth of the snow-fall should put a stop to further work. The snow is of little consequence, however, when felling the large trees, as they are generally cut three feet from the ground.

As soon as the underbrushing was finished, I hired another man and commenced cutting out a sleigh road to Peterborough. I got some assistance in this work from two families who had bought

land fronting the river, a few miles nearer the town. I was, however, obliged to give an axe-man twenty-six dollars to finish cutting out the last two miles; for it was necessary, in consequence of the winter setting in with unusual severity, to hasten the completion of my house, which was still unshingled.

I lived, hermit-like, in the woods, after the renowned example of Robinson Crusoe, passing my time, not unpleasantly, in healthy labour; building my house and cheering my solitude with the agreeable idea of bringing home my wife and little ones—to a home of my own making.

I had always had a turn for carpentry, which now stood me in more stead than the classical education I had received in England. The cultivated mind, however, will find charms in the rudest wilderness; and, though Nature was just now my book, I read her ample page with more pleasure for being conversant with the literature of my own and other lands.

Hopefully I worked on, singing with more cheerfulness than skill, and occasionally contemplating my house, as it progressed under my hands, with something like professional pride.

Then the cold weather came on. But, no matter! A good fire and plenty of stirring work

kept me warm, and I remained the denizen of the woods, undeterred by the keen air or the fear of bears and wolves.

Christmas was passed, and I was still an inhabitant of an open slab-hut. I had selected for the site a level spot close by the place where I was building my house. A large black oak, which I had felled, served to form the back of my camp. A pole lashed firmly across two trees, twelve feet apart, and as high as I could reach, formed the front. A row of split slabs, one end resting on the oak and the other supported by the front pole, formed the roof. The ends of my camp were stuffed with hemlock-brush to keep out the wind and rain. My bed was composed of the same material, picked fine and covered with a buffalo robe; and so, with a roaring fire in front, I feared neither frost, nor snow, nor rain.

It was during my sojourn in this open hut that the following singular adventure befel me.

Reader, did you ever see a ghost? A tall spectral-looking figure, with large saucer eyes, glides before you; and ere you summon courage to address it, vanishes from your astonished sight? Well, Canada is no place for ghosts. The country is too new for such gentry. We have no fine, old, ruined castles, crumbling monastic walls, or ivy-clad

churches—no shelter here but the wild, wild wood. However, it was no ghost I saw, as you shall hear.

I had occasion to send Rowlandson to Peterborough for a supply of provisions and other necessaries; but owing to the distance I did not expect him back till the next day.

As I had frequently slept in the woods alone, I thought nothing of it. I had been busy shingle-making all day, and continued my occupation until late in the evening. The night was cold and frosty; so I had built up a large fire in front of my camp, laid my shingle-tackle within reach, and I was soon fast asleep.

How long I had slept I know not, when I was suddenly awakened by a sensation of something heavy scraping my breast; and on looking up, what should I behold, but a hideous-looking creature standing over me, with his two fore-paws resting on my breast, a long-flowing white beard, eyes which shone like coals of fire, and a pair of horns which would not have disgraced Old Nick himself; and to tell the truth, my first impression was that the old gentleman had really paid me a visit.

I had, however, no time for reflection—a stamp on the breast soon roused me to action. Seizing hold of the shingle-beetle, I dealt his majesty

such a blow on the head, that it sent him straight into the middle of the fire. His rough, shaggy coat was instantly in a blaze, and uttering the most unearthly yells, he rushed into the woods, and literally vanished from my sight in a flame of fire.

All that I have related happened in less than a minute. I had no time to be frightened ; but I was certainly much puzzled to know what the beast was, which had paid me such an untimely visit. At first sight I thought it was the devil himself, but on consideration was satisfied my visitor could not be that terrific personage.

I have heard and read much of his satanic majesty being painted in all colours, but I never heard of his wearing a white beard; and, besides, he did not stand fire well enough for a person brought up in that element, though he certainly had the horns and the cloven foot, and his general appearance was not unlike the pictures I have seen of the gentleman.

Well, the next day cleared up the mystery. On my road to Peterborough I had to pass the residence of the C——ds, two young gentlemen who had recently settled in the township ; when to my surprise I saw, standing by the road-side, a large billy-goat, whose coat, burnt in large patches all

over, explained at once the nature of my nocturnal visitant. It appears that the C——ds had only brought up the goat from the front a few days before. Master Billy had strayed up the road to my place, and although his reception was so warm, it proved to be his first and last visit.

This adventure was certainly a comical one; but I dare say, if all ghosts were as warmly received, they would often be found quite as terrestrial in their nature as my ugly but harmless nocturnal visitor.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WOLVERINE.—MOVE INTO MY NEW HOUSE.—FILIAL PIETY OF THE IRISH. — UNLUCKY JOURNEY TO PETERBOROUGH. — HOSPITALITY.— ACCIDENT. — IMPROVEMENT IN THE ROAD.— MY NEW LOCATION.—ARRIVAL OF MY FAMILY.—RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA. —A ROUGH CURE. — I AM APPOINTED A COMMISSIONER OF THE COURT OF REQUESTS.—THE POOR SCOTCHWOMAN AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

AFTER the adventure related in the last chapter, nothing material occurred during the winter, except the occasional howling of wolves at night, or the more startling cry of the wolverine. This animal is very fierce, and often commits nocturnal depredations in the sheepfolds of the Canadian farmer. Their skins sell at a price ranging from five shillings to seven and sixpence, and are used chiefly in the province for making ornamental sleigh robes. About four years ago some settlers in the township of Asphodel chased one of these animals up a tree, determined to capture him alive, if possible : none of them had ever seen a wolverine before, and they were not aware of the danger they ran in attacking the beast without fire-arms.

A piece of rope having been procured from the nearest house, one of the party actually undertook to mount the tree, and noose the beast single-handed. The party below cheered him on, but not one man offered to assist him. Nothing daunted, however, our bold adventurer climbed up within eight or nine feet of the animal, who lay crouched in the fork of the tree, only a few branches of which were below the place occupied by the wolverine. On one of these our hero took his stand, and fastening one end of the rope to a branch above his head, and having a slip noose at the other, he prepared to ascend the tree. It seemed to him no very difficult feat to throw the noose over the beast's head ; but in this he was greatly mistaken ; for as soon as he approached the wolverine, the animal appeared determined to resist the invasion of his sanctum. So unmistakable were the symptoms of the intended attack, that the man retreated to his old position. Some of his companions below now suggested the plan of dropping the noose over the creature's head, by means of a forked stick. This plan was immediately put in practice, and luckily succeeded on the first attempt. The moment, however, that the rope touched his neck, uttering a fearful cry, he sprang full at our hero's throat, and so sudden

was the attack, that nothing could have saved him, had it not been for the precaution he had taken of tying the other end of the rope to the limb above: had the rope been only one foot longer, his fate would have been sealed to a certainty. As it was, the rope brought up the wolverine with a jerk, and left him hanging from the bough, a sad warning to all nocturnal sheep-stealing depredators.

I saw the skin of this animal, which was a very large one. He must have been a brave fellow who ventured to attack such a formidable beast unarmed, and at the greatest possible disadvantage. As it turned out, he might consider himself very fortunate in escaping uninjured. I much question whether our wolverine-hunter would venture a second attack under similar circumstances.

On new year's day, 1831, I moved into my new house, the dimensions of which were only twenty feet by fourteen: still, it was a paradise compared to the open camp I had just vacated. The walls of my new domicile were neatly hewn, and the interstices between the logs pointed with mortar. A good stone fire-place was placed at one end, capable of burning logs three feet in length, which warmed the house thoroughly, even in the most severe weather.

With the help of Rowlandson I pushed on with my chopping. I had underbrushed twenty-five acres before the snow fell; but owing to my house building I had not been able to chop so much as I could have wished. Under these circumstances I determined to let out some clearing by contract.

John C——, a decent Irishman, whom I had occasionally employed during my residence in Otonabee, was very anxious to raise the sum of ten pounds, to remit home to the old country, to assist his wife's father and family to emigrate to this land of promise. In this emergency I agreed to advance the sum he required, provided he contracted to chop, clear and fence seven acres, ready for sowing fall wheat by the first week in September, at twelve dollars per acre, the balance to be paid him on the completion of his job. To these terms he readily agreed. I must do the Irish emigrants the justice to say that they are more willing to send home pecuniary assistance to their poor relations in Ireland, and so to help them to emigrate, than any other class of settlers.*

* The tide of emigration which has lately taken place from the shores of Ireland, has been deplored by various journals; but I must say that in my opinion we have no cause for regret; as it is well known that the labouring population of Ireland do much better abroad than at home—are more peaceable, contented, and industrious—less bigoted; and not so easily duped by political agitators.

I have known them frequently borrow money, at a heavy rate of interest, for the purpose of remitting it home to their friends—a beautiful trait of national character. These debts of honour are invariably paid by the recipients as soon as they are in a position to do so. I only remember one case of a party being sued to recover an advance so made during the three years I had the honour to sit as a Commissioner of the Court of Requests.

On referring to a useful little pamphlet, by Frederick Widder, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Canada Company, I find the following note :—

"As illustrative of the success which has attended settlement in Canada, it may be well to mention that in less than seven years from 1844, to the 31st of December, 1850 inclusive, upwards of 77,061*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* were remitted through the Canada Company by emigrants from the British Isles and Germany, to their friends at home, to bring them out to this province. The largest proportion of this sum has been remitted by Irish emigrants."

Two acres more I let out to a brother-in-law of the aforesaid John C——. The remaining sixteen acres Rowlandson and I ourselves finished chopping by the middle of April.

A good chopper, after the land is underbrushed, will fell the trees and cut them up into fifteen or sixteen foot lengths, and pile the branches into heaps, of an acre of land, on an average, in eight days. After the brush and tops of the trees are burnt, a yoke of oxen and four men will log or roll up into heaps an acre per day: this latter work in new settlements is mostly done by "bees."*

Early in the spring I built an addition to my house, preparatory to bringing home my wife from her father's, where she had been residing during the winter.

I shall never forget the trouble and time it took to bring up the first load of provisions and other necessaries, along the new cut-out river road. The distance from Peterborough was barely ten miles; yet it took my brother-in-law William, Rowlandson, and myself nearly two days to accomplish the journey. I think, if any of our English friends could have seen us, it would have excited their astonishment in no small degree.

The road, as I before mentioned, was only just cut out, the width not exceeding ten feet, and in some places even less. It followed the

* A Canadian "bee" is a practical example of duty to one's neighbours. The whole community convene on an appointed day, in order to give help in time of need, which help is repaid in like manner, "*pour l'amour de Dieu.*"

windings of the river the whole way from Peterborough to my place. The creeks were unbridged, and the swamps uncross-wayed. To travel on this beautiful road we had a carriage of a most unique description — one of my own manufacture. Rough as it was, it was the only vehicle that had any chance of going through without breaking down. The wheels were made of two rings, six inches thick, cut off the round trunk of an oak-tree about thirty inches in diameter. Three inch holes were bored in the centre of these rings of oak for the axle-tree. A strong pole, twelve feet long, was morticed into the centre of the axle for the oxen to draw by, and a small box or rack built on the top of the axle-tree, to which it was fastened by some inch and a quarter oak-pins. The front of the rack was fastened with cord to the pole to hinder it tipping up. Our load consisted of a barrel of salt pork, a barrel of flour, a keg of whiskey, groceries, &c.

We left Peterborough about eleven o'clock, and for the first three miles we got on famously, for the road was tolerable, having been cut out and frequented for several years. But as soon as we got into the newly cut road, our troubles began. Every few minutes the axle would catch against

the underbrush stumps which had been left insufficiently cleared down. Then we had to stop and cut handspikes, and prize the wheel up high enough for the axle to slip over the obstruction. This annoyance would occur every few minutes; and if we were so fortunate as to get along a few hundred yards without being brought up with a jerk by some stump or stone, we were sure to stick in a mudhole or swamp, instead. Then it was something to hear the shouting and roaring at the unfortunate oxen, and yeo-hoing with our handspikes. In this manner we proceeded at a snail's pace, Rowlandson driving the cattle, whilst William and I marched in the rear, each shouldering a handspike, ready for action.

With all our exertion we were benighted within two miles of my clearing, and directly opposite the shanty of a Scotch gentleman, who had just commenced operations in the bush. Of course we knew we should be welcome, for no one thinks of shutting his doors against benighted travellers in the Canadian bush.

Accordingly we beat up I——'s quarters. He made us extremely welcome, and gave us a hearty supper of pea-soup and shanty cake, and plenty of hot toddy to cheer us after our day's toil.

The little shanty was very much crowded with

the addition to its inmates made by our party. Indeed, it was hard work for the little Scotch boy, Watty, to make room for the bed we were to occupy. Amongst other things which he had moved out of his way was a large iron pot of pea-soup which he had left on the floor near I—'s bed, who was then in the act of undressing. Now, whether it was owing to the darkness of the shanty, or the obfuscation of the whiskey-toddy, I will not pretend to say, but somehow or other poor I— popped his naked foot into the hot pea-soup.

He was naturally a good-natured man; but the best-natured fellow in the world under such circumstances would be very apt to fly into a passion and rattle out an oath or two, and our friend on this occasion was no exception to the general rule. Consequently, such a storm fell upon the head of the luckless Watty, as made me almost tremble for the poor lad's safety. What then was my astonishment to hear Watty say to his master, the moment he paused for want of breath, "Ae, mon, but ye 'll ken where you set your fut anither time."

Watty looked so droll, and said this so coolly, that we all laughed heartily, in which I— himself joined; for after all he was more scared than hurt. The soup had been some time off the fire,

and, although it made his foot smart, and reddened the skin, it did not raise a blister.

We started early in the morning, and succeeded after much difficulty, in bringing the load in safety to my house.

Such are some of the trials of a bush life. But, after all, what are they compared to bad health and a thousand other ills to which the flesh is heir? Besides, it gives me additional pleasure every time I drive my horses and buggy to Peterborough, to remember that twenty years ago I could scarcely get through on foot, where now I ride and drive with comfort and safety.

The spring of 1832 was an early one for Canada. The snow was all off the ground before the first day of April; and by the first of May the woods had put on "their summer livery of green." This was fortunate for me, because the dry fine weather enabled me to get a spring-burn of five acres, which I logged up in the usual way by a "bee." Part of the land so cleared, I planted with Indian corn and pumpkins, and the rest with potatoes, turnips, and garden stuff,—such as cabbages, carrots, onions, &c. As soon as my spring crops were in, I prepared to remove my family to their new abode. My wife had been recently confined with her third baby, so that I had been obliged to postpone her removal until she should be able

to perform the journey on foot; for the road, as yet, was too dangerous and rough either for riding or driving.

My dear Mary had never yet seen my location. All she knew of it had been derived from my description, which I dare say I had drawn in very glowing colours, not sufficiently taking into consideration that the great charm of a new settlement to young men is the abundance of hunting, shooting, and fishing; the latter alone of which women can enjoy.

My location at this time had little attraction to offer to the ardent admirer of natural beauties; for as yet I had not opened my clearing to the lake. Therefore the woods still shut out the beauties of the river, islands, and lake-scenery. Upwards of twenty acres, too, were as yet uncleared, and lay piled in large masses, while the recently burnt fallow, with its blackened stumps and charred rampikes* did not contribute much

* It used formerly to be a custom in the new settlements to leave uncut all trees which had lost their heads by the wind or from other causes, because they were not considered to injure the crop more than any other stump, and because they were very apt to be burnt down, especially if dry, thereby saving a great amount of labour. The chopper who contracts to clear land has a right to leave all such headless trees as he can throw his axe over. This custom is much abused, or else the axe-men are stronger in the arm than other people, for a stump forty feet high is not an uncommon sight. Many of these unsightly ornaments are sharpened by the fire—hence the name of rampike.

to improve the landscape. I was, therefore, fearful my wife would be disappointed after the flourishing descriptions I had given of her new home.

Whatever might have been her thoughts, she wisely kept them to herself; she praised everything I had done, and prepared at once to assist me in making the inside of our house as comfortable as possible, which our joint exertions soon accomplished.

In the end of July, or the beginning of August of this year, my sister Catherine, then Mrs. Traill, now so well known as the author of that popular little work the "Backwoods of Canada," and her husband, Lieutenant Traill, emigrated to Canada West. My brother-in-law, William, came up late one evening from his father's house, a distance of eight miles, to tell me that she and her husband had just arrived in Peterborough.

This was the first intelligence I had received of her marriage or emigration. Of course I was delighted at the thought of again seeing my sister, from whom I had been separated so many years; and although I had never attempted the passage of the Otonabee in a bark canoe, so anxious was I to welcome her, that I determined to run the rapids a distance of ten miles by the

river. My readers may judge of the rapidity of the current and the heavy swells I had to encounter, when I tell them that the fall in the river between my place and Peterborough, according to the Government survey,* amounted to one hundred and forty-seven feet. My brother-in-law having volunteered to go with me, I was not afraid to encounter the danger, although it was nearly dark when we started. We were both at that time totally unacquainted with the rapids and sunken rocks we had to encounter. The river was then very low, which made the undertaking doubly dangerous; yet, strange to say, we escaped without even injuring the bark of the canoe. Three times, however, we were obliged to go on shore and empty our canoe, which had half filled whilst running down some of the roughest chutes. I have often run the rapids since, both in canoes and upon rafts, and I have found it required a good knowledge of the river to escape the numerous rocks and shoals. However, we providentially escaped all dangers, and arrived safely at Peterborough.

My sister, who had only just recovered from a severe attack of Asiatic cholera, which had laid

* This survey was undertaken during the administration of Sir John Colborne, by Messrs. Baird and Rubidge.

her up at Montreal, had already retired for the night; but hearing my voice, she immediately dressed and came down to see me. I need hardly describe the joy of this meeting. Those only can fully comprehend the feeling who have been separated for years from those they love. It was agreed that as soon as possible they should come up to my house, and reside with me until their own house was ready. Fortunately, they were enabled to purchase the lot next to mine, which had a very pretty frontage on the lake. Their journey through the bush, and reception at my house have already been described by my sister in her "Backwoods of Canada."

That dreadful and mysterious disease the cholera, had already made fearful progress in the colony. At Montreal, three thousand of the inhabitants perished out of a population of thirty thousand souls; while in Quebec and Toronto, nearly the same proportion died of this fell disease. In the little town of Peterborough, at that time containing under five hundred inhabitants, twenty-three deaths occurred. But only one case happened in the township of Douro, which was cured, I believe, through my agency. Mr. Sandford, a merchant in Peterborough, had sent up a man to my farm to rake up ashes from the bottoms

of log-heaps I had just burnt for the purpose of making potash. This man's name was Robinson. His wife had died a few days before of cholera, with which circumstance I was then unacquainted. He came to me in the afternoon, and said, "Sir, I am sorry to inform you, but I believe I have symptoms of cholera," complaining, at the same time, of cramps in his fingers and great internal relaxation.

I immediately gave him half a tumbler of raw brandy with forty drops of laudanum; put him across the river upon the Smith Town road, and bade him run for his life to Peterborough that he might get medical aid. I told him to persevere as long as he was able, for if he could promote a violent perspiration it would probably save him.

He took my advice, and after running about two miles, the perspiration broke out, and the symptoms immediately abated. He, however, continued to run the whole distance, which exertion, aided by the brandy and laudanum, he confidently believed saved his life.

It is a very curious fact that, although Douro escaped the cholera, a remote corner of the newly settled township of Dummer, immediately in the rear of the former township, was attacked, and eleven persons died from this fatal epidemic. The

same circumstance occurred in the township of Otonabee, though not with quite such fatal results.

This fall I was enabled to sow twenty acres of fall wheat, which I had all in the ground by the tenth day of September. My next year's chopping opened my farm so much that I was enabled to select a much better situation for a house, my present one being placed on a ridge of land elevated from thirty to forty feet above the river, having a gentle slope towards the water's edge. I cleared the whole breadth of my land next the river and lake, which opened a pretty view from the house.

One of the first things I did after I moved into my new house was to sow a bed in the garden with apple-pips. This was in 1833, and as soon as the young stocks were large enough, I grafted them with the choicest fruit I could obtain—about one hundred—which I planted out the following year in an orchard to the south of my house. A year or two afterwards, I planted a hundred and fifty trees in a second orchard, north of the house, besides a great variety of plums and greengages. The last apple-trees I set out were seedlings: I waited until they bore fruit, and then selected those trees I disapproved of, for grafting. By these means I have now two capital orchards,

which last year gave me upwards of a hundred bushels of as fine fruit as can be produced in the country, amongst which may be enumerated the Ribstone pippin, Newtown pippin, Pearmain, Pomme-de-gris, Pomme-de-neige and many other sorts equally good. As for plums, bushels of them rot upon the ground in an abundant year.

I should advise the emigrant, who becomes an agriculturist, to pay great attention to orchard planting, and, indeed, to devote a portion of his first-cleared fallow for that purpose. The trees should be planted in rows four square rods apart, so that, look at them whichever way you please, they will present a straight row. By this method you will be able to work the land well with the plough, which is essential to the well doing of your orchard.

The young trees should be washed with hot-lime wash, or scrubbed with strong wood-ashlye, or soft-soap, every two or three years, which will prevent canker, and keep the bark bright and clean. Instead of clay for grafting, it is better to use a composition made of bee's-wax, rosin, and grease, put on hot with a brush. The farmer must remember, that whilst he is sleeping his trees are growing, and that, by paying proper attention

to his orchard, in a few years he will have an abundance of fruit and cider, which will not only pay him better than any other portion of his farm, but add greatly to its ornament. I do not know any thing that gives a greater air of comfort to a farm, than a well-loaded orchard.

The American settlers, who know the benefit to be derived from a well-stocked and cultivated orchard, invariably plant one the first or second year, taking care to put a good fence round the trees, to protect them from the sheep and cattle. A Yankee could not do well without his "apple-sarce" or pumpkin-pie.

The southern Irish would do well in this matter to take a lesson from brother Jonathan; for they are, invariably, the last to plant orchards or gardens, or to erect comfortable dwellings, but content themselves for years in the rudest log-shanties, which a pig would almost disdain to live in. There can be no excuse for this: it shows a downright want of energy and proper pride, and I might add laziness. I do not, however, mean to say there are no exceptions, but a disregard to comfort and decency are the general characteristics of the lower orders of the southern Irish.

During the administration of Sir John Colborne, I was appointed one of the new commissioners for

holding the Court of Requests for the township of Douro and Dummer, which I continued to hold until the court was abolished, and the Division Court instituted in its place. Under the old Court of Requests, a suit could not be instituted for any sum above ten pounds. The commissioners were generally appointed from the magistracy or from the most influential persons in the division.

The new Division Court is presided over by a district judge, who must be a lawyer; and a sum of fifty pounds can be sued and recovered in this court at the same cost as one of five shillings. This is a great boon to the inhabitants; but it has almost ruined the fraternity of lawyers.

Messrs. Traill, Thompson, and myself used to hold a court once a month for our division. The average number of cases did not exceed fifteen, and the amount sued for seldom exceeded two pounds upon each summons. The commissioners were entitled to one shilling each for every case decided by them. This court was in reality a Court of Equity: not being clogged by the technicalities of the law, we gave our judgment according to the weight of evidence laid before us, without prejudice or partiality.

If we had had a reporter, I dare say some of the cases heard in our court would have been to

the full as entertaining as the far-famed Bow-street police reports. I will give one example.

A poor old Scotchwoman was sued by a carpenter who had made her a spinning-wheel. The machinery, wheel, &c., being found by the defendant, all the carpenter had to do was to make the stool, and put the parts together so that it would spin. The plaintiff's bill was six shillings for making the defendant a spinning-wheel.

"What objection have you against paying this account, Mrs. C——?"

"Why you ken, your honours, it is no spinning-wheel—for it wunna spin:" here she produced the wheel, and challenged any of the women present to spin a thread if they could. Several tried their hands without success, therefore it was clearly proved to be no spinning-wheel. Whereupon, we gave our decision in favour of the defendant, to the great satisfaction of the court, and especially of our female spectators.

CHAPTER XIII.

FALLING STARS.—AURORA BOREALIS. — DAMAGE TO MY HOUSE BY LIGHTNING.—THE MISTAKE OF A YANKEE CARPENTER.—A BEAST SAVED AND A JOKE SPOILT.

I THINK it was on the 14th of November, 1833, that I witnessed one of the most splendid spectacles in the world. My wife awoke me between two and three o'clock in the morning to tell me that it lightened incessantly. I immediately arose and looked out of the window, when I was perfectly dazzled by a brilliant display of falling stars. As this extraordinary phenomenon did not disappear, we dressed ourselves and went to the door, where we continued to watch the beautiful shower of fire till after daylight.

These luminous bodies became visible in the zenith, taking the north-east in their descent. Few of them appeared to be less in size than a star of the first magnitude; very many of them seemed larger than Venus. Two of them, in particular, appeared half as large as the moon. I

should think, without exaggeration, that several hundreds of these beautiful stars were visible at the same time, all falling in the same direction, and leaving in their wake a long stream of fire. This appearance continued without intermission from the time I got up until after sunrise. No description of mine can give an adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene, which I would not willingly have missed.

This remarkable phenomenon occurred on a clear and frosty night, when the ground was covered with about an inch of snow. Various accounts appeared in the newspapers at the time, as to the origin of this starry shower. It was, however, generally considered that it was not meteoric, since its elevation must have been far above our atmosphere; for these stars were visible on the same night all over the continents of North and South America. Besides, it is a well known fact that more or less of these luminous bodies have been seen on or about the 14th of November, likewise on the 12th of August, provided the weather be clear, than at any other time.

"'Oh! for an angel's mighty wing,
To track thy radiant flight,
Thou unexplain'd, mysterious thing,
That glancest through the night.

"Traveller of paths to man unknown,
Through boundless fields of air,
Scarce marked by mortal eyes, ere gone,
None knows, none guesseth where.

"Comet art thou? or wandering star
On thine appointed round?
Or seraph in his shining car,
On some high mission bound?

"Say, hast thou thine appointed place
Amidst the starry train,
Which thou dost through unbounded space,
Press onward to obtain?

"Or wilt thou that unwearied course
Through countless ages run,
With fresh and unabated force,
As when 'twas first begun?

"Meteor or star, whate'er thou art,
Our purblind race below
May muse, and dream, and guess in part,
But ne'er will fully know!

"Weak reason's powers could never reach
To thy meridian height;
Nor science her disciples teach
To calculate thy flight."*

Among other celestial phenomena witnessed in this country, I cannot pass over in silence the splendid appearance of the Aurora Borealis, the most beautiful displays of which generally take place in the months of October and November. It

* Agnes Strickland's "Historic Scenes."

is seldom seen during the very severe months, or during very severe weather; but any Aurora I ever witnessed in England will give but a faint idea of the grandeur and gorgeous appearance of this most magnificent of all electric phenomena.

It generally makes its appearance about nine o'clock in the evening. The first indication is a dark cloud or vapour towards the north, a little above the horizon, which, rapidly increasing, forms a vast arch luminous on the upper edge. As soon as the arch has risen to a certain height, it appears to become stationary, and throws off the most splendid coruscations, which rise from the arch to the zenith, filling the northern half of the heavens with a glow of light. These golden streamers dance along with great rapidity, changing their form and colour instantaneously, at times flickering with a pale light, and anon assuming a golden hue, and the form of ranges of vast organ-pipes. I have seen some Auroras, where all the prismatic colours were most vividly and beautifully pourtrayed.

The finest Aurora I ever beheld, occurred a few days before the rebellion broke out. The arch rose nearly to the zenith, and then broke up into detached masses of beautiful colours, amongst

which the most conspicuous were green, violet, and red. In a few minutes, streamers of a bright rose-colour radiated from the zenith in every direction, forming a most magnificent canopy. This gorgeous spectacle lasted for nearly three hours, and then gradually faded away.

While I was contemplating this magnificent appearance, my servant, an old Wiltshire man, came up and said,—"Zur, doant you think that be a zine of war? for, I do know, I ze'ed sumat lioke that when I war a boy, and the war did follow directly." I could not help langhing at Bill's belief that this was a supernatural sign of war and bloodshed. It was, however, curious enough that the rebellion in Upper Canada broke out a few days after this singular appearance in the heavens, to the great delight of old Bill, who had prophesied the event.

Thunder-storms in Canada West are of frequent occurrence during the summer season, and are sometimes very violent. Those of the summers of 1837 and 1838 were particularly so. In the July of the latter year my house was struck by the electric fluid, which shattered the whole gable end. I had left a cross-cut saw leaning against the chimney in the garret, which saved the lives of my wife and several members of my

family, the lightning splitting the chimney till it came to the saw, which it took as a better conductor, knocking down part of the parlour ceiling in its passage to the earth. My little boy Arthur, who was then a baby in his mother's arms, was stunned by the explosion, and my eldest daughter, who was reading in the open verandah, had her arm burnt; while her cousin, sitting near her, was burnt on the forehead. The house was filled with soot from the chimneys, and a great many stones were hurled down by the shock. The chains of a pair of scales hanging up in the store-room, were melted and broken into small pieces. Luckily, the saw caused the fluid to leave the chimney; for, had it continued its course, my wife, her aunt, and several of my children, who were near the fire-place at the time, must have been killed by the descent of the electric fluid.

My house was so shaken by this disaster, that I found it was absolutely necessary either to be at the expense of a thorough repair, or to build a new one. After due consideration I preferred building my present house, which is of frame-work on a stone foundation, being lathed and plastered inside, and rough-cast without. The dimensions of my new house were then thirty-eight feet by twenty-six, to which I afterwards added a wing

forty feet by twenty. A verandah, nine feet wide, running along the front and one end, made the house cool and pleasant in summer. In very hot weather we often dined and drank tea in the open verandah in order to enjoy the coolness of the air.

During the time I was building my new house, a lady came up from Peterborough on a visit to my wife, and on that occasion she rode on a small black donkey, which she had brought with her, a few months before, from Ireland.

I had, working with me at this time, a Yankee carpenter who had never seen a donkey before. Soon after the creature had been turned out into the pasturage, I happened to be looking towards the field, when I saw the carpenter creeping along very cautiously, rifle in hand. Supposing that he saw either a bear or deer in the field, I snatched up my gun and ran down towards him. What, however was my surprise, as I drew near, to see him raise his rifle and aim at the unfortunate donkey, when I called out to him,—"Hallo, what are you going to do? you will kill that donkey!"

Luckily the poor beast was partly hidden by an angle of the fence and a quantity of raspberry-bushes, which had caused the man to reserve his fire till he had got a better shot.

"Donkey!" he ejaculated, slowly lowering his rifle; "wal, if that don't beat all nature, I do declare. I swar if I din't think 'twar a bear. If you han't sung out, I should have let go, that 's a fact. Wal, if ever I saw such a critter!"

He walked round the critter, as he called it, two or three times, examining the harmless beast with great admiration. Our poor friend would not have liked losing her donkey, whose long ears ought to have saved him from the tragical consequences of being taken for a bear. My interference saved her sable steed, and lost the Canadians a good joke, which they would have long enjoyed at brother Jonathan's expense.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAPID INCREASE OF THE BACK-SETTLEMENTS. — DIVISION OF THE DISTRICT. — DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE. — COLONEL B— AND HIS REFRACTORY HUMAN STEED.—STRIKE FOR WHISKEY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER.—THE POOR TEMPERANCE COLONEL COMPELLED TO COME TO TERMS.—PETERBOROUGH.—THE OTONABEE RIVER.— DESCRIPTION OF THE WESTERN OR BACK LAKES.— SAD FATE OF A CLERGYMAN.—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY.— LOVE-SICK LAKE. — INDIAN LOVER. — KATHARINE O'DONOHUE'S DISDAIN. — STONY LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.—CLEAR LAKE.—PROGRESS OF PETERBOROUGH.

Our settlements in the back country, after the Irish emigration under the Hon. Peter Robinson, and the Wiltshire emigrants, located in the township of Dummer, under the superintendance of Lieutenant Rubige, began to increase rapidly. Peterborough soon doubled its population: churches, mills, and taverns were erected, and two small steamers, the Pemedash and Northumberland, plied daily on the waters of the Otonabee, between Rice Lake and Peterborough. It was soon found necessary, from the growing importance of the back country, to divide the district

which had hitherto been known as the Newcastle district. When this division took place, the new district was called after our late excellent governor, Sir John Colborne.

To meet the wants of the new district, a court-house and jail were built on a fine rising ground, overlooking the waters of the Otonabee and the town of Peterborough. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the situation, which commands an extensive prospect on all sides. This edifice is built of stone, and cost upwards of eight thousand pounds, which speaks well for the prosperity of the district.

Numbers of small villages have arisen in the different townships, the principal of which are Lindsay in the township of Ops Keane, in Otonabee, Metcalfe in Emily, Norwood in Asphodel, and Warsaw in Dummer.

A town-plot has lately been surveyed, within half-a-mile of my house, to which the name of Lakefield has been given. As it is situated on one of the finest mill-powers on the Otonabee river, at the head of the rapids, it may become a place of some importance, especially as a bridge must ultimately be thrown across the river at this place, to connect the townships of Smith and Douro. At present the town is only in its infancy,

consisting of a saw-will and a few scattered houses. Through the benevolence of my Christian friends in England, I have been able to collect as much money as I hope will build the walls of a church, sufficiently large to accommodate the Christian population of the settlement, which, I hope, will supply the spiritual wants of the village, and become a general blessing to the neighbourhood.

Formerly, there used to be a bridge over the river at this spot, which was raised by public subscription. This was, however, unfortunately destroyed, some years ago, by a large raft of square timber, striking the abutments during an unusually high spring-flood, which carried all before it.

Some years before this bridge was erected, Colonel B——, a gentleman with whom the reader is already acquainted, having heard a great deal of the beauty and capability of this part of the country, and being offered a quantity of land very cheap by an old U. E. Loyalist, was induced by the proprietor to go with him to examine the location. Colonel B——, who was an old man and had a large family to provide for, thinking he might find something to suit them here, immediately consented to accompany the owner to view this *terra incognita.*

Now, it happened that the proprietor, whose name was Bates, was a blacksmith by trade, and a great drinker by inclination: the colonel, on the contrary, was a strong advocate for temperance and temperance societies.

As they had a long bush-road before them, Bates proposed the expediency of carrying a pocket-pistol with them, to refresh them on the way. To this not unreasonable proposition the colonel would not listen, and the poor blacksmith, being out of funds, was compelled to submit to his enforced abstinence, vowing, however, in his own mind, that he would take the change out of the colonel before he had done with him.

They left Peterborough on horseback, and took the newly-cut out river-road, through the township of Smith, which they followed to its termination at John Nelson's clearing, within one mile of the falls at Lakefield, then known by the name of Nelson's Falls, where they left their horses, and proceeded on foot through the woods, by a path beaten by the settlers on their fishing excursions to the falls.

On their arrival at the river, they found that there was no boat or canoe to be obtained, and they had no axe to make a raft, or any means of crossing, unless they could find a ford. This

they succeeded in discovering, half-a-mile further up the stream, at the commencement of the Nine Mile rapids. The river in this place is very wide, running swiftly over a bed of limestone, as level as a floor, being at low water not more than knee-deep. Here Bates proposed that they should cross by wading. The colonel, however, who had only just recovered from a violent attack of intermittent fever, durst not attempt the passage.

The blacksmith then volunteered to carry him over on his back. The colonel demurred for some time, being afraid his steed would fall, or get tired, for the distance across was nearly two hundred yards, and he feared it would be too much for his strength.

The blacksmith, however, overcame all the colonel's scruples, by declaring himself quite capable of conveying him over; so he yielded, and Bates boldly commenced the passage with the colonel mounted on his back. All went on well till they reached the deepest part of the ford, when Bates began roguishly to complain of the colonel's weight, and the following dialogue ensued :—

"I am afraid, your honour, I shall never be able to carry you over; the current is so strong, and the water deepening at every step."

"For heaven's sake, don't put me down," exclaimed the colonel; "if I get wet it will prove my death."

"It is quite impossible, sir, to go any further," coolly remarked Bates, purposely stumbling, to the great consternation of the colonel.

"Oh, my good fellow, pray mind your footing, or we shall both be down. Cannot you turn round, and go back?" coaxingly urged the rider to his refractory steed.

"I guess not, mister: if I attempt to turn, I shall be swept off my feet by the current, and you would get a taste of the drink to a certainty," rejoined the human horse, adding, "If you han't been so tarnal stiff about the grog, I should have felt as strong as a lion, and could have swum with ye like a duck."

"My good fellow, if you will only get me safe across, I will give you anything in reason."

"Well, colonel, if you will solemnly promise to treat to a gallon of whiskey on our return to Peterborough, I'll do my best to put you safe across and back again," quoth the steed, with a knowing grin, as he turned his head over his shoulder, to observe how his rider took his broad hint.

The colonel groaned.

"It 's against my principles to give whiskey, you know."

"And it 's equally against mine to go on without," replied the incorrigible toper. "Come, you had better be smart, for you are main heavy, and I am afraid I shall drop you:"—here he gave another lurch.

"Hold on," said the colonel. "I will agree to give you the whiskey;" for bad as a restiff steed might be on land, he considered such an animal far worse in the water.

"On your honour, colonel?"

"On my honour, Mr. Bates!"

The steed, who had thus struck for wages in the midst of the swift-flowing Otonabee, as soon as the necessary preliminaries were settled, became tractable, and bore his terrified rider safely to the shore.

On their return to Peterborough, the colonel honourably paid his debt, to the great satisfaction of Bates, who used often to tell the story as a good joke against my friend. Some time afterwards he sold the land for a very small sum, to the Hon. Zacheus Burnham, the present proprietor, who has laid out the town-plot of Lakefield on the adjoining lot, which property has now become very valuable.

The navigation of the upper lakes commences here, interrupted only by a few short portages. Since it may be interesting to my readers, I shall attempt a short description of this chain of lakes, and the resources of the country through which they flow.

Peterborough is situated at the foot of the first rapids which interrupt the navigation of the Otonabee river. Its future size and prosperity depend not so much on the immediate surrounding country, as upon the timber, mineral, and agricultural resources of the valley of the Otonabee, which is as yet only partially settled. The Otonabee takes its rise out of a small lake, the Indian name of which is Kaskquashibioh. This lake is on the dividing ridge between the waters flowing eastward into the Ottowa, westward into the Huron and Simcoe, and southward into Lake Ontario. For the first hundred miles from its source to Balsam Lake, it flows through an unsurveyed country. Little, therefore, is known of the quality of the land, or its mineral productions, except what can be gathered from the report of Indian traders, who seldom or ever leave the course of the river. From diligent inquiry among these people, and from the report of a friend of mine who had been many miles above Balsam Lake on

a trapping expedition, I understand that fine groves of red and white pine are abundant, and that some tracts of good land are to be found near Gull and Lune Lakes. It is generally believed that mineral wealth abounds in this district. I have seen some fine specimens of silver and copper ore, said to have been found in this part of the country.

The river enters the surveyed lands between the townships of Sommerville and Bexley, lying on either side of Balsam Lake, a fine sheet of water abounding in fish. The lands of these townships are not generally good, though some portions of them might be settled : there is however, a great deal of valuable timber which will be available in a few years. Bexley is the smallest and most remote township in the County of Peterborough. Following the course of the lake downwards, the next township on the western shore is Fenelon, the land of which, in the immediate vicinity of the lake, is of an indifferent quality, with the exception of South Bay. This township, however, is considered tolerably good, and these parts of it are well settled. Near the east shore of Balsam Lake there is a large island containing upwards of a thousand acres, which is the site of a small Indian village of the Missis-

sauga tribe. The Indians do not, however, appear to like their location, for many have deserted it for the more prosperous villages of Chemong and Rice Lake.

From the head of Balsam Lake to the foot of Kawchewahnoonk Lake, a distance of upwards of eighty miles, the river spreads into a surface, forming a number of beautiful lakes, varying from one mile to six in breadth, connected together by narrow straits, called portages, the principal of which are Cameron or Fenelon Falls between Cameron and Sturgeon Lakes, Bobcadgeon between Sturgeon and Pigeon Lakes, Buckhorn and Deer Bay Rapids and the Burleigh Falls. These lakes, or expansions of the Otanabee, water the townships of Verulam, Harvey, Ennismore, Smith, Burleigh, Methuen, Dummer and Douro. The land of several of these townships is of excellent quality, and all are rich in timber and building-stone. Those townships lying on the granite range, viz., Methuen, Burleigh, Harvey, and Sommerville, are known to contain iron ore : fine specimens of copper, silver, and plumbago have also been found. Little of these latter townships is known ; for, with the exception of the settlement on Sandy Lake, in the township of Harvey, which I alluded to in a former chapter, no emigrant has as yet

ventured to locate himself in these, comparatively speaking, unknown regions.

This, however, will soon cease to be the case; for already the lumbermen, the hardy pioneers of the more remote townships, are making preparations to commence the work of destruction upon the noble pine forests of Burleigh and Methuen, Messrs. Gilmour and Co. having purchased large tracts of these lands from government solely for the sake of the timber. In another year the sound of three hundred axes will waken the slumbering echoes of the rocky glen and wood-crowned height, where the foot of the white man never trod before.

The first portage, as I before mentioned, occurs between Cameron and Sturgeon Lakes. The river, which is here about eighty yards in width, is precipitated over a lime-stone rock, nearly in the form of a horse-shoe, twenty-six feet in height. Before the construction of the locks and dam at Bobcadgeon, it was said that a person could walk across the river behind the curtain of the falls. Raising the water has destroyed this curious and natural bridge, and taken some feet from the perpendicular height of the falls.

That enterprising and much esteemed gentleman, James Wallis, Esq., of Peterborough, laid out

a village, and built grist and saw-mills at this beautiful and romantic spot, where a small church of the Establishment has also been erected, principally owing to the exertions of Messrs. Wallis, Langton, and Dansford, aided by a number of old country gentlemen, settled along the beautiful shores of Sturgeon Lake.

The sad fate of their first minister, the Rev.— Fiddler, threw a sad gloom over the settlement. It appears that the reverend gentleman with two other persons, were endeavouring to bring a large boat into the mill-race above the falls, when from bad management and the height of the river at the time, they missed the mouth of the race, and were precipitated over a dam six feet in height, and then over the main fall into the raging abyss below, where their boat was dashed to pieces, and all three perished.

Sturgeon Lake is a fine sheet of water twelve or thirteen miles in length. Its name is not derived from the quantity of fish of that species it contains—for it has none—but from a supposed resemblance in form to the sturgeon. The river Scugog empties its waters into this lake and several minor streams. The land is of an average quality: the shores are pretty, and rise gradually from the water's edge to a considerable

elevation. This section of the country is at present but thinly settled.

A narrow strait connects Sturgeon with Pigeon Lake. On an island between these lakes, a dam and locks have been constructed at a considerable cost; but like several other government jobs of the same kind, they have been badly planned and worse executed.

As a proof of this, I need only mention that in excavating the canal and lock at Bobcadgeon Rapids, the best of building-stone was thrown on one side, and the lock built of timber; and it is so ill-constructed that the gates will neither open nor shut, consequently it is useless to the public. The best constructed lock and dam in the county is that at Whitlow's Rapids, a mile below Peterborough. But though no fault can be found with the workmanship and material, yet the entrance to the lock is planned so badly, that during high water even steamers run the greatest risk of being swept over the dam by the force of the current, a misfortune that actually occurred twice to the Forester steamboat, which on the last occasion sustained considerable damage.

Pigeon Lake is a considerable expanse of water, though less picturesque than any other of the chain. The small township of Ennismore, chiefly

settled by southern Irish, located by the late Hon. Peter Robinson, lies to the south, and the uninhabited township of Harvey on the north. I say uninhabited township; for there are at present only two families residing in it, one at Buckhorn Mills, and the other near Sandy Lake, about five miles apart. This township abounds in valuable groves of pine timber, and, judging from the face of the country, is no doubt rich in mineral wealth.

The shores of Pigeon Lake are for the most part swampy, especially at the mouth of Pigeon Creek. The drowned land has been caused mostly by the construction of the Government dam at Buckhorn Rapids, which has flooded some thousand acres of the low lands, on the borders of the lake.

Buckhorn Lake is a mere continuation of Mud or Chemong Lake, being one of the prongs—as the Indians say of the horn—Deer Bay being the opposite one. The populous and excellent township of Smith forms a long peninsula between the waters of Chemong Lake and the river Otonabee. The Buckhorn saw mills and the Government dam are constructed nearly in the centre of the Buckhorn Lake, where the waters are suddenly contracted within rocky banks scarcely a hundred paces from shore to shore. Over this spot an

excellent bridge has been built, connecting the townships of Harvey and Smith. The Government dam at this place raises the water of Upper Buckhorn, Chemong and Pigeon Lakes to the lock at Bobcadgeon sufficiently for the purposes of navigation.

Below the Buckhorn mills the real beauty of this chain of lakes begins. Rapids, waterfalls, islands, rocky promontories and many other fine features make them and Stony Lake the resort of the lovers of the picturesque, and picnic parties in these localities are very frequent.

Lower Buckhorn, Deer Bay, and Love-sick Lake resemble each other in scenery. In fact, for several miles the limestone and granite formations range side by side, as clearly defined as if a line were drawn to separate them.

To the right bold cliffs of limestone rise, having their summits crowned with hard-wood and pine, which lift their umbrageous heads, tree above tree, in almost endless succession. To the left, rough pinnacles of moss-covered granite are seen above the pine-covered heights. The surface of the lake is thickly dotted with islands of red granite, some of which are bare red rock mixed with veins of pure quartz, with here and there a red cedar growing in their deep fissures. Others

again are richly clothed to their summits with oak, pine, and maple.

In the autumn the scene is varied by the prospect of fine fields of wild rice, over which clouds of wild fowl are continually hovering. The entrance of Deer Bay, a fine sheet of clear water, is about a mile in width, where it joins Buckhorn Lake, from which it is separated merely by a range of small rocky islands, some of which are well-wooded, whilst others are bare. On either side the entrance of Deer Bay, a bold promontory stands boldly out into the waters of the Buckhorn. These promontories are beautifully adorned with various descriptions of timber from the water's edge. Cliffs, nearly three hundred feet in almost perpendicular height, fairly encircle Deer Bay, excepting at the upper end, where a small stream enters the lake. This precipitous range of limestone continues on the right shore to a short portage called the Deer Bay Rapid, when the limestone formation ceases, and is superseded by granite.

The foot of the upper promontory at the entrance of Deer Bay is the favourite camping-ground of the various hunting and fishing parties who, every fall, resort to these beautiful lakes to enjoy a few days' good sport, or to roam at will

over the delightful islands which everywhere attract the lover of natural scenery. Directly across the lake opposite to the camping-ground, a fine stream of water debouches into the lake. This little river is called Deer Bay creek. About half a mile up this river there is a singular pool surrounded on every side by high granite rocks covered with moss, and clothed with red pines and cedars. On the north side of this basin the river forces its way through a narrow chasm in the rock, plunging its impetuous waters over a ledge of black-looking granite into the pool below, whose surface is continually agitated by the descending torrent. A corresponding fissure on the opposite side releases the imprisoned waters which for several hundred yards flow down the rocky descent into the more placid waters of the Buckhorn.

One of my most favourite places of resort was the rocky moss-covered height, directly above the dark eddying pool I have just described, where, hid from observation, I used to ensconce myself, book in hand, with my trusty double-barrelled gun by my side. Here I have watched for hours flock after flock of the bright-plumed wood-ducks, as they swam up and down the eddy, perfectly unconscious of their danger. Waiting till a suffi-

cient number had collected, I then gave them the contents of both barrels, one while sitting, and the other as they rose from the pool: in this manner I used to kill great numbers. This spot is a favourite haunt of the wood-ducks, who love the solitudes of the quiet pool and wood-em-bowered stream.

The portage of the Deer Bay Rapids connects the foot of the Buckhorn with Love-sick Lake. I think I hear my female readers exclaim, "Oh! what a strange name! surely there must be some story connected with it." And so there is; and the tale shall be related for the benefit of my fair readers, just as I have heard it.

Some few years ago (for the name is of modern origin) a handsome black-eyed Indian, Richard Fawn, fell desperately in love with a blue-eyed maiden from the Emerald Isle. But Katharine O'Donohue smiled not upon the passion of the red man, the true lord of the soil. It was in vain that he sought her love in the most approved form of Indian courtship. She had no mind to be the inmate of his wigwam, or the manufacturess of mocassins, baskets and brooms. Poor Richard was disconsolate, and retired from the presence of his hard-hearted love—his Irish Barbara Allen—in despair.

Nothing more was heard of our love-sick swain for several days, when at last he was discovered by some of his friends on an island in this lake, nearly dead from hunger and grief. Poor Richard, finding his Irish love remained insensible, gave up his resolution of dying for her, and allowed himself to be comforted by his friends, who, to commemorate his despairing sojourn on the island, called the lake on which it was situated, Love-sick Lake, which name it has ever since retained.

The portage at Deer Bay Rapid is very pretty, and one of the best places for duck-shooting on the lakes. In the fall of the year, and on a windy day, the ducks fly through this pass continually. The sportsman may load and fire as quickly as he pleases. In the evening, when the night-flight commences, it is astonishing to see the number of wild fowl passing this spot on their way from Stony Lake to the great rice-beds at the entrance of Deer Bay and the Buckhorn Lake.

Some sportsmen use mock decoy-ducks made of wood, hollowed out and painted to represent different kinds of wild fowl. The proper way to manage the decoys is to fasten a short piece of cord from one to the other, and a long string from the foremost decoy with a stone tied to the end by way of an anchor. The decoys should be

anchored in the stream either at the head or foot of a rapid where flocks of ducks are in the habit of alighting. When the decoys are moved, they should swim about a foot apart from each other, and the agitation of the water will make them bob up and down as naturally as possible, so that any person, unless previously told, would mistake them for real ducks.

Flocks of wild fowl flying over these decoys are deceived, and alight beside them when the sportsman, who is hid opposite, is generally able to get a double shot. This is a very good plan where fowl are plentiful, particularly late in the autumn, when the fall and winter ducks make their appearance in immense flocks. The township of Harvey and part of Burleigh lie on the north side of Buckhorn, and Love-sick Lake and Smith Town on the south. Love-sick Lake is a small sheet of water about two miles square; there are probably from twenty to thirty small islands scattered on its bosom. In Deer Bay and Buckhorn there must be upwards of a hundred, some of which contain several acres of land on their surface, whilst others are composed of masses of granite in every imaginable shape and form. I forgot to mention that a mile or so above our old camping-ground on the south shore of Buckhorn

there is a curious petrifying spring, now called the Victoria spring. It is very copious, and rushes out of the limestone rock at least a hundred feet above the lake. Every substance it touches in its course is covered with a coat of lime: branches of trees, sticks and moss are speedily converted into stone, or rather thickly encased in lime. The water is the coldest I ever drank, even in the heat of summer. Under the cedars which border the stream, the air is quite chilling, and not a musquito or black fly is to be seen within some yards of the brook. Where the creek runs into the lake, and for some distance from the shore, the bottom is white with the lime deposits. As soon as Love-sick Lake is crossed, you enter a wide river-channel full of granite islands. Following the course of the stream, you come to the Upper Stony Lake portage, where a fall of five or six feet occurs across both channels of the river, which is here divided by a small island, over which the canoes must be carried for a distance of about thirty yards. Two hundred yards below this portage a second perpendicular fall and portage similar to the last occurs—with this difference, that the island is much higher and the portage much longer. The third and final portage is about the same distance

as the last: here the canoes must be again carried over a high granite rock to the shores of Stony Lake to avoid the Burleigh Falls, twenty-six feet in height. From the summit of this portage-rock a delightful view is obtained of Stony Lake, with its thousand islands, wooded hills and rugged rocks. To the west are the rapids and cascades you have just passed. On the left you hear the roar of the Great Burleigh or Peninsula Falls; to the right, the Little Burleigh plunges its broken waters into the deep lake beneath.

The Burleigh Falls are well worth seeing. The Otonabee here forces a passage by four narrow channels through a barrier of granite, which skirts the western shores of Stony or Salmon-Trout Lake. Two thirds of the waters of the Otonabee are forced through the narrow chasm of the Great Burleigh, by a descent of twenty-six feet into the deep blue waters of the bay, which, during the spring and fall floods, cause a heavy swell on the lake in the immediate vicinity of the falls. So many eddies and whirlpools are formed in the bay, by the descending torrent, as to make the navigation dangerous for the passing canoe without a skilful steersman.

Viewed from Stony Lake, the landscape is one of remarkable beauty. The four cascades foaming

and tumbling into the bay through the lofty walls of granite, overarched by the rich foliage of the dwarf oak, the more lofty pine, and the gnarled branches of the red cedar, whose roots are seen firmly fixed in the deep fissures of the overhanging rocks, present a picture whose varied features are not easily described.

The best fishing in Stony Lake is to be found at the foot of these water-falls, especially in the month of October, when vast quantities of fine salmon-trout are caught by the trolling-line, and bass-bait, maskonongé, black-bass, and white-fish also abound, besides many other varieties.

I encamped on an island near the Great Burleigh for a few days in October 1849, when, one morning, between breakfast- and dinner-time, my two eldest sons and myself caught, with our trolling-lines, thirty-five salmon-trout, eight maskinongé, and several large lake bass, the total weight of which amounted to 473 pounds.

The black-bass, which is a very delicious fish, not unlike the sole in flavour, can be taken readily with the rod and line or by trolling. The best kinds of ground-bait are worms, crawfish, gallinippers, a small green frog, or a minnow; for trolling, a mouse made of musk rat-fur, a red and white rag, or the skin of the head and neck

of the red-headed woodpecker. The black-bass bites freely, and weighs from one pound to four; the lake bass from three to seven.

Stony Lake, including Clear Lake, which is only separated from it by a range of lofty granite islands, is, from east to west, twenty miles in length, by an average breadth of two miles and a half. Besides several deep bays, it indents the shores of Burleigh, and one of large extent on the Dummer side, called Gilchrist's Bay, from the upper end of which a short canal has been cut through a ridge of rocks, into White Lake, to increase the waters of the Indian River, for the benefit of mill-owners in Dummer, Douro, and Otonabee.

About a mile and a quarter from Burleigh Rapids, is a precipitous rock, upwards of two hundred feet above the lake. Nearly at the foot of this rock, and elevated between sixty and seventy feet above Stony Lake, is a small sheet of water, containing about fifty acres, called by the Indians Deer Lake. Three years ago a pic-nic party encamped on the borders of this lake, when the ladies, delighted with its lovely situation and singular beauty, gave it the name of Fairy Lake, which it has ever since retained.

From the circumstance of its level being so

much higher than the waters of Stony Lake, from which it is only separated by a granite cliff not more than one hundred and fifty paces broad, and from its being surrounded on every side by high rocks of the most fantastic shapes, I conclude it to be of plutonic origin. It resembles, indeed, the crater of some extinct volcano, only that I have not detected lava or scoriæ in its vicinity. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the whole granite formation of the shores and islands of Lower Buckhorn, Love-sick, and Stony Lakes, has been under the influence of subterranean fires, and has been torn and scattered by tremendous earthquakes. My reason for supposing this is, that I observed, when sailing through some of the narrow channels between the islands of these lakes, the formation was so exact, that had it been possible to have brought the opposite cliffs together, they would have fitted each other, which makes me conclude that they must, some time or another, have been rent asunder by the agency of some terrific convulsion of nature.

Stony Lake is seen to the best advantage from the top of Hurricane Point, and Eagle Mount :— it is difficult to say which is the more beautiful. Eagle Mount is the highest point of an island nearly in the centre of the lake, containing, pro-

bably, an area of thirty acres. The landing-place is on the north side, where the rock slopes gently to the water's edge. Some parts of this island are finely wooded, whilst others display bare rock, only covered in places with moss. The south side of the island is very precipitous, and, I should think, nearly four hundred feet above the lake. From the highest pinnacle, called Eagle Mount, the view is, beyond all comparison, the finest I ever saw. The whole expanse of Stony Lake, with its many hundred islands, the bold richly-wooded shores of Burleigh, Methuen, and Dummer, and the glittering waters of Clear Lake, are all spread, like a map, before you. In the fall of the year, when the woods have assumed their gorgeous livery, nothing can exceed the magnificence of the scenery.

I have now described the main western waters of the Otonabee. From the eastward, Stony Lake receives two considerable streams, Eel's Creek and Jack's Creek. The former rises in the unsurveyed lands, nearly one hundred miles to the north of Stony Lake. It is an impetuous stream, full of rapids and waterfalls, and half a mile from its mouth the navigation is interrupted by a succession of cascades. A mile further up, Jack's Creek empties its waters into the lake by a

splendid fall of at least twenty feet in descent. This creek takes its rise out of a large sheet of water, called Jack's Lake. The Indians have a portage ten miles long, from the waters of Stony Lake to Jack's. About midway between the two, there is a very high hill, supposed to be the loftiest land in the county, being little less than a thousand feet above the waters of the lake. From the summit of this mountain nine lakes can be seen, and a sea of woods, only bounded by the horizon. All this part of the country is still unsettled, and little is known of its capabilities for settlement.

Report speaks indifferently of the lands in this section of the county; however, extensive groves of red and white pine, are known to exist, and vast quantities of iron ore, particularly in Marmora and Belmont. I have seen some fine specimens of copper from the latter township. My brother-in-law, Mr. John Reid, the county engineer, assured me, that when running lines in Belmont, he often was obliged to use pickets instead of his compass, on account of the local attraction of vast masses of subterranean iron, which he almost everywhere met with.

Gentlemen who are travelling through Canada, either for pleasure or information, should certainly

visit this chain of lakes, and I will venture to say they will be highly gratified, particularly if they select the latter end of September for their excursion, for at that season of the year the weather is generally fine, the foliage of the trees being dressed in their brightest hues. Fish and game are plentiful, and the temperature is delightful.

Clear Lake, as I before observed, is only parted from Stony Lake by a line of granite islands, after passing which the limestone recommences, and with it the good land and the settlements. Smith bounds Clear Lake to the south-west, and Douro to the north-east, for a distance of five miles. This is a fine sheet of water, without an island or rice-bed on its surface. The shores are bold and thickly wooded, the only natural curiosity being the battery, a high limestone terrace, or indeed a succession of natural terraces, on the Douro side and near the foot of the lake. Viewed from the water, it presents the appearance of a well-laid wall of masonry, composed of layers of stone varying from ten inches to thirty, which are as straight as if they had been cut with the chisel. I should think this vast quarry of grey limestone exceeds eighty feet in perpendicular height, and better building-stone cannot be found.

A river, or strait, half a mile in length, connects Clear Lake with Kawchewahnoonk Lake. The first dam across the river since leaving Buckhorn Mills occurs here, which has raised the waters of Clear and Stony Lakes at least five feet above their ordinary level. A saw and grist mill has been built on this spot by Messrs. Patrick and Matthew Young.

Below the Mills the river again spreads its waters into a narrow lake, seldom exceeding three quarters of a mile in width, studded here and there with pretty islands richly wooded. The settlements become more frequent as you advance: rafts of timber destined for Quebec, sawn lumber for New York, the skiff and the canoe, enliven the scene, and prove that you are once more within the pale of civilization and the haunts of the white man. This lake, or expansion of the river, is called by the Indians Kawchewahnoonk. At the foot of this lake, and just where the Nine Mile rapids commence, my farm is situated.

Seven years ago, immediately below my farm, my brother-in-law and myself constructed a dam across the Otonabee river, opposite the village of Lakefield. We built it on a new principle, and were our own engineers. The work has stood the spring-floods well, although the river is subject to

a perpendicular rise of six feet. A few yards below the dam, we erected a saw-mill, which is in full operation, and is calculated to cut logs from one foot to four in diameter, and up to twenty-six feet in length.

The river from Lakefield is only navigable for rafts and lumber, though sometimes a bark canoe, or skiff, ventures to run the rapids; but no person should attempt it, unless he is acquainted with the river, and a good canoeman. The distance to Peterborough is about nine miles, and the fall in the river, according to Beard and Rubidge's survey, one hundred and forty-seven feet. There are dams across the Otonabee, within half a mile of one another above Peterborough, for mill-purposes. At Peterborough the rapids cease, and two steamers ply daily from thence to Gore's, landing on Rice Lake.

I have endeavoured to show, by tracing the waters of the Otonabee from their source to the Rice Lake, that the town of Peterborough from its situation must be the outlet of all the produce of this vast rear-country, and that the lumbering trade alone must add greatly to its prosperity. Last year, upwards of one million feet of square timber passed through Peterborough on its way to Quebec. The principal lumber

men on these waters are Messrs. Gilmour and Co., Charles Perry and John Gilchrist, Esqs.

Peterborough already exports, yearly, a great quantity of picked boards and deals to the state of New York, and some thousand barrels of superfine flour to Montreal, and these branches of commerce are daily increasing. A railroad alone is wanting to ensure the prosperity of this thriving town, but which will doubtless follow the march of civilization in due order.

CHAPTER XV.

VISIT TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. — TRAGICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LOCALITY. — BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE. — GALLANT CONDUCT OF YOUNG BURNHAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

My active life, during the period of my engagements with the Canada Company, and the multiplicity of my avocations on my own farm, prevented me from beholding the grandest object not only in the Canadas, but on the whole earth. In fact, I wanted to see what water could do in the exemplification of the finest cataract in the world, where it is certain that the hand of the Omnipotent has produced one of the noblest works of creative power.

Business having called me to Toronto, I determined, before returning home, to visit the celebrated Falls of Niagara. Accordingly, I took my passage in the Magnet steamer, and landed at the town of Niagara in time for the stage. The morning had been fine, but towards night a drizzling rain commenced, which continued without intermission till daylight the next morning. Luckily,

the stage was a covered one, and my fellow-travellers were two clever intelligent persons, bound on the same errand as myself. One of them was an English gentleman, who had come the whole distance from his native land purposely to see the Falls: his companion was an officer on leave from his regiment quartered at Halifax. Of course we could talk of nothing else but the great Niagara, whose mighty thunderings we could distinctly hear in the distance.

The night was excessively dark: not a breath of wind stirred the chestnut and hickory trees which skirted the road; not a sound broke the stillness of the night, save the sullen roar of the cataract. Owing to the darkness of the night we did not expect to see the Falls before daylight the next morning. Judge then of our surprise and pleasure when the sudden turn of the road revealed to our astonished gaze "The thunder of waters," as the word "Niagara" signifies in the Indian tongue.

The first sight of the falling sheet of water I shall never forget. The milky whiteness of the cataract contrasted so strongly with the surrounding darkness, that it became distinctly visible, so that the Falls did not appear a hundred yards from us, when in reality we were then more than half a mile distant from them.

We put up at the Pavilion Hotel, within a few yards of the table-rock—indeed, one of the garden-walks opened upon it. This magnificent hotel, one of the largest in Canada, was burnt to the ground shortly after I quitted its roof. Being unacquainted with the locality, I did not deem it prudent to venture near the edge of the precipice upon so dark a night; accordingly, being rather fatigued, I retired early to rest, determining to rise early and make the most of my time during the following day, as I was unable to prolong my visit.

I therefore went to bed, but not to sleep, for the incessant thunder of the Falls, and the shaking of the windows and doors by the concussion of the air, made that impossible. Long before sunrise I had taken my station on the table-rock, lost in admiration of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. Looking up the river, sheets of foam, tumbling cascades, and white-crested breakers, hurrying onwards—ever onwards—to the vast cauldron below, meet the eye of the spectator, filling his mind with astonishment and awe. But what is this to the scene beneath the great curtain of green waters, falling—ever falling—wave upon wave in endless succession, till time shall be no more!

Misty clouds rise from the boiling deep, while

bright rainbows span the river. The more we gaze the more grand and magnificent does the scene appear. Who can behold the mighty Niagara and say "there is no God," or forget Him "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

The height of the Falls has been variously estimated: recent accounts make the perpendicular, Canadian, or Great Horse-shoe Fall, 157 feet; and that on the American side 161 feet. The width of the great Fall from Goat Island to the Canadian shore is 1,200 feet in a straight line. By following the curve made by the Falls the breadth is about a third more.

Goat Island divides the Horse-shoe from the American fall, which is 600 feet wide. Over this channel the Americans have constructed a bridge which connects Goat Island with the American shore. There is a third cataract, called the Scoloper Fall, which does not exceed 100 feet in width: it divides Goat Island, over which also a bridge has been erected. The total width of the cataracts, including Goat Island and following the edge of the precipice, will be little less than three quarters of a mile.

Close to the Canadian shore the rock over which the waters of the Great Fall are precipitated, considerably overhangs its base ; consequently, the curtain of the descending waters is thrown some distance from the foot of the rock, forming a sort of cavern, which has often been explored by the adventurous as far as Termination Rock, a distance, I was told, of 120 feet. This cavity receives its only light through the mighty mass of water descending in front, which appears brilliantly green. The effect of this, I am assured, is very beautiful.

Crossing the ferry, near the Clifden Hotel, a steep flight of stairs conducts you to the upper edge of the American Fall. Following the course of the river upwards for a short distance, you cross the bridge to Goat Island, a beautiful spot covered with fine trees, which have been judiciously thinned, and walks have been made to the best points from which the river and Falls may be viewed to the greatest advantage.

All the smooth-barked trees on this island are carved with the names of visitors to the Falls, as high from the ground as a person can reach, amounting to many thousands. The effect is very curious.

The views from many parts of Goat Island are excessively fine. I give the preference to that look-

ing upwards from the head of the island. Some prefer the prospect from the tower, which is built on a rock some 50 or 60 feet from the north shore of the island, nearly on the edge of the great Fall. To gain the tower the adventurer must cross planks thrown from rock to rock, between which the water rushes with impetuous haste to take the final leap.

From the top of this tower you see the river for a mile above you, covered with white-crested breakers. At your very feet the heavy mass of waters descends into the abyss below with a mighty roar, which makes the very rocks tremble beneath your feet. Two or three years since a suspension-bridge was thrown across the river a short distance below the Falls. I have been informed that the view from this bridge is unequalled. When the wind is blowing in a right direction, the thunder of the cataract can be heard at a great distance. I have myself heard it at Niagara, a distance of twelve miles. The spray or vapour from this immense body of falling water, when the sun is shining and the atmosphere clear, can be seen at a vast distance. I have seen it distinctly from the highlands ten miles east of Toronto. The distance, in a straight line across the lake, could not be less than 60 miles. It ap-

peared in the distance, from the reflection of the sun, like a pillar of fire.*

The Falls of Niagara, besides their natural interest, possess a remarkable political one, for they form a part of the barrier between the rival dominions of two vast nations, which the magnificent arm of Omnipotence has planted; for the Niagara river forms the boundary line between Canada West and the United States, and the Americans claim their portion in this stupendous miracle of nature.

Niagara has its recollections, its records, its tragedies. Twenty Indians† plunged into its raging vortex to escape the tortures of their

* "The accumulated waters flowing from four mighty lakes and all their tributaries, after being for two miles agitated like a sea by rapids, come to a precipitous rock, where they pour down their whole mass in one tremendous plunge of 160 feet high. The noise, tumult, and rapidity of this falling sea, the rolling clouds of foam, the vast volumes of vapour which rise into the air, the brilliancy and variety of the tints, and the beautiful rainbows which span the abyss, the lofty banks and immense woods, which surround this wonderful scene, have been considered by experienced travellers as eclipsing every similar phenomenon. The noise resembles that caused by the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance; and is heard, and the clouds of vapours seen, at the distance or thirty or forty miles. The Fall, called the Crescent or Horse-shoe, descends in a mighty sea-green wave; the other, broken by rocks into foam, resembles a sheet of molten silver."--The Encyclopædia of Geography.

† Ottawa Indians, pursued by the Iroquois.

enemies. Hemmed in on every side, no other alternative remained but this act of desperation. One survived the daring plunge, the remaining nineteen escaped death in a more agonizing form.

In the last American War the environs of the Falls were the scene of a sanguinary engagement,* when the thunders of battle were mingled with the thunders of the waters† in one vast magnificent chorus.

The destruction of the Caroline was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever witnessed, to which the anticipated political results must have given additional interest, though fortunately they did not follow in the shape of war. Those who saw the flaming ship illuminating the country and lighting up the Falls, over which the irresistible force of one of the greatest powers of nature was impelling her, describe the scene as one of unequalled sublimity. The night was intensely dark, yet every surrounding object was distinctly visible in the wild glare caused by the "Caroline," as she rushed into the thundering abyss below.

* The Battle of Lundy's Lane.

† "The Indian name signifies the thunder of waters: it is not pronounced in the manner we are accustomed to, but thus—O-ni-au-gea-rah."—Sir F. Head.

Many accidents have occurred by canoes and boats having been carried past the mouth of the river Welland—or Chippewa Creek, as it is more commonly called. This river empties its waters into the Niagara river, at the village of Chippewa, about one mile and a half above the Great Horse-shoe Fall. A few hundred yards below the entrance to the Chippewa Creek, the waters of the Niagara river attain a fearful velocity, which continually increases as it approaches the dreadful gulf. At first it runs smoothly but swiftly, till, gathering strength and meeting rocks and inequalities in the bottom, it breaks into cascades and foaming waves, leaping and contending together in wild and indescribable confusion. The descent between the first ruffle caused by the rapids and the Great Fall is upwards of 70 feet. From the upper point of Goat Island nothing can be grander than the scene, for from thence the spectator beholds the whole mass of the descending waters, rushing downwards in full career against the rocky island, upon which he is stationed, with seeming force enough to drive islands and rocks into the boiling gulf below. Small is the chance of escape for the crew of any bark unfortunate enough to pass the friendly harbour of the Welland, few ever escaping the certain death

awaiting them at the termination of their awful voyage. It was near this spot that an incident of most exciting and overpowering interest took place last year.

Just below the harbour of the Welland, a small boat was lying moored in apparent security, when two little boys, animated by the adventurous spirit, not uncommon in creatures of their age and sex, unmoored the skiff, and getting into her launched away, awake only to the enjoyment of their voyage, and utterly unconscious of their peril. An instant previously, these infants had been seen by their mother sporting on the shore. She looked for them again, but they were gone — were hurrying to the rapids. Her cry thrilled every ear, but her wild impulse was checked; stronger arms than hers retained her firmly, and stopped the despairing effort of maternal love, which prompted her to save her children or perish with them. Her screams vibrated many a manly heart, but the endeavour seemed too utterly hopeless even for pity to attempt or courage to achieve. One young gallant breast was more compassionate, or more brave. He believed that the innocent, unconscious children could be rescued. His humanity nerved his will, but he knew that, unless he could find minds noble and

generous as his own, the effort he meditated must be made in vain. He asked for companions in his daring voyage, and he found them in two youths, like himself scarcely out of childhood, who ran with him to the shore, and, unmooring another boat, embarked together on the wild waters, and rowed with desperate strength to overtake the children before they reached the rapids. God, who had inspired the noble impulse, was with the generous three,—they gained the other boat, and as it rushed forward to destruction caught the infants and left the skiff to its fate. But though their first object was attained, they had yet to accomplish what no mortal hand had then achieved —they had to turn the bow of the boat in an oblique direction, and ascend the mighty current, which they must effect, or lose their own lives as well as those of the children whom they had just rescued from destruction. We may imagine the cool, energetic courage of Burnham and his gallant mates, and how their efforts were watched by numerous spectators from the shore, and by her eyes who had seen with wild maternal hopes and fears her children taken into the boat, and how, while all despaired, the heart of a mother hoped and prayed, and believed that God would yet save the frail ark which contained her treasures and

their generous preservers. He did hear them.—He nerved the arms of the young rowers, and well and skilfully they stemmed the current, and made the shore, bringing back the infant fugitives to the sacred sanctuary of a mother's arms. What are the blood-stained laurels of the greatest conqueror the world ever saw,—what his achievements, to the holy victory won over the rushing waters by these noble young victors in the cause of humanity!

I am sorry that I cannot remember the names of Burnham's companions. His own was familiar to me from my having formerly known his father during my residence at Goderich, and I am happy to record this touching memorial of his brave and heroic son. Nature has her own order of nobility, and this gallant trio, of which young Burnham was the leader, hold a high place in her ranks.

Among the annals of the sublime frontier of British North America, many interesting facts may be quoted—many gallant actions recited; but none of which a Briton may be so justly proud as the heroic enterprise I have just cited with genuine national pride.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REBELLION OF 1837. — MARCH TO PETERBOROUGH. — THE RELIEF OF TORONTO.—RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS TO THEIR HOMES.—INCORPORATED BATTALIONS.—MILITIA TRAINING.—BAD CONSEQUENCES OF THE REBELLION.—GOOD EFFECTS OF COUNTY COUNCILS.—TOWNSHIP COUNCILS.—MUNICIPALITIES.—NECESSITY OF RAILROADS.—LUMBER TRADE.—LUMBER SHANTIES AND LUMBER-MEN.—TIMBER-JAMBS.—TOM BURKE'S REMARKARLE ESCAPE.

I HAD been a resident in Douro about five years, when an event of vast importance in the history of Canada occurred, which threatened the dismemberment of the colony from the parent country, and involved the immersion of both Provinces in anarchy and civil war.

For several years preceding the rebellion of 1837-8, the country had been agitated by the inflammatory speeches and writings of William Lyon Mackenzie and his political coadjutors. Little danger, however, was apprehended either from them or their writings, especially by the loyal inhabitants of the counties of Northumberland and Peterborough, who were completely taken by surprise on hearing that a body of rebels,

headed by William Lyon Mackenzie, were actually in arms and on their march to invest Toronto. The fall of 1837 was the most open season I ever remember in Canada ; as a proof of which I may mention, that on the 4th of December of that year, I was working in my orchard, guiding a yoke of oxen, and holding the plough myself, for fear the young trees should be injured.

A snow-storm came on that evening about four o'clock, but I continued to work till dark in spite of the snow, for I was anxious to finish the job before the ground closed. I was just unyoking my oxen, when a near neighbour of mine, Mr. James Caddy, the son of the late Colonel Caddy, of the Royal Artillery, came up to me with a printed paper, which he placed in my hands, informing me, at the same time, of the out-break of the rebellion, and that all the volunteers who could be mustered must march for Toronto as early as possible in the morning, under the command of Captain Cowel, formerly of the 1st Royals. The paper, indeed, contained the proclamation of Sir Francis Bond Head, calling upon the loyal militia of Upper Canada to assist him in putting down the rebellion.

Having made an arrangement with young Caddy to meet me at ten o'clock the same evening, I commenced immediately my preparations for the cam-

paign, by cleaning up my double-barrelled gun, and running a quantity of balls. I had little time for taking leave of my family before my young friend made his appearance, similarly equipped; and, in spite of the snow-storm and lateness of the hour, we instantly began our journey to Peterborough on foot, only halting at my father-in-law's house for a few hours' rest.

The next morning, accompanied by my brother-in-law and several other gentlemen who had joined us during the night, we attended the rendezvous and enrolled ourselves in the band of Peterborough Volunteers. At this very time I held the commission of a lieutenant in the 2d Regiment of Durham Militia; but as the distance prevented me from joining them at once, I thought it best in the meantime to march with the volunteers.

At eleven o'clock A.M., everything being in readiness, we got the order to march, which was received with the most enthusiastic cheering, both by the volunteers and the inhabitants, who escorted us out of town, bidding us "God speed in the good cause." Thus, within twenty-four hours from the reception of the Governor's proclamation did a fine body of nearly four hundred well-armed and well equipped volunteers, leave Peter-

borough to assist in putting down rebellion, and upholding the cause of legality and order.

The loyal Militia of Canada West, I fear, would have been less active, could they ever have imagined that the Rebels they were then called upon to put down, would, at the close of the Rebellion, have been compensated for the losses they had themselves occasioned. That the men who had disgraced themselves by the murder of the gallant Moodie, Hume, Wear, and Usher, were not only to be allowed to return to the country they had outraged and invaded, but to receive honour and emolument at the expense of the really loyal inhabitants,—the true bulwarks of the British Crown —was a turn of policy which it is not easy to appreciate.

Who, indeed, would have supposed, that the devoted loyalists of Upper Canada were to be trampled under foot for the sake of conciliating invaders and anarchists—men who have no real sympathy for anything truly British—who are only quiet as long as it suits their purpose; and who will,most probably, upon the first opportunity agitate for annexation to the United States of America ?

At Port Hope we were joined by the 2d battalion of the Northumberland Militia, under the

command of Colonel M'Donnell, and the 4th Northumberland, under Colonel Brown: these two battalions left Peterborough the day after the volunteers. We found several other bands of loyalists already assembled in Port Hope, which swelled our little army to upwards of a thousand men.

Many and contradictory had been the reports which reached us—every hour brought different intelligence. The first news was, that Toronto was burnt and the loyalists in full retreat; that seven thousand "patriots," as they styled themselves, were assembled at the Rush Hill to intercept the Militia marching to the relief of Toronto; and various reports of the same kind, which only served to inflame the ardour of our little band, who were anxious for the coming fray. Judge, then, of our astonishment when our Colonel received a despatch, accompanied by a proclamation from Governor Head, informing us of the action at Montgomery's Tavern—Gallows-hill, as it is generally called—and the dispersion of the rebels; thanking us, at the same time, for our loyalty and devotion, and permitting us to return to our homes and families.

Of course, the news of the dispersion of the rebels was received with great cheering along the whole line; though the well-deserved epithet of

"cowardly rascals," was freely bestowed upon Mackenzie's rabble army by men who wished to fight, yet found their services were no longer required.

On our return to Peterborough the volunteers were again in request, and received orders to march to the rear townships of Ops and Mariposa, to intimidate the disaffected in those townships, and intercept some of the rebel leaders who, it was supposed, had escaped in that direction. The country was found perfectly quiet, and the volunteers once more returned to the comforts of their homes.

On Mackenzie's occupation of Navy Island, every colonel of a Militia regiment was ordered to send up to head-quarters a draft of men, in order to form a number of incorporated battalions for active service. The men required were to be drafted by ballot, unless sufficient volunteers offered their services.

The 4th Northumberland regiment, under the command of Colonel Brown, voluntereed almost to a man. About three hundred and fifty of the youngest and most able-bodied were selected, a number considerably more than the quota required. I had just received my commission as a captain in this Militia regiment; consequently I had the command of forty-five fine fellows from my own

township of Douro. The distance from Peterborough to Toronto by the road is something like 100 miles. The roads were almost impassable, owing to the openness of the weather; indeed, there was no sleighing till the beginning of February, a circumstance almost unprecedented in a Canadian winter. Our march to Toronto occupied six days, during which nothing material occurred, with the exception of our taking charge of a few prisoners, delivered us by the magistrates, all of whom we safely lodged in Toronto jail. In the course of three weeks the greater part of our men volunteered into the Queen's Own, one of the incorporated battalions, under the command of Colonel Kingsmill, when I again returned home, but was soon after appointed to a commission in the 7th Provisional battalion, which was stationed at Peterborough, and in which I continued to serve for six months, until the battalion was disbanded in May, 1839.

The chief grievances complained of by Mackenzie and his adherents were, the domination of the family compact, the clergy reserves, and the bad management in the land-granting department — besides a long list of petty grievances. That reform was much needed there can be little doubt; but there was nothing to warrant open rebellion. Few

countries on the face of the earth had less to complain of than the Canadas—no tithes, no poor-law, no game-licenses, and a mere nominal tax for a county-rate, half of which was expended on roads and bridges, to the great benefit of the country.

In the townships the inhabitants had the privilege of nominating their town-clerk, collectors, assessors, and road-surveyors, or path-masters. The reformers were not contented with this state of things. Nothing less would satisfy them than universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and a responsible Government.

Sir Francis Bond Head has been much blamed by some for his withdrawal of the troops from Toronto in the very face of rebellion. In answer to this charge, he says "he felt perfectly satisfied that he could depend on the loyalty and courage of the Militia," and in this, at least, he was not disappointed.

It must be owned, however, that had Mackenzie marched at once boldly against Toronto, before the arrival of the Militia, the consequence might have been much more serious. I must refer my readers to Sir Francis Bond Head's account of the rebellion for his opinion, and the reasons upon which it was grounded. It is not my intention

to enter into any history of the rebellion, which has already been ably handled by the brave veteran Colonel Fitzgibbon, to whose courage and vigilance Toronto eventually owed her preservation from fire and sack. Lieutenant Colonel Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle, Royal Engineers, and Sir James Edward Alexander, have recently embodied much historical information on the war in a book entitled "Canada as it Was, Is, and May Be."

In 1847 a new Militia Bill was prepared, and passed the House of Assembly. It is very defective and will, most probably, be amended. According to the provisions of the bill, all able-bodied men, from sixteen to sixty, are compelled to enrol their names at least twenty days before general training, which all men from sixteen to forty must attend, on the twenty-eighth day of June, yearly.

The Militia regiments were then reorganized and all vacancies filled up. In the county of Peterborough, the 2nd and 4th Northumberland were united, and called the Peterborough regiment. It was composed of seven battalions, each battalion being commanded by a lieutenant-colonel.

The township of Douro and half the township of Dummer form the 2nd battalion of the Peter-

borough regiment, of which I have the honour to be major. The Militia officers receive no pay, unless called upon for actual service, when they are put on the same footing as officers of the line.

Under the present law the Militia training is apt to excite the ridicule of regular soldiers. After an hour or two of hard work, when you have at length succeeded in forming your men into line, the appearance they make would agonize a martinet. Let my military readers fancy seven or eight hundred men, of all heights and sizes from four feet six to six feet four, clad in white linen coats, black coats, blue coats, grey coats, and some, indeed, with no coats at all; while straw hats, black hats, cloth caps, Scotch caps, or the *bonnet rouge*, form their various head-coverings, and you have a slight picture of the figure and appearance of the men on a training day. However, Napoleon would have thought nothing of the dress and everything of the men, and as for our loyalty and activity they at least will pass muster.

Much good is, doubtless, effected by this general muster and enrolment. Every Militia-man knows his company and who are his officers, and his obligation to join his battalion in time of need.

It is well known with what alacrity these men turned out on the very first appearance of danger

in 1837, and how nobly they performed their duty has now become a matter of history ; those who formed the provisional battalion, at the time they were disbanded, were little inferior, indeed, in discipline, to regiments of the Line.

For a long time the Upper Province suffered from the effects of the Rebellion ; money was everywhere scarce, and the value of land much depreciated.

The formation of county councils, though much condemned at the time, must now be admitted to have done more to promote the prosperity of the country and satisfy the people, than any other measure that could have been adopted. These councils have the entire management of all local affairs connected with the county. They have the power of taxing absentee lands to a certain extent, of laying on the county-rate school-tax, and every thing connected with education, and the appointment of all county officers, with the exception of the High Sheriff, Judge of the District, Court and County Registrar.

Three years ago a considerable alteration took place in Canadian affairs by the formation of township councils. Under the new Act each township, containing a certain number of rateable inhabitants (I believe three hundred), becomes a

municipality.* The municipality consists of five councillors, who elect one of their number as chairman, and he becomes the reeve and chief magis-

* Municipal Corporations, Upper Canada.

Acts 12 Vic. cap. 81. "The Upper Canada Municipal Corporations Act of 1849, 13 and 14 Vic. cap. 64."

"The Upper Canada Municipal Corporations' Law Amendment Act of 1850," and 14 and 15 Vic. cap. 100, "The Upper Canada Municipal Corporation Law Amendment Act of 1851."

The Municipalities under these Acts have discretionary powers of taxation for promoting public improvement within their respective circuits.

There are — 1st. Township Municipalities; 2nd. County Municipalities; 3rd. Police Villages; 4th. Incorporated Villages; 5th. Incorporated Towns; 6th. Incorporated Cities.

The qualifications of Electors and Candidates are fixed by the Acts, and ascertained from the collector's rolls of the previous year.

Municipal Elections.

The elections take place in each Municipality in the first Monday in January for the choice in—

Townships or union of townships, five councillors for each. When divided into rural wards, one councillor is chosen for each of the five wards in the township or union:

Incorporated villages, five councillors for each:

Towns, three councillors for each ward;

Cities, two aldermen and two councillors for each ward.

In police villages the elections take place on the second Monday in January, for the choice of three police trustees.

Qualifications of Municipal Voters.

The qualification of voters are for—

Townships,—freeholders, and householders of the township or ward entered on the roll for rateable, real property, in their own right or that of their wives, as proprietors or tenants, and resident at the time in the township or ward:

trate for the year. If there are five hundred householders and freeholders in the township, the council may elect a deputy-reeve, who with the

Police villages,—same as for townships:

Incorporated villages,—freeholders, and householders of the village entered on the roll, for rateable real property, in their own names, or that of their wives, as proprietors or tenants to the amount of 3*l.* per annum or upwards, and resident at the time in the village. The property-qualification of village-voters may be partly freehold and partly household:

Towns,—freeholders and householders of each ward entered on the roll for rateable real property, held in their own name, or that of their wives as proprietors or tenants, to the amount of 5*l.* per annum or upwards, and resident at the time in the ward. The property qualification of town voters may consist partly of freehold and partly of leasehold:

Cities,—freeholders, and householders of the ward entered on the roll, for rateable real property, held in their own names or that of their wives as proprietors or tenants to the amount of 8*l.* per annum or upwards, and resident at the time in the ward or its liberties:

Counties,—the several township, village, and town councils in each county, choose their reeves, and deputy reeves where the population admits of it, and these form the county council.

Qualifications of Municipal Councillors.

The qualifications are as follow:—

A township councillor must be a freeholder or householder of the township or ward; seised or possessed of real property, in his own right, or that of his wife, as proprietor or tenant rated on the roll in case of a freeholder, for 100*l.* or upwards; and in case of a householder, for 200*l.* or upwards.

A police trustee must be entered on the village roll, for rateable property, in his own right or that of his wife as proprietor or tenant for 100*l.*:

Village councillor must be a freeholder or householder of the village, seised or possessed of real property, in his own right or

reeve has seats in the county council, where they represent the interests of the township municipalities.

The township councils have the appointment of all township officers for the year, the appropriation of all money-grants for roads and bridges belonging to the municipality, and they can levy rates for purposes of improvement, and can borrow money or lend, can sue and be sued, and have

that of his wife as proprietor or tenant rated on the roll, in case of a freeholder for 10*l.* per annum or upwards; and in case of a householder for 20*l.* per annum or upwards. The property qualifications of village councillors may be partly freehold and partly leasehold:

A town councillor must be a freeholder or householder of the town, seised or possessed of real property, in his own right or that of his wife as proprietor or tenant rated on the rolls of the town: in the case of a freeholder, to the amount of 20*l.* per annum or upwards, or in the case of a householder to the amount of 40*l.* per annum or upwards. The property qualification of town councillors may be partly freehold and partly leasehold.

A city alderman must be a freeholder or householder of the city, seised or possessed of real property, in his own right or the right of his wife as proprietor or tenant rated on the roll of the city. In the case of a freeholder to the amount of 40*l.* per annum, and in the case of a householder to the amount of 80*l.* per annum and upwards.

City councillor must be a freeholder or householder of the city, seised or possessed of real property in his own right or that of his wife as proprietor or tenant rated on the rolls of the city: in the case of a freeholder to the amount of 20*l.* per annum or upwards, and in the case of a householder to the amount of 40*l.* per annum and upwards.

A special qualification is attached to aldermen and councillors

the jurisdiction over all property belonging to the township. Townships may be divided into five wards, each ward returning a councillor: this, however, rests on the will of the inhabitants as to the division into wards.

In well-settled townships, or towns, the new municipal act works well, but is certainly much more expensive to the inhabitants. In my opinion, it would have been much better to have in-

generally, that each must be seised or possessed to his own use or that of his wife, of the real property for which he shall be assessed either in fee or freehold, or for a term of one year or upwards, situate within the village, or town, or city, or the liberties thereof, for which they may be the candidates respectively.

FIRST MEETINGS OF MUNICIPALITIES.

Township councils are held on the second Monday after the elections, to choose from among the councillors a town reeve; and where there are five hundred resident freeholders and householders on the collector's roll of the township a deputy town reeve for the year.

County councils are composed of reeves and deputy reeves of townships, towns, and villages in each county on the fourth Monday in January. They choose from among the reeves a county warden for the year.

A village council,—on the second Monday after the election, to choose from among the council a town reeve, and in certain cases a deputy town reeve, the same as in townships.

A town council,—on the second Monday next after the election, to choose from among the councillors a mayor for the year, also a town reeve, and where the numbers on the roll admit of it, a deputy town reeve, the same as in townships and villages. A city council,—on the second Monday after the election, to choose from among the aldermen a mayor for the year. — Scobie's "Almanack Canada West for 1852."

creased the township representation to the County-Council, instead of forming so many additional municipalities.

The lowness of the qualification (100*l.* on the assessment-roll), tempts many persons, who are totally unfit for office, to offer themselves as candidates for municipal honours. I really think a mental qualification is far more necessary ; in proof of which I need only state, that in a municipality not one hundred miles from Peterborough, two councillors were returned, one of whom could neither read nor write, whilst the other could write his name, but could not read it after it was written : surely such persons are not fit to represent the interests of a community. The sending of a few such persons to the county council, consisting of thirty or more members, would not matter much, for they would have little power to do mischief; but in a township-council, consisting of only five members, if two of them should prove to be so illiterate, it might become a serious matter. The county councils at present consist of a warden, clerk of the council, who in some county-councils is also the county-treasurer; and they also include the reeves and deputy-reeves from all the towns and townships in the county. In 1851 the Peterborough county

council contained fifteen members, of whom I had the honour to make one, having been returned as reeve for the township of Douro.

Notwithstanding some defects, the municipal councils have worked well, and have been the means of greatly increasing the prosperity of the country, chiefly by causing good leading roads and bridges to be constructed through their respective counties. The people in general have no objection to be taxed for public works, provided they have the control of the expenditure through their representatives. The erection of towns and counties into municipal corporations has done much to satisfy the people; only give them rail-roads, so that they may be able to keep pace with the Americans, and I feel confident there will be little dread of separation from the mother-country, or annexation to the United States.

The time has now arrived for the construction of rail-roads in Canada. The only question is, in what direction they should be carried. Those who live on the frontier along the shores of the great Lakes, of course think the most desirable route would be in their locality, while they who reside in the rear township, advocate the formation of a line of road from some point on the Georgian Bay,

in Lake Huron, through the back settlements to Prescot, on the St. Lawrence. The supporters of this road contend that the lumber-trade alone would support this line, besides opening a vast country for settlement; and that it would be much the shortest route for the great western trade of Huron, Michegan, and Superior. This is a vast country, and has immense resources, though hitherto our chief treasures have been locked up. For want of means of transportation, immense forests of pine and oak timber, not in the immediate vicinity of water, have been destroyed by fire, for the purpose of getting rid of what the settler considered a nuisance. Beautiful trees of the wild cherry, butternut, black walnut, and bird's-eye-maple, have shared the same fate, or have been split into rails for fencing purposes. If, however, by the construction of railroads, this valuable timber could be exported, either in log or sawn up into planks and boards, it would add greatly to the prosperity of the country, for the timber would become of more real value than the land; so that what before was nothing but a nuisance, and cost money and labour to get rid of, would become a real source of wealth.

Much might be said, with equal propriety, of the mineral wealth of the country, which at pre-

sent cannot be made available on account of the difficulty of transport.

A friend of mine, engaged very extensively in the lumber-trade, called upon me a few days before I left Canada for my long-intended visit to England. In the course of conversation he said, "should you have any opportunity of conversing with persons connected with, or interested in, the lumber-trade, you, who know so well, ought to explain to them the great loss and very wasteful manner in which the white-pine timber is prepared for exportation under the present system." As I have had little opportunity of mentioning this subject, which I consider of some importance both to the lumber-merchant and the consumer, I shall devote a portion of this chapter to the purpose of explaining it; hoping that it may meet the eye of those interested in the trade.

Under the present system, all white-pine timber intended for exportation, excepting masts and spars, is squared by gangs of lumbermen in the woods. Now, it is a well known fact, that to square a stick of pine timber, especially if it be at all tapering, a very large proportion of the clear stuff must of necessity be hewn off. For proof of this I need only adduce a fact which every saw-miller in Canada is well aware of; namely, that in white

pine, the clearest stuff and freest from knots, is that part of the timber which joins the sap-wood. In a saw-mill, the best boards are those cut on the outsides of the log, while reducing it to the square. On a saw-log, twelve feet long and three feet in diameter, at least ten good clear boards, averaging sixteen feet each, will be obtained, which, by the present system, is blocked off and left in the woods. But this calculation is under the mark; because the square timber got out for exportation is generally in very long lengths, and as the pine-tree tapers considerably, the butt-end of the tree must nearly double the diameter of the top; so that it follows, as a matter of course, that to reduce the tree to the same square, the whole length of the stick, nearly one-fourth of the timber—and that the most valuable part—is left in the forest. To obviate this difficulty, I would propose to hew the timber octagonally, instead of squaring it, as heretofore, merely cutting off the sap-wood; by which means a great saving of both timber and labour would be effected.

Nearly all the best pine has disappeared from the settled parts of the country—at least, all within a reasonable distance of water-communication. Every year the lumbermen must pene-

trate further back to obtain the necessary supplies for exportation. As no other country but Oregon can ever compete with Canada in the article of white-pine timber, and as that country is so far distant from England, Canada as yet need fear no competition from that quarter. As there is an increasing demand for sawn lumber of this description in the United States' market, white-pine will most probably maintain a price sufficiently high to warrant the lumberman penetrating into the innermost recesses of the most distant Canadian forests.

It is very different, however, with the red or Norway pine of Canada, the alteration of the duties in England having almost destroyed our commerce in that article. I give in a note below* a comparative statement of the export of lumber

* Exports of Timber from Canada, by Sea, from 1845 to 1851.

	1851.	1850.	1849.	1848.	1847.	1846.	1845.
White Pine, feet . .	15228120	13040520	11621920	10709680	9626640	14392320	15828880
Red Pine, do. . .	2774240	3586840	4076600	4865560	4466880	5206040	5182320
Oak, do. . .		1116240	1128320	879040	1806080	1742680	1307440
Elm, do. . .		1026640	1413600	1171760	1591520	1793320	1423920
Ash, do. . .		47280	66600	59630	91040	188960	207080
Birch, do. . .		180290	134120	92360	108560	147880	183360
Staves, Standard M.		1265	1324	1163	990	979	1407
Do. Puncheon M.		2792	2495	1721	1740	2203	3652
Do. Barrel . .		107	114	159	100	273	652
Deals, Pine, pieces .		2207086	2282390	2485010	3399520	2081260	Std. 3002015
Do. Spruce, do. .		614277	618881	361881		386807	527259
Tamarac, feet . . .		36600	146000	125468	1372420	771489	
Lathwood, cords . .		4423	3432	3849	4218	5007	

Scobie's "Toronto Almanack," for 1852.

during the last seven seasons, by which it will plainly appear that there is a fall in the exportations of those articles in which Norway and other countries compete with us. However, the tables of export will, fortunately for us, display a large increase in the exportation of that article which no country now produces but Canada; namely, white-pine timber.

It is both curious and amusing to visit a lumber-shanty during the season of operation, especially at the time of drawing the timber to the nearest lake or river, when the different gangs of men are all at work.

The workmen are divided into gangs. A gang of men cut down the trees, taking care to throw small trees, called bedding timbers, across the path the tree will fall, for the purpose of keeping it from freezing to the ground or endangering the edge of the workmen's axes against stones or earth. This plan has another advantage, for in the deep snow it greatly facilitates the loading of the timber. As soon as the tree is felled, a person, called a liner, rosses * and lines the tree on each side, and the axe-men cut the top of the

* Taking off the bark a few inches in width along the entire length of the trunk on the space that is to be lined, so that the black mark may be more distinctly seen by the scorers.

tree off, at the length determined on by the liner: they also square the butt-end of the stick, leaving a sort of rough tenon with a mortice-hole through it at both ends of the timber, which are made on purpose to pass the withes through when rafting them. The tree is now ready for the hewer's gang, which generally consists of the hewer and three, or at most four, axe-men, all of whom stand on the prostrate trunk of the tree, except the hewer.

One man then cuts a row of notches as deep into the side of the tree as the line-mark will allow, or nearly so, between two and three feet apart; a second splits the blocks off between the notches; and the third scores the rough surface, taking care not to cut too deep. The hewer then follows with his broad axe, and cleans off all the inequalities left by the scorers.

A second gang, similar to the first, only one axeman less, now take possession of the tree, which has been already squared on its two sides by the first gang. The tree is now turned down upon one of its hewn faces, measured off, and lined on both outside edges; and the same process is gone through, as before described, which finishes the operation of "making," as the lumber men term squaring the timber.

The very straightest and best trees, if large enough, are felled for masts, which must not be less than seventy feet in length when dressed; but the longer they are, the better and more valuable—eighty, ninety, and even one hundred feet being not at all uncommon. Great care must be taken in felling these trees by preparing plenty of bedding timbers for them to fall on; for any sudden irregularity on the surface of the ground might cause the top to break off too low down, and thus spoil a valuable stick of timber.

All the preparation requisite for making masts in the woods is to peel off the bark, carefully dressing off with the axe any inequalities or knots there may be on the trunk. In squaring the butt-end, a large mortice—or grub-hole as it is termed—must be left to pass the chain through to draw the mast. The great trouble, however, is to get such immense trees to the water, especially if the snow be very deep. In the first place, a road must be cut through the forest at least twenty feet wide, and as straight as possible; for it is impossible to make a short turn with a stick of timber from seventy to a hundred feet in length. High hills, however, must be avoided; but, generally speaking, the land descends towards the water, and masts are seldom brought from any

great distance inland on account of their great weight.

A large-sized mast, after being loaded on a bob sleigh,* requires from twelve to sixteen span of horses or oxen to draw it, besides a number of men who follow with handspikes, and who assist in starting the timber in case of any stoppage occurring. It is really an amusing sight to see one of these huge trees in motion, drivers of all nations shouting to their teams in their respective dialects, the whipping, shouting, and scolding composing a complete Babel of sound. The great difficulty is to get the tree into motion, and this can only be done by starting all the teams together, not a very easy task with such a long string of cattle.

As soon as the waters are sufficiently high in the spring for floating the timber, it is rolled from the bank into the river. Then commence the most dangerous and arduous duties of the lumberman. Extensive jambs of timber are often formed on shallow bars, or at the heads of islands or sunken rocks. I have seen jambs of squared timber and masts piled twenty feet high by the force of the current, and many yards in length.

* A term given by lumbermen for a short strong-built sleigh, made purposely for drawing timber and masts.

The lumberman encounters no small danger in breaking these jambs, which can only be done by one party of men going upon the jamb with handspikes, while another party work a windlass on the shore, from which a rope is fastened to the timber on the jamb. Sometimes, when least expected, the whole body of timber will suddenly move off, tearing, and grinding, and driving everything before its irresistible force.

The lumbermen, on the first move of the jamb, make for the shore or their canoes, leaping from one stick of timber to another, and woe unto him who misses his footing and falls amongst the rolling timbers, the chance of his escape from being either crushed or drowned is small indeed. Scarcely a year passes without accidents of this kind occurring.

A few years ago a neighbour of mine, an Irishman, one Tom Burke, had a wonderful escape from this double peril. He was assisting, with a number of others, to break a jamb of square timber at the head of Hely's Falls, on the River Trent: he was on the jamb with his handspike, trying to loosen the timber, when the stick he was standing upon suddenly moved off, and by the jerk he was thrown into the rapids. He had only just time to seize hold of one of the floating timbers, when he was hurried down the raging falls. The chances

against the poor fellow were a thousand to one; yet, strange as it may appear, he escaped almost without injury: luckily for him the stick to which he clung, by drifting into an eddy at the foot of the falls, enabled him to swim ashore. To the astonishment of his companions, he had sustained no injuries beyond some bruises and slight abrasions of skin on his breast and one knee, caused by his touching the rocks in his passage down the falls.

The French *habitans* make the best shanty-men: they are more cheerful and less likely to fight and quarrel, notwithstanding their evil propensities of card-playing and cock-fighting. I had heard such very bad accounts of the lumbermen that I quite dreaded their coming into the township; however, I must do them the justice to say, that although large bodies of them have been lumbering close around me for the last four or five years, I have received nothing but civility at their hands; nor has a single application for a summons, or warrant, against them been made to me in my magisterial capacity.

The lumber-shanties are large, warm, and comfortable. Standing-bed berths are constructed on the two sides and one end of the building, similar to those on board ship: the door is at the

unoccupied end : the raised hearth, or fire-place, ten or twelve feet long, occupies the centre of the shanty, and is kept burning night and day, which effectually keeps out all cold.

The food provided for the men consists of fat barrelled pork and beef pea-soup, and plenty of good bread, potatoes, and turnips. Tea, sugar, onions, or other luxuries, must be provided at their own expense.

The dress consists generally of Canadian grey cloth trowsers, a flannel shirt, or coarse Guernsey frock, and a blouse made of fustian, or a blanket coat fastened round the waist with a red or tri-coloured sash. Shoe-packs, a species of mocassin peculiar to the Lower Province, cow-hide boots, and a *bonnet rouge* for the head, complete the costume of the Canadian lumberman.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES. — THE COLONIST A MAN OF MANY TRADES. — SHOE-MAKING. — HOME-MANUFACTURED SOAP AND CANDLES.—YARN-DYEING.—WEAVING.—KNITTING.—CARPETS.

In a great and populous country the division of labour is the source of its wealth—a fact displayed by our first and greatest writer on political economy, Adam Smith, whose original genius developed a secret hitherto hidden from general observation. He also showed that colonies, before they attain a certain standard of civilization, do not realize this wealth, because the labour of the colonist of necessity embraces a variety of trades. But, in course of time, a gradual increase of population makes it more profitable for him to fix upon that one which his own skill, or the fact of its being in greater demand, calls on him to practise solely, the profit from which allows him to purchase, with his gains, the articles he had hitherto been compelled to manufacture himself, at the cost of much labour, under very disadvantageous circumstances.

Canada is at present in a sort of intermediate state. In the remote settlements where there are few towns, and those very distant, the backwoodsman must still practise a variety of trades which even money cannot procure, unless a store or general shop be at least within twenty or thirty miles. In the neighbourhood of towns some necessaries can, as in England, be purchased with the proceeds of the settler's industry.

Individual labour in the infant state of the colony was the usual order of things in Canada; for the towns of the western province were so remote, that a distant and dangerous journey had frequently to be accomplished before a man could have a pair of shoes made or mended for him. When we consider the roughness of the roads, or the necessity of traversing the trackless forest, we may be sure that if a man met with an accident to his shoes he must, in such a state of things, either mend them himself or go barefoot. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention; and the industrious officer who, having become a backwoodsman, determined to learn the art of cobbling, feeling sure he should be no worse for the acquirement, and that his shoes would be a great deal better, was not wanting in wisdom. He purchased the necessary tools and materials, and soon

became so expert as a *mender*, that after a time he was inspired with the laudable ambition of *making* a pair of shoes. Now it is a certain fact, that if a gentleman or lady choose to learn any mechanical art, they become really more expert than less educated persons, because they exercise their reasoning powers upon that point, and bring them to bear upon it with a certain force, originating from the lofty principle of overcoming every difficulty lying in their way; the subjection of their will to meet an existing necessity being, perhaps, the first and most laborious trial, to which the rest is trifling in comparison.

I have seen gentlemen who had served their country honourably in the army or navy, making their own and their children's shoes, of an evening, after the labours of the day were over, looking contented and even cheerful, while practising a trade seemingly so at variance with their birth and education. In many cases, the father of the family makes for himself and his boys, while the lady manufactures those worn by herself and her daughters; or the women make the tops and do the binding. However, he is a poor backwoodsman who cannot make his own boots and shoes; for in Canada an officer must do more than turn his sword into a pruning-hook—he must occa-

sionally change it into an awl. Fortunately for him, he is considered not only none the worse for doing so, but a great deal the better; and, it is a certain fact, that he is always better off.

As our population increases, a division of labour must take place; for the exorbitant price of things must then be lowered, and it will be more for our interest to purchase necessaries, than to manufacture them for ourselves.

If my readers recall the celebrated reply of Dr. Franklin, when examined before the House of Commons, to this question,—"What will the Americans do for cloth for their coats if they separate themselves from the mother-country?" they may form some idea of the manner in which young colonies ought to provide for their own wants, by their individual industry. "What must they do?" was his reply: "wear their old coats, till they can learn how to make cloth for new ones." In that answer the future independence of his country might have been clearly seen. British North America had not then learned those arts in which Canada is by no means deficient.

Well, in Canada we do not wear our shoes in holes till we can learn to mend them, or obtain them at an extravagant price from the distant store, or from Old England: we prefer making new

ones ourselves to that disagreeable alternative. We love the dear mother-country ; but we are not dependent upon her for the privilege of being shod.

The Canadian settler must, in fact, supply himself by his own productive industry with many comforts, and not a few actual necessaries. As the excise laws are unknown in the Canadas, such indispensable articles as soap, candles, and sugar are usually made at home.

Every farmer kills his own beef, pork, and mutton ; consequently the materials, both for soap and candles, are at hand, ready to be applied to their proper uses. The rough tallow is melted into cakes, and afterwards run into moulds of different sizes for candles : grease, lye, and resin produce good soap, at a cost of little labour and at no other expense. The ladies of the family generally relieve the gentlemen of this work, which usually falls to their share of the household duties. I really believe that many genteel families in England would supply themselves with these expensive and indispensable articles, if the exciseman did not restrain them from exercising such a branch of domestic economy.

It is quite essential that the wives and daughters of the Canadian agriculturist should rival the fair Penelope in spinning, and even exceed her—as

indeed they ought—for the Grecian lady spun with a distaff, and had never known the superior aid of the modern spinning-wheel, much less the great-wheel, or big-wheel, as our American neighbours call the Irish importation, to which they have added the improvement of the patent head, which enables our fair Canadian spinsters to produce a finer thread, and make a greater quantity of yarn in any given time, than they could do previous to the introduction of Brother Jonathan's patent big-wheel.

So many home-comforts depend upon this ancient branch of feminine industry, which the use of the spinning-jenny has almost entirely superseded in the mother-country, that in Canada, the single ladies are, literally speaking, all spinsters: in fact if they were not, their fathers and brothers would often display Shakspeare's "ravelled sleeve of care."

As this is an important part of domestic economy, it may be useful to describe the management of the wool before it is fit for the dear girls' industrious hands. As soon as the sheep are sheared, the wool must be picked and greased: after this, it is sent to the carding mill to be carded—an operation which costs twopence per pound.

(This part of the business can be done at home; but it is very troublesome, and the expense is so trifling, that the saving is not really worth making.) When the wool is carded, it is ready for the wheel, and the ladies of the family, or if there are no ladies, their substitutes, hired spinning girls, convert it into yarn, which is then dyed, reeled, and hanked, which processes it undergoes at home. It is now ready for the weaver, who charges from fivepence to sixpence per yard for his work; many farmers, however, have hand-looms in their own houses.

For winter wear, both warp and weft of these native cloths are of wool; but for that destined for summer use, the warp is cotton. Flannels and Tweeds are also frequently made with a mixture of wool and cotton.

After the weaving is finished, the cloth must be sent to the fulling-mill, where it receives its completion, unless it is of a very fine quality, in which case it must be sheared and pressed.

The common Canadian grey cloth, generally worn by the settlers of the Western province, is a strong, warm, serviceable fabric, costing about four or five shillings per yard, Halifax currency.*

* Halifax currency is less than sterling: the bank value of the sovereign is twenty-four shillings and four-pence half-

The dye-stuffs in general use are indigo, log-wood, red-wood, and copperas, and the bark of the butter-nut tree.

The soil of Canada is capable of growing both hemp and flax of good quality; but the produce has not been yet applied for the manufacture of fine linen cloths. Some settlers grow both these plants for furnishing them with bags, sacks, and ropes; but, as the population of the colony increases, these neglected articles will, no doubt, not only be extensively cultivated, but form a valuable branch of commerce.

The manufacture of maple sugar contributes so largely to the comforts of the Canadian settler, that I shall devote a whole chapter to the description of our sugar-tree, and the manner of converting its sap into molasses or sugar.

Our wives, daughters, and sisters, besides spinning yarn for our garments, provide us with warm stockings, socks, gloves, Guernsey frocks, and comforters, of their own knitting, and furnish us, in their leisure time, with many useful and ornamental articles.

They provide us, too, with carpets of a strong, useful kind, the best of which are made of yarn of

penny. In payment of store-debts the merchant generally allows five dollars.

their own spinning and dyeing, whilst others are contrived by an ingenious economy, which collects odd pieces of rag or cloth, cuts them into long strips, joins and forms them into large balls for the weaver, who makes use of a warp made of strong twine: the material on the balls forms the weft in manufacturing the carpet. The ladies call this article a rag-carpet, and it serves the purpose very well till it can be replaced by a good yarn one.

Among the home productions of Canada, the counterpane, or quilt, holds a conspicuous place, not so much in regard to its actual usefulness, as to the species of frolic 'yclept a Quilting-bee, in which young gentlemen take their places with the Queen-bees, whose labours they aid by threading the needles, while cheering their spirits by talking nonsense.

The quilts are generally made of patchwork, and the quilting, with down or wool, is done in a frame. Some of the gentlemen are not mere drones on these occasions, but make very good assistants under the superintendence of the Queen-bees.

The quilting bee usually concludes with a regular evening party. The young people have a dance. The old ones look on. After supper, the youthful visitors sing or guess charades. Mirth, good

humour, and pleasant company, generally abound at these quilting-bees, which are not liable to the serious objections which may be made against other bees in Canada.

If several gentlemen receive an invitation to tea, they may be assured that their services are required at a quilting-bee, which often is followed by courtship and matrimony: indeed it is one of the methods taken by the Canadian Cupid to ensnare hearts and provide work for Hymen.

The ladies sometimes call a bee for paring apples for tarts and sauce for winter use. This important business (at least *they* choose to consider it so) takes place soon after the fruit has been gathered in. The apples are peeled, cored, and strung up from the ceilings of the attics to dry. When they are wanted for pies, puddings and tarts, they are boiled with sugar, and prove very good for those purposes.

Some home-made preserves are prepared at small cost by the following process:—Plums, raspberries, and strawberries are boiled with a small quantity of sugar, and spread, about half an inch thick, on sheets of paper, to dry in the sun. This will be accomplished in a few days; after which the papers are rolled up, tied, and hung up in a dry place for use. When wanted

for tarts, these dried fruits are taken from the paper, and boiled with a little more sugar, which restores the fruit to its former size and shape.

Our ladies make jams and jellies after the orthodox European fashion, and, in short, contribute all they can to our comfort and enjoyment. They have some public encouragement, too, for their domestic manufactures, as prizes have been awarded at the annual provincial show for every species of home-production. Great competition ensues, and our ladies send yarn-cloth, quilts, carpets, preserves, soap, candles, sugar, knitted garments, hose, flannel, to Toronto, Kingston, or wherever the annual display of Canadian industry is to be held for the year. Very proud and happy are our industrious Queen-bees made by obtaining the honour of a prize on these occasions. Our advance in productive domestic industry has been greatly increased by these exhibitions; for the ladies—God bless them ! are naturally ambitious; at least, old Chaucer has declared —

"That woman most affecteth sovereignty."

and in Canada their aspiring minds are continually seeking to make us happier, wiser, and better. Good cause, indeed, has the colony to be proud of her admirable daughters !

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUGAR-MAPLE. — CANADIAN SUGAR. — METHOD OF BOILING MAPLE-SAP INTO SUGAR. — A SERIES OF SWEET DISASTERS LED ON BY PRINCE. — NON-VIGILANCE OF A SUGAR-SENTINEL. — COW-PILFERERS. — DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES TO THE THIEVES, WHO ARE SAVED BY AN OPERATION. — SUGAR-EATING BEE. — MAPLE-VINEGAR. — BIRCH VINEGAR AND BEER.

Among the domestic manufactures of Canada, one of the most important to the settler is the art of making sugar from the maple-tree, *Acer saccharinum*. Almost every agriculturist annually manufactures more or less of this luxury in the spring. Now, supposing each family to make one hundred pounds of sugar on an average, which I believe to be under the quantity manufactured, the number of pounds produced must be immense. Besides the article of sugar, molasses, of an excellent quality, is produced later in the season, and vinegar in abundance.

The commencement of sugar-making depends altogether on the season. I have known sugar made in February, March, and April: as a general

rule, however, the twentieth of March may be considered about the average time for commencing operations. The best and purest sugar is made in the early part of the season. Later in the year it will not grain properly, and is then converted into molasses.

The sugar-maple is probably the most common tree amongst the hard-wood species in Canada West. It is to be found generally in groves of from five to twenty acres: these are called by the settlers sugar-bushes, and few farms are without them.

The settler having selected his sugar-bush, should under-brush and clean the surface of the ground, by removing all rotten logs and falling trees. It should also be surrounded with a fence, to hinder the cattle from drinking the sap and upsetting the sap-troughs, which they are very apt to do, to the great annoyance of the sugar-boiler.

The boiling place should be as near as possible in the centre of the bush, from which roads wide enough to admit a sleigh and yoke of oxen should be cut in every direction.

The common way in use by the settlers is, to suspend their sugar-boilers over the fire from a thick pole, by means of iron chains: this is a bad

plan, and subject to many inconveniences. The best method is to build the sugar-kettles into an arch, either in the open air, or in a shanty built for the purpose. A store-trough should be made from the trunk of a white pine, capable of holding from fifty to one hundred pails of sap, which must be placed conveniently for the boilers, who must also be provided with as many empty barrels as can be mustered; for during a copious run, it is often difficult to find a sufficiency of vessels to hold the sap.

In a good season, from eight to twelve hundred pounds of sugar and molasses can be made from a bush containing five hundred troughs. The troughs should be made of pine, black ash, cherry, or butter-nut, and capable of holding from three to four gallons each. No sap-wood should be left on the bottom of the trough, or it will soon rot; and care should be taken as soon as the sugar season is over, to set the troughs up on their ends, against the north side of the tree, which preserves them from being cracked by the sun in summer, or buried too deep in the snow in winter.

If (as of course) the farmer wishes to preserve his sugar bush, the best method is to tap with an inch and quarter auger, and use round spiles, hol-

low in the centre, which may be driven for about the depth of an inch into the auger hole. Care must be taken to set the trough directly under the drop, and as level as possible, if the sugar-bush is intended to be destroyed in a few years, which is often the case where maple is the prevailing timber, the settler tapping those nearest to the house first, and cutting them down as they interfere with his clearing—in which case the axe is preferred to the auger, as being the quicker operation, and producing a better flow of sap.

The sap runs best after a frosty night, followed by a warm sunny day and brisk westerly wind. The tap should be made on the south side of the tree, in the early part of the season, and on the north, when it requires renewing.

I received this hint from an old Wiltshire man, a neighbour of mine, who was in my sugar-bush one day, when I was busy spiling my trees. Seeing me tap one on the north side, he told me I was wrong.

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Why, you see, zur, the best way be to tap the tree on the zunny zide; becase you zee, zur, the zap do run best on the zunny side of the tree."

The sugar season generally lasts from three to four weeks; but as soon as a very minute black

fly is seen gathering in clusters about the sap-troughs, you may be sure the season is nearly at an end.

The most expeditious way of collecting the sap, and bringing it to the boiling place, is to drive through the roads with an ox-sled, on which is securely fastened a large barrel or puncheon, in the bung-hole of which is inserted a wooden tun-dish, large enough to hold a pail of sap. A piece of sheet-iron, punched full of holes, is fixed in the centre of the tun-dish, to prevent leaves and coarse dirt, or sticks, from getting into the barrel. As soon as the vessel is full of sap, it is driven to the boiling place, and emptied into the store-trough.

The fires are now lighted, and the process of evaporation commences by keeping the kettles constantly boiling, night and day, until a quantity of sap is boiled down into a thin molasses, sufficient to make a batch of sugar. The molasses must be put into a deep wooden vessel, and allowed to cool and settle. The liquor is then carefully poured into a copper boiler, taking care not to disturb the sediment at the bottom of the vessel.

The next operation is to clear the molasses from the earthy particles and other impurities contained in the sap. Various clarifiers are made use of for this purpose. I consider eggs the best, and if eggs

cannot be obtained, milk will answer very well for a substitute : six eggs are sufficient to clarify fifty pounds of sugar.

The eggs should be beaten up with about a quart of the molasses, then poured into the sugar boiler and stirred well, while the liquor is cold, then hung upon a crane over a slow fire. As soon as the molasses begins to simmer, the feculence will gather and rise to the surface of the boiler, with the egg. The moment the liquor begins to boil, the crane must be swung off the fire, and the surface skimmed carefully. If properly managed, scarcely any impurity will be left, and the molasses will look bright and clear.

Great attention must now be paid by the sugar-boiler. He must not leave his station at the kettle for a moment; for the liquor is continually rising to the surface, and would boil over instantly, unless watched with the greatest care.

To the uninitiated, the greatest difficulty is to know when the liquor is boiled enough. The common way of ascertaining this is, to make a narrow hole, an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide, through a thin piece of wood, and if this is dipped into the molasses, a thin film will fill the hole in the stick, which, if blown, will throw out a long-shaped bubble, if the sugar is

sufficiently boiled. Some persons merely drop a little of the hot molasses on a lump of snow. If it hardens when cool, it is enough. It is then made into cakes by pouring into tin pans or moulds, which completes the operation.

My readers must not suppose from this description, that sugar making is a light and pleasurable employment. On the contrary, it is one of the most laborious occupations, whilst it lasts, that falls to the lot of the settler to perform. In the first place, the troughs have all to be cleaned and set, the trees tapped and spiled, wood cut and split for the fires, the sap collected, strained, and boiled down into syrup, and the syrup clarified and boiled into sugar; and when this is happily accomplished, and you are congratulating yourself on the possession of a fine batch of sugar, and are about to take it off the fire, perhaps it suddenly boils over, or is upset, or some other accident happens, which deprives you of the fruits of your last three or four days' labour.

The first time I attempted to make sugar was during my residence at Darlington. I set bravely to work, and made forty very nice sugar troughs, tapped my trees and had the pleasure of seeing a splendid flow of sap. My troughs were not long in filling, and I was prepared to collect their

contents, when, I was very much astonished to find that the troughs I had seen running over a short time before, were now scarcely half full. I was wondering what could be the cause, when a neighbouring sugar-boiler came to see how I got on. On explaining my misfortune, he laughed and said—"No wonder, for I see you have made your troughs of bass-wood, and they always leak, because the grain of the wood is too open. Now, when we make troughs out of bass-wood, we always burn them inside which in a great measure remedies the evil; but I would advise you never to use bass-wood if you can conveniently get any other, for it will not last more than two or three years at most." I thanked my neighbour for his information, which experience has proved to be correct.

But to return to my first essay in the mysteries of sugar-making. My boilers were all nicely arranged, filled up with sap, and a raging fire under them: I did not, at this stage of the business, know what I could do to keep the kettles from boiling over, which I expected they would do every moment. At this critical juncture my kind neighbour again came to my assistance, and informed me that "the usual plan was to suspend a small piece of fat bacon by a string, from the

bale of the kettle, an inch or two below the rim, this being supposed to hinder the liquor from boiling over." To a certain extent, it does certainly prevent this misfortune, but not altogether. I have since adopted a much cleaner and much surer method, which I can recommend to the notice of all Canadian sugar-boilers.

A barrel filled with sap should be placed in an upright position on a platform elevated above the boilers. A small brass cock (or rooster, as the Yankees call it) should be fixed into the lower part of the barrel under which a narrow slip of board hollowed out in the centre should be suspended, the lower end of this miniature trough resting on the rim of the boiler. The cock can then be turned to regulate the supply of cold sap, the smallest run being sufficient to check the liquor from boiling over, though not enough to put it off the boil. The great evaporation going on prevents the kettle from filling up by the continual supply of cold sap. In hopes of benefiting the rising generation of emigrant sugar-boilers, I have been tempted to digress from the story of my first attempt at sugar-making.

No schoolboy ever watched a pot of treacle during its transformation into *toffy*, with greater interest than I did the conversion of the bright

amber-coloured molasses before me into sugar. My youngest brother-in-law, a lad of fourteen, came into the bush with my dinner, just at the critical period when it is difficult to know if the sugar is boiled enough to grain properly. He was as great a novice in the art as myself, but he was wise enough to suggest the propriety of tasting—the sweet stuff, as he called it—as the surest method of determining the question. It appeared to be a much more difficult thing to decide upon than we had at first imagined; nor did we come to a final decision, until at least a pound of the precious liquid had evaporated, not by steam, but by the less scientific process of tasting. At length it was pronounced sufficiently boiled, and was duly transferred from the boiler into the moulds, when I had the satisfaction of finding it grain beautifully. I placed the two tin-dishes containing the first fruits of my ingenuity, on the snow to cool, and went with my brother-in-law to the farther end of the bush for sap to re-fill the boilers. While we were thus engaged, we were alarmed by a loud bellow, and, on looking in the direction of the boilers, were horrified at beholding our bull, Prince, running off, with his tail in the air, and followed, in his mad career, by several other head of cattle. I knew something

was the matter, and, on hastening to the boilers, I found the rascally bull had popped his head into one of my tins of hot sugar, the heat of which had so astonished his weak nerves, that he made off with the best part of a pound of the liquid sticking round his muzzle, to his unlucky gain, and my infinite mortification and anger.

Misfortunes never come singly; and so it was with me in this instance; for I was, soon after Prince's tragical exit, busily engaged filling up the boilers, when I heard a sudden shout, but before I could turn round to see what was the matter, found myself knocked down by the top of a small tree, boilers and all. Luckily for me, the thick pole from which the kettles were suspended, took off the force of the blow. My brother-in-law had chopped down a small birch-tree for fire-wood, and it had fallen in a contrary direction to what he expected; and, although I was not much hurt—the top twigs alone having struck me—yet, at the same time it must be admitted, that I was most severely birched.

Although my initiation into the sweet mysteries of sugar-making and molasses was not unattended with misfortune, I rapidly acquired the art, and

can now manufacture as good an article as any settler in the country.

Some years after my first essay, when my sugar-boiling establishment was on a much larger scale, I found it necessary to sit up all night and drive the kettles, in consequence of the large accumulation of sap from two good runs. We had worked hard all day, and had boiled down as much sap into syrup as would make upwards of fifty pounds of sugar. After supper, fatigued and drowsy by our day's work, we agreed, as there were three of us, to sleep by turns. We drew lots to see who should take the first watch of two hours, which, unluckily for me, as the proprietor of the establishment, fell upon J. B., a young English gentleman, one of my household, who was duly installed into his important office of sugar-sentinel. My companion and myself then stretched ourselves in the camp before the fire, and were soon lost in a pleasing forgetfulness. How long we had been in this comfortable state of somnolescence I know not, being awakened from my nap by a strong smell of burning, which, upon jumping up, I found to proceed from the three large sugar-kettles, which were literally red-hot, every particle of sugar being literally burnt to a cinder. And where was the guardian of the

kettles? Why, fast asleep in the camp, and totally unconscious of the misfortune his mistimed and faithless nap had occasioned.

At another time I lost nearly the same quantity by three of my own cows breaking into the bush while we were at home for dinner. I had poured a large quantity of molasses into some vessels to cool, preparatory to mixing the eggs for clarifying the sugar. The beasts drank up every drop, which caused them to swell so much that they would certainly have died from the effects of their intemperance if I had not performed a surgical operation upon each of the animals by making an incision through the skin into the stomach, and inserting a small tube into the orifice, which relieved the pressure, and saved the lives of my cows. These are some of the troubles connected with the manufacture of maple-sugar, many of which can, of course, be obviated by carefulness and experience.

Besides the trouble arising from four-footed depredators, you are apt to receive manifold visits from young ladies and children, who, of course, only come to see the process ; but who, somehow or another never make their appearance during the first part of the operation, but wait patiently until the sap is transformed into a more melli-

fluous substance, when spoons, tins, and ladles are in great requisition. I have even known my sugar-shanty made the rendezvous of a picnic party, to my no small discomfiture. Indeed, I might just as well have made a sugar-eating bee, so great was the consumption of that article.

Towards the close of the season a small quantity of fresh lime thrown into your store-trough will be found beneficial, by destroying the acidity. It is, however, better and more profitable to make the latter runs of sap into molasses or vinegar.

The usual way of making vinegar is to boil down three pails of sap into one, adding a little yeast when the liquid is milk-warm. Your barrel when full should be set in some sunny place with a piece of glass over the bung-hole: the addition of a gallon of whiskey to the barrel will much improve the strength of the vinegar.

Maple-sap also makes capital beer, which is both wholesome and pleasant to the taste. Some people add essence of spruce or ginger to the sap.

The sap extracted from the yellow birch makes both excellent vinegar and beer. The flow of sap from the birch is much more copious than from the maple. I have frequently known from twelve to fifteen gallons taken from a large tree in one day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE THREE GREAT WANTS OF CANADA.—HINTS FOR THE EDUCATION OF EMIGRANTS.—BACHELOR WANTS.

CANADA, in her present state, exhibits three great wants for the supply of which she must look to the mother-country. She requires population, pastors, and school-masters.

The first of these requirements would benefit Great Britain in a very extensive manner. We ask her for her superfluous thousands, to whom she offers the miserable home of the workhouse, while we proffer comfort, independence, and a cheerful old age.

We do not want the idle, the over-educated, the sickly. We want men, women, and children, of hardy and industrious habits, who finding work slack at home, resolve to emulate the ants and bees, by leaving the parent hill or hive, for a land where their united industry will furnish them abundantly with the necessaries of life, and enable them to sit by their own chimney-corner

to enjoy, in their peaceful old age, the happy home their toils have founded in the wilderness.

The expense of passage-money, and the deep affection with which the Anglo-Saxon races regard their native haunts, deter many thousands who pine from want in England from coming out to Canada. But this rooted love of home was not the ancient characteristic of a migratory people, who swept the seas in their long yawls, and after pillaging the shores formed settlements in England. Attachment to home gradually fixed itself in succeeding generations, but new ideas and habits may be received. The peasantry are an unreflective body, and rely much upon the superior classes for guidance and advice. Let it be given them, then. Tell them that a few months' struggle in another land will ease them of the weight of care that now oppresses them. Remind them that the effort of going out is the only painful one they will have to make. Since toil is to them a habit, they have not, like the emigrant gentleman, or the wife of an officer of the Guards, to unlearn a life.

How does nature herself teach us the necessity of removal? The young ants are provided the first year of their wonderful existence with wings, in order to permit them to remove far

from the parent nest. These wings fall off after the infant colony is founded,—a curious fact in natural history, illustrative of that admirable economy by which animated nature is ruled and governed. The ants, having once migrated, have no more need of wings, the possession of which would make them injurious to man and beast; for the stings of these insects in the winged state cause an intensity of pain, which would render them worse neighbours than in their wingless state they could possibly have become.

The bee throws off her annual swarms, and sometimes—perhaps always—with a battle. It is possible that the young insects do not like to quit the hive or hollow tree where they have been fed and nurtured. Yet parental foresight compels them to migrate to other trees and hives, not only for want of room, but because they must seek for honey in other fields. These unknown fields to the bee, with her confined vision, are the Canadas, Australias, and New Zealands of our world.

The insect colonisers have all received from God himself, if I may presume to say so, a fixed educationary system in their admirable and unerring instinct. They know how to build, to collect material for building, and to procure food. For

migrating they only obey another fixed and immutable law of Providence, which bids them fly off and put their tools and instinct to their proper uses.

Man, however, has fewer instincts. Religion and reason were to be his laws. Therefore, he must acquire those useful arts which are born with insect life. But the necessity of emigration is a lesson, stern enough, it is true, but yet as stringent to him as that which sways the ant and bee.

Since the necessity exists, the wisdom of our legislature should provide the youthful population with an education which would render them fit for emigration to a colony.

It is a good thing to make the children of the poor acquainted with reading, writing, and arithmetic; but an exclusive attention to these objects is both unwise and injurious, for they were not designed for the whole business of their lives. Industrial schools are of more vital importance. A much larger portion of infant time should be passed in acquiring mechanical and agricultural skill on the part of the boys; while spinning, sewing, house-work, washing, baking, cooking, milking and every branch of dairy-work should form the chief portion of the educationary system for the girls.

In towns and cities educate the infant pauper

population for emigration. I grieve to use the word "pauper"; but I wish to fix the attention of the reader on the lowest state of poverty under which orphan infancy can dawn. We want carpenters, coopers, hand-loom weavers, shoemakers, masons, tailors, blacksmiths, in fact, artisans of every kind. Workhouses, and ragged-schools in cities ought to supply us with these instructed in the arts we need. Possessed of such a useful education, aided by the learning of which the benevolence of the present day is lavish of bestowing, each industrious honest lad would in a few years possess a little freehold farm of his own.

In the country, every house of industry should have a piece of land for spade husbandry, and a small farm for more extensive agricultural employment, in order to make her rising male population acquainted with every branch of cultivation, management of stock, &c.

The country girl, besides her spinning, knitting, and sewing, would learn the healthy and useful arts of milking, churning, and cheese-making, in addition to housework and plain cooking. With these acquirements she would be a treasure in a colony, and we would promise her, in a few years, cows and a dairy of her own.

The city girl would be of course more limited in her sphere of operations; but hand-loom weaving, spinning, knitting, shoe-binding, sewing, cutting out, and making up clothes, housework and plain cooking, would find her employment in the colony. Then her superior intelligence—for the sight of many objects does quicken human intelligence—would lead her also to acquire a knowledge of those rural employments of which the want of opportunity alone has left her ignorant.

Having thus pointed out the colonial education which parish authorities ought to give their young inmates with a view to emigration, let us consider in what manner the young swarms should be conducted to their new hives.

Government should have ships and commissioners expressly for the purpose. Care should be taken of these children on the voyage, and on their way up the country. Good masters and mistresses should be sought for them, and inquiries and visits occasionally paid them by persons appointed for the purpose.

Regular depôts should be formed in such towns as Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, and other places, under matrons and governors, for their transmission to families requiring their aid; and little fear need be entertained of the kind

treatment of these apprentices, in whose behalf, it should be enacted that they should not go away empty-handed from their three years' bondage, but should receive a certain sum in money, stock, or goods.

The emigrant-labourer and his family might, besides the help afforded by the parish, have a sermon preached for his benefit. Few neighbours, used to see him worshipping with them every Sabbath, would, I think, refuse to contribute their mite to help to smooth his rough path in a Bush life.

In manufacturing districts, the poor hand-loom weavers, stocking-weavers, and many other artisans, who are struggling for bread, notwithstanding their industrial skill, against "their gigantic monster enemy, steam-worked machinery," would find work plentiful and extremely remunerative in every Canadian town, where cheap food and 7*s.* 6*d.* a-day would afford wealth to the poor, half-starved, drooping manufacturer.

Shoemakers would find plenty to do in a country where gentlemen, if they do not learn to make their own, must, in the back settlements, go barefoot.

Well! though the clever and amusing M'Taggart does beseech people not to emigrate, I must

entreat you to come out, if you like work. If you do not, poor fellows! you had better stay where you are, since idleness in Canada, as in England, will always cover a man with rags.

Industry in man, woman, or child, gentle or simple, is necessary in Canada. Therefore the idle, luxurious, and dissipated must not leave their homes, unless they resolve to work either with willing hands or clever heads—they will find employment for both in a colony.

The best plan, however, in regard to emigration, is for gentlemen to provide for their younger sons in this way. A premium for three years, paid to some respectable settler, to engage him to instruct the young emigrant, and a further sum to provide him with land and stock, would set a young gentleman forward in life at a small expense to his friends, and with the certainty of a comfortable independence for himself. Youth, with its buoyant spirits, readily overcomes hardships and difficulties;—besides the example of the settlers' sons, his companions, who, of course all work, soon reconciles him to labour.

The amusements of shooting and fishing, riding and exploring excursions, quickly make newcomers much attached to the country. The privilege of wooing and winning some object of his

affections, and easily providing for the wants of a family, is a stimulus ever before the eyes of the young man, whose hopes of domestic love are so often crushed by circumstances in England.

I really believe that if young ladies, not too much addicted to the "*far niente*," condescended to visit our settlements, we could find good husbands for them all, in a country where wives are lacking, and much valued and appreciated. However, if the brothers of large families come out, no doubt the sisters will visit them, and our bachelors will not remain long in their present uncomfortable state of forced celibacy.

CHAPTER XX.

NEED OF CHURCHES AND PASTORS IN CANADA. — KIND ASSISTANCE OF MY FRIENDS IN ENGLAND TOWARDS THIS GOOD WORK. — ZEAL OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. — WANT OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

THE second great want of Canada West involves more momentous matters than the settlement of the country, for it concerns the immortal interests not only of the present, but of unborn generations. We need pastoral direction and places of worship.

Without Christian instruction, all the promise of the fine colony is like that of an unfruitful tree, whose blossoms fall untimely to the ground.

We call upon the Church of England—that Church, so pure in its doctrines, so perfect in its beautiful liturgy, so sublime in its ordinances, to help Canada, and not to leave our children uninstructed, or compel them to derive their religious code from other sources, or to remain in darkness and heathenish apathy. We want churches, too, as well as teachers, that every Sabbath we may

meet together to pray, to praise—to adore the Lord our God—as a Christian people should do. We require the word to be preached to us — we are longing to receive in our own parish-church in sweet communion the Lord's Supper, and in that sublime ordinance to recognise "Our Divine Master's love in thus dying for us." We wish to bring our little children "to His holy baptism," and to have them confirmed and strengthened in their riper age, that we may see them partakers with us of the holy sacrament, and may behold them growing up in the fear and love of the Lord.

It is the blessing of pastoral instruction we demand of the dear mother-country. We ask her for devoted men—not men of extreme views, but men whose love to God will make them overlook the rough and toilsome pilgrimage in the wilderness—men whom the love of Christ will bring out to us in charitable answer to our call, "Come over and help us," even as St. Paul did to the visionary man of Macedonia, believing that God had called him there to preach the gospel.

"Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth." Since my return to England, kind and pious friends and unknown brother Christians have aided my wish to provide a church for the hitherto churchless township of Douro in Canada,

and a fund is already raised which will enable me to commence the building on my return. Lakefield is the spot to be so highly favoured; and when once the foundations of the little temple in the wilderness are laid, we hope a pastor will soon follow the church.

It is true—only too true—that the pastor should precede the church, for such was the custom of primitive times, when a converted heathen people, following the direction of apostolic teachers, laid with them the foundation of that outward and visible church, the type of that mystical and invisible one of which they had become members. We are about to reverse the picture—we in building a church invite a pastor. We, who have been grateful for a chance pastoral visit, take this method of securing a spiritual blessing for ourselves and our families.

I cannot resist, in this portion of my work, an expression of my deep sense of the generous manner in which friends in my own immediate neighbourhood, and also in Norfolk, Tunbridge Wells, and in other places, have contributed to the church about to be built at Lakefield. They have been so willing—so zealous—in this good work, that I trust their forwardness will bring down a blessing upon themselves and upon our church, which will

be raised by the united efforts of Christian brotherly love, a meet offering to Him—the Chief Corner-stone upon whom our foundation is laid.

The good examples of these Christian friends may raise up friends for Canada, and scatter the blessings of the reformed religion over this vast country, that other townships may also have their pastors, till the whole rising population may grow up children of the Church of England.

Hitherto, the inhabitants have chiefly received their religious instruction through various branches of dissent, whose ministers have shown much zeal and attention in supplying instruction to an increasing and pastorless population. In our peculiar situation, we must feel grateful for Christian instruction of any kind, living, as we do, in a land of spiritual dearth.

Why have we been hitherto so deserted and forgotten, while the "living waters" refreshed so abundantly our native land? It was not so in those glorious primitive times, when, during the grievous persecutions of the Church, the banishment of the teachers of Christianity only spread the Word on every side—when churches and schools rose in the deserts, whither the pastors had been exiled. Why, in receiving the apostolical doctrines of these devoted men, have we not fol-

lowed their examples, as well as received their precepts ?

It is a certain fact, that few persons dissent from the pure apostolic doctrines of the Church of England, while many do from those of her ministers. Yet it is certain that a really good pastor of the Church is venerated and esteemed as the very perfection of the Christian character. The affections of the English people still naturally cling to their clergy. It is only when chilled by neglect, or left unvisited in sickness or calamity, that the parishioner leaves his church, because his minister has first left him. Yet the assertion still holds true, "that a house-going minister makes a church-going people;" and we trust that the destined pastors of our wilderness will visit our people in their homes, as well as preach to them in their churches.

Much good would result from the clergymen of our establishment itinerating from place to place, taking up their abode in private houses, where they would always be honoured guests, and preaching and reading prayers during their sojourn. A real necessity exists for their performing such charitable missions, till the scattered villages get churches and ministers of their own. To show the need of such itineration, I need only state that my own county of Peterborough, con-

taining eighteen townships (of which Douro, in which I reside, is one) possessed only three churches, to supply the wants of a population, which, at the last census, numbered more than twenty-seven thousand souls, and which now would amount, from emigration and increase, to nearly thirty thousand.

In all these townships there are many dissenting chapels of various denominations—a fact honourable to dissenters, however painful it may be to the Canadian members of the Establishment to see themselves left behind in Christian effort by men who doubtless have done a good work by providing places of worship and a ministry for the poor, who but for them would have been left to spend the Sabbath in drunkenness and sin.

To give the preponderance to the Church of England establishment, that church in Canada, which at present is only that of a rising aristocracy, must become also the church of the poor, or else how can any congregation truly say, "The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all?" Yet that any sect of dissent is the religion by choice of the people cannot be said with truth in the face of the following fact. In the year 1838, when the 7th Provincial battalion was formed, while taking down the names

and religious professions of the volunteers, I observed that two-thirds, at least, were members of the Established Church, which surprised me, as I knew many of them attended dissenting chapels regularly every Sabbath-day.

I was induced, in consequence of this, to ask the question, "Why do you profess one form of religion, and follow another?" The answer was a painful one to me. "We are in heart members of the Church of England, but we have no church in our township, and we do not see a clergyman of the Establishment once in three years; so we are glad to attend any Christian minister who will come amongst us." It is thus that, for want of churches and missionaries, thousands are ultimately estranged from the Church. These persons were like children neglected by their mother, only waiting to be cared for to return to her bosom.

If, till a church could be raised, devout ministers, duly authorized by their bishops, would come among us to preach, pray, and administer the Sacraments, each of our houses, in turn, would become temples of the Lord; and there would be no need for any member of the church to unite himself to a dissenting congregation for want of a minister of his own.

There is a fast rising sect in Canada, the members of which denominate themselves "Bible Christians." These people are a species of Methodists, and are moral and well-living; but in choosing their own preachers they are rather guided by their eloquence than learning, or perhaps sound doctrine. Many of their ministers can neither read nor write, and therefore are disqualified by their ignorance from teaching others. A regular and authorized ministry of devout men, learned, and yet condescending to the weak and ignorant, would bring into the fold of the Establishment many who are now estranged from the doctrines and liturgy of our venerable Church.

I remember, when a boy, how much the people in England were neglected by many among the clergy, and left to form their own religious opinions, for want of Christian educational instruction, and pastoral visits at their own houses and cottages. Such neglect was the main cause of dissent. The clergymen were above their flocks, and the sheep wandered from them to other folds, to ministers who entered into their joys and sorrows, and were not divided from them by the Anti-Christian barrier of pride, or the false one of diffidence; for, strange to say, the timidity of a young clergyman may be erroneously ascribed to pride, and

may equally alienate from him the affections of his people.

I am happy to see a general change for the better has taken place during my long absence from my native land, for the worldly have passed into eternity, and have been replaced in their ministry by wiser and abler men. Many of those good pastors, too, who were shining lights in the Christian Church, when I was a boy, have passed to their rest, leaving their dear and honoured names as examples to the rising generation, upon which holier times have dawned, and over which a reformed ministry is now exercising a mild and spiritual dominion.

Since my return to England I have become acquainted with a number of excellent clergymen, who, like the Apostles and pastors of the glorious primitive Church, "visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world,"—and, if all were like them, the meeting-house would be deserted and the parish-church well-filled, while a pure morality, based upon Gospel principles, would replace the erratic and erroneous doctrines of an unlearned and un-ordained ministry.

Our last great want is that of schoolmasters and schoolhouses. But if we obtain pastoral in-

struction this need will also be supplied. Sabbath schools, under the immediate superintendence of the clergyman, will be formed, and our children of all ranks may be instructed together in a little building close to the church, for of course a school-house enters into our plans for Lakefield, as well as a church. Soon, very soon, a national-school, we hope, for day-scholars, will follow these establishments. Indeed, the settlement will grow round the church, which will form the nucleus of a town, in a few short years, about it, and with a rapidly increasing population our church will soon be filled, we trust, to overflowing, and we shall see Christianity, pure, vital Christianity, like a fertilizing stream, diffusing civilization and morality over the land,—putting down the orgies of drunkenness, and pointing to the reward of faith and perseverance in well doing, in the happiness of another and better world, of which "the Lamb is the glory and the light."

"The churchless, soon, are godless too;
The unbaptized grow base and blind;
And where no sacraments renew
The sin-worn heart and earth-toned mind,
All virtues die, all vices bloom,
The soul becomes a sensual tomb,
And men the Saviour yearned to cherish,
Eternalize their guilt—and perish!

"By Lake Ontario's rocky shore,
Where creedless pagans once abounded,
And exiles heard the torrent roar,
By wood and wilderness surrounded,—
Churches arise, and saintly bands
Have come from far and famous lands,
And Apostolic symbols reign
O'er rescued swamp and ransomed plain."*

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* These beautiful lines, on the Canadian Church, are from "Lyra Christiana," an interesting collection of poems from the admired pen of that Christian poet, popular preacher, and amiable man, the Rev. Robert Montgomery, Incumbent Minister of Percy Chapel, London.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH INVADES MY HOME-CIRCLE. — LOSS OF MY YOUNGEST SON, MY SON-IN-LAW, MY GRAND-DAUGHTER, MY WIFE, AND MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. — PROJECTED RETURN HOME. — EMBARKATION. — NAVIGATION OF THE GENESEE RIVER. — ROCHESTER. — SYRACUSE. — MOHAWK RIVER. — AMERICAN STEAMERS. — RAIL CARRIAGES. — NEW YORK. — VOYAGE TO ENGLAND. — RETURN TO REYDON. — KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY OF MY ENGLISH FRIENDS.

My life, for some years after the termination of the rebellion, presented too little variation to make it worthy of record. It had its pleasures and cares, its toils and repose; but these were shared by the most amiable of women, whose sweet companionship in my worst periods of trial and privation, left me no cause to complain. A numerous and promising family grew up around us, adding year by year a new link to the chain of affection: indeed, no man was ever happier in the domestic relations, or possessed more home-blessings than myself.

The marriage of my eldest girl did not break up our cheerful circle, for she was located near us within a mile's walk, so that we had gained an

affectionate son without losing a daughter—a fortunate circumstance for all parties, but especially for Maria's mother.

But while apparently at the height of domestic felicity, death made a sudden inroad into our happy home-circle. His first victim was a sweet promising little boy, just at that engaging age when infancy begins to lisp in pretty broken language its wants and wishes in the parental ear. My son-in-law died next, in a distant city, of cholera, leaving my poor young daughter a widow on the eve of her first confinement, scarcely in her twentieth year—an early age, indeed, for such a heavy bereavement.

The blow threatened to destroy her. She had been so happy, and her husband had been so full of health and manly beauty, that the news seemed almost incredible to us and most terrible to her. We broke it to her as gently as we could, and brought her, in her desolation, to that home which she had left a few months before a happy blooming bride. Our own loss, too, was heavy—poor Beresford was very dear to us; he was a remarkably fine and interesting young man. But what was our sorrow in comparison to hers, whose happiness had been crushed by this sudden and dreadful reverse. For some anxious weeks we watched

our suffering child, over whose fading and emaciated form the shadow of death momentarily appeared to depend. Her health seemed so entirely broken up that we never expected her to survive her approaching trial.

The mercy of God, youth, and the incessant care of her dear mother, enabled her to get over that period of maternal peril. My poor girl gave birth to a daughter, and the sight of her orphan babe gave her a wish to live, though, for some weeks after her accouchement, her state was so precarious that she was unable to leave her bed, to which she was still confined, when it pleased the Lord to take away her child.

But the gift had not been made in vain—her spirits rallied from the moment she had seen her infant, and she meekly submitted to the Divine will, when the blessing was withdrawn from her again.

She suffered—but not alone. Her admirable mother had shared all her feelings, forgetting in her long vigils by her sick-bed, her own delicate situation while soothing the pains and sharing the grief of her daughter. Why should I dwell upon the event that once more shattered my domestic circle—taking from me my dear wife—my home-comforter—my sweet familiar friend! Sufficient it

will be to say, that God was pleased to recal my dear wife to himself half-an-hour after the birth of our fourteenth child, a daughter, to whom I gave the ancestral and now celebrated name of *Agnes* Strickland, with the addition of *Mary*, which was that of my lamented partner. My Mary was taken away suddenly, but not unprepared for the Saviour whom she loved and trusted, who was with his servant when she passed through the valley and shadow of death. Never was any woman more deeply and deservedly lamented. Reader, you will find her character in Scripture, under that of the virtuous woman, whose price is beyond rubies. Her loss was a heavy blow to her dear parents, as well as to her afflicted husband and children.

Thus, by a similar calamity, I had the misfortune to lose two admirable wives : the first dying in her first confinement, after the birth of my eldest son ; the second in child-bed of my youngest daughter. Heavy was the early bereavement ; but those to whom the wife is dearer than the bride, will easily suppose that the loss of her who for nearly twenty-two years had formed my greatest earthly blessing, was heavier still.

My widowed daughter received from her dying mother the charge of the little infant, whose birth

had cost us all so much. This precious trust seemed to replace her own in her heart: never, indeed, was a motherless baby so loved and cherished. The sad event that had marked her entrance into the world, knit her so closely to us all, that she seemed the general point of attraction. Most lovely and precocious indeed was this child of many tears; and we anticipated for her long years of life, when she was seized with a complaint indigenous to the country, and very fatal to infants, which cut off our little Agnes at the engaging age of five months, to the infinite grief of her sister-mother. Thus, in the space of one little year, I had lost my little son, my son-in-law, my grand-daughter, my beloved wife, and my youngest daughter. It seemed, indeed, that death had bent his bow against my family, and would not spare till he had pierced our hearts again and again within this brief but fatal period.

It was long before my daughter was comforted for the loss of her infant-sister. Religion and time brought balm; but the trials of the young widow had been more than any feminine constitution could bear: she drooped, and her medical attendant prescribed change of air, scene, and climate. Canada, the land of her nativity, was too full of

painful remembrances to afford her the chance of amendment. My own family and that of her husband wished much to receive her in England, and my own heart, too, yearned once more for my old home and its beloved inmates. It was necessary to consider the expediency of the voyage, and to arrange in what manner it could be best accomplished without exposing my child, in her delicate health, to unnecessary fatigue and peril.

Having made every arrangement for a twelvemonth's absence from home, I left Douro on the 8th July, 1851, accompanied by my eldest daughter, and a friend of mine, who was on his way to Jersey. We reached Gore's Landing, on the south side of Rice Lake, the same day, and halted there till the following noon, which enabled us to bid adieu to my sister, and a number of kind friends in the immediate neighbourhood.

An hour and a half's drive over an excellent plank and gravel road, through a charming country, brought us safely to the pretty and thriving town of Cobourg. Here we were detained until past eleven, waiting for the arrival of the steam-boat "Admiral," which was two hours behind time, owing to a heavy swell and head-wind on the Lake.

We were accompanied to the wharf by several kind friends, who saw us safely on board; and in

a few minutes our noble steamer was proudly breasting the blue waters of the great Ontario.

For twenty-seven years I had been a sojourner in the wilds and woods of this fine, free, and independent country. I had learned to love it—to look upon it as my home, my adopted country, and the native land of my children. I felt I was leaving them and many dear friends, whom, perhaps, I might never more behold. No wonder, then, that I experienced some regret, as the fast-receding lights of Cobourg faded from my sight.

I was, however, cheered by the remembrance, that I had an aged mother still living, and kind sisters, who would welcome the return of their long absent brother to the home of his childhood, and that I should have the pleasure of presenting my Canadian daughter to them.

The Lake was rough, but my daughter proved an excellent sailor; and we made a capital run across, to the mouth of the Genesee river, which is almost opposite to Cobourg, and distant about sixty-five miles.

The Genesee river* is deep and narrow, seldom exceeding in width a hundred and fifty yards. Its banks are very high and precipitous. About four

* Charlevoix, in his curious work on the Canadas, gives the following description of the Genesee, which he calls the Casconchiagon, the Iroquois name for this river, as the following extract will show :—"This river is called Casconchiagon, and is very

miles from the mouth of the river is the landing-place, distant from the city of Rochester nearly three miles, where we found a number of omnibuses awaiting our arrival, and had the greatest difficulty in keeping our luggage from being divided and taken possession of by two or three different drivers. In fact, in the confusion I left one of my trunks behind in the steamer, and did not discover my mistake till I reached Rochester. Luckily, I got back in time to recover my property before the steamer left the wharf.

The navigation of the Genesee is interrupted immediately above the landing-place by a succession of stupendous falls. The road leading from the cataracts to the city of Rochester follows the right bank of the river, which, for the first mile, is wildly picturesque. It is excavated out of the rocky bank, which has a sharp ascent for about a mile. To the right, the precipitous rock towers from two to three hundred feet above

narrow at its discharge into the Lake. A little higher it is two hundred and forty feet in breadth, and it is affirmed that there is water to float the largest ships. A league from its mouth, you are stopped by a fall which seems to be about sixty feet high and two hundred and forty feet broad; a musket-shot above this you find a second, of the same breadth, but not so high, and half a league higher still a third, which is full a hundred feet high, and three hundred and sixty feet broad. You meet after this with several rapids, and after sailing fifty leagues up the stream, you discover a fourth fall, nothing inferior in height to the last mentioned: the course of this river is a hundred leagues."

the road-way, which, in some places, it overhangs. To the left, fully as deep below, through a rocky chasm, rush the foaming waters of the Genesee. Two splendid cataracts, one a few rods above the other, and more than a hundred feet in height, complete the picture. A parapet of large blocks of stone has been built on the edge of the precipice, to prevent carriages from being upset into the deep gorge below.

Rochester is a handsome, well-built town, and owes its chief prosperity to its mighty water-power. Here, indeed, are some of the finest flour-mills in the world. The rail-road from Buffalo to New York, runs through the town. We breakfasted at the Waverley, one of the best hotels in Rochester, and close to the railway station, and left for New York by the half-past nine train. Our route lay through a pretty and fruitful country, beautifully diversified by hill and dale. The wheat-harvest had just commenced, and the weather was lovely, which added greatly to our enjoyment. We passed through the populous and thriving towns of Canandaigua, Geneva, Seneca, and Auburn, which latter place contains the celebrated State Prison.

We changed trains at Syracuse, a large town, midway between Rochester and Albany, where we were allowed twenty minutes to dine. The

country from Syracuse to Senectady is very beautiful, the road following the course of the Mohawk the whole distance.

> "From early dawn to setting sun
> I 've seen the mighty Mohawk run."

The names of the towns we passed through became more classic as we approached Albany—such as Rome, Utica, Troy, &c. At the little falls on the Mohawk the scenery is highly picturesque. We arrived at the station in Albany about eight o'clock in the evening, and immediately went on board the "Hendric Hudson," one of the largest of those floating steam-palaces which ply upon the Hudson. These boats are splendidly fitted up, with every comfort and luxury.

The "Hendric Hudson" is said to be 321 feet in length; the "Isaac Newton" 333 feet. This is the largest boat on the north river, and their rate of steaming is equal to twenty miles an hour.

We left Albany about nine o'clock in the evening, and were safely moored at her wharf, in New York, between five and six in the morning, having made the run of one hundred and fifty miles, including all stoppages, in the short space of eight hours, and the whole distance from Rochester, five hundred miles, in twenty hours, for which we paid the reasonable charge of something like one pound five shillings sterling per head.

I must say that travelling is both cheaper and pleasanter in the United States than in England. So much attention and deference are shown to the fair sex, that I will venture to affirm, that a woman, gentle or simple, might travel from one end of the Union to the other without fear of insult. I like the manner the railroads are managed, which is much better than in England. The carriages are more commodious, better fitted up, and better ventilated. Venetian blinds are fitted to the windows, and brass hooks over each seat, for hanging up hats, umbrellas, and carpet-bags. The doors open at each end of the carriage, the passage being through the centre, with a row of sofa-chairs, capable of containing two persons on each side. The railroad runs generally through the centre of every town on the route, notice being always given by the conductors to the passengers of the number of minutes the train will stop at each station.

At all the stopping places abundance of refreshments of all sorts—creams, ices, jellies, &c. —are handed through every carriage, so that the passengers have seldom any occasion to leave their seats. The prices of the refreshments are remarkably low. A five-cent piece will procure either a glass of brandy and water, or an iced cream.

The passengers' baggage is equally well ma-

naged. Zinc tickets are numbered and strapped to each box or trunk, and counter-checks bearing the same numbers are handed to the passenger on the arrival of the train at its destination. The numbers are called over in a loud voice, and delivered to the owners by their producing the duplicate tickets.

We stayed five days in New York, during which time we visited the principal places of amusement. New York is already one of the largest cities in the world. The activity and bustle in every part are truly astonishing, while the amount of shipping in the north and east rivers struck me as being greater than in Liverpool. It is really a wonderful place, and many years will not elapse before it will vie with London in population and mercantile importance.

On the 16th of July, we sailed in the "Hungarian," 1300 tons burthen, Captain Patterson, and had a remarkably pleasant passage of twenty-two days. We left Liverpool on the 7th of August, and reached my mother's house on the 8th, just one month from leaving our Canadian home.

I received a warm welcome at Reydon from my dear mother and sisters, to whom my return was, indeed, a surprise. It would have been a still more delightful reunion, could the whole eight have once more met beneath the parental roof.

This, however, was impossible, as I had left two sisters in Canada, and my brother was on his way to Calcutta. But the links of family affection were still firm and unbroken. Death had not entered my mother's home-circle since we parted, to sever her branches from the parent-tree, and for that mercy we were deeply grateful.

Since my return to England, my daughter and myself have experienced the utmost kindness and attention, not only in my native Suffolk, but in Norfolk and Kent.

In my own immediate neighbourhood I have been indebted for much attention and hospitality from former friends and schoolfellows, having, in fact, revived the old friendships of my youth, and formed many new ones. I am now on the eve of returning to my distant home, and wish to express to you, dear friends and neighbours, in the last pages of my work, those grateful sentiments your kindness has awakened in my heart.

May God bless you all, and keep you in his holy protection! Be assured that I shall always remember your dear and honoured names with warm interest and affection.

THE END.

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Protestant Church and School-house at Lakefield,

IN THE TOWNSHIP OF DOURO, CANADA WEST.

THE village of Lakefield is situated on the banks of the Otonabee River, in the township of Douro, ten miles from any place of worship of the Established Church. This township contains about 1,200 souls, nearly two-thirds of whom are Roman Catholics: the Protestant part of the inhabitants reside chiefly on the banks of the river. The settlers on the opposite shore (township of Smith), and the Indians from their village, on Chemong Lake, distant only three and a half miles, would be equally benefited by the erection of a Church at Lakefield. The inhabitants will readily supply the necessary materials, provided they can raise a sufficient sum to pay for the workmanship, and furnish the building. Aid to accomplish this very desirable object is earnestly requested: a piece of land sufficient for the purpose has been promised, and will be made over to Trustees of the Church of England.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received in aid of this object at the CANADA COMPANY'S HOUSE, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, and by MR. BENTLEY, 8, New Burlington Street, London.