Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago

Title: Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago

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Release Date: October, 2004 [EBook #6663]

[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]

[This file was first posted on January 10, 2003]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

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LIFE IN CANADA FIFTY YEARS AGO:

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT

“Ah, happy years! Once more who would not be a boy?”

Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CANADA,

UPON WHOSE INTEGRITY AND ENERGY OF CHARACTER THE FUTURE OF THIS GREAT

HERITAGE OF OURS RESTS,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

When a man poses before the world—even the Canadian world—in the *role* of an author, he is expected to step up to the footlights, and explain his purpose in presenting himself before the public in that capacity.

The thoughts of the world are sown broadcast, very much as the seed falls from the sweep of the husbandman’s hand. It drops here and there, in good ground and in stony places. Its future depends upon its vitality. Many a fair seed has fallen

on rich soil, and never reached maturity. Many another has shot up luxuriantly, but in a short time has been choked by brambles. Other seeds have been cast out with the chaff upon the dung heap, and after various mutations, have come in contact with a clod of earth, through which they have sent their roots, and have finally grown into thrifty plants. A thought thrown out on the world, if it possesses vital force, never dies. How much is remembered of the work of our greatest men? Only a sentence here and there; and many a man whose name will go down through all the ages, owes it to the truth or the vital force of the thought embedded in a few brief lines.

I have very little to say respecting the volume here with presented to the public. The principal contents appeared a short time ago in the *Canadian Monthly* and the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. They were written at a time when my way seemed hedged around with insurmountable difficulties, and when almost anything that could afford me a temporary respite from the mental anxieties that weighed me down, not only during the day, but into the long hours of the night, would have been welcomed. Like most unfortunates, I met Mr. Worldly Wiseman from day to day. I always found him ready to point out the way I should go and what I should do, but I have no recollection that he ever got the breadth of a hair beyond that. One evening I took up my pen and began jotting down a few memories of my boyhood. I think we are all fond of taking retrospective glances, and more particularly when life’s pathway trends towards the end. The relief I found while thus engaged was very soothing, and for the time I got altogether away from the present, and lived over again many a joyous hour. After a time I had accumulated a good deal of matter, such as it was, but the thought of publication had not then entered my mind. One day, while in conversation with Dr.

Withrow, I mentioned what I had done, and he expressed a desire to see what I had written. The papers were sent him, and in a short time he returned them with a note expressing the pleasure the perusal of them had afforded him, and advising me to submit them to the *Canadian Monthly* for publication. Sometime afterwards I followed his advice.

The portion of the papers that appeared in the last-named periodical were favourably received, and I was much gratified not only by that, but from private letters afterwards received from different parts of the Dominion, conveying

expressions of commendation which I had certainly never anticipated. This is as much as need be said about the origin and first publication of the papers which make up the principal part of this volume. I do not deem it necessary to give any reasons for putting them in book form; but I may say this: the whole has been carefully revised, and in its present shape I hope will meet with a hearty welcome from a large number of Canadians.

In conclusion, I wish to express my thanks to the Hon. J.C. Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, for information he procured for me at the time of publication, and particularly to J.C. Dent, Esq., to whom I am greatly indebted for many useful hints.

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CHAPTER I.

“I talk of dreams,

For you and I are past our dancing days.”

—_Romeo and Juliet_.

THE PROSE AND POETRY OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS—THE LOG HOUSE—

SUGAR MAKING—AN OMEN OF GOOD LUCK—MY QUAKER GRANDPARENTS—THE OLD

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I was born in the County of –-, Upper Canada, on the 4th day of June, in the early part of this present century. I have no recollection of my entry into the world, though I was present when the great event occurred; but I have every reason to believe the date given is correct, for I have it from my mother and father, who were there at the time, and I think my mother had pretty good reason to know all about it. I was the first of the family, though my parents had been married for more than five years before I presented myself as their hopeful heir, and to demand from them more attention than they anticipated. “Children,” says the Psalmist, “are an heritage, and he who hath his quiver full of them shall not be ashamed; they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.” I do not know what effect this had on my father’s enemies, if he had any; but later experience has proved to me that those who rear a numerous progeny go through a vast deal of trouble and anxiety. At any rate I made my appearance on the stage, and began

my performance behind the footlights of domestic bliss. I must have been a success, for I called forth a great deal of applause from my parents, and received their undivided attention. But other actors came upon the boards in more rapid succession, so that in a few years the quiver of my father was well filled, and he might have met “his enemies in the gate.”

My father, when he married, bought a farm. Of course it was all woods.

Such were the only farms available for young folk to commence life with in those days. Doubtless there was a good deal of romance in it. Love in a cot; the smoke gracefully curling; the wood-pecker tapping, and all that; very pretty. But alas, in this work-a-day world, particularly the new one upon which my parents then entered, these silver linings were not observed. They had too much of the prose of life.

A house was built—a log one, of the Canadian rustic style then much in vogue, containing one room, and that not very large either; and to this my father brought his young bride. Their outfit consisted, on his part, of a colt, a yoke of steers, a couple of sheep, some pigs, a gun, and an axe. My mother’s *dot* comprised a heifer, bed and bedding, a table and chairs, a chest of linen, some dishes, and a few other necessary items with which to begin housekeeping. This will not seem a very lavish set-out for a young couple on the part of parents who were at that time more than usually well-off. But there was a large family on both sides, and the old people then thought it the better way to let the young folk try their hand at making a living before they gave them of their abundance. If they succeeded they wouldn’t need much, and if they did not, it would come better after a while.

My father was one of a class of young men not uncommon in those days, who possessed energy and activity. He was bound to win. What the old people gave was cheerfully accepted, and he went to work to acquire the necessaries and comforts of life with his own hands. He chopped his way into the stubborn wood and added field to field. The battle had now been waged for seven or eight years; an addition had been made to the house; other small comforts had been added, and the nucleus of future competence fairly established.

One of my first recollections is in connection with the small log barn he had built, and which up to that date had not been enlarged. He carried me out one day in his arms, and put me in a barrel in the middle of the floor. This was covered with loosened sheaves of wheat, which he kept turning over with a wooden fork, while the oxen and horse were driven round and round me. I did not know what it all meant then, but I afterwards learned that he was threshing. This was one of the first rude scenes in the drama of the early settlers' life to which I was introduced, and in which I had to take a more practical part in after years. I took part, also, very early in life, in sugar-making. The sap-bush was not very far away from the house, and the sap-boiling was under the direction of my mother, who mustered all the pots and kettles she could command, and when they were properly suspended over the fire on wooden hooks, she watched them, and rocked me in a sap-trough. Father's work consisted in bringing in the sap with two pails, which were carried by a wooden collar about three feet long, and made to fit the shoulder, from each end of which were fastened two cords with hooks to receive the bail of the pails, leaving the arms free except to steady them. He had also to cut wood for the fire. I afterwards came to take a more active part in these duties, and used to wish I could go back to my primitive cradle. But time pushed me on whether I would or not, until I scaled the mountain top of life's activities; and now, when quietly descending into the valley, my gaze is turned affectionately towards those early days. I do not think they were always bright and joyous, and I am sure I often chafed under the burdens imposed upon me; but how inviting they seem when viewed through the golden haze of retrospection.

My next recollection is the raising of a frame barn behind the house, and of a niece of my father's holding me in her arms to see the men pushing up the heavy "bents" with long poles. The noise of the men shouting and driving in the wooden pins with great wooden beetles, away up in the beams and stringers, alarmed me a great deal, but it all went up, and then one of the men mounted the plate (the timber on which the foot of the rafter rests) with a bottle in his hand, and swinging it round his head three times, threw it off in the field. If the bottle was unbroken it was an omen of good luck. The bottle, I remember, was picked up whole, and shouts of congratulation followed. Hence, I suppose, the prosperity that attended my father.

The only other recollection I have of this place was of my father, who was a very ingenious man, and could turn his hand to almost everything, making a cradle for my sister, for this addition to our number had occurred. I have no remembrance of any such fanciful crib being made for my slumbers. Perhaps the sap-trough did duty for me in the house as well as in the bush. The next thing was our removal, which took place in the winter, and all that I can recall of it is that my uncle took my mother, sister, and myself away in a sleigh, and we never returned to the little log house. My father had sold his farm, bought half of his old home, and come to live with his parents. They were Quakers. My grandfather was a short, robust old man, and very particular about his personal appearance. Half a century has elapsed since then, but the picture of the old man taking his walks about the place, in his closely-fitting snuff-brown cut-away coat, knee-breeches, broad-brimmed hat and silver-headed cane is distinctively fixed in my memory. He died soon after we took up our residence with him, and the number who came from all parts of the country to the funeral was a great surprise to me. I could not imagine where so many people came from. The custom prevailed then, and no doubt does still, when a death occurred, to send a messenger, who called at every house for many miles around to give notice of the death, and of when and where the interment would take place.

[Illustration: THE FIRST HOME.]

My grandmother was a tall, neat, motherly old woman, beloved by everybody. She lived a number of years after her husband’s death, and I seem to see her now, sitting at one side of the old fireplace knitting.

She was always knitting, and turning out scores of thick warm socks and mittens for her grandchildren.

At this time a great change had taken place, both in the appearance of the country and in the condition of the people. It is true that many of the first settlers had ceased from their labours, but there were a good many left—old people now,

who were quietly enjoying, in their declining years, the fruit of their early industry. Commodious dwellings had taken the place of the first rude houses. Large frame barns and outhouses had grown out of the small log ones. The forest in the immediate neighbourhood had been cleared away, and well-tilled fields occupied its place. Coarse and scanty fare had been supplanted by a rich abundance of all the requisites that go to make home a scene of pleasure and contentment. Altogether a substantial prosperity was apparent. A genuine content and a hearty good will, one towards another, existed in all the older parts. The settled part as yet, however, formed only a very narrow belt extending along the bay and lake shores. The great forest lay close at hand in the rear, and the second generation, as in the case of my father, had only to go a few miles to find it, and commence for themselves the laborious struggle of clearing it away.

The old home, as it was called, was always a place of attraction, and especially so to the young people, who were sure of finding good cheer at grandfather's. What fun, after the small place called home, to have the run of a dozen rooms, to haunt the big cellar, with its great heaps of potatoes and vegetables, huge casks of cider, and well-filled bins of apples, or to sit at the table loaded with the good things which grandmother only could supply. How delicious the large piece of pumpkin pie tasted, and how toothsome the rich crullers that melted in the mouth! Dear old body! I can see her now going to the great cupboard to get me something saying as she goes, "I'm sure the child is hungry." And it was true, he was always hungry; and how he managed to stow away so much is a mystery I cannot now explain. There was no place in the world more to be desired than this, and no spot in all the past the recollection of which is more bright and joyous.

My father now assumed the management of affairs. The old people reserved one room to themselves, but it was free to all, particularly to us children. It was hard to tell sometimes which to choose, whether the kitchen, where the family were gathered round the cheerful logs blazing brightly in the big fireplace, or a stretch on the soft rag-carpet beside the box stove in grandmother's room. This room was also a sanctuary to which we often fled to escape punishment after doing some mischief. We were sure of an advocate there, if we could reach it in time.

The house was a frame one, as nearly all the best houses were in those days, and was painted a dark yellow. There were two kitchens, one used for washing and doing the heavier household work in; the other, considerably larger, was used by the family. In the latter was the large fireplace, around which gathered in the winter time bright and happy faces; where the old men smoked their pipes in peaceful reverie, or delighted us with stories of other days; where mother darned her socks, and father mended our boots; where the girls were sewing, and uncles were scraping axe-handles with bits of glass, to make them smooth. There were no drones in farm-houses then; there was something for every one to do. At one side of the fireplace was the large brick oven with its gaping mouth, closed with a small door, easily removed, where the bread and pies were baked. Within the fireplace was an iron crane securely fastened in the jamb, and made to swing in and out with its row of iron pothooks of different lengths, on which to hang the pots used in cooking. Cook stoves had not yet appeared to cheer the housewife and revolutionize the kitchen. Joints of meat and poultry were roasted on turning spits, or were suspended before the fire by a cord and wire attached to the ceiling. Cooking was attended with more difficulties then. Meat was fried in long-handled pans, and the short-cake that so often graced the supper table, and played such havoc with the butter and honey, with the pancakes that came piping hot on the breakfast table, owed their finishing touch to the frying pan. The latter, however, were more frequently baked on a large griddle with a bow handle made to hook on the crane. This, on account of its larger surface, enabled the cook to turn out these much-prized cakes, when properly made, with greater speed; and in a large family an expert hand was required to keep up the supply. Some years later an ingenious Yankee invented what was called a “Reflector,” made of bright tin for baking. It was a small tin oven with a slanting top, open at one side, and when required for use was set before the fire on the hearth. This simple contrivance was a great convenience, and came into general use. Modern inventions in the appliances for cooking have very much lessened the labour and increased the possibilities of supplying a variety of dishes, but it has not improved the quality of them. There were no better caterers to hungry stomachs than our mothers, whose practical education had been received in grandmother’s kitchen. The other rooms of the house comprised a sitting-room—used only when there was company—a parlour, four bedrooms, and the room reserved for the old people. Up-stairs were the sleeping and store-rooms. In the hall stood the tall old fashioned house clock, with its long pendulum swinging to and fro with slow and measured beat. Its face had looked upon the venerable sire before his

locks were touched with the frost of age. When his children were born it indicated the hour, and it had gone on telling off the days and years until the children were grown. And when a wedding day had come, it had rung a joyful peal through the house, and through the years the old hands had travelled on, the hammer had struck off the hours, and another generation had come to look upon it and grow familiar with its constant tick.

[Illustration: GRANDFATHER’S.]

The furniture was plain and substantial, more attention being given to durability than to style or ornament. Easy chairs—save the spacious rocking-chair for old women—and lounges were not seen. There was no time for lolling on well-stuffed cushions. The rooms were heated with large double box stoves, very thick and heavy, made at Three Rivers; and by their side was always seen a large wood-box, well filled with sound maple or beech wood. But few pictures adorned the walls, and these were usually rude prints far inferior to those we get every day now from the illustrated papers. Books, so plentiful and cheap now-a-days, were then very scarce, and where a few could be found, they were mostly heavy doctrinal tomes piled away on some shelf where they were allowed to remain.

The home we now inhabited was altogether a different one from that we had left in the back concession, but it was like many another to be found along the bay shore. Besides my own family, there were two younger brothers of my father, and two grown-up nieces, so that when we all mustered round the table, there was a goodly number of hearty people always ready to do justice to the abundant provision made. This reminds me of an incident or two illustrative of the lavish manner with which a well-to-do farmer’s table was supplied in those days. A Montreal merchant and his wife were spending an evening at a very highly-esteemed farmer’s house. At the proper time supper was announced, and the visitors, with the family, were gathered round the table, which groaned, metaphorically speaking, under the load it bore. There were turkey, beef and ham, bread and the favourite short cake, sweet cakes in endless variety, pies,

preserves, sauces, tea, coffee, cider, and what not. The visitors were amazed, as they might well be, at the lavish display of cooking, and they were pressed, with well-meant kindness, to partake heartily of everything. They yielded good-naturedly to the entreaties to try this and that as long as they could, and paused only when it was impossible to take any more. When they were leaving, the merchant asked his friend when they were coming to Montreal, and insisted that they should come soon, promising if they would only let him know a little before when they were coming he would buy up everything there was to be had in the market for supper. On another occasion an English gentleman was spending an evening at a neighbour's, and, as usual, the supper table was crowded with everything the kind-hearted hostess could think of. The guest was plied with dish after dish, and, thinking it would be disrespectful if he did not take something from each, he continued to eat, and take from the dishes as they were passed, until he found his plate, and all the available space around him, heaped up with cakes and pie. To dispose of all he had carefully deposited on his plate and around it seemed utterly impossible, and yet he thought he would be considered rude if he did not finish what he had taken, and he struggled on, with the perspiration visible on his face, until in despair he asked to be excused, as he could not eat any more if it were to save his life.

It was the custom in those days for the hired help (the term servant was not used) to sit at the table, with the family. On one occasion, a Montreal merchant prince was on a visit at a wealthy Quaker's, who owned a large farm, and employed a number of men in the summer. It was customary in this house for the family to seat themselves first at the head of the table, after which the hired hands all came in, and took the lower end. This was the only distinction. They were served just as the rest of the family. On this occasion the guest came out with the family, and they were seated. Then the hired men and girls came in and did the same, whereupon the merchant left the table and the room. The old lady, thinking there was something the matter with the man, soon after followed him into the sitting-room, and asked him if he was ill. He said "No." "Then why did thee leave the table?" thee old lady enquired.

"Because," said he, "I am not accustomed to eat with servants." "Very well," replied the old lady, "if thee cannot eat with us, thee will have to go without thy dinner." His honour concluded to pocket his dignity, and submit to the rules of the house.

I was sent to school early—more, I fancy, to get me out of the way for a good part of the day, than from any expectation that I would learn much. It took a long time to hammer the alphabet into my head. But if I was dull at school, I was noisy and mischievous enough at home, and very fond of tormenting my sisters. Hence, my parents—and no child ever had better ones—could not be blamed very much if they did send me to school for no other reason than to be rid of me. The school house was close at hand, and its aspect is deeply graven in my memory. My first schoolmaster was an Englishman who had seen better days. He was a good scholar, I believe, but a poor teacher. The school house was a small square structure, with low ceiling. In the centre of the room was a box stove, around which the long wooden benches without backs were ranged.

Next the walls were the desks, raised a little from the floor. In the summer time the pupils were all of tender years, the elder ones being kept at home to help with the work. At the commencement of my educational course I was one of a little lot of urchins ranged daily on hard wooden seats, with our feet dangling in the air, for seven or eight hours a day. In such a plight we were expected to be very good children, to make no noise, and to learn our lessons. It is a marvel that so many years had to elapse before parents and teachers could be brought to see that keeping children in such a position for so many hours was an act of great cruelty. The terror of the rod was the only thing that could keep us still, and that often failed. Sometimes, tired and weary, we fell asleep and tumbled off the bench, to be roused by the fall and the rod.

In the winter time the small school room was filled to overflowing with the larger boys and girls. This did not improve our condition, for we were mere closely packed together, and were either shivering with the cold or being cooked with the red-hot stove. In a short time after, the old school house, where my father, I believe, had got his schooling, was hoisted on runners, and, with the aid of several yoke of oxen, was taken up the road about a mile and enlarged a little. This event brought my course of study to an end for a while. I next sat under the rod of an Irish pedagogue—an old man who evidently believed that the only way to get anything into a boy’s head was to pound it in with a stick through his back. There was no discipline, and the noise we made seemed to rival a Bedlam. We used to play all sorts of tricks on the old man, and I was not behind in contriving or carrying them into execution. One day, however, I was caught and severely thrashed. This so mortified me, that I jumped out of the window and went home.

An investigation followed, and I was whipped by my father and sent back. Poor old Dominic, he has long since put by his stick, and passed beyond the reach of unruly boys. Thus I passed on from teacher to teacher, staying at home in the summer, and resuming my books again in the winter. Sometimes I went to the old school house up the road, sometimes to the one in an opposite direction.

The latter was larger, and there was generally a better teacher, but it was much farther, and I had to set off early in the cold frosty mornings with my books and dinner basket, often through deep snow and drifts. At night I had to get home in time to help to feed the cattle and get in the wood for the fires. The school houses then were generally small and uncomfortable, and the teachers were often of a very inferior order. The school system of Canada, which has since been moulded by the skilful hand of Dr. Ryerson into one of the best in the world, and which will give to his industry and genius a more enduring record than stone or brass, was in my day very imperfect indeed. It was, perhaps, up with the times. But when the advantages which the youth of this country now possess are compared with the small facilities we had of picking up a little knowledge, it seems almost a marvel that we learned anything.

Spelling matches came at this time into vogue, and were continued for several years. They occasioned a friendly rivalry between schools, and were productive of good. The meetings took place during the long winter nights, either weekly or fortnightly. Every school had one or more prize spellers, and these were selected to lead the match; or if the school was large, a contest between the girls and boys came off first.

Sometimes two of the best spellers were selected by the scholars as leaders, and these would proceed to ‘choose sides;’ that is, one would choose a fellow pupil, who would rise and take his or her place, and then the other, continuing until the list was exhausted. The preliminaries being completed, the contest began. At first the lower end of the class was disposed of, and as time wore on one after another would make a slip and retire, until two or three only were left on either side. Then the struggle became exciting, and scores of eager eyes were fixed on the contestants. With the old hands there was a good deal of fencing, though the teacher usually had a reserve of difficult words to end the fight, which often lasted two or three hours. He failed sometimes, and then it was a drawn battle to be fought on another occasion.

Debating classes also met and discussed grave questions, upon such old-fashioned subjects as these:

“Which is the more useful to man, wood or iron?” “Which affords the greater enjoyment, anticipation or participation?” “Which was the greater general, Wellington or Napoleon?” Those who were to take part in the discussion were always selected at a previous meeting, so that all that had to be done was to select a chairman and commence the debate. I can give from memory a sample or two of these first attempts. “Mr.

President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I rise to make a few remarks on this all important question—

ahem—Mr. President, this is the first time I ever tried to speak in public, and unaccustomed as I am to—to—ahem. Ladies and Gentlemen, I think our opponents are altogether wrong in arguing that Napoleon was a greater general than Wellington—ahem—I ask you, Mr. President, did Napoleon ever thrash Wellington? Didn’t Wellington always thrash him, Mr. President? Didn’t he whip him at Waterloo and take him prisoner? and then to say that he is a greater general than Wellington—why, Mr.

President, he couldn’t hold a candle to him. Ladies and Gentlemen, I say that Napoleon wasn’t a match for him at all. Wellington licked him every time—and —yes, licked him every time. I can’t think of any more, Mr.

President, and I will take my seat, Sir, by saying that I’m sure you will decide in our favour from the strong arguments our side has produced.”

After listening to such powerful reasoning, some one of the older spectators would ask Mr. President to be allowed to say a few words on some other important question to be debated, and would proceed to air his eloquence and instruct the youth on such a topic as this: “Which is the greater evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?” After this wise the harangue would proceed:—“Mr. President, I have been almost mad a-listening to the debates of these ‘ere youngsters—they don’t know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evil of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty

years, and been hammered, and jammed, and slammed, all the while. Wait till they've been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the room was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because the old cat had kittens, because they came too soon for dinner, because they were a minute late—before they talk about the worry of a scolding wife. Why Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, din of the tongue of a scolding woman; yes, sir, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little nigger is to a dark night."

These meetings were generally well attended, and conducted with considerable spirit. If the discussions were not brilliant, and the young debater often lost the thread of his argument—in other words, got things "mixed"—he gained confidence, learned to talk in public, and to take higher flights. Many of our leading public men learned their first lessons in the art of public speaking in the country debating school.

Apple trees were planted early by the bay settlers, and there were now numerous large orchards of excellent fruit. Pears, plums, cherries, currants and gooseberries were also common. The apple crop was gathered in October, the best fruit being sent to the cellar for family use during winter, and the rest to the cider mill.

The cider mills of those days were somewhat rude contrivances. The mill proper consisted of two cogged wooden cylinders about fourteen inches in diameter and perhaps twenty-six inches in length, placed in an upright position in a frame. The pivot of one of these extended upward about six feet, and at its top was secured the long shaft to which the horse was attached, and as it was driven round and round, the mill crunched the apples, with many a creak and groan, and shot them out on the opposite side. The press which waited to receive the bruised mass was about eight feet square, round the floor of which, near the edge, ran a deep groove to carry off the juice. In making what is known as the cheese, the first process was to spread a thick layer of long rye or wheat straw round the outer

edge, on the floor of the press. Upon this the pulp was placed to the depth of a foot or more. The first layer of straw was then turned in carefully, and another layer of straw put down as in the first place, upon which more pulp was placed, and so on from layer to layer, until the cheese was complete. Planks were then placed on the top, and the pressure of the powerful wooden screw brought to bear on the mass. At once a copious stream of cider began to flow into the casks or vat, and here the fun began with the boys, who, well armed with long straws, sucked their fill.

By the roadside stands the cider mill, Where a lowland slumber waits the rill: A great brown building, two stories high, On the western hill face warm and dry; And odorous piles of apples there

Fill with incense the golden air;

And masses of pomace, mixed with straw, To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door,

And spill their treasures in on the floor; Down through the toothed wheels they go To the wide, deep cider press below.

And the screws are turned by slow degrees Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream

Bursts from beneath the graning beam,

An amber stream the gods might sip,

And fear no morrow’s parched lip.

But therefore, gods? Those idle toys

Were soulless to real *Canadian* boys!

What classic goblet ever felt

Such thrilling touches through it melt, As throb electric along a straw,

When the boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds, And their discords life’s sweet music drowns But yet I hear, oh, sweet! oh, sweet!

The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet; And yet the cider drips and falls

On my inward ear at intervals

And I lead at times in a sad, sweet dream To the bubbling of that little stream; And I sit in a visioned autumn still,

In the sunny door of the cider mill.

—WHITTIER.

It was a universal custom to set a dish of apples and a pitcher of cider before everyone who came to the house. Any departure from this would have been thought disrespectful. The sweet cider was generally boiled down into a syrup, and, with apples quartered and cooked in it, was equal to a preserve, and made splendid pies. It was called apple sauce, and found its way to the table thrice a day.

Then came the potatoes and roots, which had to be dug and brought to the cellar. It was not very nice work, particularly if the ground was damp and cold, to pick them out and throw them into the basket, but it had to be done, and I was compelled to do my share. One good thing about it was that it was never a long job. There was much more fun in gathering the pumpkins and corn into the barn. The corn was husked, generally at night, the bright golden ears finding their way into the old crib, from whence it was to come again to fatten the turkeys, the geese, and the ducks for Christmas. It was a very common thing to have husking bees. A few neighbours would be invited, the barn lit with candles.

Strung o’er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scenes below; The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before, And laughing eyes, and busy hand, and brown cheeks glimmering o’er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, Talking their old times o’er, the old men sat apart; While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade, At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

—WHITTIER.

Amid jokes and laughter the husks and ears would fly, until the work was done, when all hands would repair to the house, and, after partaking of a hearty supper,

leave for home in high spirits.

Then came hog-killing time, a very heavy and disagreeable task, but the farmer has many of these, and learns to take them pleasantly. My father, with two or three expert hands dressed for the occasion, would slaughter and dress ten or a dozen large hogs in the course of a day. There were other actors besides in the play. It would be curious, indeed, if all hands were not employed when work was going on. My part in the performance was to attend to the fire under the great kettle in which the hogs were scalded, and to keep the water boiling, varied at intervals by blowing up bladders with a quill for my own amusement. In the house the fat had to be looked to, and after being washed and tried (the term used for melting), was poured into dishes and set aside to cool and become lard, afterwards finding its way into cakes and piecrust. The out-door task does not end with the first day either, for the hogs have to be carried in and cut up; the large meat tubs, in which the family supplies are kept, have to be filled; the hams and shoulders to be nicely cut and cured, and the rest packed into barrels for sale.

Close on the heels of hog-killing came sausage-making, when meat had to be chopped and flavoured, and stuffed into cotton bags or prepared gut.

Then the heads and feet had to be soaked and scraped over and over again, and when ready were boiled, the one being converted into head-cheese, the other into souse. All these matters, when conducted under the eye of a good housewife, contributed largely to the comfort and good living of the family. Who is there, with such an experience as mine, that receives these things at the hands of his city butcher and meets them on his table, who does not wish for the moment that he was a boy, and seated at his mother’s board, that he might shake off the phantom canine and feline that rise on his plate, and call in one of mother’s sausages.

As the fall crept on, the preparations for winter increased. The large roll of full cloth, which had been lately brought from the mill, was carried down, and father and I set out for a tailor, who took our measurements and cut our clothes, which

we brought home, and some woman, or perhaps a wandering tailor, was employed to make them up. There was no discussion as to style, and if the fit did not happen to be perfect, there was no one to criticise either the material or the make, nor were there any arbitrary rules of fashion to be respected. We had new clothes, which were warm and comfortable. What more did we want? A cobbler, too, was brought in to make our boots. My father was quite an expert at shoemaking, but he had so many irons in the fire now that he could not do more than mend or make a light pair of shoes for mother at odd spells. The work then turned out by the sons of St. Crispin was not highly finished. It was coarse, but, what was of greater consequence, it was strong, and wore well. While all this was going on for the benefit of the male portion of the house, mother and the girls were busy turning the white flannels into shirts and drawers, and the plaid roll that came with it into dresses for themselves. As in the case of our clothes, there was no consulting of fashion-books, for a very good reason, perhaps—there was none to consult. No talk about Miss Brown or Miss Smith having her dress made this way or that; and I am sure they were far happier and contented than the girls of to-day, with all their show and glitter.

The roads at that time, more particularly in the fall, were almost impassable until frozen up. In the spring, until the frost was out of the ground, and they had settled and dried, they were no better. The bridges were rough, wooden affairs, covered with logs, usually flattened on one side with an axe. The swamps and marshes were made passable by laying down logs, of nearly equal size, close together in the worst places. These were known as corduroy roads, and were no pleasant highways to ride over for any distance, as all who have tried them know.

But in the winter the frost and snow made good traveling everywhere, and hence the winter was the time for the farmer to do his teaming.

One of the first things that claimed attention when the sleighing began, and before the snow got deep in the woods, was to get out the year’s supply of fuel. The men set out for the bush before it was fairly daylight, and commenced chopping. The trees were cut in lengths of about ten feet, and the brush piled in heaps. Then my father, or myself, when I got old enough, followed with the

sleigh, and began drawing it, until the wood yard was filled with sound beech and maple, with a few loads of dry pine for kindling. These huge wood-piles always bore a thrifty appearance, and spoke of comfort and good cheer within.

Just before Christmas there was always one or two beef cattle to kill.

Sheep had also to be slaughtered, with the turkeys, geese and ducks, which had been getting ready for decapitation. After home wants were provided for, the rest were sent to market.

The winter's work now began in earnest, for whatever may be said about the enjoyment of Canadian winter life—and it is an enjoyable time to the Canadian —there are few who really enjoy it so much as the farmer.

He cannot, however, do like bruin—roll himself up in the fall, and suck his paw until spring in a state of semi-unconsciousness, for his cares are numerous and imperious, his work varied and laborious. His large stock demands regular attention, and must be fed morning and night. The great barn filled with grain had to be threshed, for the cattle needed the straw, and the grain had to be got out for the market. So day after day he and his men hammered away with the flail, or spread the sheaves on the barn floor to be trampled out by horses. Threshing machines were unknown then, as were all the labour-saving machines now so extensively used by the farmer. His muscular arm was the only machine he then had to rely upon, and if it did not accomplish much, it succeeded in doing its work well, and in providing him with all his modest wants. Then the fanning mill came into play to clean the grain, after which it was carried to the granary, whence again it was taken either to the mill or to market. Winter was also the time to get out the logs from the woods, and to haul them to the mill to be sawed in the spring—we always had a use for boards. These saw mills, built on sap-streams, which ran dry as soon as the spring freshets were over, were like the cider mills, small rough structures. They had but one upright saw, which, owing to its primitive construction, did not move as now, with lightning rapidity, nor did it turn out a very large quantity of stuff. It answered the purpose of the day, however, and that was all that was required or expected of it. Rails, also, had to be split and drawn to where new fences were wanted, or where old ones needed

repairs. There were flour, beef, mutton, butter, apples, and a score more of things to be taken to market and disposed of. But, notwithstanding all this, the winter was a good, joyful time for the farmer—a time, moreover, when the social requisites of his nature received the most attention. Often the horses would be put to the sleigh, and we would set off, well bundled up, to visit some friends a few miles distant, or, as frequently happened, to visit an uncle or an aunt, far away in the new settlements. The roads often wound along for miles through the forest, and it was great fun for us youngsters to be dashing along behind a spirited team, now around the trunks of great trees, or under the low-hanging boughs of the spruce or cedar, laden with snow, which sometimes shed their heavy load upon our head. But after a while the cold would seize upon us, and we would wish our journey at an end.

The horses, white with frost, would then be pressed on faster, and would bring us at length to the door. In a few moments we would all be seated round the glowing fire, which would soon quiet our chattering teeth, thaw us out, and prepare us to take our places at the repast which had been getting ready in the meantime. We were sure to do justice to the good things which the table provided.

Many of these early days start up vividly and brightly before me, particularly since I have grown to manhood, and lived amid other surroundings. Among the most pleasing of these recollections are some of my drives on a moonlight night, when the sleighing was good, and when the sleigh, with its robes and rugs, was packed with a merry lot of girls and boys (we had no ladies and gentlemen then). Off we would set, spanking along over the crisp snow, which creaked and cracked under the runners, making a low murmuring sound in harmony with the sleigh-bells.

When could a more fitting time be found for a pleasure-ride than on one of those clear calm nights; when the earth, wrapped in her mantle of snow, glistened and sparkled in the moonbeams, and the blue vault of heaven glittered with countless stars, whose brilliancy seemed intensified by the cold—when the aurora borealis waved and danced across the northern sky, and the frost noiselessly fell like flakes of silver upon a scene at once inspiriting, exhilarating and joyous! How

the merry laugh floated along in the evening air, as we dashed along the road! How sweetly the merry song and chorus echoed through the silent wood; while our hearts were aglow with excitement, and all nature seemed to respond to the happy scene!

When the frosty nights set in, we were always on the *qui vive* for a skating revel on some pond near by, and our eagerness to enjoy the sport frequently led to a ducking. But very soon the large ponds, and then the bay, were frozen over, when we could indulge in the fun to our heart's content. My first attempts were made under considerable difficulties, but perseverance bridges the way over many obstacles, and so, with my father's skates, which were over a foot long, and which required no little ingenuity to fasten to my feet, I made my first attempt on the ice. Soon, however, in the growth of my feet, this trouble was overcome, and I could whirl over the ice with anyone. The girls did not share in this exhilarating exercise then; indeed their doing so would have been thought quite improper. As our time was usually taken up with school through the day, and with such chores as feeding cattle and bringing wood in for the fire when we returned at night, we would sally out after supper, on moonlight nights, and, full of life and hilarity, fly over the ice, singing and shouting, and making the night ring with our merriment. There was plenty of room on the bay, and early in the season there were miles of ice, smooth as glass and clear as crystal, reflecting the stars which sparkled and glittered beneath our feet, as though we were gliding over a sea of silver set with brilliants.

Ho for the bay, the ice-bound bay!

The moon is up, the stars are bright; The air is keen, but let it play—

We're proof against Jack Frost tonight.

With a sturdy swing and lengthy stride, The glassy ice shall feel our steel; And through the welkin far and wide

The echo of our song shall peal.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, boys, hurrah! skates on and away!

You may lag at your work, but never at play; Give wing to your feet, and make the ice ring, Give voice to your mirth, and merrily sing.

Ho for the boy who does not care

A fig for cold or northern blast!

Whose winged feet can cut the air

Swift as an arrow from bowman cast:

Who can give a long and hearty chase,

And wheel and whirl; then in a trice Inscribe his name in the polished face, Of the cold and clear and glistening ice.

CHORUS.

Ho, boys! the night is waning fast;

The moon’s last rays but faintly gleam.

The hours have glided swiftly past,

And we must home to rest and dream.

The morning’s light must find us moving, Ready our daily tasks to do;

This is the way we have of proving

We can do our part at working too.

CHORUS.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROUND OF PIONEER LIFE—GAME—NIGHT FISHING—MORE DETAILS ABOUT

SUGAR-MAKING—SUGARING-OFF—TAKING A HAND AT THE OLD CHURN—SHEEP-WASHING-COUNTRY GIRLS, THEN AND NOW—SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW—“OLD GRAY”

AND HIS ECCENTRICITIES—HARVEST—MY EARLY EMULATION OF PETER PAUL

RUBENS—MEETING-HOUSES—ELIA ON QUAKER MEETINGS—VARIEGATED AUTUMN

LANDSCAPES—LOGGING AND QUILTING BEES—EVENING FUN—THE TOUCHING LAY OF

THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO SAT DOWN TO SLEEP.

Visiting for the older folk and sleigh-riding for the younger were the principal amusements of the winter. The life then led was very plain and uneventful. There was no ostentatious display, or assumption of superiority by the “first families.” Indeed there was no room for the lines of demarcation which exist in these days. All had to struggle for a home and home comforts, and if some had been more successful in the rough battle of pioneer life than others, they saw no reason why they should be elated or puffed up over it. Neighbours were too scarce to be coldly or haughtily treated. They had hewn their way, side by side, into the fastnesses of the Canadian bush, and therefore stood on one common level. But few superfluities could be found either in their houses or on their persons. Their dress was of home-made fabric, plain, often coarse, but substantial and comfortable. Their manners were cordial and hearty, even to brusqueness, but

they were true friends and honest counsellors, rejoicing with their neighbours in prosperity, and sympathising when days of darkness visited their homes. Modern refinement had not crept into their domestic circle to disturb it with shams and pretensions.

Fashion had no court wherein to adjudicate on matters of dress. Time-worn styles of dress and living were considered the best, and hence there was no rivalry or foolish display in either. Both old and young enjoyed an evening at a friend's house, where they were sure to be welcomed, and where a well-supplied table always greeted them. The home amusements were very limited. Music, with its refining power, was uncultivated, and indeed almost unknown. There were no musical instruments, unless some wandering fiddler happened to come along to delight both old and young with his crazy instrument. There were no critical ears to detect discordant sounds, or be displeased with the poor execution of the rambling musician. The young folk would sometimes spirit him away to the village tavern, which was usually provided with a large room called a ball-room, where he would fiddle while they danced the hours gaily away. At home the family gathered round the glowing fire, where work and conversation moved on together. The old motto of "Early to bed, and early to rise" was strictly observed. Nine o'clock usually found the household wrapt in slumber. In the morning all were up and breakfast was over usually before seven. As soon as it began to get light, the men and boys started for the barn to feed the cattle and thresh; and thus the winter wore away.

Very little things sometimes contribute largely to the comfort of a family, and among those I may mention the lucifer match, then unknown.

It was necessary to carefully cover up the live coals on the hearth before going to bed, so that there would be something to start the fire with in the morning. This precaution rarely failed with good hard-wood coals. But sometimes they died out, and then some one would have to go to a neighbour's house for fire, a thing which I have done sometimes, and it was not nice to have to crawl out of my warm nest and run through the keen cold air for a half mile or more to fetch some live coals, before the morning light had broken in the east. My father usually kept some bundles of finely split pine sticks tipped with brimstone for starting a fire. With these, if there was only a spark left, a fire could soon be made.

But little time was given to sport, although there was plenty of large game. There was something of more importance always claiming attention.

In the winter an occasional deer might be shot, and foxes were sometimes taken in traps. It required a good deal of experience and skill to set a trap so as to catch the cunning beast. Many stories have I heard trappers tell of tricks played by Reynard, and how he had, night after night, baffled all their ingenuity, upset the traps, set them off, or removed them, secured the bait, and away. Another sport more largely patronized in the spring, because it brought something fresh and inviting to the table, was night-fishing. When the creeks were swollen, and the nights were calm and warm, pike and mullet came up the streams in great abundance. Three or four would set out with spears, with a man to carry the jack, and also a supply of dry pine knots, as full of resin as could be found, and cut up small, which were deposited in different places along the creek. The jack was then filled and lit, and when it was all ablaze carried along the edge of the stream, closely followed by the spearsman, who, if an expert, would in a short time secure as many fish as could be carried. It required a sharp eye and a sure aim. The fish shot through the water with great rapidity, which rendered the sport all the more exciting. All hands, of course, returned home thoroughly soaked. Another and pleasanter way was fishing in a canoe on the bay, with the lighted jack secured in the bow. While there its light shone for a considerable distance around, and enabled the fishers to see the smallest fish low down in the clear calm water. This was really enjoyable sport, and generally resulted in a good catch of pike, pickerel, and, very often, a maskelonge or two.

Early in the spring, before the snow had gone, the sugar-making time came. Success depended altogether upon the favourable condition of the weather. The days must be clear and mild, the nights frosty, and plenty of snow in the woods. When the time was at hand, the buckets and troughs were overhauled, spiles were made, and when all was ready the large kettles and casks were put in the sleigh, and all hands set out for the bush. Tapping the tree was the first thing in order. This was done either by boring the tree with an auger, and inserting a spile about a foot long to carry off the sap, or with a gouge-shaped tool about two inches wide, which was driven into the tree, under an inclined scar made with an axe. The spiles used in this case were split with the same instrument, sharpened

at the end with a knife, and driven into the cut.

A person accustomed to the work would tap a great many trees in a day, and usually continued until he had done two or three hundred or more.

This finished, next came the placing and hanging of the kettles. A large log, or what was more common, the trunk of some great tree that had been blown down, would be selected, in as central a position as possible. Two crotches were erected by its side, and a strong pole was put across from one to the other. Hooks were then made, and the kettles suspended over the fire. The sap was collected once and sometimes twice a day, and when there was a good supply in the casks, the boiling began. Each day's run was finished, if possible, the same night, when the sugaring-off took place. There are various simple ways of telling when the syrup is sufficiently boiled, and when this is done, the kettle containing the result of the day's work is set off the fire, and the contents stirred until they turn to sugar, which is then dipped into dishes or moulds, and set aside to harden. Sometimes, when the run was large, the boiling continued until late at night, and, although there was a good deal of hard work connected with it, there was also more or less enjoyment, particularly when some half dozen merry girls dropped in upon you, and assisted at the closing scene. On these occasions the fun was free and boisterous. The woods rang with shouts and peals of laughter, and always ended by our faces and hair being all *stuck up* with sugar. Then we would mount the sleigh and leave for the house. But the most satisfactory part of the whole was to survey the result of the toil in several hundred weight of sugar, and various vessels filled with rich molasses.

[Illustration: NIGHT FISHING IN THE CREEK.]

Now the hams and beef had to be got out of the casks, and hung up in the smoke-house to be smoked. The spring work crowded on rapidly. Ploughing, fencing, sawing and planting followed in quick succession. All hands were busy. The younger ones had to drive the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them up at night. They had also to take a hand at the old churn, and it was a weary task, as I remember well, to stand for an hour, perhaps, and drive the dasher up and down through the thick cream.

How often the handle was examined to see if there were any indications of butter; and what satisfaction there was in getting over with it. As soon as my legs were long enough I had to follow a team, and drag in grain—in fact, before, for I was mounted on the back of one of the horses when my nether limbs were hardly long enough to hold me to my seat. The implements then in use were very rough. Iron ploughs, with cast iron mouldboards, shears, &c., were generally used. As compared with the ploughs of to-day they were clumsy things, but were a great advance over the old wooden ploughs which had not yet altogether gone out of use. Tree tops were frequently used for drags. Riding a horse in the field, under a hot sun, which I frequently had to do, was not as agreeable as it might seem at the first blush.

[Illustration: SUGAR MAKING.]

In June came sheep-washing. The sheep were driven to the bay shore and secured in a pen, whence they were taken one by one into the bay, and their fleece well washed, after which they were let go. In a few days they were brought to the barn and sheared. The wool was then sorted; some of it being retained to be carded by hand, the rest sent to the mill to be turned into rolls; and when they were brought home the hum of the spinning wheel was heard day after day, for weeks, and the steady beat of the girls' feet on the floor, as they walked forward and backward drawing out and twisting the thread, and then letting it run upon the spindle. Of course the quality of the cloth depended on the fineness and evenness of the thread; and a great deal of pains was taken to turn out good work. When the spinning was done, the yarn was taken away to the weaver to be converted into cloth. As I have said before, there were no drones in a farmer's house then. While the work was being pushed outside with vigour, it did not stand still inside. The thrifty housewife was always busy. Beside the daily round of cares that continually pressed upon her, the winter had hardly passed away before she began to make preparations for the next. There were wild strawberries and raspberries to pickle and preserve, of which the family had their share as they came, supplemented with an abundance of rich cream and sugar; and so with the other fruits in their turn. There was the daily task, too, of milking, and the less frequent one of making butter and cheese. The girls were always out in the yard by sunrise, and soon came tripping in with red cheeks and

flowing pails of milk; and at sunset the scene was repeated. The matron required no nurse to take care of the children; no cook to superintend the kitchen; no chamber-maid to make the beds and do the dusting. She had, very likely, one or two hired girls, neighbours' daughters. It was quite common then for farmers'

daughters to go out to work when their services could be dispensed with at home. They were treated as equals, and took as much interest in the affairs of the family as the mistress herself. The fact of a girl going out to work did not affect her position. On the contrary, it was rather in her favour, and showed that she had some ambition about her. The girls, in those days, were quite as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room or boudoir. They could do better execution over a wash tub than at a spinet. They could handle a rolling pin with more satisfaction than a sketch book; and if necessity required, could go out in the field and handle a fork and rake with practical results. They were educated in the country school house—

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,"

with their brothers, and not at a city boarding school. They had not so much as dreamed of fashion books, or heard of fashionable milliners.

Their accomplishments were picked up at home, not abroad. And with all these drawbacks, they were pure, modest, affectionate. They made good wives; and that they were the best and most thoughtful mothers that ever watched over the well-being of their children, many remember full well.

Country life was practical and plodding in those days. Ambition did not lure the husbandman to days of luxury and ease, but to the accomplishment of a good day's work, and a future crowned with the fruits of honest industry. If the girls were prepared for the future by the watchful care and example of the mothers, so the boys followed in the footsteps of their fathers. They did not look upon their lives as burdensome. They did not feel that the occupation of a farmer was less honourable than any other. The merchant's shop did not possess more attraction than the barn. Fine clothes were neither so durable nor so cheap as home-made

suits. Fashionable tailors did not exist to lure them into extravagance, and the town-bred dandy had not broken loose to taint them with his follies. Their aspirations did not lead into ways of display and idleness, or their association to bad habits. They were content to work as their fathers had done, and their aim was to become as exemplary and respected as they were. It was in such a school and under such masters that the foundation of Canadian prosperity was laid, and it is not gratifying to the thoughtful mind, after the survey of such a picture, to find that although our material prosperity in the space of fifty years has been marvellous, we have been gradually departing from the sterling example set us by our progenitors, for twenty years at least. “Dead flies” of extravagance have found their way into the “ointment” of domestic life, and their “savour” is keenly felt.

In our haste to become rich, we have abandoned the old road of honest industry. To acquire wealth, and to rise in the social scale, we have cast behind us those principles which give tone and value to position.

We are not like the Israelites who longed for the “flesh pots” they had left behind in Egypt; yet when we look around it is difficult to keep back the question put by the Ecclesiast, “What is the cause that the former days were better than these?” and the answer we think is not difficult to find. Our daughters are brought up now like tender plants, more for ornament than use. The practical lessons of life are neglected for the superficial. We send our sons to college, and there they fly from the fostering care of home; they crowd into our towns and cities—

sometimes to rise, it is true, but more frequently to fall, and to become worthless members of society. Like the dog in the fable, we ourselves have let the substance drop, while our gaze has been glamoured by the shadow.

Early in July the haying began. The mowers were expected to be in the meadow by sunrise; and all through the day the rasp of their whetstones could be heard, as they dexterously drew them with a quick motion of the hand, first along one side of the scythe and then the other; after which they went swinging across the field, the waving grass falling rapidly before their keen blades, and dropping in swathes at their side. The days were not then divided off into a stated number of working hours.

The rule was to begin with the morning light and continue as long as you could see. Of course men had to eat in those days as well as now, and the blast of the old tin dinner-horn fell on the ear with more melodious sound than the grandest orchestra to the musical enthusiast. Even “Old Gray,” when I followed the plough, used to give answer to the cheerful wind of the horn by a loud whinny, and stop in the furrow, as if to say, “There now, off with my harness, and let us to dinner.” If I happened to be in the middle of the field, I had considerable trouble to get the old fellow to go on to the end.

I must say a few words in this place about “Old Gray.” Why he was always called “Old Gray” is more than I know. His colour could not have suggested the name, for he was a bright roan, almost a bay. He was by no means a pretty animal, being raw-boned, and never seeming to be in first-rate condition; but he was endowed with remarkable sagacity and great endurance, and was, moreover, a fleet trotter. When my father began the work for himself he was a part of his chattels, and survived his master several years. Father drove him twice to Little York one winter, a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles, accomplishing the trip both times inside of a week. He never would allow a team to pass him. It was customary in those days, particularly with youngsters in the winter, to turn out and run by, and many such races I have had; but the moment a team turned out of the track to pass “Old Gray,” he was off like a shot, and you might as well try to hold a locomotive with pins as him with an ordinary bit. He was skittish, and often ran away.

On one occasion, when I was very young, he ran off with father and myself in a single waggon. We were both thrown out, and, our feet becoming entangled in the lines, we were dragged some distance. The wheel passed over my head, and cut it so that it bled freely, but the wound was not serious. My father was badly hurt. After a while we started for home, and before we reached it the old scamp got frightened at a log, and set off full tilt. Again, father was thrown out, and I tipped over on the bottom of the waggon. Fortunately, the shafts gave way, and let him loose, when he stopped. Father was carried home, and did not leave the house for a long time. I used to ride the self-willed beast to school in the winter, and had great sport, sometimes, by getting boys on behind me, and, when they were not thinking, I would touch “Old Gray” under the flank with my heel, which would make him spring as though he were shot, and off the boys would tumble in the snow. When I reached school I tied up the reins and let him go

home. I do not think he ever had an equal for mischief, and for the last years we had him we could do nothing with him. He was perpetually getting into the fields of grain, and leading all the other cattle after him. We used to hobble him in all sorts of ways, but he would manage to push or rub down the fence at some weak point, and unless his nose was fastened down almost to the ground by a chain from his head to his hind leg, he would let down the bars, or open all the gates about the place. There was not a door about the barn but he would open, if he could get at the latch, and if the key was left in the granary door he would unlock that. If left standing he was sure to get his head-stall off, and we had to get a halter made specially for him. He finally became such a perpetual torment that we sold him, and we all had a good cry when the old horse went away. He was upwards of twenty-five years old at this time. How much longer he lived I cannot say. I never saw him afterward.

[Illustration: RUNNING BY.]

As soon as the sun was well up, and our tasks about the house over, our part of this new play in the hayfield began, and with a fork or long stick we followed up the swathes and spread them out nicely, so that the grass would dry. In the afternoon, it had to be raked up into winrows—

work in which the girls often joined us—and after tea one or two of the men cocked it up, while we raked the ground clean after them. If the weather was clear and dry it would be left out for several days before it was drawn into the barn or stacked; but often it was housed as soon as dry.

Another important matter which claimed the farmer’s attention at this time was the preparation of his summer-fallow for fall wheat. The ground was first broken up after the spring sowing was over, and about hay time the second ploughing had to be done, to destroy weeds, and get the land in proper order. In August the last ploughing came, and about the first of September the wheat was sown. It almost always happened, too, that there were some acres of woodland that had been chopped over for fire wood and timber, to be cleaned up. Logs and bush had to be collected into piles, and burned. On new farms this was heavy work.

Then the timber was cut down, and ruthlessly given over to the fire. Logging bees were of frequent occurrence, when the neighbours turned out with their oxen and logging chains, and, amid the ring of the axe and the shouting of drivers and men with their handspikes, the great logs were rolled one upon another into huge heaps, and left for the fire to eat them out of the way. When the work was done, all hands proceeded to the house, grim and black as a band of sweeps, where, with copious use of soap and water, they brought themselves back to their normal condition, and went in and did justice to the supper prepared for them.

In August the wheat fields were ready for the reapers. This was the great crop of the year. Other grain was grown, such as rye, oats, peas, barley and corn, but principally for feeding. Wheat was the farmer's main dependence, his staff of life and his current coin. A good cradler would cut about five acres a day, and an expert with a rake would follow and bind up what he cut. There were men who would literally walk through the grain with a cradle, and then two men were required to follow. My father had no superior in swinging the cradle, and when the golden grain stood thick and straight, he gave two smart men all they could do to take up what he cut down. Again the younger fry came in for their share of the work, which was to gather the sheaves and put them in shocks.

These, after standing a sufficient time, were brought into the barn and mowed away, and again the girls often gave a helping hand both in the field and the barn. In all these tasks good work was expected. My father was, as I have said before, a pushing man, and "thorough" in all he undertook. His mottoes with his men were, "Follow me," and "Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well;" and this latter rule was always enforced. The ploughers had to throw their furrows neat and straight. When I got to be a strong lad, I could strike a furrow with the old team across a field as straight as an arrow, and I took pride in throwing my furrows in uniform precision. The mowers had to shear the land close and smooth. The rakers threw their winrows straight, and the men made their hay-cocks of a uniform size, and placed them at equal distances apart. So in the grain field, the stubble had to be cut clean and even, the sheaves well bound and shocked in straight rows, with ten sheaves to the shock. It was really a pleasure to inspect the fields when the work was done. Skill was required to load well, and also to mow away, the object being to get the greatest number of sheaves in the smallest space. About the first of September the crops were in and

the barns were filled and surrounded with stacks of hay and grain.

My father was admitted to be the best farmer in the district. His farm was a model of good order and neatness. He was one of the first to devote attention to the improvement of his stock, and was always on the look-out for improved implements or new ideas, which, if worthy of attention, he was the first to utilize.

There is always something for a pushing farmer to do, and there are always rainy days through the season, when out-door work comes to a stand. At such times my father was almost always found in his workshop, making pails or tubs for the house, or repairing his tools or making new ones. At other times he would turn his attention to dressing the flax he had stowed away, and getting it ready for spinning. The linen for bags, as well as for the house, was then all home-made. It could hardly be expected that with such facilities at hand my ingenuity would not develop. One day I observed a pot of red paint on the workbench, and it struck me that the tools would look much better if I gave them a coat of paint. The thought was hardly conceived before it was put into execution, and in a short time planes, saws, augers, &c., were carefully coated over and set aside to dry. Father did not see the thing in the same light as I did. He was very much displeased, and I was punished.

After this I turned my attention to water-wheels, waggons, boats, boxes, &c., and in time got to be quite an expert with tools, and could make almost anything out of wood. We children, although we had to drive cows, feed the calves, bring in wood, and all that, had our amusements, simple and rustic enough it is true; but we enjoyed them, and all the more because our parents very often entered into our play.

Sunday was a day of enjoyment as well as rest. There were but few places of public worship, and those were generally far apart. In most places the schoolhouse or barn served the purpose. There were two meeting-houses—this was the term always used then for places of worship—a few miles from our place on Hay bay. The Methodist meeting-house was the first place built for

public worship in Upper Canada, and was used for that purpose until a few years ago. It now belongs to Mr. Platt, and is used as a storehouse. The other, a Quaker meeting-house, built some years later, is still standing. It was used as a barrack by the Glengarry regiment in 1812, a part of which regiment was quartered in the neighbourhood during that year. The men left their bayonet-marks in the old posts.

[Illustration: QUAKER MEETING HOUSE.]

On Sunday morning the horses were brought up and put to the lumber waggon, the only carriage known then. The family, all arrayed in their Sunday clothes, arranged themselves in the spacious vehicle, and drove away. At that time, and for a good many years after, whether in the schoolhouse or meeting-house, the men sat on one side and the women on the other, in all places of worship. The sacred bond which had been instituted by the Creator Himself in the Garden of Eden, “Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they shall be one flesh,” did not seem to harmonize with that custom, for when they went up to His house they separated at the door. It would have been thought a very improper thing, even for a married couple, to take a seat side by side. Indeed I am inclined to think that the good brothers and sisters would have put them out of doors. So deeply rooted are the prejudices in matters of religious belief. That they are the most difficult to remove, the history of the past confirms through all ages. This custom prevailed for many years after. When meeting was over it was customary to go to some friend’s to dinner, and make, as used to be said, a visit, or, what was equally as pleasant, father or mother would ask some old acquaintances to come home with us. Sunday in all seasons, and more particularly in the summer, was the grand visiting day with old and young. I do not state this out of any disrespect for the Sabbath. I think I venerate it as much as anyone, but I am simply recording facts as they then existed. The people at that time, as a rule, were not religious, but they were moral, and anxious for greater religious advantages. There were not many preachers, and these had such extended fields of labour that their appointments were irregular, and often, like angels’ visits, few and far between. They could not ignore their social instincts altogether, and this was the only day when the toil and moil of work was put aside. They first went to meeting, when there was any, and devoted the rest of

the day to friendly intercourse and enjoyment. People used to come to Methodist meeting for miles, and particularly on quarterly meeting day. On one of these occasions, fourteen young people who were crossing the bay in a skiff, on their way to the meeting, were upset near the shore and drowned. Some years later the missionary meeting possessed great attraction, when a deputation composed of Egerton Ryerson and Peter Jones, the latter with his Indian curiosities, drew the people in such numbers that half of them could not get into the house.

There were a good many Quakers, and as my father's people belonged to that body we frequently went to their meeting. The broad brims on one side, with the scoop bonnets on the other, used to excite my curiosity, but I did not like to sit still so long. Sometimes not a word would be said, and after an hour of profound silence, two of the old men on one of the upper seats would shake hands. Then a general shaking of hands ensued on both sides of the house, and meeting was out.

Many readers will recall gentle Charles Lamb's thoughtful paper on "A Quakers' Meeting." [Footnote: See *Essays of Elia*.] Several of his reflections rise up so vividly before me as I write these lines that I cannot forbear quoting them. "What," he asks, "is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels. —'Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud,' do not with their interconfounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds —than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

"There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' Meeting. —Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of

conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

“To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken;

Or under hanging mountains,

Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness ‘to be felt.’ The Abbey-Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers’ Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions, —Sands, ignoble things,

Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these hushed heads, Looking tranquillity!

“Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read, to council and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery.

“I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.”

Our old family carriage—the lumbering waggon—revives many pleasant recollections. Many long rides were taken in it, both to mill and market, and, sometimes I have curled myself up, and slept far into the night in it while waiting for my grist to be ground so I could take it home. But it was not used by the young folks as sleighs were in the winter. It was a staid, family vehicle, not suited to mirth or love-making. It was too noisy for that, and on a rough road, no very uncommon thing then, one was shaken up so thoroughly that there was but little room left for sentiment. In later times, lighter and much more comfortable vehicles were used. The elliptic or steel spring did not come into use until about 1840. I remember my grandfather starting off for New York in one of these light one-horse waggons. I do not know how long he was gone, but he made the journey, and returned safely. Long journeys by land were made, principally in summer, on horseback, both by men and women. The horse was also the young peoples’ only vehicle at this season of the year. The girls were usually good riders, and could gallop away as well on the bare back as on the side-saddle. A female cousin of my father’s several times made journeys of from one to two

hundred miles on horseback, and on one occasion she carried her infant son for a hundred and fifty miles, a feat the women of to-day would consider impossible.

Then as now, the early fall was not the least pleasant portion of the Canadian year. Everyone is familiar with the striking beauty of our woods after the frost begins, and the endless variety of shade and colour that mingles with such pleasing effect in every landscape. And in those days, as well as now, the farmers' attention was directed to preparation for the coming winter. His market staples then consisted of wheat or flour, pork and potash. The other products of his farm, such as coarse grain, were used by himself. Butter and eggs were almost valueless, save on his own table. The skins of his sheep, calves and beef cattle which were slaughtered for his own use, were sent to the tanners, who dressed them on shares, the remainder being brought home to be made up into boots, harness and mittens. Wood, which afterwards came into demand for steam purposes, was worthless. Sawn lumber was not wanted, except for home use, and the shingles that covered the buildings were split and made by the farmer himself.

If the men had logging-bees, and other bees to help them on with their work, the women, by way of compensation, had bees of a more social and agreeable type. Among these were quilting bees, when the women and girls of the neighbourhood assembled in the afternoon, and turned out those skilfully and often artistically made rugs, so comfortable to lie under during the cold winter nights. There was often a great deal of sport at the close of one of these social industrial gatherings. When the men came in from the field to supper, some luckless wight was sure to be caught, and tossed up and down in the quilt amid the laughter and shouts of the company. But of all the bees, the apple-bee was the chief. In these old and young joined. The boys around the neighbourhood, with their home-made apple-machines, of all shapes and designs, would come pouring in with their girls early in the evening. The large kitchen, with its sanded floor, the split bottomed chairs ranged round the room, the large tubs of apples, and in the centre the clean scrubbed pine table filled with wooden trays and tallow-candles in tin candlesticks, made an attractive picture which had for its setting the mother and girls, all smiles and good nature, receiving and pleasing the company.

Now the work begins amidst laughter and mirth; the boys toss the peeled apples away from their machines in rapid numbers, and the girls catch them, and with their knives quarter and core them, while others string them with needles on long threads, and tie them so that they can be hung up to dry. As soon as the work is done the room is cleared for supper, after which the old folks retire, and the second and most pleasing part of the performance begins. These after-scenes were always entered into with a spirit of fun and honest abandonment truly refreshing. Where dancing was not objected to, a rustic fiddler would be spirited in by some of the youngsters as the sport began. The dance was not that languid sort of thing, toned down by modern refinement to a sliding, easy motion round the room, and which, for the lack of conversational accomplishments, is made to do duty for want of wit. Full of life and vigour, they danced for the real fun of the thing. The quick and inspiriting strains of the music sent them spinning round the room, and amid the rush and whirl of the flying feet came the sharp voice of the fiddler as he flourished his bow: “Right and left—balance to your pardner—cross hands—swing your pardner—up and down the middle,” and so on through reel after reel. Some one of the boys would perform a *pas seul* with more energy than grace; but it was all the same—

the dancing master had not been abroad; the fiddler put life into their heels, and they let them play. Frequently there was no musician to be had, when the difficulty was overcome by the musical voices of the girls, assisted with combs covered with paper, or the shrill notes of some expert at whistling. It often happened that the old people objected to dancing, and then the company resorted to plays, of which there was a great variety: “Button, button, who’s got the button;” “Measuring Tape;”

“Going to Rome;” “Ladies Slipper;” all pretty much of the same character, and much appreciated by the boys, because they afforded a chance to kiss the girls.

Some of our plays bordered very closely on a dance, and when our inclinations were checked, we approached the margin of the forbidden ground as nearly as possible. Among these I remember one which afforded an opportunity to swing around in a merry way. A chair was placed in the centre of the room, upon which one of the girls or boys was seated. Then we joined hands, and went dancing around singing the following refrain:—

There was a young woman sat down to sleep, Sat down to sleep, sat down to sleep; There was a young woman sat down to sleep, Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

There was a young man to keep her awake, To keep her awake, to keep her awake; There was a young man to keep her awake, Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho-! Heigh-ho!

Tom Brown his name shall be,

His name shall be, his name shall be; Tom Brown his name shall be,

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

Whereupon Mr. Brown was expected to step out, take the girl by the hand, salute her with a kiss, and then take her seat. Then the song went on again, with variations to suit; and thus the rustic mazurka proceeded until all had had a chance of tasting the rosy lips, so tempting to youthful swains. Often a coy maiden resisted, and then a pleasant scuffle ensued, in which she sometimes eluded the penalty, much to the chagrin of the claimant.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS, MATERIAL AND SOCIAL—FONDNESS OF THE YOUNG FOR DANCING—

MAGISTERIAL NUPTIALS—THE CHARIVARI—COON-HUNTING—CATCHING A TARTAR—

WILD PIGEONS—THE OLD DUTCH HOUSES—DELIGHTS OF SUMMER AND WINTER

CONTRASTED—STILLED VOICES.

As time wore on, and contact with the outer world became easier and more frequent, the refinements of advancing civilization found their way gradually into the country, and changed the amusements as well as the long-established habits of the people. An isolated community like that which stretched along the frontier of our Province, cut off from the older and more advanced stages of society, or holding but brief and irregular communication with it, could not be expected to keep up with the march of either social or intellectual improvement; and although the modern may turn up his nose as he looks back, and affect contempt at the amusements which fell across our paths like gleams of sunlight at the break of day, and call them rude and indelicate, he must not forget that we were not hedged about by the conventionalities, nor were we slaves to the caprice of fashion. We were free sons and daughters of an upright, sturdy parentage, with pure and honest hearts throbbing under rough exteriors. The girls who did not blush at a hearty kiss from our lips were as pure as the snow. They became ornaments in higher and brighter circles of society, and mothers, the savour of whose virtues and maternal affection rise before our memory like a perpetual incense.

I am quite well aware of the fact that a large portion of the religious world is opposed to dancing, nor in this recital of country life as it then existed do I wish to be considered an advocate of this amusement. I joined in the sport then with as much eagerness and delight as one could do. I learned to step off on the light fantastic toe, as many another Canadian boy has done, on the barn floor, where, with the doors shut, I went sliding up and down, through the middle, balancing to the pitchfork, turning round the old fanning-mill, then double-shuffling and closing with a profound bow to the splint broom in the corner. These were the kind of schools in which our accomplishments were learned; and, whether dancing be right or wrong, it is certain the inclination of the young to indulge in it is about as universal as the taint of sin.

The young people then, as now, took it into their heads to get married; but parsons were scarce, and it did not always suit them to wait until one came along. To remedy this difficulty the Government authorized magistrates to perform the ceremony for any couple who resided more than eighteen miles from church. There were hardly any churches, and therefore a good many called upon the Justice to put a finishing touch to their happiness, and curious looking pairs presented themselves to have the knot tied. One morning a robust young man and a pretty, blushing girl presented themselves at my father's door, and were invited in. They were strangers, and it was some time before he could find out what they wanted; but after beating about the bush, the young man hesitatingly said they wanted to get married. They were duly tied, and, on leaving, I was asked to join in their wedding dinner. Though it was to be some distance away, I mounted my horse and joined them. The dinner was good, and served in the plain fashion of the day. After it came dancing, to the music of a couple of fiddlers, and we threaded through reel after reel until nearly daylight. On another occasion a goodly company gathered at a neighbour's house to assist at the nuptials of his daughter. The ceremony had passed, and we were collected around the supper table; the old man had spread out his hands to ask a blessing, when bang, bang, went a lot of guns, accompanied by horns, whistles, tin pans and anything and everything with which a noise could be made. A simultaneous shriek went up from the girls, and for a few moments the confusion was as great inside as out. It was a horrid din of discordant sounds. Conversation at the supper table was out of the question, and as soon as it was over we went out among the boys who had come to charivari us. There were perhaps fifty of them, with blackened faces and ludicrous dresses, and after the bride and bridegroom had shown themselves and received their congratulations, they went their way, and left us to enjoy ourselves in peace. It was after this manner the young folks wedded. There was but little attempt at display. No costly trousseau, no wedding tours. A night of enjoyment with friends, and the young couple set out at once on the practical journey of life.

One of our favourite sports in those days was coon (short name for raccoon) hunting. This lasted only during the time of green corn. The raccoon is particularly fond of corn before it hardens, and if unmolested will destroy a good deal in a short time. He always visits the cornfields at night; so about nine

o'clock we would set off with our dogs, trained for the purpose, and with as little noise as possible make our way to the edge of the corn, and then wait for him. If the field was not too large he could easily be heard breaking down the ears, and then the dogs were let loose. They cautiously and silently crept towards the unsuspecting foe. But the sharp ears and keen scent of the raccoon seldom let him fall into the clutch of the dogs without a scamper for life. The coon was almost always near the woods, and this gave him a chance of escape. As soon as a yelp was heard from the dogs, we knew the fun had begun, and pushing forward in the direction of the noise, we were pretty sure to find our dogs baffled and jumping and barking around the foot of a tree up which Mr. Coon had fled, and whence he was quietly looking down on his pursuers from a limb or crutch. Our movements now were guided by circumstances. If the tree was not too large, one of us would climb it and dislodge the coon. In the other case we generally cut it down. The dogs were always on the alert, and the moment the coon touched the ground they were on him. We used frequently to capture two or three in a night. The skin was dressed and made into caps or robes for the sleigh. On two or three of these expeditions, our dogs caught a Tartar by running foul of a *coon* not so easily disposed of—in the shape of a bear; and then we were both glad to decamp, as he was rather too big a job to undertake in the night. Bruin was fond of young corn, but he and the wolves had ceased to be troublesome. The latter occasionally made a raid on a flock of sheep in the winter, but they were watched pretty closely, and were trapped or shot. There was a government bounty of $4 for every wolf's head. Another, and much more innocent sport, was netting wild pigeons after the wheat had been taken off. At that time they used to visit the stubbles in large flocks. Our mode of procedure was to build a house of boughs under which to hide ourselves. Then the ground was carefully cleaned and sprinkled with grain, at one side of which the net was set, and in the centre one stool pigeon, secured on a perch was placed, attached to which was a long string running into the house. When all was ready we retired and watched for the flying pigeons, and whenever a flock came within a seeing distance our stool pigeon was raised and then dropped. This would cause it to spread its wings and then flutter, which attracted the flying birds, and after a circle or two they would swoop down and commence to feed. Then the net was sprung, and in a trice we had scores of pigeons under it. I do not remember to have seen this method of capturing pigeons practised since. If we captured many we took them home, put them where they could not get away, and took them out as we wanted them.

At the time of which I write Upper Canada had been settled about forty-five years. A good many of the first settlers had ended their labours, and were peacefully resting in the quiet graveyard; but there were many left, and they were generally hale old people, who were enjoying in contentment and peace the evening of their days, surrounded by their children, who were then in their prime, and their grandchildren, ruddy and vigorous plants, shooting up rapidly around them. The years that had fled were eventful ones, not only to themselves, but to the new country which they had founded. “The little one had become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.” The forest had melted away before the force of their industry, and orchards with their russet fruit, and fields of waving corn, gladdened their hearts and filled their cellars and barns with abundance. The old log house which had been their shelter and their home for many a year had disappeared, or was converted into an outhouse for cattle, or a place for keeping implements in during the winter; and now the commodious and well-arranged frame one had taken its place.

Large barns for their increasing crops and warm sheds to protect the cattle had grown up out of the rude hovels and stables. Everything around them betokened thrift, and more than an ordinary degree of comfort. They had what must be pronounced to have been, for the time, good schools, where their children could acquire a tolerable education.

They also had places in which they could assemble and worship God. There were merchants from whom they could purchase such articles as they required, and there were markets for their produce. The changes wrought in these forty-five years were wonderful, and to no class of persons could these changes seem more surprising than to themselves. Certainly no people appreciated more fully the rich ripe fruit of their toil.

Among the pleasantest pictures I can recall are the old homes in which my boyhood was passed. I hardly know in what style of architecture they were built; indeed, I think it was one peculiar to the people and the age. They were strong, substantial structures, erected with an eye to comfort rather than show. They were known afterwards as Dutch houses, usually one story high, and built pretty much after the same model; a parallelogram, with a wing at one end, and often to both. The roofs were very steep, with a row of dormer windows, and sometimes two rows looking out of their broad sides, to give light to the chambers and sleeping rooms up-stairs. The living rooms were generally large, with low ceilings, and well supplied with cupboards, which were always filled with

blankets and clothing, dishes, and a multitude of good things for the table. The bed rooms were always small and cramped, but they were sure to contain a good bed—a bed which required some ingenuity, perhaps, to get into, owing to its height; but when once in, the great feather tick fitted kindly to the weary body, and the blankets over you soon wooed your attention away from the narrowness of the apartment.

Very often the roof projected over, giving an elliptic shape to one side, and the projection of about six feet formed a cover of what was then called a long stoop, but which now-a-days would be known as a veranda. This was no addition to the lighting of the rooms, for the windows were always small in size and few in number. The kitchen usually had a double outside door—that is a door cut cross-wise through the middle, so that the lower part could be kept shut, and the upper left open if necessary. I do not know what particular object there was in this, unless to let the smoke out, for chimneys were more apt to smoke then than now; or, perhaps, to keep the youngsters in and let in fresh air. Whatever the object was, this was the usual way the outside kitchen door was made, with a wooden latch and leather string hanging outside to lift it, which was easily pulled in, and then the door was quite secure against intruders. The barns and outhouses were curiosities in after years: large buildings with no end of timber and all roof, like a great box with an enormous candle extinguisher set on it. But houses and barns are gone, and modern structures occupy their places, as they succeeded the rough log ones, and one can only see them as they are photographed upon the memory.

Early days are always bright to life’s voyager, and whatever his condition may have been at the outset, he is ever wont to look back with fondness to the scenes of his youth. I can recall days of toil under a burning sun, but they were cheerful days, nevertheless. There was always “a bright spot in the future” to look forward to, which moved the arm and lightened the task. Youth is buoyant, and if its feet run in the way of obedience, it will leave a sweet fragrance behind, which will never lose its flavour. The days I worked in the harvest field, or when I followed the plough, whistling and singing through the hours, are not the least happy recollections of the past. The merry song of the girls, mingling with the hum of the spinning-wheel, as they tripped backward and forward to the cadence of their music, drawing out miles of thread, reeling it into skeins which the weaver’s loom and shuttle was to turn into thick heavy cloth; or old grandmother treading away at her little wheel, making it buzz as she drew out the delicate

fibres of flax, and let it run up the spindle a fine and evenly twisted thread, with which to sew our garments, or to make our linen; and mother, busy as a bee, thinking of us all, and never wearying in her endeavours to add to our comfort—these are pictures that stand out, clear and distinct, and are often reverted to with pleasure and delight. But though summer time in the country is bright and beautiful with its broad meadows waving before the western wind like seas of green, and the yellow corn, gleaming in the field where the sun-burnt reapers are singing; though the flowers shed their fragrance, and the breeze sighs softly through the branches overhead in monotones, but slightly varied, yet sweet and soothing; though the wood is made vocal with the song of birds, and all nature is jocund and bright—notwithstanding, all this, the winter, strange as it may seem, was the time of our greatest enjoyment. Winter, when "Old Gray," who used to scamper with me astride his bare back down the lane, stood munching his fodder in the stall; when the cattle, no longer lolling or browsing in the peaceful shade, moved around the barn-yard with humped backs, shaking their heads at the cold north wind; when the trees were stripped of their foliage, and the icicles hung in fantastic rows along the naked branches, glittering like jewels in the sunshine, or rattling in the northern blast; when the ground was covered deep with snow, and the wind "driving o'er the fields," whirled into huge drifts, blocking up the doors and paths and roads; when "The whited air

Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven, And veils the farm-house at the garden's end;"

when the frost silvered over the window-panes, or crept through the cracks and holes, and fringed them with its delicate fret-work; when the storm raged and howled without, and

"Shook beams and rafters as it passed!"

Within, happy faces were gathered around the blazing logs in the old fireplace.

“Shut in from all the world without,

We sat the clean-winged hearth about,

Content to let the north wind roar,

In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat

The frost line back with tropic heat.”

The supper has been cleared away, and upon the clean white table is placed a large dish of apples and a pitcher of cider. On either end stands a tallow candle in a bright brass candlestick, with an extinguisher attached to each, and the indispensable snuffers and tray.

Sometimes the fingers are made use of in the place of the snuffers; but it is not always satisfactory to the snuffer, as he sometimes burns himself, and hastens to snap his fingers to get rid of the burning wick.

One of the candles is appropriated by father, who is quietly reading his paper; for we had newspapers then, though they would not compare very favourably with those of to-day, and we got them only once a week.

Mother is darning socks. Grandmother is making the knitting needles fly, as though all her grandchildren were stockingless. The girls are sewing and making merry with the boys, and we are deeply engaged with our lessons, or what is more likely, playing fox and geese.

“What matters how the night behaved;

What matter how the north-wind raved;

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow

Could quench our ruddy hearth-fire’s glow.

*

O time and change! with hair as gray

As was my sire’s that winter day,

How strange it seems, with so much gone Of life and love, to still live on!

Ah brother! only I and thou

Are left of all the circle now—

The dear home faces whereupon

The fitful fire-light paled and shone, Henceforth, listen as we will,

The voices of that hearth are still.”

CHAPTER IV

THE EARLY SETTLERS IN UPPER CANADA—PROSPERITY, NATIONAL AND INDIVIDUAL

—THE OLD HOMES, WITHOUT AND WITHIN—CANDLE-MAKING—SUPERSTITIONS AND

OMENS—THE DEATH-WATCH—OLD ALMANACS—BEES—THE DIVINING ROD—THE U. E.

LOYALISTS—THEIR SUFFERINGS AND HEROISM—AN OLD AND A NEW PRICE LIST—

PRIMITIVE HOROLOGES—A JAUNT IN ONE OF THE CONVENTIONAL “CARRIAGES” OF

OLDEN TIMES—THEN AND NOW—A NOTE OF WARNING.

The settlement of Ontario, known up to the time of Confederation as the Province of Upper Canada, or Canada West, began in 1784, so that at the date I purpose to make a brief survey of the condition and progress of the country, it had been settled forty-six years. During those years—no insignificant period in a single life, but very small indeed in the history of a country—the advance in national prosperity and in the various items that go to make life pleasant and happy had been marvellous. The muscular arm of the sturdy pioneer had hewn its way into the primeval forest, and turned the gloomy wilderness into fruitful fields.

It is well known that the first settlers located along the shores of the River St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie, and that, at the time of which I speak, this coastline of a few hundred miles, extending back but a very short distance—a long narrow strip cut from the serried edge of the boundless woods—comprised the settlement of Canada West as it then existed.

Persistent hard work had placed the majority in circumstances of more than ordinary comfort. Good houses had taken the place of log cabins, and substantial frame barns that of rude hovels. Hard fare and scanty raiment had given place to an abundance of the necessaries of life, and no people, perhaps, ever appreciated these blessings with more sincere thankfulness or more hearty contentment. The farmer was a strong, hardy man, the wife a ruddy, cheerful body, careful of the comforts of her household. One table sufficed for themselves and their servants or hired help. Meat was provided twice and often thrice a day; it being more a matter of taste than economy as to the number of times it was served. Fruit was abundant, and every matron prided herself upon preserving and putting away quantities of it for home use. So that at this time the world was moving smoothly with the people. An immense track of wilderness had been reclaimed, and waving fields and fruitful orchards occupied its place. It may have seemed to them, and indeed I think it did to many, that the sum of all they could expect or even desire in this world had been attained; while we, who remember those days, and look back over the changes of fifty years, wonder how they managed to endure life at all.

It is true that the father, more from the force of habit than necessity, perhaps continued to toil in the field, and the mother, moved by the same cause, and by her maternal anxiety for the well-being of her family, still spent many a long hour at the loom. The son, brought up to work, followed the plough, or did battle with the axe, making the woods ring with his rapid strokes. And as he laboured he pictured to himself the building of a nest in the unbroken forest behind the homestead, wherein the girl of his choice figured as the central charm. The daughter who toiled through the long summer’s day to the monotonous hum of the spinning wheel, drawing out and twisting the threads that should enter into the make-up of her wedding outfit, was contented and happy.

The time and circumstances in which they were placed presented nothing better, and in their estimation the world had little more to offer than they already possessed.

It is more than probable that if we, with our modern notions and habits, could to-day be carried back into a similar condition of life, we would feel that our lines

had fallen in anything but pleasant places. The flying years, with their changes and anxieties, like the constant dripping of water on a stone, have worn off the rough edges that wounded and worried during their progress, and only the sunny spots, burned in the plastic memory of younger days, remain.

The old homes, as I remember them in those days, were thought palatial in their proportions and conveniences, and so they were as compared with the old log houses. The latter often still remained as relics of other days, but they had been converted into the base use of a cow stable, or a shelter for waggons and farm implements during the winter. Their successors were, with very few exceptions, wooden structures, clapboarded, and painted either yellow or red. The majority, however, never received any touching up from the painter's brush, and as the years rolled on became rusty and gray from the beating of winter's storms and the heat of summer's sun. The interior rarely displayed any skill in arrangement or design. The living rooms were generally of goodly size, with low ceilings, but the sleeping rooms were invariably small, with barely room enough for a large high-posted bedstead, and a space to undress in. The exterior was void of any architectural embellishment, with a steep roof pierced by dormer windows. The kitchen, which always seemed to me like an after-thought, was a much lower part of the structure, welded on one end or the other of the main body of the house, and usually had a roof projecting some distance over one side, forming "the stoop." In very many cases, the entrance to the spacious cellar, where the roots, apples, cider, and other needs of the household were kept, was from this through a trap door, so that in summer or winter the good wife had actually to go out of doors when anything was required for the table, and that was very often. It really seemed as though the old saying of "the longest way round is the shortest way home" entered not only into the laying out of highways, but into all the domestic arrangements. Economy of time and space, convenience, or anything to facilitate or lighten labour, does not appear to have occupied the thoughts of the people. Work was the normal condition of their being, and, as we see it now, everything seems to have been so arranged as to preclude the possibility of any idle moments. At the end of the kitchen was invariably a large fireplace, with its wide, gaping mouth, an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of various lengths, from which to suspend the pots over the fire, and on the hearth a strong pair of andirons, flanked by a substantial pair of tongs and a shovel. During the winter, when the large back-log, often as much as two men could handle, was brought in and fixed in its place, and a good forestick put on the andirons, with well-split

maple piled upon it and set ablaze with dry pine and chips, the old fireplace became aglow with cheerful fire, and dispensed its heat through the room. But in extremely cold weather it sometimes happened that while one side was being roasted the other was pinched with cold. At one side of the fireplace there was usually a large oven, which, when required, was heated by burning dry wood in it, and then the dough was put into tin pans and pushed in to be baked.

Sometimes the ovens were built on frames in the yard, and then in wind or storm the baking had to be carried out doors and in. Every kitchen had one or more spacious cupboards; whatever need there was for other conveniences, these were always provided, and were well filled. The other rooms of the house were generally warmed by large box stoves. The spare bedrooms were invariably cold, and on a severe night it was like undressing out of doors and jumping into a snowbank. I have many a time shivered for half an hour before my body could generate heat enough to make me comfortable. The furniture made no pretensions to artistic design or elegance. It was plain and strong, and bore unmistakable evidence of having originated either at the carpenter's bench or at the hands of some member of the family, in odd spells of leisure on rainy days. Necessity is axiomatically said to be the mother of invention, and as there were no furniture makers with any artistic skill or taste in the country, and as the inclination of the people ran more in the direction of the useful than the ornamental, most of the domestic needs were of home manufacture. I have a clear recollection of the pine tables, with their strong square legs tapering to the floor, and of how carefully they were scrubbed. Table covers were seldom used, and only when there was company, and then the cherry table with its folding leaves was brought out, and the pure white linen cloth, most likely the production of the good wife's own hands, was carefully spread upon it.

Then came the crockery. Who can ever forget the blue-edged plates, cups and saucers, and other dishes whereon indigo storks and mandarins, or something approaching a representation of them, glided airily over sky-blue hills in their pious way from one indigo pagoda to another. These things I have no doubt, would be rare prizes to Ceramic lovers of the present day. The cutlery and silver consisted mostly of bone-handled knives and iron forks, and iron and pewter spoons. On looking over an old inventory of my grandfather's personal effects not long since, I came upon these items: "two pair of spoon moulds," and I remembered melting pewter and making spoons with these moulds when I was very young. Cooking was done in the oven, and over the kitchen fire, and the utensils were a dinner pot, teakettle, frying-pan and skillet. There were no

cooking stoves. The only washing machines were the ordinary wash tubs, soft soap, and the brawny arms and hands of the girls; and the only wringers were the strong wrists and firm grip that could give a vigorous twist to what passed through the hands. Water was drawn from the wells with a bucket fastened to a long slender pole attached to a sweep suspended to a crotch. Butter, as has already been intimated, was made in upright churns, and many an hour have I stood, with mother's apron pinned around me to keep my clothes from getting spattered, pounding at the stubborn cream, when every minute seemed an hour, thinking the butter would never come. When evening set in, we were wont to draw around the cheerful fire on the hearth, or perhaps up to the kitchen table, and read and work by the dim light of "tallow dips,"

placed in tin candlesticks, or, on extra occasions, in brass or silver ones, with their snuffers, trays and extinguishers. Now, we sit by the brilliant light of the coal oil lamp or of gas. Then, coal oil was in the far-off future, and there was not a gas jet in Canada, if indeed in America. The making of tallow candles, before moulds were used, was a slow and tiresome task. Small sticks were used, about two feet long, upon each of which six cotton wicks, made for the purpose, were placed about two inches apart, each wick being from ten to twelve inches long.

A large kettle was next partly filled with hot water, upon which melted tallow was poured. Then, two sticks were taken in the right hand, and the wick slowly dipped up and down through the melted tallow. This process was continued until the candles had attained sufficient size, when they were put aside to harden, and then taken off the sticks and put away. It required considerable practical experience to make a smooth candle which would burn evenly; and a sputtering candle was an abomination. The cloth with which the male members of the family were clad, as well as the flannel that made the dresses and underclothing for both, was carded, spun, and often woven at home, as was also the flax that made the linen. There were no sewing or knitting machines, save the deft hands that plied the needle. Carpets were seldom seen. The floors of the spare rooms, as they were called, were painted almost invariably with yellow ochre paint, and the kitchen floor was kept clean and white with the file, and sanded. The old chairs, which, in point of comfort, modern times have in no way improved upon, were also of home make, with thin round legs and splint-bottomed seats, or, what was more common, elm bark evenly cut and plaited. Many a time have I gone to the woods in the spring, when the willow catkins in the swamp and along the side of the creek turned from silver to gold, and when the clusters of linwort nodded above the purple-green leaves in the April wind, and taken the bark in

long strips from the elm trees to reseat the dilapidated chairs.

If the labour-saving appliances were so scanty indoors, they were not more numerous outside. The farmer’s implements were rude and rough. The wooden plough, with its wrought-iron share, had not disappeared, but ploughs with cast-iron mouldboards, land-sides and shares, were rapidly coming into use. These had hard-wood beams, and a short single handle with which to guide them. They were clumsy, awkward things to work with, as I remember full well, and though an improvement, it was impossible to do nice work with them. Indeed, that part of the question did not receive much consideration, the principal object being to get the ground turned over. They were called patent ploughs. Drags were either tree tops or square wooden frames with iron teeth. The scythe for hay and the cradle for grain, with strong backs and muscular arms to swing them, were the only mowers and reapers known. The hand rake had not been superseded by the horse rake, nor the hoe by the cultivator; and all through the winter, the regular thump, thump of the flails on the barn floor could be heard, or the trampling out of the grain by the horses’

feet. The rattle of the fanning mill announced the finishing of the task. Threshing machines and cleaners were yet to come.

It will be seen from what I have said that both in the house and out of it work was a stern and exacting master, whose demands were incessant, satisfied only by the utmost diligence. It was simply by this that so much was accomplished. It is true there were other incentives that gave force to the wills and nerves to the arms which enabled our forefathers to overcome the numberless arduous tasks that demanded attention daily throughout the year. All the inventions that have accumulated so rapidly for the last twenty years or more, to lighten the burden and facilitate the accomplishment of labour and production, as well as to promote the comfort of all classes, were unknown fifty years ago. Indeed many of the things that seem so simple and uninteresting to us now, as I shall have occasion to show further on, were then hidden in the future. Take for example the very common and indispensable article, the lucifer match, to the absence of which allusion has already been made. Its simple method of producing fire had never entered the imagination of our most gifted sires. The only way known to

them was the primitive one of rubbing two sticks together and producing fire by friction—a somewhat tedious process—or with a flint, a heavy jackknife, and a bit of punk, a fungous growth, the best of which for this purpose is obtained from the beech. Gun flints were most generally used. One of these was placed on a bit of dry punk, and held firmly in the left hand, while the back of the closed blade of the knife thus brought into contact with the flint by a quick downward stroke of the right hand produced a shower of sparks, some of which, falling on the punk, would ignite; and thus a fire was produced. In the winter, if the fire went out, there were, as I have already stated, but two alternatives—either the flint and steel, or a run to a neighbour's house for live coals.

There were many superstitious notions current among the people in those days. Many an omen both for good and evil was sincerely believed in, which even yet in quiet places finds a lodgement where the schoolmaster has not been much abroad. But the half century that has passed away has seen the last of many a foolish notion. A belief in omens was not confined to the poor and ignorant, for brave men have been known to tremble at seeing a winding-sheet in a candle, and learned men to gather their little ones around them, fearing that one would be snatched away, because a dog outside took a fancy to howl at the moon. And who has not heard the remark when a sudden shiver came over one; that an enemy was then walking over the spot which would be his grave? Or who has not noticed the alarm occasioned by the death watch—the noise, resembling the ticking of a watch, made by a harmless little insect in the wall—or the saying that if thirteen sit down to table, one is sure to die within a year? Somebody has said there is one case when he believed this omen to be true, and that is when thirteen sit down to dinner and there is only enough for twelve. There was no end to bad omens. It was bad luck to see the new moon for the first time over the left shoulder, but if seen over the right it was the reverse. It is well known that the moon has been supposed to exercise considerable influence over our planet, among the chief of which are the tides, and it was believed also to have a great deal to do with much smaller matters. There are few who have not seen on the first page of an almanac the curious picture representing a nude man with exposed bowels, and surrounded with the zodiacal signs.

This was always found in the old almanacs, and indeed they would be altogether unsaleable without it and the weather forecast. How often have I seen the almanac consulted as to whether it was going to be fair or stormy, cold or hot;

how often seen the mother studying the pictures when she wished to wean her babe. If she found the change of the moon occurred when the sign was in Aries or Gemini or Taurus, all of which were supposed to exercise a baneful influence on any part of the body above the heart, she would defer the matter until a change came, when the sign would be in Virgo or Libra, considering it extremely dangerous to undertake the operation in the former case. The wife was not alone in this, for the husband waited for a certain time in the moon to sow his peas—that is, if he wished to ensure a good crop. He also thought it unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon, because the pork would shrink and waste in the boiling. The finding of an old horseshoe was a sure sign of good luck, and it was quite common to see one nailed up over the door. It is said that the late Horace Greeley always kept a rusty one over the door of his sanctum. To begin anything on Friday was sure to end badly. I had an esteemed friend, the late sheriff of the county of –-, who faithfully believed this, and adhered to it up to the time of his death. May was considered an unlucky month to marry in, and when I was thinking of this matter a number of years later, and wished the event to occur during the month, my wish was objected to on this ground, and the ceremony deferred until June in consequence.

It is said that the honey bee came to America with the Pilgrim Fathers.

Whether this be so or not I am unprepared to say. If it be true, then there were loyalists among them, for they found their way to Canada with the U. E.‘s, and contributed very considerably to the enjoyment of the table. Short-cake and honey were things not to be despised in those days, I remember. There was a curious custom that prevailed of blowing horns and pounding tin pans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. The custom is an Old Country one, I fancy. The reader will remember that Dickens, in “Little Dorrit,” makes Ferdinand Barnacle say: “You really have no idea how the human bees will swarm to the beating of any old tin kettle.”

Another peculiar notion prevailed with respect to discovering the proper place to dig wells. There were certain persons, I do not remember what they were called, whether water doctors or water witches, who professed to be able, with the aid of a small hazel crotched twig, which was held firmly in both hands with the crotch

inverted, to tell where a well should be sunk with a certainty of finding water. The process was simply to walk about with the twig thus held, and when the right place was reached, the forked twig would turn downwards, however firmly held; and on the strength of this, digging would be commenced in the place indicated. A curious feature about this was that there were but very few in whose hands the experiment would work, and hence the water discoverer was a person of some repute. I never myself witnessed the performance, but it was of common occurrence. [Footnote: The reader will remember the occult operations of Dousterswivel in the seventeenth chapter of Scott's *Antiquary.* "In truth, the German was now got to a little copse-thicket at some distance from the ruins, where he affected busily to search for such a wand as should suit the purpose of his mystery; and after cutting off a small twig of hazel terminating in a forked end, which he pronounced to possess the virtue proper for the experiment that he was about to exhibit, holding the forked ends of the wand each between the finger and the thumb, and thus keeping the rod upright, he proceeded to pace the ruined aisles," &c. So it will be seen that we had Canadian successors of Dousterswivel in my time, but we had no Oldbucks.]

The people of to-day will no doubt smile at these reminiscences of a past age, and think lightly of the life surroundings of these early pioneers of the Province. But it must not be forgotten that their condition of life was that of the first remove from the bush and the log cabin. There was abundance, without luxury, and it was so widely different from the struggle of earlier years that the people were contented and happy. "No people on earth," says Mr. Talbot, in 1823, "live better than the Canadians, so far as eating and drinking justify the use of the expression, for they may be truly said to fare sumptuously every day. Their breakfast not unfrequently consists of twelve or fourteen different ingredients, which are of the most heterogeneous nature. Green tea and fried pork, honeycomb and salted salmon, pound cake and pickled cucumbers, stewed chickens and apple-tarts, maple molasses and pease-pudding, gingerbread and sour-crout, are to be found at almost every table. The dinner differs not at all from the breakfast, and the afternoon repast, which they term supper, is equally substantial."

The condition of the Province in 1830 could not be otherwise than pre-eminently

satisfactory to its inhabitants. That a people who had been driven from their homes, in most cases destitute of the common needs of ordinary life, should have come into a vast wilderness, and, in the course of forty-six years, have founded a country, and placed themselves in circumstances of comfort and independence, seems to me to be one of the marvels of the century. The struggles and trials of the first settlers must ever be a subject of deepest interest to every true Canadian, and, as an illustration of the power of fixed principles upon the action of men, there are few things in the world's history that surpass it. It must be remembered that many, nay most, of the families who came here had, prior to and during the Revolutionary war, been men of means and position. All these advantages they were forced to abandon.

They came into this country with empty hands, accepted the liberality of the British Government for two years, and went to work. Providence smiled upon their toils, and in the year of which I speak they had grown into a prosperous and happy people.

The social aspect of things had changed but little. The habits and customs of early days still remained. The position of the inhabitants was one of exigency. The absorbing desire to succeed kept them at home.

They knew but little of what was passing in the world outside, and as a general thing they cared less. Their chief interest was centred in the common welfare, and each contributed his or her share of intelligence and sagacity to further any plans that were calculated to promote the general good. Every day called for some new expedient in which the comfort or advantage of the whole was concerned, for there were no positions save those accorded to worth and intellect. The sufferings or misfortunes of a neighbour, as well as his enjoyments, were participated in by all. Knowledge and ability were respectfully looked up to, yet those who possessed these seemed hardly conscious of their gifts. The frequent occasions which called for the exercise of the mind, sharpened sagacity, and gave strength to character. Avarice and vanity were confined to narrow limits. Of money there was little. Dress was coarse and plain, and was not subject to the whims or caprices of fashion. The girls, from the examples set them by their mothers, were industrious and constantly employed. Pride of birth was unknown, and the affections flourished fair and vigorously, unchecked by the thorns and brambles with which our minds are cursed in the

advanced stage of refinement of the present day.

The secret of their success, if there was any secret in it, was the economy, industry and moderate wants of every member of the household.

The clothing and living were the outcome of the farm. Most of the ordinary implements and requirements for both were procured at home. The neighbouring blacksmith made the axes, logging-chains and tools. He ironed the waggons and sleighs, and received his pay from the cellar and barn. Almost every farmer had his workbench and carpenter's tools, which he could handle to advantage, as well as a shoemaker's bench; and during the long evenings of the fall and winter would devote some of his time to mending boots or repairing harness. Sometimes the old log-house was turned into a blacksmith shop. This was the case with the first home of my grandfather, and his seven sons could turn their hands to any trade, and do pretty good work. If the men's clothes were not made by a member of the household, they were made in the house by a sewing girl, or a roving tailor, and the boots and shoes were made by cobblers of the same itinerant stripe. Many of the productions of the farm were unsaleable, owing to the want of large towns for a market. Trade, such as then existed, was carried on mostly by a system of barter. The refuse apples from the orchard were turned into cider and vinegar for the table. The skins of the cattle, calves and sheep that were slaughtered for the wants of the family, were taken to the tanners, who dressed them, and returned half of each hide. The currency of the day was flour, pork and potash. The first two were in demand for the lumbermen's shanties, and the last went to Montreal for export. The ashes from the house and the log-heaps were either leached at home, and the lye boiled down in the large potash kettles —of which almost every farmer had one or two—and converted into potash, or became a perquisite of the wife, and were carried to the ashery, where they were exchanged for crockery or something for the house. Wood, save the large oak and pine timber, was valueless, and was cut down and burned to get it out of the way.

I am enabled to give a list of prices current at that time of a number of things, from a domestic account-book, and an auction sale of my grandfather's personal estate, after his death in 1829. The term in use for an auction then was vendue.

	1830	1880
A good horse	$80.00	$120.00
Yoke of oxen	75.00	100.00
Milch cow	16.00	30.00
A hog	2.00	5.00
A sheep	2.00	5.00
Hay, per ton	7.00	12.00
Pork, per bbl.	15.00	12.00
Flour, per cwt.	3.00	3.00
Beef, ”	3.50	6.00
Mutton, ”	3.00	6.00
Turkeys, each	1.50	
Ducks, per pair	1.00	
Geese, each	.80	
Chickens, per pair	.40	
Wheat, per bushel	1.00	1.08
Rye, ”	.70	.85
Barley, ”	.50	1.00
Peas, ”	.40	.70

Oats, ” .37 .36

Potatoes,” .40 .35

Apples, ” .50 .50

Butter, per pound .14 .25

Cheese, ” .17

Lard, ” .05 .12

Eggs, per dozen .10 .25

Wood, per cord 1.00 5.00

Calf skins, each 1.00

Sheep skins, each 1.00

West India molasses .80 .50

Tea, per pound .80 .60

Tobacco .25 .50

Honey .10 .25

Oysters, per quart .80 .40

Men’s strong boots, per pair 3.00

Port wine, per gallon .80 2.75

Brandy, ” 1.50 4.00

Rum, ” 1.00 3.00

Whisky, ” .40 1.40

Grey cotton, per yard .14 .10

Calico, ” .20 .12

Nails, per pound .14 .04

Vegetables were unsaleable, and so were many other things for which the farmer now finds a ready market. The wages paid to a man were from eight to ten dollars, and a girl from two to three dollars, per month. For a day’s work, except in harvest time, from fifty to seventy-five cents was the ordinary rate. Money was reckoned by L. s. d. Halifax currency, to distinguish it from the pound sterling. The former was equal to $4.00, and the latter, as now, to $4.87.

Clocks were not common. It is true in most of the better class of old homes a stately old time-piece, whose face nearly reached the ceiling, stood in the hall or sitting-room, and measured off the hours with slow and steady beat. But the most common time-piece was a line cut in the floor, and when the sun touched his meridian height his rays were cast along this mark through a crack in the door; and thus the hour of noon was made known. A few years later the irrepressible Yankee invaded the country with his wooden clocks, and supplied the want. My father bought one which is still in existence (though I think it has got past keeping time), and paid ten pounds for it; a better one can be had now for as many shillings.

The kitchen door, which, as I have already mentioned, was very often divided in the middle, so that the upper part could be opened and the lower half kept closed, was the general entrance to the house, and was usually provided with a wooden latch, which was lifted from the outside by a leather string put through the door. At night, when the family retired, the string was pulled in and the door was fastened against any one from the outside. From this originated the saying that a friend would always find the string on the latch.

Carriages were not kept, for the simple reason that the farmer seldom had occasion to use them. He rarely went from home, and when he did he mounted

his horse or drove in his lumber-waggon to market or to meeting.

He usually had one or two waggon-chairs, as they were called, which would hold two persons very comfortably. These were put in the waggon and a buffalo skin thrown over them, and then the vehicle was equipped for the Sunday drive. There was a light waggon kept for the old people to drive about in, the box of which rested on the axles. The seat, however, was secured to wooden springs, which made it somewhat more comfortable to ride in. A specimen of this kind of carriage was shown by the York Pioneers at the Industrial Exhibition in this city. I have a clear recollection of the most common carriage kept in those days, and of my first ride in one. I was so delighted that I have never forgotten it. One Saturday afternoon, my father and mother determined to visit Grandfather C–, some six miles distant. We were made ready—that is to say, my sister and self—and the "yoke" was put to. Our carriage had but two wheels, the most fashionable mode then, and no steel springs; neither was the body hung upon straps. There was no cover to the seat, which was unique in its way, and original in its get-up. Neither was there a well-padded cushion to sit on, or a back to recline against. It was nothing more or less than a limber board placed across from one side of the box to the other. My father took his seat on the right, the place invariably accorded to the driver—we did not keep a coachman then—my mother and sister, the latter being an infant, sat on the opposite side, while I was wedged in the middle to keep me from tumbling out. My father held in his hand a long slender whip (commonly called a "gad") of blue beech, with which he touched the off-side animal, and said, "Haw Buck, gee 'long." The "yoke" obeyed, and brought us safely to our journey's end in the course of time. Many and many a pleasant ride have I had since in far more sumptuous vehicles, but none of them has left such a distinct and pleasing recollection.

The houses were almost invariably inclosed with a picket or board fence, with a small yard in front. Shade and ornamental trees were not in much repute. All around lay the "boundless contiguity of shade;" but it awakened no poetic sentiment. To them it had been a standing menace, which had cost the expenditure of their best energies, year after year, to push further and further back. The time had not come for ornamenting their grounds and fields with shrubs and trees, unless they could minister to their comfort in a more substantial way. The gardens were generally well supplied with currant and gooseberry bushes. Pear, plum and cherry trees, as well as the orchard itself, were close at

hand.

Raspberries and strawberries were abundant in every new clearing. The sap-bush furnished the sugar and maple molasses. So that most of the requisites for good living were within easy hail.

The first concern of a thrifty farmer was to possess a large barn, with outhouses or sheds attached for his hay and straw, and for the protection of his stock during the cold and stormy weather of fall and winter. Lumber cost him nothing, save the labour of getting it out.

There was, therefore, but little to prevent him from having plenty of room in which to house his crops, and as the process of threshing was slow it necessitated more space than is required now. The granary, pig-pen and corncrib were usually separate. The number and extent of buildings on a flourishing homestead, inclosed with strong board fences, covered a wide area, but the barns, with their enormous peaked roofs, and the houses, with their dormer windows looking out from their steep sides, have nearly all disappeared, or have been transformed into more modern shape.

It would be difficult to find much resemblance between the well-ordered house of the thriving farmer of to-day and that of half a century ago: In the first place the house itself is designed with an eye to convenience and comfort. There is more or less architectural taste displayed in its external appearance. It is kept carefully painted. The yawning fireplace in the kitchen, with its row of pots, has disappeared, and in its place the most approved cooking-stove or range, with its multifarious appendages, is found. On the walls hang numberless appliances to aid in cooking. Washing-machines, wringers, improved churns, and many other labour saving arrangements render the task of the housewife comparatively easy, and enable her to accomplish much more work in a shorter time than the dear old grandmother ever dreamed of in the highest flights of her imagination. Her cupboards are filled with china and earthenware of the latest pattern. Pewter plates and buck-handled knives have vanished, and ivory-handled cutlery has taken their places. Britannia metal and pewter spoons have been sent to the melting-pot, and iron forks have given place to nickel and silver ones. The old

furniture has found its way to the garret, and the house is furnished from the ware-rooms of the best makers. Fancy carpets cover the floor of every room. The old high-posted bedsteads, which almost required a ladder to get into, went to the lumber heap long ago, and low, sumptuous couches take their places. The great feather tick has been converted into the more healthy mattress, and the straw tick and cords have been replaced by spring bottoms. It used to be quite an arduous undertaking, I remember, to put up one of those old beds. One person took a wrench, kept for that purpose, and drew up the cord with it as tight as he could at every hole, and another followed with a hammer and pin, which was driven into the hole through which the end passed to hold it; and so you went on round the bed, until the cord was all drawn as tight as it could possibly be. Now a bedstead can be taken down and put up in a few moments by one person with the greatest ease. The dresses of both mother and daughters are made according to the latest styles, and of the best material. The family ride in their carriage, with fine horses, and richly-plated harness. The boys are sent to college, and the girls are polished in city boarding-schools. On the farm the change is no less marked. The grain is cut and bound with reaping machines, the grass with mowing machines, and raked with horse rakes. Threshing machines thresh and clean the grain. The farmer has machines for planting and sowing.

The hoe is laid aside, and his corn and root crops are kept clean with cultivators. His ploughs and drags do better work with more ease to himself and his team. He has discovered that he can keep improved stock at less expense, and at far greater profit. In fact, the whole system of farming and farm labour has advanced with the same rapid strides that everything else has done; and now one man can accomplish more in the same time, and do it better, than half a dozen could fifty years ago.

Musical instruments were almost unknown except by name. A stray fiddler, as I have said elsewhere, was about the only musician that ever delighted the ear of young or old in those days. I do not know that there was a piano in the Province. If there were any their number was so small that they could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Now, every house in the land with any pretension to the ordinary comforts of life has either a piano or a melodeon, and every farmer’s daughter of any position can run over the keys with as much ease and effect as a city belle. Passing along one of our streets not long since, I heard some one playing in a room adjoining a little grocery store. My attention was

arrested by the skill of the player, and the fine tone of the instrument. While I was listening, a couple of ladies passed, one of whom said, “I do wonder if they have got a piano here.” “Why not,” said the other, “the pea-nut-man on –- Street has one, and I don’t see why every one else shouldn’t have.”

I think all who have marked the changes that have taken place during the half century which is gone, will admit that we are a much faster people than our fathers were. We have jumped from change to change with marvellous rapidity. We could never endure the patient plodding way they travelled, nor the toil and privation they went through; and it is a good thing for us, perhaps, that they preceded us. Would it not be well for us occasionally to step aside from the bustle and haste which surrounds us, and look back. There are many valuable lessons to be gathered from the pages of the past, and it might be well, perhaps, were we to temper our anxiety to rise in the social scale with some of the sterling qualities that characterized our progenitors. Our smart boys now-a-days are far too clever to pursue the paths which their fathers trod, and in too many cases begin the career of life as second or third-rate professional men or merchants, while our daughters are too frequently turned into ornaments for the parlour. We know that fifty years ago the boys had to work early and late. West of England broadcloths and fine French fabrics were things that rarely, indeed, adorned their persons. Fashionable tailors and young gentlemen, according to the present acceptation of the term, are comparatively modern institutions in Canada. Fancy for a moment one of our young swells, with his fashionable suit, gold watch, chain, and rings, patent leather boots and kid gloves, and topped off with Christie’s latest headgear, driving up to grandfather’s door in a covered buggy and plated harness, fifty years ago! What would have been said, think you? My impression is that his astonishment would have been too great to find expression. The old man, no doubt, would have scratched his head in utter bewilderment, and the old lady would have pushed up her specs in order to take in the whole of the new revelation, and possibly might have exclaimed, “Did you ever see the beat?” The girls, I have no doubt, would have responded to their mother’s ejaculation; and the boys, if at hand, would have laughed outright.

My remarks, so far, have been confined altogether to the country settlements, and fifty years ago that was about all there was in this Province. Kingston was,

in fact, the only town. The other places, which have far outstripped it since, were only commencing, as we shall see presently. Kingston was a place of considerable importance, owing to its being a garrison town; and its position at the foot of lake navigation gave promise of future greatness. The difference between town and country life as yet was not very marked, except with the few officers and officials. Clothes of finer and more expensive materials were worn, and a little more polish and refinement were noticeable. The professional man's office was in his house, and the merchant lived over his store. He dealt in all kinds of goods, and served his customers early and late. He bartered with the people for their produce, and weighed up the butter and counted out the eggs, for which he paid in groceries and dry goods. Now he has his house on a fashionable street, or a villa in the vicinity of the city, and is driven to his counting house in his carriage. His father, and himself, perhaps, in his boyhood, toiled in the summer time under a burning sun, and now he and his family take their vacation during hot weather at fashionable watering places, or make a tour in Europe.

We have but little to complain of as a people. Our progress during the last fifty years has been such as cannot but be gratifying to every Canadian, and if we are only true to ourselves and the great principles that underlie real and permanent success, we should go on building up a yet greater and more substantial prosperity, as the avenues of trade which are being opened up from time to time become available. But let us guard against the enervating influences which are too apt to follow increase of wealth. The desire to rise in the social scale is one that finds a response in every breast; but it often happens that, as we ascend, habits and tastes are formed that are at variance not only with our own well-being, but with the well-being of those who may be influenced by us. One of the principal objects, it would seem, in making a fortune in these days, is to make a show. There are not many families in this Province, so far, fortunately, whose children can afford to lead a life of idleness. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the richest heir in our land cannot afford it. Still, when children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, the necessity to work is removed, and it requires some impulse to work when there is no actual need. But, fortunately, there are higher motives in this world than a life of inglorious ease. Wealth can give much, but it cannot make a man in the proper and higher sense, any more than iron can be transmuted into gold.

It is a sad thing, I think, to find many of our wealthy farmers bringing up their

children with the idea that a farmer is not as respectable as a counter-jumper in a city or village store, or that the kitchen is too trying for the delicate organization of the daughter, and that her vocation is to adorn the drawing-room, to be waited on by mamma, and to make a brilliant match.

CHAPTER V.

JEFFERSON'S DEFINITION OF "LIBERTY"—HOW IT WAS ACTED UPON —THE CANADIAN

RENAISSANCE—BURNING POLITICAL QUESTIONS IN CANADA HALF A CENTURY AGO—

LOCOMOTION—MRS. JAMESON ON CANADIAN STAGE COACHES—BATTEAUX AND DURHAM

BOATS.

The American Revolution developed two striking pictures of the inconsistency of human nature. The author of the Declaration of Independence lays down at the very first this axiom: "We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created *equal*; that among these, are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness." And yet this man, with members of others who signed the famous document, was a slave-holder, and contributed to the maintenance of a system which was a reproach and a stain upon the fair fame of the land, until it was wiped out with the blood of tens of thousands of its sons. The next picture that stands out in open contradiction to the declaration of equality of birth and liberty of action appears at the end of every war. The very men who had clamoured against oppression, and had fought for and won their freedom, in turn became the most intolerant oppressors. The men who had differed from them, and had adhered to the cause of the mother land, had their property confiscated, and were expelled from the country. Revolutions have ever been marked by cruelty. Liberty in France inaugurated the guillotine. The fathers of the American Revolution cast out their kindred, who found a refuge in the wilderness of Canada, where they

endured for a time the most severe privations and hardships. This was the first illustration or definition of “liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” from an American point of view.

The result was not, perhaps, what was anticipated. The ten thousand or more of their expatriated countrymen were not to be subdued by acts of despotic injustice. Their opinions were dear to them, and were as fondly cherished as were the opinions of those who had succeeded in wrenching away a part of the old Empire under a plea of being oppressed. They claimed only the natural and sacred right of acting upon their honest convictions; and surely no one will pretend to say that their position was not as just and tenable, or that it was less honourable than that of those who had rebelled. I am not going to say that there was no cause of complaint on the part of those who threw down the gage of war. The truth about that matter has been conceded long ago. The enactments of the Home Government which brought about the revolt are matters with which we have nothing to do at this time. But when the war terminated and peace was declared, the attitude of the new Government toward those of their countrymen who had adhered to the Old Land from a sense of duty, was cruel, if not barbarous. It has no parallel in modern history, unless it be the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. The refugees, however, did not, like the Huguenots, find a home in an old settled country, but in the fastness of a Canadian forest; and it is wonderful that so many men and women, out of love for a distant land whose subjects they had been, and whose cause they had espoused, should have sacrificed everything, and passed from comfortable homes and dearly-loved kindred to desolation and poverty. It shows of what unbending material they were made. With their strong wills and stronger arms they laid the foundation of another country that yet may rival the land whence they were driven. This act no doubt occasioned the settlement of the Western Province many years earlier than it would have occurred under other circumstances; and notwithstanding the attempts that were made to subdue the country, our fathers proved, when the struggle came, that they had lost none of their patriotic fire, and though they were comparatively few in number, they were not slow to shoulder their muskets and march away in defence of the land of their adoption. There were no differences of opinion on this point. A people who had first been robbed of their worldly goods and then driven from the homes of their youth, were not likely soon to forget either their wrongs or their sufferings, nor to give up, without a struggle, the new homes they had made for

themselves under the keenest privations and severest toils. As our fathers successfully resisted the one, so have their children treated the threats and blandishments that have been used from time to time to bring them under the protecting aegis of the stars and stripes.

The wounds that were inflicted nearly a century ago have happily cicatrized, and we can now look with admiration on the happy progress of the American people in all that goes to make up a great and prosperous country. We hope to live in peace and unity with them. Still, we like our own country and its system of government better, and feel that we have no reason either to be discontented with its progress, or to doubt as to its future.

The year 1830 may be taken as the commencement of a new order of things in Canada. The people were prosperous; immigration was rapidly increasing. A system of Government had been inaugurated which, if not all that could be desired, was capable of being moulded into a shape fit to meet the wants of a young and growing country. There were laws to protect society, encourage education, and foster trade and commerce. The application of steam in England and the United States, not only to manufacturing purposes but to navigation, which had made some progress, rapidly increased after this date, and the illustration given by Stephenson, in September of this year, of its capabilities as a motor in land transit, completely revolutionized the commerce of the world. It assailed every branch of industry, and in a few years transformed all.

The inventive genius of mankind seemed to gather new energy. A clearer insight was obtained into the vast results opening out before it and into the innumerable inventions which have succeeded; for the more uniform and rapid production of almost every conceivable thing used by man has had its origin in this Nineteenth Century Renaissance. Our Province, though remote from this “new birth,” could not but feel a touch of the pulsation that was stirring in the world, and, though but in its infancy, it was not backward in laying hold of these discoveries, and applying them as far as its limited resources would admit. As early as 1816 we had a steamer—the *Frontenac*—running on Lake Ontario, and others soon followed. The increase was much more rapid after the date referred to, and the improvement in construction and speed was equally marked. Owing to our sparse and scattered population, as well as our inability to build, we did not undertake the construction of railroads until 1853, when the Northern Railroad

was opened to Bradford; but after that, we went at it in earnest, and we have kept at it until we have made our Province a network of railways. In order more fully to realize our position at this time, it must be borne in mind that our population only reached 210,437.

Those whose recollection runs back to that time have witnessed changes in this Province difficult to realize as having taken place during the fifty years which have intervened. The first settlers found themselves in a position which, owing to the then existing state of things, can never occur again. They were cut off from communication, except by very slow and inadequate means, with the older and more advanced parts of America, and were, therefore, almost totally isolated. They adhered to the manners and customs of their fathers, and though they acquired property and grew up in sturdy independence, their habits and modes of living remained unchanged. But now the steamboat and locomotive brought them into contact with the world outside. They began to feel and see that a new state of things had been inaugurated; that the old paths had been forsaken; that the world had faced about and taken up a new line of march. And, as their lives had theretofore been lives of exigency, they were skilled in adapting themselves to the needs of the hour. Men who have been trained in such a school are quick at catching improvements and turning them to their advantage. It matters not in what direction these improvements tend, whether to agriculture, manufactures, education, or government; and we shall find that in all these our fathers were not slow to move, or unequal to the emergency when it was pressed upon them.

One of the dearest privileges of a British subject is the right of free discussion on all topics, whether sacred or secular—more especially those of a political character—and of giving effect to his opinions at the polls. No people have exercised these privileges with more practical intelligence than the Anglo-Canadian. It must be confessed that half a century ago, and even much later, colonial affairs were not managed by the Home Government altogether in a satisfactory manner. At the same time there can hardly be a doubt that the measures emanating from the Colonial Office received careful consideration, or that they were designed with an honest wish to promote the well-being of the colonists, and not in the perfunctory manner which some writers have

represented.

The great difficulty has been for an old country like the mother land, with its long established usages, its time-honoured institutions, its veneration for precedent, its dislike to change, and its faith in its own wisdom and power, either to appreciate the wants of a new country, or to yield hastily to its demands. British statesmen took for granted that what was good for them was equally beneficial to us. Their system of government, though it had undergone many a change, even in its monarchical type, was the model on which the colonial governments were based; and when the time came we were set up with a Governor appointed by the Crown, a Council chosen by the Governor, and an Assembly elected by the people. They had an Established Church, an outcome of the Reformation, supported by the State. It was necessary for the welfare of the people and for their future salvation that we should have one, and it was given us, large grants of land being made for its support. A hereditary nobility was an impossibility, for the entire revenue of the Province in its early days would not have been a sufficient income for a noble lord. Still, there were needy gentlemen of good families, as there always have been, and probably ever will be, who were willing to sacrifice themselves for a government stipend. They were provided for and sent across the sea to this new land of ours, to fill the few offices that were of any importance. There was nothing strange or unnatural in all this, and if these newcomers had honestly applied themselves to the development of the country instead of to advancing their own interests, many of the difficulties which afterwards sprang up would have been avoided. The men who had made the country began to feel that they knew more about its wants than the Colonial Office, and that they could manage its affairs better than the appointees of the Crown, who had become grasping and arrogant. They began to discuss the question. A strong feeling pervaded the minds of many of the leading men of the day that a radical change was necessary for the well-being of the country, and they began to apply the lever of public opinion to the great fulcrum of agitation, in order to overturn the evils that had crept into the administration of public affairs. They demanded a government which should be responsible to the people, and not independent of them. They urged that the system of representation was unjust, and should be equalized. They assailed the party in power as being corrupt, and applied to them the epithet of the “Family Compact”—

a name which has stuck to them ever since, because they held every office of emolument, and dispensed the patronage to friends, to the exclusion of every

man outside of a restricted pale. Another grievance which began to be talked about, and which remained a bone of contention for years, was the large grants of lands for the support of the Church of England. As the majority of the people did not belong to that body, they could not see why it should be taken under the protecting care of the State, while every other denomination was left in the cold. Hence a clamour for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves began to be heard throughout the land. These, with many other questions, which were termed abuses, raised up a political party the members whereof came to be known as Radicals, and who, later, were stigmatized by the opposing party as Rebels. The party lines between these two sides were soon sharply drawn and when Parliament met at York, early in January, 1830, it was discovered that a breach existed between the Executive Council and the House of Assembly which could not be closed up until sweeping changes had been effected.

The Province at this time was divided into eleven districts, or twenty-six counties, which returned forty-one members to the Assembly, and the towns of York, Kingston, Brockville and Niagara returned one member each, making in all forty-five representatives. Obedient to the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, the members of the different constituencies were finding their way with sleighs (the only means of conveyance in those days) through snow-drifts, on the first of the year, to the capital—the Town of York. The Province had not yet reached the dignity of possessing a city, and indeed the only towns were the four we have named, of which Kingston was the largest and most important. It had a population of 3,635, and York 2,860. A member from Winnipeg could reach Ottawa quicker, and with much more comfort now, than York could be reached from the Eastern and Western limits of the Province in those days. [Footnote: Fancy such an announcement as the following appearing in our newspapers in these days, prior to the opening of the House of Assembly:—

“To the proprietors and editors of the different papers in the Eastern part of the Province. Gentlemen: Presuming that the public will desire to be put in possession of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor’s speech at the approaching Session of Parliament at an early date, and feeling desirous to gratify a public to which we are so much indebted, we shall make arrangements

for having it delivered, free of expense, at Kingston, the day after it is issued from the press at York, that it may be forwarded to Montreal by mail on the Monday following.

"We are, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servants,

"H. NORTON & Co., Kingston,

"W. WELLER, York.

"January 2nd, 1830."

The foregoing is clipped from an old number of the *Christian Guardian*.]

Marshall Spring Bidwell was Speaker to the Assembly, and the following formed the Executive Council:—J. Baby, Inspector-General; John H. Dunn, Receiver-General; Henry John Boulton, Attorney-General; and Christopher A. Hagerman, Solicitor-General. On the opening of the House, the address was replied to by the Governor in one of the briefest speeches ever listened to on the floor of the Legislative Assembly: "Gentlemen of the House of Assembly, I thank you for your Address." The expense of Hansards would not be very considerable if the legislators of the present day followed the example of such brevity as this.

Any one looking over the Journals of the Second Session of the Tenth Parliament will see that there was a liberal bill of fare provided.

Every member had at least one petition to present, and altogether there were one hundred and fifty-one presented, some of which read strangely in the light of the present day. Among them was one from Addington, praying that means might be adopted “to secure these Provinces the trade of the West Indies, free from the United States competition.” Another was from the Midland District, praying that an Act be passed to prevent itinerant preachers from coming over from the United States and spreading sedition, &c.; and another from Hastings, to dispose of the Clergy Reserves. “Mr. McKenzie gives notice that he will to-morrow move for leave to bring in a bill to establish finger posts;” and a few years later these “finger posts” could be seen at all the principal cross-roads in the Province. Among the bills there was a tavern and shop license bill; a bill establishing the Kingston Bank with a capital of L100,000; a bill authorizing a grant of L57,412 10s, for the relief of sufferers in the American War; and one authorizing a grant to the Kingston Benevolent Society, and also to the York Hospital and Dispensary established the year before. Among the one hundred and thirty-seven bills passed by the House of Assembly, nearly one hundred were rejected by the Legislative Council, which shows how near the two Houses had come to a dead-lock. In other respects there was nothing remarkable about the session. The really most important thing done was the formation of Agricultural Societies, and the aid granted them. But in looking over the returns asked for, and the grievance motions brought forward from time to time, one can see the gathering of the storm that broke upon the country in 1837-8, and, however much that outbreak is to be deplored, it hastened, no doubt, the settlement of the vexed questions which had agitated the public mind for years. The union of the two Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, followed in 1841, and in 1867

Confederation took place, when our Province lost its old appellation, and has ever since been known as the Province of Ontario—the keystone Province of the Confederation.

It was in 1830 that the name of Robert Baldwin first appeared in the list of members, and of the forty-five persons who represented the Province at that time I do not know that one survives. The death of George IV. brought about a dissolution, and an election took place in October. There was considerable

excitement, and a good many seats changed occupants, but the Family Compact party were returned to power.

A general election in those days was a weighty matter, because of the large extent of the constituencies, and the distance the widely-scattered electors had to travel—often over roads that were almost impassable—to exercise their franchise. There was but one polling place in each county, and that was made as central as possible for the convenience of the people. Often two weeks elapsed before all the votes could be got in, and during the contest it was not an uncommon thing for one side or the other to make an effort to get possession of the poll, and keep their opponents from voting. This frequently led to disgraceful fights, when sticks and stones were used with a freedom that would have done no discredit to Irish faction fights in their palmiest days.

Happily, this is all changed now. The numerous polling places prevent a crowd of excited men from collecting together. Voters have but a short distance to go, and the whole thing is accomplished with ease in a day.

Our representation, both for the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, is now based upon population, and the older and more densely-populated counties are divided into ridings, so that the forty-eight counties and some cities and towns return to the Ontario Government eighty-eight members.

Fifty years ago the Post Office Department was under the control of the British Government, and Thomas A. Stayner was Deputy Postmaster General of British North America. Whatever else the Deputy may have had to complain of, he certainly could not grumble at the extent of territory under his jurisdiction. The gross receipts of the Department were L8,029

2s 6d. [Footnote: I am indebted to W.H. Griffin, Esq., Deputy Postmaster General, for information, kindly furnished, respecting the Post Office Department, &c.] There were ninety-one post offices in Upper Canada. On the main line between York and Montreal the mails were carried by a public stage, and in spring and fall, owing to the bad roads, and even in winter, with its storms and snow-drifts, its progress was slow, and often difficult. There are persons still living who remember many a weary hour and trying adventure between these

points. Passengers, almost perished with cold or famished with hunger, were often forced to trudge through mud and slush up to their knees, because the jaded horses could barely pull the empty vehicle through the mire or up the weary hill.

They were frequently compelled to alight and grope around in impenetrable darkness and beating storm for rails from a neighbouring fence, with which to pry the wheels out of a mud-hole, into which they had, to all appearance, hopelessly sunk, or to dig themselves out of snow banks in which both horses and stage were firmly wedged. If they were so fortunate as to escape these mishaps, the deep ruts and corduroy bridges tried their powers of endurance to the utmost, and made the old coach creak and groan under the strain. Sometimes it toppled over with a crash, leaving the worried passengers to find shelter, if they could, in the nearest farm-house, until the damage was repaired. But with good roads and no break-downs they were enabled to spank along at the rate of seventy-five miles in a day, which was considered rapid travelling.

Four-and-a-half days were required, and often more; to reach Montreal from York. A merchant posting a letter from the latter place, under the most favourable circumstances, could not get a reply from Montreal in less than ten days, or sometimes fifteen; and from Quebec the time required was from three weeks to a month. The English mails were brought by sailing vessels. Everything moved in those days with slow and uneven pace. The other parts of the Province were served by couriers on horseback, who announced their approach with blast of tin horn. That the offices were widely separated in most cases may be judged from their number. I recently came upon an entry made by my father in an old account book against his father's estate: "To one day going to the post office, 3s 9d." The charge, looked at in the light of these days, certainly is not large, but the idea of taking a day to go to and from a post office struck me as a good illustration of the inconveniences endured in those days. The correspondent, at that time, had never been blessed with a vision of the coming envelope, but carefully folded his sheet of paper into the desired shape, pushed one end of the fold into the other, and secured it with a wafer or sealing-wax. Envelopes, now universally used, were not introduced until about 1845-50, and even blotting paper, that indispensable requisite on every writing-table, was unknown. Every desk had its sand-box, filled with fine dry sand, which the writer sprinkled over his sheet to absorb the ink. Sometimes, at a pinch, ashes were used. Goose quill was the only pen. There was not such a thing, I suppose, as a steel pen in the Province. Gillott and Perry had invented them in 1828; but

they were sold at $36 a gross, and were too expensive to come into general use. Neither was there such a thing as a bit of india rubber, so very common now. Erasures had to be made with a knife. Single rates of letter postage were, for distances not exceeding 60 miles, 4 1/2 d; not exceeding 100 miles, 7d; and not over 200 miles, 9d, increasing 2 1/4 d on every additional 100 miles. Letters weighing less than one ounce were rated as single, double or treble, as they consisted of one, two or more sheets. If weighing an ounce, or over, the charge was a single rate for every quarter of an ounce in weight.

How is it now? The Post Office Department has been for many years under the control of our Government. There are in Ontario 2,353 Post-Offices, with a revenue of $914,382. The mails are carried by rail to all the principal points, and to outlying places and country villages by stage, and by couriers in light vehicles, with much greater despatch, owing to the improved condition of the highways. A letter of not over half an ounce in weight can be sent from Halifax to Vancouver for three cents. A book weighing five pounds can be sent the same distance for twenty cents, and parcels and samples at equally low rates. To England the rate for half an ounce is five cents, and for every additional half-ounce a single rate is added. Postage stamps and cards, the money order system, and Post Office savings banks have all been added since 1851. The merchant of Toronto can post a letter to-day, and get a reply from London; England, in less time than he could in the old days from Quebec.

In 1830 correspondence was expensive and tedious. Letters were written only under the pressure of necessity. Now every one writes, and the number of letters and the revenue have increased a thousand fold. The steamship, locomotive and telegraph, all the growth of the last half century, have not only almost annihilated time and space, but have changed the face of the world. It is true there were steamboats running between York and Kingston on the Bay of Quinte and the St. Lawrence prior to 1830; but after that date they increased rapidly in number, and were greatly improved. It was on the 15th of September of that year that George Stephenson ran the first locomotive over the line between Liverpool and Manchester—a distance of thirty miles—so that fifty years ago this was the only railway with a locomotive in the world—a fact that can hardly be realised when the number of miles now in operation, and the vast sums of money expended in their construction, are considered. What have these agents done for us, apart from the wonderful impetus given to trade and commerce? You can post to your

correspondent at Montreal at 6 p.m., and your letter is delivered at 11

a.m., and the next day at noon you have your answer. You take up your morning's paper, and you have the news from the very antipodes every day. The merchant has quotations placed before him, daily and hourly, from every great commercial centre in the world; and even the sporting man can deposit his money here, and have his bet booked in London the day before.

From the first discovery of the country up to 1800, a period of about three hundred years, the bark canoe was the only mode of conveyance for long distances. Governor Simcoe made his journeys from Kingston to Detroit in a large bark canoe, rowed by twelve chasseurs, followed by another containing the tents and provisions. The cost of conveying merchandise between Kingston and Montreal before the Rideau and St.

Lawrence canals were built is hardly credible to people of this day. Sir J. Murray stated in the House of Commons, in 1828, that the carriage of a twenty-four pound cannon cost between L150 and L200 sterling. In the early days of the Talbot Settlement (about 1817), Mr. Ermatinger states that eighteen bushels of wheat were required to pay for one barrel of salt, and that one bushel of wheat would no more than pay for one yard of cotton.

Our fathers did not travel much, and there was a good reason, as we have seen, why they did not. The ordinary means of transit was the stage, which Mrs. Jameson describes as a "heavy lumbering vehicle, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder." Another kind, used on rougher roads, consisted of "large oblong wooden boxes, formed of a few planks nailed together, and placed on wheels, in which you enter by the window, there being no door to open or shut, and no springs." On two or three wooden seats, suspended in leather straps, the passengers were perched. The behaviour of the better sort, in a journey from Niagara to Hamilton, is described by this writer as consisting of a "rolling and tumbling along the detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm." The road was knee-deep in mud, the "forest on either side dark, grim, and impenetrable." There were but three or four steamboats in existence, and these were not much more expeditious. Fares were

high. The rate from York to Montreal was about $24. Nearly the only people who travelled were the merchants and officials, and they were not numerous. The former often took passage on sailing vessels or batteaux, and if engaged in the lumber trade, as many of them were, they went down on board their rafts and returned in the batteaux. “These boats were flat-bottomed, and made of pine boards, narrowed at bow and stern, forty feet by six, with a crew of four men and a pilot, provided with oars, sails, and iron-shod poles for pushing. They continued to carry, in cargoes of five tons, all the merchandise that passed to Upper Canada. Sometimes these boats were provided with a makeshift upper cabin, which consisted of an awning of oilcloth, supported on hoops like the roof of an American, Quaker, or gipsy waggon. If further provided with half a dozen chairs and a table, this cabin was deemed the height of primitive luxury. The batteaux went in brigades, which generally consisted of five boats. Against the swiftest currents and rapids the men poled their way up; and when the resisting element was too much for their strength, they fastened a rope to the bow, and, plunging into the water, dragged her by main strength up the boiling cataract. From Lachine to Kingston, the average voyage was ten to twelve days, though it was occasionally made in seven; an average as long as a voyage across the Atlantic now. The Durham boat, also then doing duty on this route, was a flat-bottomed barge, but it differed from the batteaux in having a slip-keel and nearly twice its capacity. This primitive mode of travelling had its poetic side. Amid all the hardships of their vocation, the French Canadian boatmen were ever light of spirit, and they enlivened the passage by carolling their boat songs; one of which inspired Moore to write his immortal ballad.”

[Footnote: Trout’s Railways of Canada, 1870-1.]

The country squire, if he had occasion to go from home, mounted his horse, and, with his saddle-bags strapped behind him, jogged along the highway or through the bush at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day. I remember my father going to New York in 1839. He crossed by steamboat from Kingston to Oswego; thence to Rome, in New York State, by canal-boat, and thence by rail and steamer to New York.

CHAPTER VI.

ROAD-MAKING—WELLER’S LINE OF STAGES AND STEAMBOATS—MY TRIP FROM

HAMILTON TO NIAGARA—SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—PIONEER METHODIST PREACHERS

—SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY—LITERATURE AND LIBRARIES —WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS

—PRIMITIVE EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

The people were alive at a very early date to the importance of improving the roads; and as far back as 1793 an Act was passed at Niagara, then the seat of government, placing the roads under overseers or roadmasters, as they were called, appointed by the ratepaying inhabitants at their annual town meetings. Every man was required to bring tools, and to work from three to twelve days. There was no property distinction, and the time was at the discretion of the roadmaster. This soon gave cause for dissatisfaction, and reasonably, for it was hardly fair to expect a poor man to contribute as much toward the improvement of highways as his rich neighbour. The Act was amended, and the number of days’ work determined by the assessment roll. The power of opening new roads, or altering the course of old ones, was vested in the Quarter Sessions. This matter is now under the control of the County Councils. The first government appropriation for roads was made in 1804, when L1,000 was granted; but between 1830-33, $512,000 was provided for the improvement and opening up of new roads. The road from Kingston to York was contracted for by Dantford, an American, in 1800, at $90 per mile, two rods wide. The first Act required that every man should clear a road across his own lot, but it made no provision for the Clergy Reserves and Crown Lands, and hence the crooked roads that existed at one time in the Province. Originally the roads were marked out by blazing the trees through the woods as a guide for the pedestrian. Then the boughs were cut away, so that a man could ride through on horseback. Then followed the sleighs; and finally the trees were cleared off, so that a waggon could pass. “The great leading roads of the Province had received little improvement beyond being graded, and the swamps [had been] made passable by laying the round trunks of

trees side by side across the roadway. Their supposed resemblance to the king's corduroy cloth gained for these crossways the name of corduroy roads. The earth roads were passably good when covered with the snows of winter, or when dried up in the summer sun; but even then a thaw or rain made them all but impassable. The rains of autumn and the thaws of spring converted them into a mass of liquid mud, such as amphibious animals might delight to revel in. Except an occasional legislative grant of a few thousand pounds for the whole Province, which was ill-expended, and often not accounted for at all, the great leading roads, as well as all other roads, depended, in Upper Canada, for their improvement on statute labour." [Footnote: II.]

[Illustration: THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.]

The Rev. Isaac Fidler, writing in 1831, says: "On our arrival at Oswego, I proceeded to the harbour in quest of a trading vessel bound for York, in Canada, and had the good fortune to find one that would sail in an hour. I agreed with the captain for nine dollars, for myself, family, and baggage, and he on his part assured me that he would land me safe in twenty-four hours. Our provision was included in the fare. Instead of reaching York in one day, we were five days on the lake. There were two passengers, besides ourselves, equally disappointed and impatient. The cabin of the vessel served for the sitting, eating, and sleeping room of passengers, captain and crew. I expostulated strongly on this usage, but the captain informed me he had no alternative. The place commonly assigned to sailors had not been fitted up. We were forced to tolerate this inconvenience. The sailors slept on the floor, and assigned the berths to the passengers, but not from choice. The food generally placed before us for dinner was salt pork, potatoes, bread, water and salt; tea, bread and butter, and sometimes salt pork for breakfast and tea;"

to which he adds, "no supper." One would think, under the circumstances, this privation would have been a cause for thankfulness.

The same writer speaks of a journey to Montreal the following year: "From York to Montreal, we had three several alterations of steamboats and coaches. The

steamboat we now entered was moored by a ledge of ice, of a thickness so great as to conceal entirely the vessel, till we approached close upon it. We embarked by steps excavated in the ice, for the convenience of the passengers."

The following advertisement, from the *Christian Guardian* of 1830, may prove not uninteresting as an evidence of the competition then existing between the coach and steamboat, and is pretty conclusive that at that date the latter was not considered very much superior or more expeditious:

"NEW LINE OF STAGES AND STEAMBOATS FROM YORK TO PRESCOTT.

"The public are respectfully informed that a line of stages will run regularly between YORK and the CARRYING PLACE, [Footnote: The Carrying Place is at the head of the Bay of Quinte.] twice a week, the remainder of the season, leaving YORK every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 4

o'clock; passing through the beautiful townships of Pickering, Whitby, Darlington and Clark, and the pleasant villages of Port Hope; Cobourg and Colborne, and arriving at the CARRYING PLACE the same evening. Will leave the CARRYING PLACE every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 4 o'clock, and arrive at York the same evening.

"The above arrangements are made in connection with the steamboat *Sir James Kempt*, so that passengers travelling this route will find a pleasant and speedy conveyance between York and Prescott, the road being very much repaired, and the line fitted up with good horses, new carriages, and careful drivers. Fare through from York to Prescott, L2

10s, the same as the lake boats. Intermediate distances, fare as usual.

All baggage at the risk of the owner. N.B.—Extras furnished at York, Cobourg,

or the Carrying Place, on reasonable terms.

“WILLIAM WELLER.

“York, June 9th. 1830.”

I remember travelling from Hamilton to Niagara in November, 1846. We left the hotel at 6 p.m. Our stage, for such it was called, was a lumber waggon, with a rude canvas cover to protect us from the rain, under which were four seats, and I have a distinct recollection that long before we got to our journey’s end we discovered that they were not very comfortable. There were seven passengers and the driver. The luggage was corded on behind in some fashion, and under the seats were crowded parcels, so that when we got in we found it difficult to move or to get out. One of our passengers, a woman with a young child, did not contribute to our enjoyment, or make the ride any more pleasant, for the latter poor unfortunate screamed nearly the whole night through.

Occasionally it would settle down into a low whine, when a sudden lurch of the waggon or a severe jolt would set it off again with full force.

The night was very dark, and continued so throughout, with dashes of rain. The roads were very bad, and two or three times we had to get out and walk, a thing we did not relish, as it was almost impossible for us to pick our way, and the only thing for it was to push on as well as we could through the mud and darkness. We reached Niagara just as the sun was rising. Our appearance can readily be imagined.

“In 1825, William L. Mackenzie described the road between York and Kingston as among the worst that human foot ever trod, and down to the latest day before the railroad era, the travellers in the Canadian stage coach were lucky if, when a hill had to be ascended, or a bad spot passed, they had not to alight and trudge ankle deep through the mud.

The rate at which it was possible to travel in stage coaches depended on the elements. In spring, when the roads were water-choked and rut-gullied, the rate might be reduced to two miles an hour for several miles on the worst sections. The coaches were liable to be embedded in the mud, and the passengers had to dismount and assist in prying them out by means of rails obtained from the fences." [Footnote: Trout's *Railways of Canada*]

Such was the condition of the roads up to, and for a considerable time after, 1830, and such were the means provided for the public who were forced to use them. It can easily be conceived, that the inducements for pleasure trips were so questionable that the only people who journeyed, either by land or water, were those whose business necessities compelled them to do so. Even in 1837, the only road near Toronto on which it was possible to take a drive was Y'onge Street, which had been macadamized a distance of twelve miles. But the improvements since then, and the facilities for quick transit, have been very great. The Government has spent large sums of money in the construction of roads and bridges. A system of thorough grading and drainage has been adopted. In wet swampy land, the corduroy has given place to macadamized or gravel roads, of which there are about 4,000 miles in the Province. [Footnote: In order to ascertain the number of miles of macadamized roads in the Province, after hunting in vain in other quarters, I addressed a circular to the Clerk of the County Council in each county, and received thirty replies, out of thirty-seven. From these I gathered that there were about the number of miles, above stated. Several replied that they had no means of giving the desired information, and others thought there were about so many miles. I was forced to the conclusion that the road accounts of the Province were not very systematically kept.] Old log bridges have been superseded by stone, iron, and well-constructed wooden ones, so that in the older sections the farmer is enabled to reach his market with a well-loaded waggon during the fall and spring. The old system of tolls has been pretty much done away with, and even in the remote townships the Government has been alive to the importance of uninterrupted communication, and has opened up good central highways. The batteaux and sailing vessels, as a means of travel, with the old steamer and its cramped up cabin in the hold, and its slow pace, have decayed and rotted in the dockyard, and we have now swift boats, with stately saloons running from bow to stern, fitted in luxurious style, on either sides rows of comfortable sleeping rooms, and with a *table d'hote*

served as well as at a first class modern hotel. Travelling by steamer now is no longer a tediously drawn out vexation, but in propitious weather a pleasure. A greater change has taken place in our land travel, but it is much more recent. The railroad has rooted out the stage, except to unimportant places, and you can now take a Pullman at Toronto at 7 p.m., go to bed at the proper time, and get up in Montreal at 10.30

a.m. the next day. The first railroad on which a locomotive was run was the Northern, opened in 1853, to Bradford. Since that time up to the present we have built, and now have in operation, 3,478 miles, in addition to 510 under construction or contract. [Footnote: This is exclusive of the C.P.R.]

Washington, in his farewell address, says: “Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.” Fifty years ago, education, even in the older and more enlightened countries, did not receive that attention which its importance to the well-being of society and the state demanded, and it is only during recent years, comparatively speaking, that the education of the masses has been systematically attempted. Indeed, it used to be thought by men of birth and culture that to educate the poor would lead to strife and confusion—that ignorance was their normal condition, and that any departure therefrom would increase their misery and discontent.

Those notions have, happily, been exploded, and it is found that education is the best corrective to the evils that used to afflict society and disturb the general peace. It goes hand in hand with religion and good order, and so convinced have our rulers become of its importance to the general weal, that not only free but compulsory education has become the law of the land. It is not to be wondered at that half a century ago our school system—if we could be said to have one—was defective. Our situation and the circumstances in which we were placed were not favourable to the promotion of general education. The sparseness of the population and the extent of territory over which it was scattered increased the difficulty; but its importance was not overlooked, and in the early days of the Province grants of land were made for educational purposes. The first classical school—indeed the first school of any kind—was opened in Kingston, by Dr. Stuart, in 1785, and the first common school was taught by J. Clark, in

Fredericksburg, 1786. In 1807 an Act was passed to establish grammar schools in the various districts, with a grant of L100 to each. But it was not until 1816 that the government took any steps towards establishing common schools. The Lieutenant-Governor, in his Speech from the Throne on opening the House, in January, 1830, said:—

"The necessity of reforming the Royal Grammar School was evident from your Report at the close of the session. By the establishing of a college at York, under the guidance of an able master, the object which we have in view will, I trust, be speedily attained. The delay that may take place in revising the charter of the university, or in framing one suitable to the Province and the intention of the endowment, must, in fact, under present circumstances, tend to the advancement of the institution; as its use depended on the actual state of education in the Province. Dispersed as the population is over an extensive territory, a general efficiency in the common schools cannot be expected, particularly whilst the salaries of the masters will not admit of their devoting their whole time to their profession."

As far as my recollection goes, the teachers were generally of a very inferior order, and rarely possessed more than a smattering of the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic. As the Governor points out, they were poorly paid, and "boarded around" the neighbourhood. But it is not improbable that they generally received all their services were worth.

In those days most of the country youth who could manage to get to school in winter were content if they learned to read and write, and to wade through figures as far as the Rule of Three. Of course there were exceptions, as also with the teachers, but generally this was the extent of the aspiration of the rising generation, and it was not necessary for the teacher to be profoundly learned to lead them as far as they wished to go. I knew an old farmer of considerable wealth who would not allow his boys to go to school, because, he said, if they learned to read and write they might forge notes. He evidently considered "a little learning a dangerous thing," and must have had a very low estimate of the moral tone of his offspring, if he had any conception of morality at all.

However, the safeguard of ignorance which the old man succeeded in throwing around his family did not save them, for they all turned out badly.

The books in use were Murray's Grammar, Murray's English Reader, Walker's Dictionary, Goldsmith's and Morse's Geography, Mayor's Spelling Book; Walkingame's and Adam's Arithmetic. The pupil who could master this course of study was prepared, so far as the education within reach could fit him, to undertake the responsibilities of life; and it was generally acquired at the expense of a daily walk of several miles through deep snow and intense cold, with books and dinner-basket in hand.

The schoolhouses where the youth were taught were in keeping with the extent of instruction received within them. They were invariably small, with low ceilings, badly lighted, and without ventilation. The floor was of rough pine boards laid loose, with cracks between them that were a standing menace to jackknives and slate pencils. [Footnote: Atlantic Monthly.] The seats and desks were of the same material, roughly planed and rudely put together. The seats were arranged around the room on three sides, without any support for the back, and all the scholars sat facing each other, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The seats across the end were debatable ground between the two, but finally came to be monopolized by the larger boys and girls who, by some strange law of attraction, gravitated together. Between was an open space in which the stove stood, and when classes were drawn up to recite, the teacher's desk stood at the end facing the door, and so enabled the teacher to take in the school at a glance. But the order maintained was often very bad. In fact it would be safe to say the greatest disorder generally prevailed. The noise of recitations, and the buzz and drone of the scholars at their lessons, was sometimes intolerable, and one might as well try to study in the noisy caw-caw of a rookery. Occasionally strange performances were enacted in those country school-rooms. I remember a little boy between seven and eight years old getting a severe caning for misspelling a simple word of two syllables, and as I happened to be the little boy I have some reason to recollect the circumstance.

The mistake certainly did not merit the castigation, the marks of which I carried on my back for many days, and it led to a revolt in the school which terminated

disastrously to the teacher. Two strong young men attending the school remonstrated with the master, who was an irascible Englishman, during the progress of my punishment, and they were given to understand that if they did not hold their peace they would get a taste of the same, whereupon they immediately collared the teacher. After a brief tussle around the room, during which some of the benches were overturned, the pedagogue was thrown on the floor, and then one took him by the nape of the neck, and the other by the heels, and he was thrown out of doors in the snow. There were no more lessons heard that day. On the next an investigation followed, when the teacher was dismissed, and those guilty of the act of insubordination were admonished.

Dr. Thomas Rolph thus refers to the state of schools two years later: “It is really melancholy to traverse the Province and go into many of the common schools; you find a brood of children, instructed by some Anti-British adventurer, instilling into the young and tender mind sentiments hostile to the parent State; false accounts of the late war in which Great Britain was engaged with the United States; geography setting forth New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., as the largest and finest cities in the world; historical reading books describing the American population as the most free and enlightened under heaven, insisting on the superiority of their laws and institutions to those of all the world, in defiance of the agrarian outrages and mob supremacy daily witnessed and lamented; and American spelling books, dictionaries, and grammars, teaching them an Anti-British dialect and idiom, although living in a British Province and being subjects to the British Crown.”

There was a Board of Education consisting of five members appointed to each district, who had the over-sight of the schools. Each school section met annually at what was called the School meeting, and appointed three trustees, who engaged teachers, and superintended the general management of the schools in their section. The law required that every teacher should be a British subject, or that he should take the oath of allegiance. He was paid a fee of fifteen shillings per quarter for each scholar, and received a further sum of $100 from the Government if there were not fewer than twenty scholars taught in the school.

Upper Canada College, the only one in the Province, began this year (1830), under the management of Dr. Harris. Grantham Academy, in the Niagara District, was incorporated, and the Methodist Conference appointed a Committee to take up subscriptions to build an academy and select a site. The last named, when built, was located at Cobourg, and the building which was begun in 1832 was completed in 1836, when the school was opened. There were 11 district and 132 common schools, with an attendance of 3,677, and an expenditure of L3,866 11s 61/2 d.

There was very little change in our school laws for several years.

Grants were annually made in aid of common schools, but there was no system in the expenditure; consequently the good effected was not very apparent. The first really practical school law was passed in 1841, the next year when the union of the Provinces went into effect; and in 1844

Dr. Ryerson was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, which office he held for thirty-two years. During that time, through his indefatigable labours, our school laws have been moulded and perfected, until it is safe to say we have the most complete and efficient school system in the world. The influence it has exercised on the intellectual development of the people has been very great, and it is but reasonable to expect that it will continue to raise the standard of intelligence and high moral character throughout the land. Our Government has, from the very first, manifested an earliest desire to promote education in the Province. During Dr. Ryerson’s long term of office, it liberally supplied him with the necessary means for maturing his plans and introducing such measures as would place our educational system on the best footing that could be devised. This has been accomplished in a way that does honour, not only to the head that conceived it, but to the enlightened liberality of the Government that seconded the untiring energy of the man who wrought it out.

The advantages which the youth of Ontario to-day possess in acquiring an education over the time when I was first sent to school with dinner basket in hand, trudging along through mud or snow, to the old schoolhouse by the road

side, where I was perched upon a high pine bench without a back, with a Mavor's spelling book in hand, to begin the foundation of my education, are so many and great that it is difficult to realize the state of things that existed, or that men of intelligence should have selected such a dry and unattractive method of imparting instruction to children of tender years. It is to be feared that there are many of our Canadian youth who do not appreciate the vantage ground they occupy, nor the inviting opportunities that lie within the reach of all to obtain a generous education. There is absolutely nothing to prevent any young person possessing the smallest spark of ambition from acquiring it, and making himself a useful member of society. "It is the only thing," says Milton, in his "Literary Musings," "which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices both private and public of peace and war."

There seems to be a growing disposition in the public mind to do away with the first important educational landmark established in the Province. Why this should be, or why its influence for good should at any time have been so much crippled as even to give occasion to call its usefulness in question seems strange. One would think that its intimate connection with our early history; the good work accomplished by it, and the number of men who have passed out of it to fill the highest public positions in the gift of the Province, would save it from violent hands, and furnish ample reasons for devising means to resuscitate it, if it needs resuscitation, and to place it in a position to hold its own with the various institutions that have come into existence since its doors were first thrown open to the young aspirants for a higher education half a century ago.

The opening of Upper Canada College in 1830 gave an impetus to education which soon began to be felt throughout the Province. It was impossible, in the nature of things, that with increasing population and wealth there should be no advance in our educational status. If the forty-six years that had passed had been almost exclusively devoted to clearing away the bush and tilling the land, a time had now arrived when matters of higher import to future success and enjoyment pressed themselves upon the attention of the people. The farm could not produce all the requirements of life, nor furnish congenial employment to many active minds. The surplus products of the field and forest, in order to become available as a purchasing power, had to be converted into money, and this set in motion

the various appliances of commerce. Vessels were needed to carry their produce to market, and merchants to purchase it, who, in turn, supplied the multifarious wants of the household. Then came the mechanic and the professional man, and with the latter education was a necessity. It was not to be expected that the tastes of the rising generation would always run in the same groove with the preceding, and as wealth and population increased, so did the openings for advancement in other pursuits; and scores of active young men throughout the Province were only too anxious to seize upon every opportunity that offered to push their way up in life. Hence it happened that when Upper Canada College first threw open its doors, more than a hundred young men enrolled their names. In a comparatively short time the need for greater facilities urged the establishment of other educational institutions, and this led to still greater effort to meet the want. Again, as the question pressed itself more and more upon the public mind, laws were enacted and grants made to further in every way so desirable an object. Hence, what was a crude and inadequate school organization prior to 1830, at that time and afterwards began to assume a more concrete shape, and continued to improve until it has grown into a system of which the country may well be proud.

The contrast we are enabled to present is wonderful in every respect.

Since the parent college opened its doors to the anxious youths of the Province, five universities and the same number of colleges have come into existence. The faculties of these several institutions are presided over by men of learning and ability. They are amply furnished with libraries, apparatus and all the modern requirements of first-class educational institutions. Their united rolls show an attendance of about 1,500 students last year. There are 10 Collegiate Institutes and 94 High Schools, with an attendance of 12,136 pupils; 5,147 Public Schools, with 494,424 enrolled scholars; and the total receipts for school purposes amounted to $3,226,730. Besides these, there are three Ladies' Colleges, and several other important educational establishments devoted entirely to the education of females, together with private and select schools in almost every city and town in the Province, many of which stand very high in public estimation. There are two Normal Schools for the training of teachers. The one in Toronto has been in existence for 29 years, and is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to attempt any description of it. The total number of admissions since its foundation have been 8,269. The Ottawa school, which has

been in operation about two years, has admitted 433. Three other important educational institutions have been established by the Government in different parts of the Province. The Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville is pleasantly situated on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, a little west of the city.

The number in attendance is 269, and the cost of maintenance for the past year $38,589. The Institute for the Blind at Brantford numbers 200

inmates, and the annual expenditure is about $30,000. These institutions, erected at a very large outlay, are admirably equipped, and under the best management, and prove a great boon to the unfortunate classes for whom they were established. The Agricultural College at Guelph, for the training of young men in scientific and practical husbandry, though in its infancy, is a step in the right direction, and must exercise a beneficial influence upon the agricultural interests of the country. Of medical corporations and schools, there are the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; the Faculty of the Toronto School of Medicine; Trinity Medical School; Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons; Canada Medical Association; Ontario College of Pharmacy; Royal College of Dental Surgeons; and Ontario Veterinary College. There is also a School of Practical Science, now in its fourth year. This, though not a complete list of the educational institutions and schools of the Province, will nevertheless give a pretty correct idea of the progress made during the fifty years that are gone.

The accommodation furnished by the school sections throughout the country has kept pace with the progress of the times. As a rule the schoolhouses are commodious, and are built with an eye to the health and comfort of the pupils. The old pine benches and desks have disappeared before the march of improvement—my recollection of them is anything but agreeable—and the school-rooms are furnished with comfortable seats and desks combined. The children are no longer crowded together in small, unventilated rooms. Blackboards, maps and apparatus are furnished to all schools. Trained teachers only are employed, and a uniform course of study is pursued, so that each Public School is a stepping-stone to the High School, and upward to the College or University. Great attention has been paid by the Education Department to the selection of a uniform series of text books throughout the course, adapted to the age and intelligence of the scholars; and if any fault can be found with it, I think

it should be in the number. The variety required in a full course—even of English study—is a serious matter.

The authorities, however, have laboured earnestly to remove every difficulty that lies in the student's path, and to make the way attractive and easy. That they have succeeded to a very great extent is evident from the highly satisfactory report recently presented by the Minister of Education. With the increasing desire for a better education there seems to be a growing tendency on the part of young men to avail themselves of such aids as shall push them towards the object in view with the smallest amount of work; and instead of applying themselves with energy and determination to overcome the difficulties that face them in various branches of study, they resort to the keys that may be had in any bookstore. It is needless to repeat what experience has proved, in thousands of instances, that the young man who goes through his mathematical course by the aid of these, or through his classical studies by the use of translations, will never make a scholar. Permanent success in any department of life depends on earnest work, and the more arduous the toil to secure an object, so much the more is it prized when won. Furthermore, it is certain to prove more lasting and beneficial.

The same causes that hindered the progress of education also retarded the advance of religion. The first years of a settler's life are years of unremitting toil; a struggle, in fact, for existence. Yet, though settlers had now in a measure overcome their greater difficulties, the one absorbing thought that had ground its way into the very marrow of their life still pressed its claims upon their attention. The paramount question with them had been how to get on in the world. They were cut off, too, from all the amenities of society, and were scattered over a new country, which, prior to their coming, had been the home of the Indian—where all the requirements of civilization had to be planted and cultivated anew. They had but barely reached a point when really much attention could be devoted to anything but the very practical aim of gaining their daily bread. It will readily be admitted that there is no condition in life that can afford to put away religious instruction, and there is no doubt that the people at first missed these privileges, and often thought of the time when they visited God's House with regularity.

But the toil and moil of years had worn away these recollections, and weakened the desire for sacred things. There can be no doubt that prior to, and even up to

1830, the religious sentiment of the greater portion of the people was anything but strong. The Methodists were among the first, if not actually the first, to enter the field and call them back to the allegiance they owed to the God who had blessed and protected them. [Footnote: Dr. Stuart, of Kingston, Church of England, was the first minister in Upper Canada, Mr. Langworth, of the same denomination, in Bath; and Mr. Scamerhorn, Lutheran minister at Williamsburgh, next.]

Colonels Neal and McCarty began to preach in 1788, but the latter was hunted out of the country. [Footnote: Playter.] Three years later, itinerant preachers began their work and gathered hearers, and made converts in every settlement. But these men, the most of whom came from the United States, were looked upon with suspicion [Footnote: I have in my possession an old manuscript book, written by my grandfather in 1796, in which this point is brought out. Being a Quaker, he naturally did not approve of the way those early preachers conducted services. Yet he would not be likely to exaggerate what came under his notice. This is what he says of one he heard: “I thought he exerted every nerve by the various positions in which he placed himself to cry, stamp and smite, often turning from exhortation to prayer. Entreating the Almighty to thunder, or rather to enable him to do it. Also, to smite with the sword, and to use many destroying weapons, at which my mind was led from the more proper business of worship or devotion to observe, what appeared to me inconsistent with that quietude that becometh a messenger sent from the meek Jesus to declare the glad tidings of the gospel. If I compared the season to a shower, as has heretofore been done, it had only the appearance of a tempest of thunder, wind and hail, destitute of the sweet refreshing drops of a gospel-shower.”] by many who did not fall in with their religious views; and it is not surprising that some even went so far as to petition the Legislature to pass an Act which should prevent their coming into the country to preach. It was said, and truly, when the matter about this was placed before the Government, that the connection existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States and Canada was altogether a spiritual and not a political connection; that the Methodists of Canada were as loyal to the British Crown as any of its subjects, and had proved it again and again in the time of trouble. Yet, looking back and remembering the circumstances under which the people came, it does not seem so very strange to us that they should have looked very doubtfully upon evangelists from a land which not only stripped them and drove them away, but a little later invaded their country. Neither do we wonder that some of them were roughly treated, nor that unpleasant epithets were thrown out against their followers. This was the

outcome, not only of prejudice, but the recollection of injuries received. There were a good many angularities about Christian character in those days, and they frequently stood out very sharply. They were not friends or enemies by halves. Their prejudices were deeply seated, and if assailed were likely to be resisted, and if pressed too closely in a controversy, were more disposed to use the *argumentum baculinum*, as being more effectual than the *argumentum ad judicicium*. But time gradually wore away many of those asperities, and now few will deny that the position our Province holds to-day is to a considerable extent owing to this large and influential body of Christians. They built the first house devoted to public worship in the Province; through their zeal and energy, the people were stirred up to a sense of their religious obligation; their activity infused life and action into other denominations. The people generally throughout the country had the bread of life broken to them with regularity, so that in the year of Grace 1830 a new order of things was inaugurated. But with all this, a vastly different state of affairs existed then from that now prevailing. No one could accuse the preachers of those days of mercenary motives, for they were poorly paid, and carried their worldly possessions on their backs. Their labour was arduous and unremitting. They travelled great distances on foot and on horseback, at all seasons and in all weathers, to fill appointments through the bush—fording rivers, and enduring hardships and privations that seem hardly possible to be borne. A circuit often embraced two or three districts. The places of worship were small and far apart, and fitted up with rude pine benches, the men sitting on the one side and the women on the other. Often forty or fifty miles would have to be traversed from one appointment to another, and when it was reached, whether at a neighbour's house, a schoolhouse, a barn or a meeting house, the people assembled to hear the word, and then the preacher took his way to the next place on his circuit.

Mr. Vanest says: "In summer we crossed ferries, and in winter we rode much on ice. Our appointment was thirty-four miles distant, without any stopping-place. Most of the way was through the Indian's land—otherwise called the Mohawk Woods. In summer I used to stop half-way in the woods and turn my horse out where the Indians had had their fires. In winter I would take some oats in my saddle-bags, and make a place in the snow to feed my horse. In many places there were trees fallen across the path, which made it difficult to get around in deep snow. I would ask the Indians why they did not cut out the trees. One said, 'Indian like deer; when he no cross under he jump over.' There was seldom any

travelling that way, which made it bad in deep snow. At one time when the snow was deep, I went on the ice till I could see clear water, so I thought it time to go ashore. I got off my horse and led him, and the ice cracked at every step. If I had broken through, there would have been nothing but death for us both. I got to the woods in deep snow, and travelled up the shore till I found a small house, when I found the course of my path, keeping a good look-out for the marked trees. I at last found my appointment about seven o'clock. If I had missed my path I do not know what would have become of me. At my stopping-place the family had no bread or meal to make any of, till they borrowed some of a neighbour; so I got my dinner and supper about eleven o'clock on Saturday night. On Sabbath I preached. On Monday I rode about four miles, crossed the Bay (Quinte), and then rode seventeen miles through the woods without seeing a house, preached and met a class for a day's work."

Another writer says: "We had to go twenty miles without seeing a house, and were guided by marked trees, there being no roads. At one time my colleague was lost in getting through the woods, when the wolves began to howl around him, and the poor man felt much alarmed; but he got through unhurt." [Footnote: Dr. Carroll.]

These incidents occurred some years before the date of which I speak, but the same kind of adventures were happening still. It did not take long to get away from the three or four concessions that stretched along the bay and lakes, and outside of civilization. I remember going with my father and mother, about 1835, on a visit to an uncle who had settled in the bush [Footnote: This was in the oldest settled part of the Province—the Bay of Quinte.] just ten miles away, and in that distance, we travelled a wood road for more than five miles. The snow was deep and the day cold. We came out upon the clearing of a few acres, and drove up to the door of the small log house, the only one then to be seen. The tall trees which environed the few acres carved out of the heart of the bush waved their naked branches as if mocking at the attempt to put them away. The stumps thrust their heads up through the snow on every hand, and wore their winter caps with a jaunty look, as if they too did not intend to give up possession without a struggle. The horses were put in the log stable, and after warming ourselves we had supper, and then gathered round the cheerful fire. When bed-time came, we

ascended to our sleeping room by a ladder, my father carrying me up in his arms. We had not been long in bed when a pack of wolves gathered round the place and began to howl, making through all the night a most dismal and frightful noise. Sleep was out of the question, and for many a night after that I was haunted by packs of howling wolves. On our return the next day I expected every moment to see them come dashing down upon us until we got clear of the woods. This neighbourhood is now one of the finest in the Province, and for miles fine houses and spacious well-kept barns and outhouses are to be seen on every farm.

I have been unable to get at any correct data respecting the number of adherents of the various denominations in the Province for the year 1830. The total number of ministers did not reach 150, while they now exceed 2,500. [Footnote: The number of ministers, as given in the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1831, are 57 Methodist, 40

Baptist, 14 Presbyterian, and 32 Church of England. For the last I am indebted to Dr. Scadding.] There were but three churches in Toronto, then called York. One of these was an Episcopalian Church, occupying the present site of St. James's Cathedral. It was a plain wooden structure, 50 by 40, with its gables facing east and west; the entrance being by a single door off Church Street. [Footnote: *Toronto of Old*.] The others were a Presbyterian and a Methodist church. The latter was built in 1818, and was a long, low building, 40 by 60. In the gable end, facing King Street, were two doors, one for each sex, the men occupying the right and the women the left side of the room. It was warmed in winter by a rudely constructed sheet-iron stove. The usual mode of lighting it for night services was by tallow candles placed in sconces along the walls, and in candlesticks in the pulpit. I am sure I shall be safe in saying that there were not 150 churches or chapels all told in the Province. All of them were small, and many of them were of the most humble character. There are probably as many clergymen and more than half as many churches in Toronto now, as there were in all Upper Canada fifty years ago. The difference does not consist in the number of the latter alone but in the size and character of the structures. The beautiful and commodious churches, with their lofty spires and richly arranged interiors, that meet the gaze on every hand in Toronto, have not inappropriately given it the proud title of "the city of churches,"

and there are several of them, any one of which would comfortably seat the entire population of York in the days of which I have spoken. There were no organs, and I am not sure that there were any in America.

Indeed, if there had been the good people of those days would have objected to their use. Those who remember the three early churches I have mentioned—and those who do not can readily picture them with their fittings and seating capacity—will recall the dim, lurid light cast on the audience by the flickering candles. Turn, now, for example, to the Metropolitan Church on an evening's service. Notice the long carpeted aisles, the rich upholstery, the comfortable seats, the lofty ceilings, the spacious gallery and the vast congregation. An unseen hand touches an electric battery, and in a moment hundreds of gas jets are aflame, and the place is filled with a blaze of light. Now the great organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. Surely the contrast is almost incredible, and what we have said on this point in regard to Toronto may be said of every city, town, village or country place in the Province.

It will be proper to notice here that from the settlement of the country up to 1831, marriage could only be legally solemnized by a minister of the Church of England, or of the established Church of Scotland. There was a provision which empowered a justice of the peace or a commanding officer to perform the rite in cases where there was no minister, or where the parties lived eighteen miles from a church. In 1831, an Act was passed making it lawful for ministers of other denominations to solemnize matrimony, and to confirm marriages previously contracted.

This act of tardy justice gave great satisfaction to the people.

The day for cheap books, periodicals and newspapers had not then arrived. There were but few of any kind in the country, and those that were to be found possessed few attractions for either old or young. The arduous lives led by the people precluded the cultivation of a taste for reading. Persons who toil early and late, week in and week out, have very little inclination for anything in the way of literary recreation.

When the night came, the weary body demanded rest, and people sought their

beds early. Consequently the few old volumes piled away on a shelf remained there undisturbed. Bacon says: “Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested;” and he might have added —“others still to be left alone.” At all events the last was the prevailing sentiment in those days. I do not know that the fault was altogether with the books. It is true that those generally to be seen were either doctrinal works, or what might be termed heavy reading, requiring a good appetite and strong digestive powers to get through with them. They were the relics of a past age, survivors of obsolete controversies that had found their way into the country in its infancy; and though the age that delighted in such mental pabulum had passed away, these literary pioneers held their ground because the time had not arrived for the people to feel the necessity of cultivating the mind as well as providing for the wants of the body. Seneca says: “Leisure without books is the sepulchre of the living soul;” but books without leisure are practically valueless, and hence it made but little difference with our grandfathers what the few they possessed contained.

[Footnote: From an inventory of my grandfather’s personal effects I am enabled to give what would have been considered a large collection of books in those days. As I have said before, he was a Quaker, which will account for the character of a number of the books; and by changing these to volumes in accord with the religious tenets of the owner, the reader will get a very good idea of the kind of literature to be found in the houses of intelligent and well-to-do people: —1 large Bible, 3

Clarkson’s works, 1 Buchan’s Domestic Medicine, 1 Elliot’s Medical Pocket Book, 1 Lewis’s Dispensatory, 1 Franklin’s Sermons, 1

Stackhouse’s History of the Bible, 2 Brown’s Union Gazetteer, 1 16th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1 History United States, 1 Elias Hicks’s Sermons, 2 Newton’s Letters, 1 Ricketson on Health, 1 Jessy Kerzey, 1 Memorials of a Deceased Friend, 1 Hervey’s Meditations, 1 Reply to Hibard, 1 Job’s Scot’s Journal, 1 Barclay on Church Government, 1 M. Liver on Shakerism, 1 Works of Dr. Franklin, 1

Journal of Richard Davis, 1 Lessons from Scripture, 1 Picket’s Lessons, 1 Pownal, 1 Sequel to English Reader, Maps of United States, State of New York, England, Ireland and Scotland, and Holland Purchase.] Some years had to pass away before the need of them began to be felt. In a country, as we have already

said, where intelligence commanded respect but did not give priority; where the best accomplishment was to get on in the world; where the standard of education seldom rose higher than to be able to read, write, and solve a simple sum in arithmetic, the absence of entertaining and instructive books was not felt to be a serious loss. But with the rapidly increasing facilities for moving about, and the growth of trade and commerce, the people were brought more frequently into contact with the intelligence and the progress of the world outside. And with the increase of wealth came the desire to take a higher stand in the social scale. The development of men's minds under the political and social changes of the day, and the advance in culture and refinement which accompanies worldly prosperity, quickened the general intelligence of the people, and created a demand for books to read. This demand has gone on increasing from year to year, until we have reached a time when we may say with the Ecclesiast: "Of making of books there is no end." If there was an excuse for the absence of books in our Canadian homes half a century ago, and if the slight draughts that were obtainable at the only fountains of knowledge that then existed were not sufficient to create a thirst for more, there is none now. Even the wealth that was to a certain extent necessary to gratify any desire to cultivate the mind is no longer required, for the one can be obtained free, and a few cents will procure the works of some of the best authors who have ever lived.

But little had been done up to 1830 to establish libraries, either in town or village. Indeed the limited number of these, and the pursuits of the people, which were almost exclusively agricultural—and that too in a new country where during half of the year the toil of the field, and clearing away the bush the remaining half, occupied their constant attention—books were seldom thought of. Still, there was a mind here and there scattered through the settlements which, like the "little leaven," continued to work on silently, until a large portion of the "lump" had been leavened. The only public libraries whereof I have any trace were at Kingston, Ernesttown and Hallowell. The first two were in existence in 1811-13, and the last was established somewhere about 1821.

In 1824, the Government voted a sum of L150 to be expended annually in the purchase of books and tracts, designed to afford moral and religious instruction to the people. These were to be equally distributed throughout all the Districts of the Province. It can readily be conceived that this small sum, however well intended, when invested in books at the prices which obtained at that time, and

distributed over the Province, would be so limited as to be hardly worthy of notice.

Eight years prior to this, a sum of L800 was granted to establish a Parliamentary Library. From these small beginnings we have gone on increasing until we have reached a point which warrants me, I think, in saying that no other country with the same population is better supplied with the best literature of the day than our own Province. Independent of the libraries in the various colleges and other educational institutions, Sunday schools and private libraries, there are in the Province 1,566 Free Public Libraries, with 298,743 volumes, valued at $178,282; and the grand total of books distributed by the Educational Department to Mechanics' Institutes, Sunday school libraries, and as prizes, is 1,398,140. [Footnote: The number of volumes in the principal libraries are, as nearly as I can ascertain, as follows:—Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, 100,000; Parliamentary Library, Ontario, 17,000; Toronto University, 23,000; Trinity College, 5,000; Knox College, 10,000; Osgoode Hall, 20,000; Normal School, 15,000; Canadian Institute, 3,800.] There are also upwards of one hundred incorporated Mechanics'

Institutes, with 130,000 volumes, a net income of $59,928, and a membership of 10,785. These, according to the last Report, received legislative grants to the amount of $22,885 for the year 1879—an appropriation that in itself creditably attests the financial and intellectual progress of the Province. [Footnote: Report of the Minister of Education, 1879.]

It is a very great pity that a systematic effort had not been made years ago to collect interesting incidents connected with the early settlement of the Province. A vast amount of information that would be invaluable to the future compiler of the history of this part of the Dominion has been irretrievably lost. The actors who were present at the birth of the Province are gone, and many of the records have perished. But even now, if the Government would interest itself, much valuable material scattered through the country might be recovered. The Americans have been always alive to this subject, and are constantly gathering up all they can procure relating to the early days of their country. More than that, they are securing early records and rare books on Canada wherever they can find them. Any one who has had occasion to hunt up information respecting this Province, even fifty years ago, knows the difficulty, and even impossibility in

some cases, of procuring what one wants. It is hardly credible that the important and enterprising capital city of Toronto, with its numerous educational and professional institutions, is without a free public library in keeping with its other advantages.

[Footnote: This want has since been supplied by an excellent Free Public Library.] This is a serious want to the well-being of our intellectual and moral nature. The benefits conferred by free access to a large collection of standard books is incalculable, and certainly if there is such a thing as retributive justice, it is about time it showed its hand.

The first printing office in the Province was established by Louis Roy, in April, 1793, [Footnote: Mr. Bourinot, in his *Intellectual Development of Canada*, says this was in 1763, which is no doubt a typographical error.] at Newark (Niagara), and from it was issued the *Upper Canada Gazette*, or *American Oracle* [Footnote: *Toronto of Old*], a formidable name for a sheet 15 in. x 9. It was an official organ and newspaper combined, and when a weekly journal of this size could furnish the current news of the day, and the Government notices as well, one looking at it by the light of the present day cannot help thinking that publishing a paper was up-hill work. Other journals were started, and, after running a brief course, expired. When one remembers the tedious means of communication in a country almost without roads, and the difficulty of getting items of news, it does not seem strange that those early adventures were short-lived. But as time wore on, one after another succeeded in getting a foothold, and in finding its way into the home of the settler. They were invariably small, and printed on coarse paper. Sometimes even this gave out, and the printer had to resort to blue wrapping paper in order to enable him to present his readers with the weekly literary feast. In 1830, the number had increased from the humble beginning in the then capital of Upper Canada, to twenty papers, and of these the following still survive: *The Chronicle and News*, of Kingston, established 1810; *Brockville Recorder*, 1820; St. Catharines *Journal*, 1824; *Christian Guardian*, 1829. There are now in Ontario 37 daily papers, 4 semi-weeklies; 1 tri-weekly, 282 weeklies, 27 monthlies, and 2

semi-monthlies, making a total of 353. The honour of establishing the first daily paper belongs to the late Dr. Barker, of Kingston, founder of the *British Whig*, in 1834.

There is perhaps nothing that can give us a better idea the progress the Province has made than a comparison of the papers published now with those of 1830. The smallness of the sheets, and the meagreness of reading matter, the absence of advertisements, except in a very limited way, and the typographical work, makes us think that our fathers were a good-natured, easy-going kind of people, or they would never have put up with such apologies for newspapers. Dr. Scadding, in *Toronto of Old*, gives a number of interesting and amusing items respecting the "Early Press." He states that the whole of the editorial matter of the *Gazette and Oracle*, on the 2nd January, 1802, is the following: "The Printer presents his congratulatory compliments to his customers on the new year." If brevity is the soul of wit, this is a *chef d'oeuvre*. On another occasion the publisher apologises for the non-appearance of his paper by saying: "The Printer having been called to York last week upon business, is humbly tendered to his readers as an apology for the *Gazette's* not appearing." This was another entire editorial, and it certainly could not have taken the readers long to get at the pith of it. What would be said over such an announcement in these days?

We have every reason to feel proud of the advance the Press has made, both in number and influence, in Ontario. The leading papers are ably conducted and liberally supported, and they will compare favourably with those of any country. Various causes have led to this result. The prosperous condition of the people, the increase of immigration, the springing up of railway communication, the extension and perfecting of telegraphy, and, more than all, the completeness and efficiency of our school system throughout the Province, have worked changes not to be mistaken. These are the sure indices of our progress and enlightenment; the unerring registers that mark our advancement as a people.

CHAPTER VII.

BANKS—INSURANCE—MARINE-TELEGRAPH COMPANIES—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

—MILLING AND MANUFACTURES—RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION IN CITIES AND

TOWNS—EXCERPTS FROM ANDREW PICKEN.

The only bank in the Province in 1830 was the Bank of Upper Canada, with a capital of L100,000. There are now nine chartered banks owned in Ontario, with a capital of $17,000,000, and there are seven banks owned, with one exception, in the Province of Quebec, having offices in all the principal towns. There are also numbers of private banks and loan companies, the latter representing a capital of over $20,000,000. This is a prolific growth in half a century, and a satisfactory evidence of material success.

Insurance has been the growth of the last fifty years. During the session of the House of Assembly in 1830, a bill was introduced to make some provision against accidents by fire. Since then the business has grown to immense proportions. According to the returns of the Dominion Government for the 31st December, 1879, the assets of Canadian Life, Fire, Marine, Accident, and Guarantee Companies were $10,346,587.

British, doing business in Canada, $6,838,309. American, ditto, $1,685,599. Of Mutual Companies, there are 94 in Ontario, with a total income for 1879 of $485,579, and an expenditure of $455,861. [Footnote: Inspector of Insurance Report, 1880.]

Fifty years ago the revenue of Upper Canada was L112,166 13s 4d; the amount of duty collected L9,283 19s. The exports amounted to L1,555,404, and the imports to L1,555,404. There were twenty-seven ports of entry and thirty-one collectors of customs. From the last published official reports we learn that the revenue for Ontario in 1879 was $4,018,287, and that for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, the exports were $28,063,980, and imports $27,869,444; amount of duty collected, $5,086,579; also that there are fifty-six ports of entry and thirty-eight outposts, with seventy-three collectors.

One of the most interesting features in the progress of Canada is the rapid growth of its marine. It is correctly stated to rank fourth as to tonnage among the maritime powers of the world. The United States, with its fifty-four millions of people and its immense coastline, exceeds us but by a very little, while in ocean steamers we are ahead. In fact, the Allan Line is one of the first in the world. This is something for a country with a population of only five-and-a-half millions to boast of, and it is not by any means the only thing. We have been spoken of as a people wanting enterprise—a good-natured, phlegmatic set—but it is libel disproved by half a century's progress. We have successfully carried out some of the grandest enterprises on this continent. At Montreal we have the finest docks in America. Our canals are unequalled; our country is intersected by railroads; every town and village in the land is linked to its neighbour by telegraph wires, and we have probably more miles of both, according to population, than any other people.

The inland position of the Province of Ontario, although having the chain of great lakes lying along its southern border, never fostered a love for a sea-faring life. This is easily accounted for by the pursuits of the people, who as has been said before, were nearly all agriculturists. But the produce had to be moved, and the means were forthcoming to meet the necessities of the case. The great water-course which led to the seaports of Montreal and Quebec, owing to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, could only be navigated by the batteaux and Durham boats; and the navigator, after overcoming these difficulties, and laying his course through the noble lake from which our Province takes its name, encountered the Falls of Niagara. This was a huge barrier across his path which he had no possible means of surmounting. When the town of Niagara was reached, vessels had to be discharged, and the freight carted round the falls to Chippawa. This was a tedious matter, and a great drawback to settlement in the western part of the Province.

Early in the century, the Hon. William Hamilton Merritt conceived the plan of connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario by a canal, and succeeded in getting the Government to assume the project in 1824. It was a great work for a young country to undertake, but it was pushed on, and completed in 1830. From that time to the present vessels have been enabled to pass from one lake to the other.

This, with the Sault *Ste.*

Marie canal, and those of the St. Lawrence, enables a vessel to pass from the head of Lake Superior to the ocean. The Ridean Canal undertaken about the same time as the Welland Canal, was also completed in the same year. It was constructed principally for military purposes, though at one time a large amount of freight came up the Ottawa, and thence by this canal to Kingston. The St. Lawrence was the only channel for freight going east. All the rapids were navigable with the batteaux except the Lachine, and up to 1830 there was a line of these boats running from Belleville to Montreal. [Footnote: The reader may be interested in learning the amount of produce shipped from the Province in 1830, via the St. Lawrence, and the mode of its conveyance. It is certainly a marked contrast, not only to the present facilities for carrying freight, but to the amount of produce, etc., going east and coming west. Statement of produce imported into Lower Canada through the Port of Coteau du Lac, to December 30th, 1830, in 584 Durham boats and 731 batteaux; 183,141 Bls. flour; 26,084 Bls. ashes; 14,110 Bls pork; 1,637 Bls. beef; 4,881 bus. corn and rye; 280,322 bus. wheat; 1,875 Bls.

corn meal; 245 Bls. and 955 kegs lard; 27 Bls. and 858 kegs butter; 263

Bls. and 29 hds. tallow; 625 Bls. apples; 216 Bls. Raw hides; 148 hds.

and 361 kegs tobacco; 1,021 casks and 3 hds. whiskey and spirits; 2,636

hogs. Quantity of merchandise brought to Upper Canada in the same year, 8,244 tons.—_Journal of the House of Assembly_, 1831.] Our canal system was completed fifty years ago, and all that has been done since has consisted of enlarging and keeping them in repair. The total number of miles of canal in the Province is 136.

The number of vessels composing our marine in 1830 was 12 steamers and 110 sailing vessels, with a tonnage of 14,300; and it is worthy of remark that at that date the tonnage on the lakes was about equal to that of the United States. The number of steam vessels now owned by the Province is 385, with 657 [Footnote: Report Marine and Fisheries, 1880.]

sailing vessels, having a total tonnage of 137,481, which at $30 per ton would

make our shipping interest amount to $4,124,430.

A great deal has been done these last few years to protect the sailor from disaster and loss. Independent of marine charts that give the soundings of all navigable waters, buoys mark the shoals and obstructions to the entrance of harbours or the windings of intricate channels; and from dangerous rocks and bold headlands, jutting out in the course of vessels, flash out through the storm and darkness of the long dreary night the brilliant lights from the domes of the lighthouses, warning the sailor to keep away. By a system of revolving and parti-coloured lights the mariner is enabled to tell where he is, and to lay his course so as to avoid the disaster that might otherwise overtake him. There are now 149 [Footnote: Ib.] lighthouses in the Ontario division. In 1830 there were only four. Another great boon to the mariners of the present day is the meteorological service, by which he is warned of approaching storms. It is only by the aid of telegraphy that this discovery has been made practically available; and the system has been so perfected that weather changes can be told twenty-four hours in advance, with almost positive certainty. We have fourteen drum stations, eight of which are on Lake Ontario, four on Lake Huron, and two on the Georgian Bay.

The Montreal Telegraph Company, the first in Canada, was organized in 1847. It has 1,647 offices in the Dominion, 12,703 miles of poles, and 21,568 of wire. Number of messages for current year, 2,112,161; earnings, $550,840. The Dominion Company reports 608 offices, 5,112

miles of poles, and 11,501 of wire. Number of messages, 734,522; gross earnings, $229,994. This gives a total of 17,845 miles of telegraph, 2,282 offices, 2,846,623 messages, and gross earnings amounting to $780,834. [Footnote: Annual Report of Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, 1881.]

The administration of justice cost the Province in 1830, $23,600, and according to the latest official returns $274,013—a very striking proof that our propensity to litigate has kept pace with the increase of wealth and numbers. There were four Superior Court Judges, of whom the Hon. John Beverley Robinson was

made Chief Justice in 1829 at a salary of $6,000. The remaining judges received $3,600 each. Besides these there were eleven District Judges, and in consequence of the extent of country embraced in these sections, and the distance jurors and others had to travel, the Court of Sessions was held frequently in alternate places in the district. In the Midland District, this court was held in Kingston and Adolphustown. The latter place has been laid out for a town by some farseeing individual, but it never even attained to the dignity of a village. There was, besides the courthouse, a tavern, a foundry, a Church of England—one of the first in the Province—the old homestead of the Hagermans, near the wharf; a small building occupied for a time by the father of Sir John A. Macdonald as a store, and where the future statesman romped in his youth, and four private residences close at hand. When the court was held there, which often lasted a week or more, judge, jury, lawyers and litigants had to be billeted around the neighbourhood. As a rule they fared pretty well, for the people in that section were well off and there was rarely any charge for board. The courts comprised the Court of King's Bench, the Quarter Sessions, and Court of Requests. The latter was similar to our Division Court, and was presided over by a commissioner or resident magistrate. The Quarter Sessions had control of nearly all municipal affairs, but when the Municipal Law came into force these matters passed into the hands of the County Councils. The machinery in connection with the administration of justice has been largely augmented for, beside the additional courts, we have six Superior Court Judges, one Chancellor, two Vice-Chancellors, one Chief-Justice, three Queen's Bench, three Common Pleas, three Court of Appeal Judges, and thirty-eight County Court Judges.

The manufacturing interests of the Province in 1830 were very small indeed. I have been unable to put my hand on any trustworthy information respecting this matter at that time, but from my own recollection at a somewhat later period, I know that very little had been done to supply the people with even the most common articles in use. Everything was imported, save those things that were made at home.

From the first grist mill, built below Kingston by the Government for the settlers —to which my grandfather carried his first few bushels of wheat in a canoe down the Bay of Quinte, a distance of thirty-five miles—the mills in course of

time increased to 303. They were small, and the greater proportion had but a single run of stones. The constant demand for lumber for building purposes in every settlement necessitated the building of saw-mills, and in each township, wherever there was a creek or stream upon which a sufficient head of water could be procured to give power, there was a rude mill, with its single upright saw.

Getting out logs in the winter was a part of the regular programme of every farmer who had pine timber, and in spring, for a short time, the mill was kept going, and the lumber taken home. According to the returns made to the Government, there were 429 of these mills in the Province at that time. [Footnote: Journals, House of Assembly, 1831.] There were also foundries where ploughs and other implements were made, and a few fulling mills, where the home-made flannel was converted into the thick coarse cloth known as full cloth, a warm and serviceable article, as many no doubt remember. Carding machines, which had almost entirely relieved the housewife from using hand cards in making rolls, were also in existence. There were also breweries and distilleries, and a paper mill on the Don, at York. This was about the sum total of our manufacturing enterprises at that date.

There are now 508 grist and flour mills—not quite double the number, but owing to the great improvement in machinery the producing capacity has largely increased. Very few mills, at the present time, have fewer than two run of stones, and a great many have fewer, and even more, and the same may be said of the saw mills, of which there are 853. There are many in the Province capable of turning out nearly as much lumber in twelve months as all the mills did fifty years ago.

It is only within a few years that we have made much progress in manufactures of any kind. Whatever the hindrances were, judging from the numerous factories that are springing into existence all over the Dominion, they seem to have been removed, and capitalists are embarking their money in all kinds of manufacturing enterprises. There is no way, as far as I know, of getting at the value annually produced by our mills and factories, except from the Trade and Navigation Returns for 1880, and this only gives the exports, which are but a

fraction of the grand total. Our woolen mills turned out last year upwards of $4,000,000, [Footnote: Monetary Times, December 17, 1881.] of which we exported $222,425. This does not include the produce of what are called custom mills. There are 224 foundries, 285 tanneries, 164 woollen mills, 74

carding and fulling mills, 137 cheese factories, 127 agricultural and implement factories, 92 breweries, 8 boot and shoe factories, 5 button factories, 1 barley mill, 2 carpet factories, 4 chemical works, 9 rope and twine factories, 9 cotton mills, 3 crockery kilns, 11 flax mills, 4

glass works, 11 glove factories, 7 glue factories, 9 hat factories, 12

knitting factories, 9 oatmeal mills, 9 organ factories, 10 piano factories, 25 paper mills, 4 rubber factories, 6 shoddy mills, 3 sugar refineries; making, with the flour and saw mills, 2,642. Besides these there are carriage, cabinet and other factories and shops, to the number of 3,848. The value of flour exported was $1,547,910; of sawn lumber, $4,137,062; of cheese, $1,199,973; of flax, $95,292; of oatmeal, $215,131; and of other manufactures, $1,100,605.

We may further illustrate the progress we have made by giving the estimated value of the trade in Toronto in 1880, taken from an interesting article on this subject which appeared in the Globe last January. The wholesale trade is placed at $30,650,000; produce, $23,000,000; a few leading factories, $1,770,000; live stock, local timber trade, coal, distilling and brewing, $8,910,000; in all, $64,330,000—a gross sum more than ten times greater than the value of the trade of the whole Province fifty years ago.

Another interesting feature in our growth is the rapid increase in the cities and towns. Some of these were not even laid out in 1830, and others hardly deserved the humble appellation of village. The difference will be more apparent by giving the population, as far as possible, then and in 1881, when the last census was taken, of a number of the principal places:—

1830. 1881.

Toronto 2,860 86,445

Kingston 3,587 14,093

Hamilton, including township 2,013 35,965

London, including township 2,415 –-

Brantford, laid out in 1830 –- 9,626

Guelph, including township 778 9,890

St. Catharines (Population in 1845, 3,000) –- –-

Ottawa contained 150 houses –- –-

Belleville, incorporated 1835 –- 9,516

Brockville 1,130 7,608

Napanee (Population in 1845, 500) –- 3,681

Cobourg –- 4,957

Port Hope –- 5,888

Peterboro', laid out in 1826 –- 6,815

Lindsay, " 1833 –- 5,081

Barrie, " 1832 –- –-

Ingersoll, " 1831 –- 4,322

Woodstock (Population in 1845, 1,085) –- 5,373

Chatham, settled in 1830 –- 7,881

Stratford, laid out in 1833 –- 8,240

Sarnia, laid out in 1833 –- 3,874

I hope the humble effort I have made to show what we Upper Canadians have done during the fifty years that are gone will induce some one better qualified to go over the same ground, and put it in a more attractive and effective shape. It is a period in our history which must ever demand attention, and although our Province had been settled for nearly half a century prior to 1830, it was not until after that date that men of intelligence began to look around them, and take an active interest in shaping the future of their country. There were many failures, but the practical sense of the people surmounted them, and pushed on. All were awake to the value of their heritage, and contributed their share to extend its influence; and so we have gone on breasting manfully political, commercial and other difficulties, but always advancing; and whatever may be said about the growth of other parts of America, figures will show that Canada is to the front. At the Provincial Exhibition in Ottawa, in 1879, the Governor of Vermont, in his address, stated (what we already knew), that Canada had outstripped the United States in rapidity of growth and development during recent years, and the Governors of Ohio and Maine endorsed the statement. We have a grand country, and I believe a grand future.

"Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne Adherent still, yet happier than alone, And free as happy, and as brave as free, Proud are thy children, justly proud of thee.

Few are the years that have sufficed to change This whole broad land by transformation strange.

Once far and wide the unbroken forests spread Their lonely waste, mysterious and dread—

Forest, whose echoes never had been stirred By the sweet music of an English word; Where only rang the red-browed hunter's yell, And the wolf's howl through the dark sunless dell.

Now fruitful fields and waving orchard trees Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.

Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands, Whence stately vessels speed to distant

lands; Here smiles a hamlet through embow'ring green, And there the statelier village spires are seen; Here by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill, There the white homestead nestles on the hill; The modest schoolhouse here flings wide its door To smiling crowds that seek its simple lore; There Learning's statelier fane of massive walls Wooes the young aspirant to classic halls, And bids him in her hoarded treasure find The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds."

—PAMELA S. VINING.

Since writing the foregoing, I accidentally came across *The Canadas, &c.*, by Andrew Picken, published in London in 1832, a work which I had never previously met with. It is written principally for the benefit of persons intending to emigrate to Canada, and contains notices of the most important places in both Provinces. I have made the following extracts, thinking that they would prove interesting to those of my readers who wish to get a correct idea of our towns and villages fifty years ago.

"The largest and most populous of the towns in Upper Canada, and called the key to the Province, is Kingston, advantageously situated at the head of the St. Lawrence, and at the entrance of the great Lake Ontario.

Its population is now about 5,500 souls; it is a military post of importance, as well as a naval depot, and from local position and advantages is well susceptible of fortification. It contains noble dockyards and conveniences for ship-building. Its bay affords, says Howison, so fine a harbour, that a vessel of one hundred and twenty guns can lie close to the quay, and the mercantile importance it has now attained as a commercial entrepot between Montreal below and the western settlements on the lakes above, may be inferred, among other things from the wharfs on the river and the many spacious and well-filled warehouses behind them, as well as the numerous stores and mercantile employes within the town. The streets are regularly formed upon the right-angular plan which is the favourite in the new settlements, but they are not paved; and though the houses are mostly built of limestone, inexhaustible quarries of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are of the greatest importance to it and the surrounding neighbourhood, there is nothing in the least degree remarkable or

interesting in the appearance of either the streets or the buildings.

The opening of the Rideau Canal there, which, with the intermediate lakes, forms a junction between the Ontario and other lakes above, the St. Lawrence below, and the Ottawa, opposite Hull, in its rear, with all the intervening districts and townships, will immensely increase the importance of this place; and its convenient hotels already afford comfortable accommodation to the host of travellers that are continually passing between the Upper and Lower Provinces, as well as to and from the States on the opposite side of the river.

“York is well situated on the north side of an excellent harbour on the lake. It contains the public buildings of the Province, viz., the House of Assembly, where the Provincial Parliament generally holds its sittings; the Government House; the Provincial Bank; a College; a Court House; a hall for the Law Society; a gaol; an Episcopal Church; a Baptist Chapel (Methodist); a Scots’ Kirk; a Garrison near the town, with barracks for the troops usually stationed here, and a battery which protects the entrance of the harbour. Regularly laid out under survey, as usual, the streets of the town are spacious, the houses mostly built of wood, but many of them of brick and stone. The population amounts now to between four and five thousand.

“By-Town, situated on the southern bank of the Ottawa, a little below the Chaudiere Falls, and opposite to the flourishing Village of Hull, in Lower Canada, stands upon a bold eminence, surrounding the bay of the grand river, and occupies both banks of the canal, which here meets it.

Laid out in the usual manner with streets crossing at right angles, the number of houses is already about 150, most of which are wood, and many built with much taste. Three stone barracks and a large and commodious hospital, built also of stone, stand conspicuous on the elevated banks of the bay; and the elegant residence of Colonel By, the commanding Royal Engineer of that station.

“The town-plot of Peterborough is in the northeast angle of the Township of Monaghan. It is laid out in half acres, the streets nearly at right angles with the

river; park lots of nine acres each are reserved near the town. The patent fee on each is L8, Provincial currency, and office fees and agency will increase it 15s or 20s more.

“The settlement commenced in 1825, at which time it formed a depot of the emigration under Hon. P. Robinson. The situation is most favourable, being an elevated sandy plain, watered by a creek, which discharges into the river below the turn. The country round is fertile, and there is great water-power in the town-plot, on which mills are now being built by Government. These mills are on an extensive scale, being calculated to pack forty barrels of flour, and the saw-mill to cut 3,000 feet of boards *per diem*.

“The situation of Cobourg is healthy and pleasant. It stands immediately on the shore of Lake Ontario. In 1812, it had only one house; it now contains upwards of forty houses, an Episcopal church, a Methodist chapel, two good inns, four stores, a distillery, an extensive grist mill; and the population may be estimated at about 350 souls.

“The two projected towns of most consideration in this district (London district), however, are London-on-the-Thames, further inland, and Goderich, recently founded by the Canada Company, on Lake Huron. London is yet but inconsiderable, but from its position, in the heart of a fertile country, is likely to become of some importance hereafter, when the extreme wilds become more settled. The town is quite new, not containing above forty or fifty houses, all of bright boards and shingles. The streets and gardens full of black stumps &c. They were building a church, and had finished a handsome Gothic courthouse, which must have been a costly work.

“Guelph. Much of this tract belongs to the Canada Company, who have built, nearly in its centre, the town of Guelph, upon a small river, called the Speed, a remote branch of the Ouse, or Grand River. This important and rapidly rising town, which is likely to become the capital of the district, was founded by Mr. Galt, for the Company, on St.

George’s day, 1827, and already contains between 100 and 200 houses, several shops, a handsome market house near the centre, a schoolhouse, a printing office, and 700 or 800 inhabitants.

“The Bay of Quinte settlement is the oldest in Upper Canada, and was begun at the close of the Revolutionary War. We crossed over the mouth of the River Trent, which flows from the Rice Lake, and it is said can be made practicable for steamboats, though at much expense; thence to Belleville, a neat village of recent date, but evidently addicted too much to lumbering.

“Brockville is a most thriving new town, with several handsome stone houses, churches, courthouse, &c., and about 1,500 souls.”

SKETCHES OF EARLY HISTORY.

[Footnote: This paper was read before the Mechanics’ Institute in Picton, twenty-six years ago. Soon afterwards, the then Superintendent of Education, Dr. Ryerson, requested me to send it to him, which I did, and a copy was taken of it. An extract will be found in his work, “The Loyalists of America,” Vol. ii; page 219. Subsequently, in 1879, I made up two short papers from it which appeared in *The Canadian Methodist Magazine.* The paper is now given, with a few exceptions, as it was first written.]

EARLY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS—BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC—LOVE

OF COUNTRY—ADVENTURES OF A U. E. LOYALIST FAMILY NINETY YEARS AGO—THE

WILDS OF UPPER CANADA—HAY BAY—HARDSHIPS OF PIONEER LIFE—GROWTH OF

POPULATION—DIVISION OF THE CANADIAN PROVINCES—FORT FRONTENAC—THE

“DARK DAYS”—CELESTIAL FIREWORKS—EARLY STEAM NAVIGATION IN CANADA—THE

COUNTRY MERCHANT—PROGRESS—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

After having consented to read a paper on the subject which has already been announced, I do not think it would be quite proper for me to begin with apologies. That they are needed I confess at once, but then they should have been thought of before. How often have we heard the expression, “Circumstances alter cases,” and this is just why I put in my plea. If I had not been preceded by gentlemen whose ability and attainments are far and away beyond mine, I should not have said a word.

But when these persons, some of whom finished their education in British Universities, who have trodden the classic shores of Italy and mused over the magnificent monuments of her past greatness, or wandered through old German towns, where Christian liberty was born and cradled; who have ranged the spacious halls of Parisian Institutes, or sauntered in places where many historic scenes have been enacted in grand old England—when these persons, I repeat, must crave your indulgence, how much more earnestly should I plead, whose travels are bounded in the radius of a few hundred miles; and whose collegiate course began, and I may say ended, in the country schoolhouse with which many of you are familiar. What wonderful scholars those early teachers were.

"Amazed *we*, gazing rustics, rang'd around; And still *we* gaz'd, and still our wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

It is no wonder that we were often awed by their intellectual profundity, nor that they gave our youthful brains an impetus which sent them bounding through the severe curriculum we had to face.

The narrow-minded and unyielding policy of George III., as every one now admits it to have been, brought about the American Revolution, and gave birth to the American Republic. As always happens in every great movement, there were two sides to this question, not only between Great Britain and her colonists, but among the colonists themselves. One side clamoured boldly for their rights, and, if need were, separation. The other side shrank from a contest with the mother land, and preferred a more peaceful solution of their difficulties. A moderate degree of liberality on the part of the British Government would have appeased the demands of the malcontents, and another destiny whether for better or worse, might have been in store for the American people. But those were days when the policy of the nation was stern and uncompromising, when the views of trade were narrow and contracted, when justice was untempered with mercy, and when men were bigoted and pugnacious.

Protracted wars consumed the revenues and made many draughts on the national purse, and when the trade of the colonies was laid under contribution, they refused the demand.

The Government, true to the spirit of the age, would not brook refusal on the part of its subjects, and must needs force them to comply. The contest began, and when, after a seven years' struggle, peace was declared, those who had sided with the old land found themselves homeless, and rather than swear allegiance to the new *regime*, abandoned their adopted country and emigrated to the wilds of Canada and the Eastern Provinces. Two results grew out of this contest: the establishment of a new and powerful nationality, and the settlement of a vast country subject to the British Crown, to the north, then an unbroken wilderness, now the Dominion of Canada, [Footnote: This has been changed. When the

paper was written, the Confederation of the Provinces, if it had been thought of, had not assumed any definite shape. It followed eight years after, in 1867.] whose rapid strides in wealth and power bid fair to rival even those of the great Republic.

The history of our country—I am speaking of Upper Canada—remains to be written. It is true we have numerous works, and valuable ones too, on Canada; but I refer to that part of history which gives a picture of the people, their habits and customs, which takes you into their homes and unfolds their every-day life. This, it seems to me, is the very soul of history, and when the coming Canadian Macaulay shall write ours, he will look in vain for many an argosy, richly freighted with fact and story, which might have been saved if a helping hand had been given, but which now, alas! is lost forever.

It can hardly be expected that I should be as familiar with the early scenes enacted in this part of the Province as those who are very much older. Yet I have known many of the first settlers, and have heard from their lips, in the days of my boyhood, much about the hardships and severe privations they endured, as well as the story of many a rough and wild adventure. These old veterans have dropped, one by one, into the grave, until they have nearly all passed away, and we are left to enjoy many a luxury which their busy hands accumulated for us.

As a Canadian—and I am sure I am giving expression, not so much to a personal sentiment, as an abiding principle deeply rooted in the heart of every son of this grand country—I feel as much satisfaction and pride in tracing my origin to the pioneers of this Province—nay more—

than if my veins throbbed with noble blood. The picture of the log cabins which my grandfathers erected in the wilderness on the bay shore, where my father and mother first saw the light, are far more inviting to me than hoary castle or rocky keep. I know that they were loyal, honest, industrious, and virtuous, and this is a record as much to be prized by their descendants as the mere distinction of noble birth.

It has been said that love of country is not a characteristic of Canadians; that in consequence of our youth there is but little for affection to cling to; that the traditions that cluster around age and foster these sentiments are wanting. This may be to a certain extent true. But I cannot believe but that Canadians are as loyal to their country as any other people under the sun. The life-long struggle of those men whom the old land was wont “to put a mark of honour upon,” are too near to us not to warm our hearts with love and veneration; they were too sturdy a race to be lightly overlooked by their descendants.

Their memory is too sacred a trust to be forgotten, and their lives too worthy of our imitation not to bind us together as a people, whose home and country shall ever be first in our thoughts and affection.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said

‘This is my own, my native land?’

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned As home his footsteps he hath turned?”

Is there any place in the world where such marvellous changes have taken place as here? Where among the countries of the earth shall we find a more rapid and vigorous growth? Ninety years [Footnote: The reader will bear in mind the date when this was written.] ago this Province was a dense and unknown forest. We can hardly realize the fact that not a century has elapsed since these strong-handed and brave-hearted men pushed their way into the profound wilderness of Upper Canada. Were they not heroes? See that man whose strong arm first uplifts the threatening axe. Fix his image in your mind, and tell me if he is not a subject worthy the genius and chisel of a Chantrey. Mark him as he swings his axe and buries it deep into a giant tree. Hark! how that first blow rings through the wood, and echoes along the shores of the bay. The wild duck starts and flaps her wings; the timid deer bounds away. Yet stroke follows stroke in measured force. The huge tree, whose branches have been fanned and tossed by the breeze of centuries, begins to sway.

Another blow, and it falls thundering to the ground. Far and wide does the crash reverberate. It is the first knell of destruction booming through the forest of Canada, and as it flies upon the wings of the wind, from hill-top to hill-top, it proclaims the first welcome sound of a new-born country. And did these men of whom we have been speaking make war alone upon the mighty forest? Did they find their way alone to the wilds of Canada? No: they were accompanied by women as true and brave as themselves; women who unmurmuringly shared their toils and hardships, who rejoiced in their success, and cheered them when weary and depressed. They left kindred and friends far behind, literally to bury themselves in the deep recesses of a boundless forest. They left comfortable homes to endure hunger and fatigue in log cabins which their own delicate hands helped to rear, far beyond the range of civilization.

Let us follow a party of these adventurers to Canada.

In the summer of the year 1795 or thereabouts, a company of six persons, composed of two men and their wives, with two small children, pushed a rough-looking and unwieldy boat away from the shore in the neighbourhood of Poughkeepsie, and turned its prow up the Hudson. A rude sail was hoisted, but it flapped lazily against the slender mast. The two men took up the oars and pulled quietly out into the river. They did not note the morning's sun gradually lifting himself above the eastern level, and scattering his cheerful rays of light across the river, and along its shores. All nature seemed rejoicing over the coming day, but they appeared not to heed it. They pulled on in silence, looking now ahead, and then wistfully back to the place they had left. Their boat was crowded with sundry household necessaries carefully packed up and stowed away. At the stern are the two women; one, ruddy and strong, steers the boat; the other, small and delicate, minds her children. Both are plainly and neatly dressed; and they, too, are taking backward glances through silent tears. Why do they weep, and whither are they bound? Their oars are faithfully plied, and they glide slowly on. And thus; day after day, may we follow them on their voyage. Now and then a gentle breeze fills the sail and wafts them on. When the shades of evening begin to fall around them they pull to shore and rear a temporary tent, after which they partake of the plain fare provided for the evening meal, with a relish which toil alone can give, and then lay them down to rest, and renew their strength for the labours of the morrow.

They reach Albany, then a Dutch town on the verge of civilization.

Beyond is a wilderness land but little known. Some necessaries are purchased here, and again our little company launch away. They reach the place where the city of Troy now stands, and turn away to the left into the Mohawk river, and proceed slowly, and often with great difficulty, up the rapids and windings of the stream. This rich and fertile valley of the Mohawk was then the home of the Indian. Here the celebrated Chief Brant had lived but a short time before, but had now withdrawn into the wilds of Western Canada. The voyageurs, after several days of hard labour and difficulty, emerge into the little lake Oneida, lying in the north-western part of the State of New York, through which they pass with ease and pleasure. The most difficult part of their journey has been overcome. In due time they reach the Onondaga River, and soon pass down it to Oswego, then an old fort which had been built by the French, when they were masters of the country, as a barrier against the encroachments of the wily Indian. Several bloody frays had occurred here, but our friends do not tarry to muse over its battle-ground, or to learn its history.

Their small craft now dances on the bosom of Ontario, but they do not push out into the lake and across it. Oh no: they are careful sailors, and they remember, perhaps, that small boats should not venture far from shore, and so they wind along it until they reach Gravelly Point, now known by the more dignified name of Cape Vincent. Here they strike across the channel, and thence around the lower end of Wolfe Island, and into Kingston Bay, where they come to shore. There were not many streets or fine stone houses in the Limestone City at this time; a few log houses composed the town. After resting and transacting necessary business they again push away, and turn their course up the lovely Bay of Quinte. What a wild and beautiful scene opens out before them! The far-reaching bay, with its serried ranks of primeval forest crowding the shores on either hand. The clear pure water rippling along its beach, and its bosom dotted with flocks of wild fowl, could not fail to arrest the attention of the weary voyageurs. Frequently do they pause and rest upon their oars, to enjoy the wild beauty that surrounds them. With lighter hearts they coast along the shore, and continue up the bay until they reach township number four. This township, now known as Adolphustown, is composed of five points, or arms, which run out into

the bay. They sail round four of these points of land, and turn into Hay Bay, and, after proceeding about three miles, pull to shore. Their journey it would seem has come to an end, for they begin to unload their boat and erect a tent. The sun sinks down in the west, and, weary and worn, they lay themselves down upon the bed of leaves to rest. Six weeks have passed since we saw them launch away in quest of this wilderness home. Look at them, and tell me what you think of their prospects. Is it far enough away from the busy haunts of men to suit you? Would you not rather sing—

"O solitude, where are the charms

Which sages have seen in thy face?

Better dwell in the midst of alarms

Than reign in this horrible place."

With the first glimmer of the morning's light all hands are up and at work. A small space is cleared away, trees are felled, and in due time a house is built—a house not large or commodious, with rooms not numerous or spacious, and with furniture neither elegant nor luxurious.

A pot or two, perhaps a few plates, cups and saucers, with knives and forks and spoons, a box of linen, a small lot of bedding, etc., with "A chest, contrived a double debt to pay—

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

These constitute pretty nearly the sum total. This is not a fancy sketch. I have heard the story many a time from the lips of the little old grandmother [Footnote: The writer is one of her grandsons. The incident will be found in Dr. Ryerson's book.] who was of the party. She lived to rear a family of nine children, and to see most of them married and well settled; to exchange the log house for a large and comfortable home, and to die peacefully at a good old age.

It is hardly possible for us to conceive the difficulties that beset the first settlers, nor the hardships and privations which they endured.

They were not infrequently reduced to the very verge of starvation, yet they struggled on. Tree after tree fell before the axe, and the small clearing was turned to immediate account. A few necessaries of life were produced, and even these, limited and meagre as they were, were the beginnings of comfort. Comfort, indeed! but far removed not only from them, but from the idea we associate with the term. I have in my younger days taken grist to the mill, as the farmers say. But I can assure you I would prefer declining the task of carrying bags of wheat upon my back for three miles, and then paddling them in a canoe down to the Kingston Mills, [Footnote: This mill was built by the British Government in the first settlement of the Province for the benefit of the settlers.] and back again to Adolphustown—about seventy miles—after which resuming the pleasing exercise of backing them home. [Footnote: This was an early experience of my grandfather, which he liked to relate in his old age to young men.] Such things do not fatigue one much to talk about, but I fancy the reality would fit closer to the backs of some of our young exquisites than would be agreeable. Nor do we, when we stick up our noses at the plainer fare of some of our neighbours, remember often what a feast our fathers and mothers would have thought even a crust of bread. How often—alas, how often!—were they compelled to use anything they could put their hands upon, in order to keep soul and body together. Could we, the sons of these men, go through this? I am afraid, with one consent, we would say “No.”

But time rolled on. The openings in the forest grew larger and wider.

The log cabins began to multiply, and the curling smoke, rising here and there above the woods, told a silent but more cheerful tale. There dwelt a neighbour—miles away, perhaps—but a neighbour, nevertheless. If you would like an idea of the proximity of humanity, and the luxury of society in those days, just place a few miles of dense woods between yourself and your nearest neighbour, and you will have a faint conception of the delights of a home in the forest.

There are persons still living who have heard their parents or grandparents tell of the dreadful sufferings they endured the second year after the settlement of the Bay of Quinte country. The second year's Government supply, through some bad management, was frozen up in the lower part of the St. Lawrence, and, in consequence, the people were reduced to a state of famine. Men were glad, in some cases, to give all they possessed for that which would sustain life. Farms were given in exchange for small quantities of flour, but more frequently refused. A respectable old lady, long since gone to her rest, and whose grandchildren are somewhat aristocratic, was wont in those days to go away to the woods early in the morning to gather and eat the buds of the basswood, and then bring an apronfull home to her family. In one neighbourhood a beef bone passed from house to house, and was boiled again and again in order to extract some nutriment from it. This is no fiction, but a literal fact. Many other equally uninviting bills of fare might be given, but these no doubt will suffice. Sufficient has been said to show that our fathers and mothers did not repose upon rose-beds, nor did they fold their hands in despair, but with strong nerves and stout hearts, even when famine was in the pot, they pushed on and lived.

The forest melted away before them, and we are now enjoying the happy results.

The life of the first settler was for a long time one of hardship and adventure. When this Utopia was reached he frequently had difficulty in finding his land. He was not always very particular as to this, for land then was not of very much account, and yet he wished, if possible, to strike somewhere near his location. This involved sometimes long trips into the forest, or along the shores. After a day's paddling he would land, pull up his canoe, and look around. The night coming on, he had to make some preparation for it. How was it to be done in this howling wilderness? Where was he to sleep, and how was he to protect himself against the perils that surrounded him? He takes his axe and goes to work. A few small trees are cut down. Then he gathers some limbs and heaps them up together. From his pocket he brings a large knife; then a flint and a bit of punk. The punk he places carefully under the flint, holding it in his left hand, and then picks up his knife and gives the flint a few sharp strokes with the back of the blade, which sends forth a shower of sparks, some of which fall on the punk and ignite, and soon his heap is in a blaze. Now, this labour is not only necessary for his comfort, but for his safety. The smoke drives the flies and mosquitoes away, and keeps the wolves and bears from encroaching on his place of rest. But the

light which affords him protection subjects him to a new annoyance.

"Loud as the wolves in Oroa's stormy steep Howl to the roaring of the stormy deep,"

the wolves howled to the fire kindled to affright them away. Watching the whole night in the surrounding hills, they keep up a concert which truly "renders night hideous;" and bullfrogs in countless numbers from adjacent swamps, with an occasional "To-whit, to-whoo!" from the sombre owl, altogether make a native choir anything but conducive to calm repose. And yet, amid such a serenade, with a few boughs for a bed, and the gnarled root of a tree for a pillow, did many of our fathers spend their first nights in the wilderness of Canada.

The first settlers of Upper Canada were principally American colonists who adhered to the cause of England. After the capitulation of General Burgoyne, many of the royalists, with their families, moved into Canada, and took up land along the shores of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte, and the lakes. Upon the evacuation of New York at the close of the war a still greater number followed, many of whom were soldiers disbanded and left without employment. Many had lost their property, so that nearly all were destitute and depending upon the liberality of the Government whose battles they had fought, and for whose cause they had suffered. They were not forgotten. The British Government was not tardy in its movement, and at once decided to reward their loyalty. Immediate steps were taken to provide for their present wants, and also to provide means for their future subsistence.

These prompt measures on the part of the Government were not only acts of justice and humanity, but were sound in policy, and were crowned with universal success. Liberal grants of land were made free of expense on the following scale: A field officer received 5,000 acres; a captain, 3,000; a subaltern, 2,000, and a private, 200. Surveyors were sent on to lay out the land. They commenced their work near Lake St. Francis, then the highest French settlement, and extended

along the shores of the St.

Lawrence up to Lake Ontario, and thence along the lake, and round the Bay of Quinte. Townships were laid out, and then subdivided into concessions and lots of 200 acres. These townships were numbered, and remained without names for many years. Of these numbers there were two divisions: one, including the townships below Kingston in the line east to the St. Francis settlement; the other, west from Kingston to the head of the Bay of Quinte. They were known by the old people as first, second, third, fourth town, *etc.* No names were given to the townships by legal enactment for a long time, and hence the habit of designating them by numbers became fixed.

The settlement of the surveyed portion of the Midland District, which then included the present counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Addington, Hastings, and the county of Prince Edward, commenced in the summer of 1784. The new settlers were supplied with farming implements, building materials, provisions, and some clothing for the first two years, at the expense of the nation, “And in order,” it was stated, “that the love of country may take deeper root in the hearts of those true men, the government determined to put a mark of honour,” as the order of the Council expresses it, “upon the families who had adhered to the unity of the Empire, and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in the year 1783.” A list of such persons was directed in 1789 to be made out and returned, “to the end that their posterity might be discriminated from the future settlers.” From these two emphatic words—The Unity of the Empire—it was styled the U.E. list, and they whose names were entered therein were distinguished as U.E. Loyalists.

This, as is well known, was not a mere empty distinction, but was notably a title of some consequence, for it not only provided for the U.E. Loyalists themselves, but guaranteed to all their children, upon arriving at the age of twenty-one years, two hundred acres of land free from all expense. It is a pleasing task to recall these generous acts on the part of the British Government towards the fathers of our country, and the descendants of those true and noble-hearted men who loved the old Empire so well that they preferred to endure toil and privation in the wilderness of Canada to ease and comfort under the protection of the revolted colonies. We should venerate their memory, and foster a love of country as deep and abiding as theirs.

In order further to encourage the growth of population, and induce other settlers to come into the country, two hundred acres of land were allowed, upon condition of actual settlement, and the payment of surveying and office fees, which amounted in all to about thirty-eight dollars.

In 1791 the provinces were divided, and styled Upper Canada and Lower Canada—the one embracing all the French seigneuries; the other all the newly-settled townships. The first Governor of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe, arrived in 1792, and took up his residence at Newark (Niagara), then the capital of the Province. Here the first Parliament of Upper Canada met and held five successive sessions, after which it was moved to York. Governor Simcoe laboured hard and successfully to promote the settlement of the Province.

Kingston is the oldest town in Upper Canada by many years. The white man found his way here more than a century before any settlement in the west was made or thought of. Small expeditions had from time to time penetrated the vast wilderness far to the west, either for the purpose of trading with the Indians, or led by some zealous priest who sought for the glory of God to bring the wandering tribes into the fold of the Roman Church. The untiring energy and zeal displayed by these early Fathers, together with the hardships, dangers and privations they endured, form one of the most interesting pages of adventure in our country’s history. The crafty and industrious French Governor, De Courcelles, in order to put a stop to the encroachments of the Five Nations, despatched a messenger from Quebec to their chief to inform him that he had some business of great importance to communicate, and wished them to proceed to Cataraqui, where he would meet them. As soon as the Indian deputies arrived, a council was held. The Governor informed them that he was going to build a fort there, to serve principally as a depot for merchandise; and to facilitate the trade that was springing up between them. The chiefs, ignorant of the real intention of the wily Governor readily agreed to a proposition which seemed intended for their advantage. But the object was far from what the Indians expected, and was really to create a barrier against them in future wars.

While measures were being completed to build the fort Courcelles was recalled, and Count de Frontenac sent out in his place. Frontenac carried out the designs of his predecessor; and in 1672 completed the fort, which received and for many years retained his name.

Father Charlevoix, who journeyed through Western Canada in the year 1720, thus describes Fort Cataraqui. “This fort is square, with four bastions built with stone, and the ground it occupies is a quarter of a league in compass. Its situation is really something very pleasant. The sides of the view present every way a landscape well varied, and it is the same at the entrance of Lake Ontario, which is but a small league distant. It is full of islands of different sizes, all well wooded, and nothing bounds the horizon on that side. The Lake was sometimes called St. Louis, afterwards Frontenac, as well as the fort of Cataraqui, of which the Count de Frontenac was the founder, but insensibly the Lake has regained its ancient name Ontario, which is Huron or Iroquois, and the fort that of the place where it is built. The soil from this place to la Sallette appears something barren, but this is only in the borders, it being very good further up. There is over against the fort a very pretty island in the middle of the river. They put some swine into it, which have multiplied, and given it the name of Isle du Porcs.

“There are two other islands somewhat smaller, which are lower, and half a league distant from each other. One is called Cedars, the other Hart’s Island. The Bay of Cataraqui is double; that is to say, that almost in the middle of it there is a point that runs out a great way, under which there is a good anchorage for large barks. M. de la Salle, so famous for his discoveries and his misfortunes, who was lord of Cataraqui, and governor of the fort, had two or three of them, which were sunk in this place, and remain there still. Behind the fort is a marsh, where there is a great plenty of wild fowl. This is a benefit to and employment for the garrison. There was formerly a great trade here, especially with the Iroquois, and it was to entice them to, as well as to hinder their carrying their skins to the English and keep these savages in awe, that the fort was built. But the trade did not last long, and the fort has not hindered the barbarians from doing us a great deal of mischief. They have still families here, in the outside of the place, and

there are also some Missisaguas, an Algonquin nation, which still have a village on the west side of Lake Ontario, another at Niagara, and a third in the strait." Such is the description we have of Kingston a century and a half ago. The Mohawk name for it is Gu-doi-o-qui, or, "Fort in the Water."

I am unable, from any information I can get, to give the origin of the name of our beautiful bay. It seems to have borne its present name at a very early date in the history of the country. It is supposed by some to be an Indian name with a French accent. I am disposed, however, to think that it came from the early French voyageurs, from the fact that not only the bay, but an island, are mentioned by the name of Quinte. The usual pronunciation until a few years ago was *Kanty.*

In the year 1780, on the 14th day of October, and again in July, 1814, a most remarkable phenomenon occurred, the like of which was never before witnessed in the country. "At noonday a pitchy darkness completely obscured the light of the sun, continuing for about ten minutes at a time, and being frequently repeated during the afternoon. In the interval between each mysterious eclipse, dense masses of black clouds streaked with yellow drove athwart the darkened sky, with fitful gusts of wind. Thunder, lightning, black rain, and showers of ashes added to the terrors of the scene, and when the sun appeared its colour was a bright red." The people were filled with fear, and thought that the end of the world was at hand. These two periods are known as the "dark days."

Many years after this, another phenomenon not less wonderful occurred, which I had the satisfaction of seeing; and although forty-five years have elapsed, the terrifying scene is as firmly fixed in my memory as though it had happened but an hour ago. I refer to the meteoric shower of the 13th of November, 1833. My father had been from home, and on his return, about midnight, his attention was arrested by the frequent fall of meteors, or stars, to use the common phrase. The number rapidly increased; and the sight was so grand and beautiful that he came in and woke us all up, and then walked up the road and roused some of the neighbours. Such a display of heaven's fireworks was never seen before.

If the air had been filled with rockets they would have been but match strokes compared to the incessant play of brilliant dazzling meteors that flashed across the sky, furrowing it so thickly with golden lines that the whole heaven seemed ablaze until the morning's sun shut out the scene. One meteor of large size remained sometime almost stationary in the zenith, emitting streams of light. I stood like a statue, and gazed with fear and awe up to the glittering sky. Millions of stars seemed to be dashing across the blue dome of heaven. In fact I thought the whole starry firmament was tumbling down to earth. The neighbours were terror struck: the more enlightened of them were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the Apocalyptic image—that of the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken by a mighty wind; while the cries of others, on a calm night like that, might have been heard for miles around.

Young and poor as Canada was half a century ago, she was not behind many of the older and more wealthy countries in enterprize. Her legislators were sound, practical men, who had the interest of their country at heart. Her merchants were pushing and intelligent; her farmers frugal and industrious. Under such auspices her success was assured. At an early day the Government gave material aid to every project that was calculated to foster and extend trade and commerce, as well as to open up and encourage the settlement of the country. Neither was individual enterprize behind in adopting the discoveries and improvements of the time, and in applying them not only to their own advantage but to that of the community at large. Four years after Fulton had made his successful experiment with steam as a propelling power for vessels on the Hudson, a small steamer was built and launched at Montreal; and in 1815 the keel of the first steamer that navigated the waters of Upper Canada was laid at Bath. She was named the *Frontenac*.

The village of Bath, as you all know, is situated on the Bay of Quinte, about thirteen miles west of Kingston. It was formerly known as Ernesttown. Those of you who have passed that way will remember that about a mile west of the village there is a bend in the shore round which the road leads, and that a short gravelly beach juts out, inclosing a small pond of water. At the end of this, west, stands an old frame house, time-worn and dilapidated. Behind this house the

steamer already mentioned was built, and three years later another known as the *Charlotte* was launched here. [Footnote: I have often heard my father tell about going to see the launch of the *Charlotte*. He went on foot a round distance of over thirty miles.] Thousands of people were present, and the event was long remembered. They were, no doubt, marvellous things in those days—much more so, perhaps, than that huge mammoth of steam craft of later days, the *Great Eastern*, is to us. I cannot give the dimensions of these boats, but it is safe to say that they were not large. Their exploits in the way of speed were considered marvellous, and formed the topic of conversation in many a home. A trip in one of them down the bay to Kingston was a greater feat then than a voyage to Liverpool is now; and they went but little faster than a man could walk.

Early travellers predicted that Ernesttown would be a place of importance, but their predictions have come to naught. It reached many years ago the culminating point in its history. Still, in the progress of our country the above must give it more than a passing interest.

Gourlay speaks of Bath in 1811, and says, “The village contains a valuable social library”—a thing at that date which could not be found probably in any other part of the Province.

Previous to the introduction of steamers, which gave a wonderful impetus to trade, and completely revolutionized it, the traffic of the country was carried on under great disadvantages. Montreal and Quebec, the one the depot of merchandise and the other the centre of the lumber trade, were far away, and could only be reached during six months in the year by the St. Lawrence, whose navigation, on account of its rapids, was difficult and dangerous. There was but little money, and business was conducted on an understood basis of exchange or barter. During the winter months the farmer threshed his grain and brought it with his pork and potash to the merchant, who gave him goods for his family in return.

The merchant was usually a lumberman as well, and he busied himself in the winter time in getting out timber and hauling it to the bay, where it was rafted and made ready for moving early in the spring. As soon as navigation was open,

barges and batteaux were loaded with potash and produce, and he set sail with these and his rafts down the river. It was always a voyage of hardship and danger. If good fortune attended him, he would, in the course of three or four weeks make Montreal, and Quebec with his rafts two or three weeks later. Then commenced the labour of disposing of his stuff, settling up the year's accounts, and purchasing more goods, with which his boats were loaded and despatched for home.

The task of the country merchant in making his selections then, was much more difficult than it is now. Moreover, as he could reach his market but once in the year, his purchases had to be governed by this fact. He had to cater to the entire wants of his customers, and was in the letter, as well as the spirit, a general merchant, for he kept dry goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, tools, implements, drugs—

everything, in fact, from a needle to an anchor. The return trip with his merchandise was slow and difficult. The smooth stretches of the river were passed with the oar and sail, the currents with poles, while the more difficult rapids were overcome by the men, assisted with ox-teams. Thus he worried his way through, and by the time he got home two or three months had been consumed. During the winter months, while the western trader was busy in collecting his supplies for the spring, the general merchant of Montreal, a veritable nabob in those days, locked up his shop and set off with a team for Upper Canada, and spent it in visiting his customers. The world moved slowly then. The ocean was traversed by sailing ships—they brought our merchandise and mails. In winter, the only communication with Montreal and Quebec was by stage, and in the fall and spring it was maintained with no small difficulty.

One of the wonders of swift travelling of the day was the feat of Weller, the mail contractor and stage proprietor, in sending Lord Durham through from Toronto to Montreal in thirty-six hours. Many a strange adventure could be told of stage rides between Toronto and Quebec, and of the merchants in their annual trips down the St. Lawrence, on rafts and in batteaux; and it seems a pity that so much that would amuse and interest readers of the present day has never been chronicled.

There was one thing brought about by those batteaux voyages for which the farmer is by no means thankful. The men used to fill their beds with fresh straw on their return, and by this means the Canadian thistle found its way to Upper Canada.

As Canada had not been behind in employing steam in navigation, so she was not behind in employing it in another direction. Stephenson built the first railroad between Liverpool and Manchester in 1829. Some years later, 1836, we had a railway in Canada, and now we have over 5,000

miles in the Dominion. These two agencies have entirely changed the character both of our commerce and mail service. The latter, in those early days, in the Midland district, was a private speculation of one Huff, who travelled the country and delivered papers and letters at the houses. This was a very irregular and unsatisfactory state of things, but was better than no mail at all. Then came the wonderful improvement of a weekly mail carried by a messenger on horseback; and as time wore on, the delivery became more frequent, post-offices multiplied, postage rates were reduced, and correspondence increased. There were two other enterprises which the country took hold of very soon after their discovery. I refer to the canals and the telegraph. The first, the Lachine Canal, was commenced in 1821, and the Welland in 1824. The Montreal Telegraph Company was organized in 1847. So that in those four great discoveries which have revolutionized the trade of the world, it will be seen that our young country kept abreast with the times, and her advance, not only in those improvements, but in every branch of science and art, has been marvellous.

The Midland District, so named because of its central position, was one of the largest districts in the Province; but county after county was cut away from it on all sides, until it was greatly shorn of its proportions. Before this clipping had begun, the courts were held alternately in Kingston and Adolphustown. The old CourtHouse still stands [Footnote: It has been taken down since, and a town hall for the use of the township, erected on its site.] and is as melancholy a monument of its former importance as one could wish to see. The town which the original surveyors laid out here, and which early writers mention, I have never been able to find more of than the plot. It must have flourished long before

my day.

But what about Prince Edward county? Of course you know that it was set off in 1833, and that the first Court of Assize was held in this town—

then Hallowell—in 1834. I am not able to say much about its early history; though I am sure there are many incidents of very great interest connected with it, probably lost for the want of some friendly hand. Land was taken up in this neighbourhood by Barker, Washburn, Spencer, Vandusen, and others about the year 1790. Patents were issued by the Government in 1802-3-4. At a meeting held at Eyre's Inn, on the 14th of February, 1818, at which Ebenezer Washburn, Esq., presided, I learn that there was in the township of Hallowell at that time but two brick-houses, one carding, and fulling mill, one Methodist Chapel—now known as the old Chapel at Conger's Mill—one Quaker Meeting House.

Preparations were being made to build a church. [Footnote: Known as St.

Mary Magdalene. The Rev. W. Macaulay, I think, was the first rector, and he lived to a good old age.] Orchards were beginning to be planted, and other improvements. The first settlers paid at the rate of one shilling per acre for their land. Four-fifths of the entire Midland district, in 1818, was a dense forest. We can hardly realise the fact that seventy years ago there was probably not a soul living in this fair county.

Let us skip over a period of about forty years from the first settlement, and have a look at the people and how they lived. The log houses, in very many cases had been transformed into comfortable and commodious dwellings. The log barns and hovels, too, had given place to larger frame barns and sheds, many of which are still to be seen around the country. The changes wrought in those short years were wonderful, and having followed the pioneer hither and noted his progress, let us step into one of these homes and take a seat with the family gathered around the spacious fireplace, with its glowing fire blazing up cheerfully through the heaped-up wood, and note the comforts and amusements of the contented circle. How clearly the picture stands out to many of us. How well we remember the time when, with young and vigorous step, we set our feet in the path which has led us farther and farther away.

“A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,

Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows.”

Now, please understand me in this matter. We have not a particle of sympathy with the ordinary grumbler, by which we mean that class of persons whose noses are not only stuck up at any and every encroachment on their worn-out ideas of what is right and wrong, but, like crabbed terriers, snap at the heels of every man that passes. Nor do we wish you to think that we place our fathers on a higher plane of intellectual power and worth than we have reached or can reach. The world rolls on, and decade after decade adds to the accumulative brain force of humanity. Men of thought and power through all the ages have scattered seed, and while much of it has come to naught, a kernel here and there, possessed of vital force, has germinated and grown. You remember what the great Teacher said about “a rain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.” Any man who looks around him must acknowledge that we are going ahead, but notwithstanding this, every careful observer cannot fail to see that there is growing up in our land a large amount of sham, and hence, as Isaiah tells us, it would be well for us to look more frequently “into the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.” Let us not only treasure the recollection of the noble example which our forefathers set us, but let us imitate those sterling qualities which render their names dear to us.

“It is a common complaint perpetually reiterated,” remarks a racy writer, “that the occupations of life are filled to overflowing; that the avenues to wealth or distinction are so crowded with competitors that it is hopeless to endeavour to make way in the dense and jostling masses. This desponding wail was doubtless heard when the young earth had scarcely commenced her career of glory, and it will be dolefully repeated by future generations to the end of time. Long before Cheops had planted the basement-stone of his pyramids, when Sphinx and

Colossi had not yet been fashioned into their huge existence, and the untouched quarry had given out neither temple nor monument, the young Egyptian, as he looked along the Nile, may have mourned that he was born too late.

Fate had done him injustice in withholding his individual being till the destinies of man were accomplished. His imagination exulted at what he might have been, had his chance been commensurate with his merits, but what remained for him now in this worn-out, battered, used-up hulk of a world, but to sorrow for the good times which had exhausted all resources?

“The mournful lamentation of antiquity has not been weakened in its transmission, and it is not more reasonable now than when it groaned by the Nile. There is always room enough in the world, and work waiting for willing hands. The charm that conquers obstacles and commands success is strong will and strong work. Application is the friend and ally of genius. The laborious scholar, the diligent merchant, the industrious mechanic, the hard-working farmer, are thriving men, and take rank in the world; while genius by itself lies in idle admiration of a fame that is ever prospective. The hare sleeps or amuses himself by the wayside, and the tortoise wins the race.”

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS.

PATERNAL MEMORIES—A VISIT TO THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD—THE OLD QUAKER

MEETING-HOUSE—FLASHES OF SILENCE—THE OLD BURYING GROUND—“TO THE

MEMORY OF ELIZA”—GHOSTLY EXPERIENCES—HIVING THE BEES—ENCOUNTER WITH

A BEAR—GIVING “THE MITTEN”—A “BOUNDARY QUESTION”—SONG OF THE

BULLFROG—RING—SAGACITY OF ANIMALS—TRAINING DAYS—PICTURESQUE SCENERY

OF THE BAY OF QUINTE—JOHN A. MACDONALD—A PERILOUS JOURNEY—AUNT JANE

AND WILLET CASEY.

More than forty-five years have elapsed since my father departed this life, and left me a lad, the eldest of six children, to take his place, and assist my mother as well as I could in the management of affairs.

Twenty years later mother was laid by his side, and before and since all my sisters have gone. For a number of years the only survivors of that once happy household, the memory of which is so fresh and dear to me, have been myself and brother. Upper Canada was a vastly different place at the time of my father's decease (1840) from what it is now. The opportunities he had when young were proportionately few. I have been a considerable wanderer in my day, and have had chances of seeing what the world has accomplished, and of contrasting it with his time and advantages. If his lines had fallen in another sphere of action he would have made his mark. As it was, during his short life—he died at the age of 42—he had with his own hands acquired an excellent farm of 250

acres, with a good, spacious, well-furnished house, barns, and out-buildings. His farm was a model of order and thorough tillage, well stocked with the best improved cattle, sheep, and hogs that could be had at that time, and all the implements were the newest that could be procured. He was out of debt, and therefore independent, and had money at interest. This, it seems to me, was something for a man to accomplish in twenty years. But this was not all. He was acknowledged to be a man of intelligence superior to most in those days, and was frequently consulted by neighbours and friends in matters of importance; a warm politician and a strict temperance man. He was one of the best speakers in the district, always in request at public meetings, and especially during an election campaign. Into political contests he entered with all his might, and would sometimes be away a week or more at a time, stumping—as they used to term it—the district. In politics he was a Reformer, and under the then existing circumstances I think I should have been one too. But the vexed questions that

agitated the public mind then, and against which he fought and wrote, have been adjusted. An old co-worker of his said to me many years after at an election: “What a pity your father could not have seen that you would oppose the party he laboured so hard to build up. If a son of mine did it I would disinherit him as quick as I would shove a toad off a stick.” I said to my old friend that I supposed the son had quite as good a right to form his opinions on certain matters as his father had. Political and religious prejudices are hard things to remove. I remember a deputation waiting on my father to get him to consent to be a candidate for an election which was on the eve of taking place, but he declined, on the ground that he was not prepared to assume so important a position then, nor did he feel that he had reached a point which would warrant him in leaving his business. He added that after a while, if his friends were disposed to confer such an honour upon him, he might consider it more favourably.

Peter Perry was chosen, and I know my father worked hard for him, and the Tory candidate, Cartwright, was defeated. This reminds me of a little bit of banking history, which created some noise in the district at the time, but which is quite forgotten now. A number of leading farmers, of whom my father was one, conceived the idea of establishing a “Farmers’ Joint Stock Bank,” which was subsequently carried out, and a bank bearing that name was started in Bath. John S. Cartwright, the then member, through whom they expected to get a charter, and who was interested in the Commercial Bank at Kingston, failed to realize their expectations in that particular, and the new bank had to close its doors. The opening was premature, and cost the stockholders a considerable sum of money. This little banking episode helped to defeat Mr. Cartwright at the next election.

Over thirty years have passed since I left my old home, and change after change has occurred as the years rolled along, until I have become a stranger to nearly all the people of the neighbourhood, and feel strange where I used to romp and play in boyhood.

The houses and fields have changed, the woods have been pushed further back, and it is no longer the home that is fixed in my memory. My visits have consequently become less and less frequent. On one of these occasions I felt a strong inclination one Sabbath morning to visit the old Quaker Meeting House

about three miles away. After making my toilette and breakfasting, I sallied forth, on foot and alone, through the fields and woods. The day was such as I would have selected from a thousand. It was towards the last of May—a season wherein if a man's heart fail to dance blithely, he must indeed be a victim of dulness. The sun was moving upward in his diurnal course, and had just acquired sufficient heat to render the shade of the wood desirable. The heaven was cloudless, and soft languor rested on the face of nature, stealing the mind's sympathy, and wooing it to the delights of repose. My mind was too much occupied with early recollections to do more than barely notice the splendour and the symphonies around me. The hum of the bee and the beetle, as they winged their swift flight onwards, the song of the robin and the meadow lark, as they tuned their throats to the praises of the risen sun, and the crowing of some distant chanticleer, moved lazily in the sluggish air. It was a season of general repose, just such a day, I think, as a saint would choose to assist his fancy in describing the sunny regions whither his thoughts delight to wander, or a poet would select to refine his ideas of the climate of Elysium. At length I arrived at the old meeting-house where I had often gone, when a lad with my father and mother.

It was a wooden building standing at a corner of the road, and was among the first places of worship erected in the Province. The effects of the beating storms of nearly half a century were stamped on the unpainted clapboards, and the shingles which projected just far enough over the plate to carry off the water, were worn and partially covered with moss.

One would look in vain, for anything that could by any possibility be claimed as an ornament. Two small doors gave access to the interior, which was as plain and ugly as the exterior. A partition, with doors, that were let down during the time of worship, divided the room into equal parts, and separated the men and women. It was furnished with strong pine benches, with backs; and at the far side were two rows of elevated benches, which were occupied on both sides by leading members of the society. I have often watched the row of broad-brims on one hand, and the scoop bonnets on the other, with boyish interest, and wondered what particular thing in the room they gazed at so steadily, and why some of them twirled one thumb round the other with such regularity. On this occasion I entered quietly, and took a seat near the door. There were a number of familiar faces in the audience. Some whom I had known when young were

growing grey, but many of the well-remembered faces were gone. The gravity of the audience and the solemn silence were very impressive; but still recollections of the past crowded from my mind the sacred object which had brought the people together. Now I looked at the old bayonet marks in the posts, made by the soldiers who had used it as a barrack immediately after the war of 1812. Next, the letters of all shapes and sizes cut by mischievous boys with their jacknives in the backs of the seats years ago arrested my attention, and brought to mind how weary I used to get; but as I always sat with my father, I dared not try my hand at carving. Then, the thought came: Where are those boys now? Some of them were sober, sedate men sitting before me with their broad-brimmed hats shadowing their faces; others were sleeping in the yard outside; and others had left the neighbourhood years ago. Then I thought of the great Quaker preacher and author, Joseph John Gurney, whom I had heard in this room, and of J. Pease the philanthropic English banker. Then another incident of quite a different character came to my recollection. An old and well known Hicksite preacher was there one Sunday (always called First Day by the friends), and the spirit moved him to speak. The Hicksite and orthodox Quakers were something like the Jews and Samaritans of old—they dealt with one another, but had no religious fellowship. The old friend had said but a few words, when one of the leaders of the meeting rose and said very gravely: “Sit thee down, James;” but James did not seem disposed to be choked off in this peremptory way, and continued. Again the old friend stood up, and with stronger emphasis said: “James, I tell thee to sit thee down;” and this time James subsided. There was nothing more said on the occasion, and after a long silence, the meeting broke up. On another occasion, a young friend, who had aspired to become a teacher, stood up, and in that peculiar, drawling, sing-song tone which used to be a characteristic of nearly all their preachers, said: “The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head;”

and then sat down, leaving those who heard him to enlarge and apply the text to suit themselves. There was nothing more said that day. And so my mind wandered on from one thing to another, until at length my attention was arrested by a friend who rose and took off his hat (members of the society always sit with their hats on), and gave us a short and touching discourse. I have heard some of the most telling and heart-searching addresses at Quaker meetings. On this occasion there was no attempt—

there could be none from a plain people like this—to tickle the ear with well-turned periods or rhetorical display. After the meeting was over, I walked out

into the graveyard; my father and mother and two sisters lie there together, and several members of my father’s family.

There is a peculiarity about a Quaker burying-ground that will arrest the attention of any visitor. Other denominations are wont to mark the last resting place of loved ones by costly stones and inscriptions; but here the majority of the graves are marked with a plain board, and many of them have only the initials of the deceased, and the rank grass interlocks its spines above the humble mounds. I remember my father having some difficulty to get consent to place a plain marble slab at the head of his father and mother’s grave. But were those who slumbered beneath forgotten? Far otherwise. The husband here contemplated the lowly dwelling place of the former minister to his delight. The lover recognised the place where she whose presence was all-inspiring reposed, and each knew where were interred those who had been lights to their world of love, and on which grave to shed the drop born of affection and sorrow. Although the pomp, the state, and the pageantry of love were her ransom, yet hither, in moments when surrounding objects were forgotten, had retired the afflicted, and poured forth the watery tribute that bedews the cheek of those that mourn “in spirit and in truth.” Hither came those whose spirits had been bowed down beneath the burden of distress, and indulged in the melancholy occupation of silent grief, from which no man ever went forth without benefit. I thought of Falconer’s lines:—

“Full oft shall memory from oblivion’s veil Relieve your scenes, and sigh with grief sincere?”

After lingering for some time near the resting place of the dear ones of my own family, I turned away and threaded my way thoughtfully back.

During another visit to the neighbourhood of my birth, after having tea with the Rev. H–, Rector of –-, I took a stroll through the graveyard that nearly surrounds the old church, and spent some time in reading the inscriptions on the headstones. There were numbers that were new and strange, but the most of them bore names that were familiar.

Time, of course, had left his mark, and in some cases the lettering was almost gone. Many of those silent sleepers I remembered well, and had followed their remains to the grave, and had heard the old Rector pronounce the last sad rite: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," long years ago. As I passed on from grave to grave of former friends and neighbours,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,"

many curious and pleasing collections were brought to mind. I came at last to the large vault of the first Rector, who was among the first in the Province. I recollected well the building of this receptacle for the dead, and how his family, one after another, were placed in it; and then the summons came to him, and he was laid there. A few years later, his wife, the last survivor of the family, was put there too, and the large slabs were shut down for the last time, closing the final chapter of this family history, and—as does not often happen in this world—they were taking their last sleep undivided. But Time, the great destroyer, had been at work during the years that had fled, and I was sorry to find that the slabs that covered the upper part of the vault, and which bore the inscriptions, were broken, and that the walls were falling in. There were no friends left to interest themselves in repairing the crumbling structure, and in a few years more the probabilities are that every vestige of the last resting-place of this united couple will be gone. It is not a pleasing thought, and yet it is true, that however much we may be loved, and however many friends may follow us with tears to the grave, in a few short years they will be gone, and no one left to care for us, or perhaps know that we ever lived. I have stood of an evening in the grand cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Paris and watched the people trooping in with their wreaths of *immortelles* to be placed on the tombs of departed friends, and others with cans of water and flowers to plant around the graves. Here and there could be seen where some loved one had been sprinkling the delicate flowers, or remained to water them with their tears. This respect paid to the memory of departed ones is pleasant, and yet, alas, how very few, after two or three generations are remembered. The name that meets the eye on one stone after another might as well be a blank for all we know of them. Anyone who has visited the old churchyards or ruined abbeys in England must have felt this, as his gaze has rested on time-worn tablets from which every mark had long since

been obliterated,

"By time subdued (what will not time subdue)!"

Turning away from the vault, and passing down the yard, I came to a grave the headstone of which had fallen, and was broken. I turned the two pieces over, and read: "To the memory of Eliza –-." And is this, thought I, the end of the only record of the dear friend of my boyhood; the merry, happy girl whom every one loved? No one left after a score of years to care for her grave? So it is. The years sweep on. "Friend after friend departs," still on, and all recollection of us is lost; on still, and the very stones that were raised as a memorial disappear, and the place that knew us once knows us no more forever. I turned away, sad and thoughtful; but after a little my mind wandered back again to the sunny hours of youth, and I lived them over. Eliza had been in our family for several years, and was one of the most cheerful, kind-hearted girls one could wish to see. She had a fine voice, and it seemed as natural for her to sing as a bird. This, with her happy disposition, made her the light and life of the house. She was like the little burn that went dancing so lightly over the pebbles in the meadow—bright, sparkling, joyous, delighting in pranks and fun as much as a kitten.

"True mirth resides not in the smiling skin—

The sweeted solace is to act no sin."

—HERRICK.

I do not think Eliza ever intentionally acted a sin. On one occasion, however, this excess of spirit led her perhaps beyond the bounds of maidenly propriety; but it was done without consideration, and when it was over caused her a good deal of pain. The mischievous little adventure referred to shall be mentioned presently.

We had some neighbours who believed in ghosts; not an uncommon thing in those days. Eliza, with myself, had frequently heard from these people descriptions of remarkable sights they had seen, and dreadful noises they had heard at one time and another. She conceived the idea of making an addition to their experiences in this way, and as an experiment made a trial on me. I had been away one afternoon, and returned about nine o'clock. It was quite dark. In the meantime she had quietly made her preparations, and was on the look out for me. When my horse's feet were heard cantering up the road, she placed herself that I could not fail to see her. On I came, and, dashing up to the gate, dismounted; and there before me on the top of the stone wall was something, the height of a human figure draped in white, moving slowly and noiselessly towards me.

I was startled at first, but a second thought satisfied me what was up, and that my supernatural visitor was quite harmless. I passed through the gate, but my pet mare did not seem inclined to follow, until I spoke to her, and then she bounded through with a snort. After putting her in the field, and returning, I found the ghost had vanished. But I was quite sure I had not done with it yet; and as I drew near the house I was in momentary expectation that it would come out upon me somewhere. I kept a sharp look-out, but saw nothing, and had reached the porch door to go in, when, lo, there stood the spectre barring my way! I paused and glanced at its appearance as well as I could, and I must confess if I had been at all superstitious, or had come on such an object in a strange place, I think I should have been somewhat shaken. However, I knew my spectre, boldly took hold of it, and found I had something tangible in my grip. After a brief and silent struggle, I thrust open the door, and brought my victim into the room. My mother and sisters, who knew nothing of what had been going on, were greatly alarmed to see me dragging into the house a white object, and, womanlike, began to scream; but the mystery was soon revealed. She had made up some thick paste, with which she had covered her face, and had really got up quite a sepulchral expression, to which the darkness gave effect; and being enveloped in a white sheet, made, we thought, a capital ghost. This did not satisfy her, and was only a preliminary to her appearance on the first suitable occasion to our neighbours. It was not long before they encountered the ghost on their way home after dark, and were so badly frightened that in the end I think Eliza was worse frightened than they.

Eliza never had any confidants in these little affairs, and they were over before any one in the house knew of it. This was the end, so far as she was concerned,

of this kind of amusement.

Some time after this another little episode of a similar nature happened, but this time Eliza was one of the victims. We had a near neighbour, an old bachelor, who had a fine patch of melons close at hand. Eliza and a cousin who was on a visit had had their eyes on them, and one day declared they were going that night to get some of Tom's melons. Mother advised them not to do it, and told them there were melons enough in our own garden without their going to steal Tom's. No, they didn't want them, they were going to have a laugh on Tom;—and so when it was dark they set off to commit the trespass. They had been away but a few minutes when mother—who by the way was a remarkably timid woman, and I have often wondered how she got up enough courage to play the trick—put a white sheet under her arm and followed along the road to a turn, where was a pair of bars, through which the girls had passed to the field. Here she paused, and when she fancied the girls had reached their destination she drew the sheet around her, rapped on the bars with a stick, and called to them. Then, folding up the sheet, she ran away home. She was not sure whether they had seen her or not. The sheet was put away, and, taking up her knitting, she sat down quietly to await their return, which she anticipated almost immediately. A long time elapsed, and they did not appear. Then mother became alarmed, and as she happened to be alone she did not know what to do. Though she had gone out on purpose to frighten the girls, I do not think she could have been induced to go out again to see what was keeping them. After a while Mary came in, and then Eliza, both pale, and bearing evidence of having had a terrible fright. Mother asked them what in the world was the matter. "O, Aunt Polly!" they both exclaimed, "we have seen such an awful thing tonight." "What was it?" They could not tell; it was terrible!

"Where did you see it?" "Over by the bars! Just as we had got a melon we heard an awful noise, and then we saw something white moving about, and then it was gone!" They were so badly frightened that they dropped down among the vines, and lay there for some minutes. They then got up, and, making a detour, walked home; but how, they never could tell. Mother was never suspected by them, and after a time she told them about it. There were no more ghosts seen in the neighbourhood after that.

Time passed on, and Eliza's love of mischief drove her into another kind of adventure. She was a girl of fine presence; fair, with bright black eyes and soft black hair, which curled naturally, and was usually worn combed back off the forehead. The general verdict was that she was pretty. I have no doubt if she had had the opportunity she would have made a brilliant actress, as she was naturally clever, possessing an excellent memory and being a wonderful mimic. She would enter into a bit of fun with the abandon of a child, and if occasion required the stoicism of a deacon, the whole house might be convulsed with laughter, but in Eliza's face, if she set her mind to it, you could not discern the change of a muscle. Her features were regular, and of that peculiar cast which, when she was equipped in man's attire, made her a most attractive-looking beau. About half a mile away lived a poor widow with a couple of daughters, and very nice girls they were, but one was said to be a bit of a coquette. Eliza conceived the idea of giving this young lady a practical lesson in the following manner. She dressed herself in father's clothes, and set about making the girl's acquaintance. She possessed the necessary *sang-froid* to carry on a scheme of this kind with success. The affair was altogether a secret. Well, in due course a strange young man called about dark one evening at the widow's to make enquiries respecting a person in the neighbourhood he wished to find. He gave out that he was a stranger, and was stopping at –-, a few miles away; asked for a drink of water, and to be allowed to rest for a few moments; made himself agreeable, chatted with the girls, and when he was leaving was invited to call again if he passed that way. He did call again in a short time, and again and again, and struck up a regular courtship with one of the girls, and succeeded to all appearance in winning her affection. Now, the question presented itself, when matters began to take this shape, how she was to break it off, and the affair was such a novelty that she became quite infatuated with it, and I have no doubt would have continued her visits if an accident had not happened which brought them to an abrupt termination. On her return one night she unexpectedly met father at the door, and as there was no chance for retreat, she very courteously asked if he could direct her to Mr. –-. It happened to be raining, and father, of course quite innocently, asked the stranger in until the shower was over. She hesitated, but finally came in and took a seat. There was something about the person, and particularly the clothes, that attracted his attention, but this probably would have passed if he had not, observed that the boots were on the wrong feet; that is to say, the right boot was on the left foot, *et vice versa*. Knowing Eliza's propensities well, he suspected her, and she was caught. Enjoying a romp now and then himself he called mother, and after tormenting poor Eliza for a while, let her go. This cured her effectually. But the poor girl never knew what became

of her lover. He came no more, and she was left to grieve for a time, and I suppose to forget, for she married a couple of years after. The secret was kept at Eliza's request, after making a clean breast of it to mother, for a long time. She married not long after this, and was beloved by everyone. She was a devoted wife, and had several children, none of whom are now living. Poor Eliza! I thought of Hamlet's soliloquy on Yorick as I stood by her unkept grave, with its headstone fallen and broken. "Those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft—where be your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment."

All gone, years ago! And they live only in the sweet recollections of the past.

My father used to keep a large number of bees either in wood or straw hives, mostly of the former; and indeed most all our neighbours kept them too, and I remember a curious custom that prevailed of blowing horns and pounding tin pans when they were swarming, to keep them from going away. I never knew my father to resort to this expedient, but it was wonderful to see him work among them. He would go to the hives and change them from one to another, or go under a swarm, and without any protection to his face or hands, shake them into the hive, and carry it away and put it in its place. They never stung him unless by accident.

If one of them got under his clothes and was crowded too much, he might be reminded that there was something wrong, but the sting only troubled him for a minute or two. With me it seemed if they got a sight of me they made a "bee line" for my face. After father's death they soon disappeared, as I would not have them about. We sometimes found bee trees in the woods, and on one occasion chopped down a large elm out of which we got a quantity of choice honey. I remember this well; for I ate so much that it made me sick, and cured me from wanting honey ever after.

Another incident connected with the afternoon's work in robbing the bees. It was quite early in the spring, and though the snow had pretty much disappeared from the fields, yet there was some along the fences and in the woods. We left the house after dinner with a yoke of oxen and wood-sleigh freighted with pails and tubs to bring back our expected prize, and the afternoon was well spent before

John—our hired man—had felled the tree, and by the time we had got the comb into the vessels it was growing dark. Just as everything had been got into the sleigh, and we were about to leave, we were startled by a shrill scream on one side, something like that made by a pair of quarrelsome tom-cats, only much louder, which was answered immediately by a prolonged mew on the other.

The noise was so startling and unexpected that John for a moment was paralyzed. Old Ring, a large powerful dog, bounded away at once into the woods, and Buck and Bright started for home on the trot. I was too sick to care much about wild cats, or in fact anything else, and lay on my back in the straw among the pails and tubs, but I heard the racket, and what appeared a struggle with the dog. We did not see Ring until next morning, and felt sure that he had been killed. The poor old fellow looked as though he had had a hard time of it, and did not move about much for a day or two. The wild cat or Canadian lynx is a ferocious animal. The species generally go in pairs. I have frequently heard them calling to one another at apparently long distances, and then they would gradually come together. A man would fare very badly with a pair of them, particularly if he was laid on his back with a fit of colic.

Like most lads, I was fond of shooting, and used frequently to shoulder my gun and stroll away through the fields in quest of game. On one occasion, somewhere about the first of September, I was out hunting black squirrels, and had skirted along the edge of the woods and corn fields for some distance. I had not met with very good success. The afternoon was warm, and I was discussing in my mind whether I should go further on or return home. Looking up the hill, I saw a couple of squirrels, and started after them at a sharp pace. On my right was a corn field and as I stepped along the path near the fence, I had a glimpse of something moving along on the other side of it, but I was so intent on watching the squirrels that I did not in fact think of anything else for the moment. As I drew near the tree I saw them go up.

Keeping a sharp look-out for a shot, I chanced to look down, and there before me, not two rods away, sat a large red-nosed bear. The encounter was so unexpected that it is hardly necessary to say I was frightened, and it was a moment or two before I could collect my wits. Bruin seemed to be examining me very composedly, and when I did begin to realize the position the question was what to do. I was afraid to turn at once and run. Having but one charge of

small shot in my gun, I knew it would not do to give him that, so we continued gazing at each other. At length I brought my gun to full cock, made a step forward, and gave a shout. The bear quietly dropped on his fore legs and moved off, and so did I, and as the distance widened I increased my speed. The little dog I had with me decamped before I did, having no doubt seen the bear. I ran to a neighbour's who had a large dog. One of the boys got his gun, and we went back in a somewhat better condition for a fight; but when the dog struck the scent he put his tail between his legs and trotted home, showing more sense probably than we did. However, we saw nothing of the bear, and returned. Some days after a neighbour shot a large bear, no doubt the same one.

Very early in the history of mankind it was pronounced to be not good that man should be alone, and ever since then both male and female have seemed to think so too. At all events there is a certain time in life when this matter occupies a very prominent place in the minds of both, and it was no more of a novelty when I was young than now. The same desires warmed the heart, and the same craving for social enjoyment and companionship brought the young together, with the difference that then we were in the rough, while the young of the present have been touched up by education and polished by the refinements of fashionable society.

I do not think they are any better at the core, or make more attentive companions. Now, when a young gentleman goes to see a young lady with other views than that of spending a little time agreeably, he is said to be paying his addresses, or, as Mrs. Grundy would say: It is an *affaire d'amour*. When I was young, if a boy went to see a girl (and they did whenever they could) he was said to be sparking her. If he was unsuccessful in his suit you would hear it spoken of in some such way as this: "Sally Jones gave Jim Brown the mitten;" and very often the unlucky swain was actually presented with a small mitten by the mischievous fair one whom he had hoped to win, as a broad hint that it was useless for him to hang around there any longer. Sunday afternoon was the usual time selected, and in fact it was the only time at their disposal for visiting the girls. There were favourite resorts in every neighbourhood, and girls whose attractions were very much more inviting than others, and thither three or four young gallants, well-mounted and equipped in their best Sunday gear, might be seen galloping from different directions of a Sunday evening. Of course it could not in the nature of things happen that all would be successful, and so after a

while one unfortunate after another would ride away to more propitious fields, and leave the more fortunate candidate to entertain his lady-love until near midnight. Sometimes tricks were played on fortunate rivals by loosing their horses and starting them home, or hiding their saddles; and it was not a pleasant conclusion to such a delightful visit to have to trudge through the mud four or five miles of a dark night, or to ride home barebacked, as the best pants were likely to get somewhat soiled in the seat. However, these little affairs seldom proved very serious, and it would get whispered around that Tildy Smith was going to get married to Pete Robins.

When I had grown to be quite a lad I got a lesson from Grandfather C–

that never required repeating. Those who are acquainted with the Quakers know that they do not indulge in complimentary forms of speech. A question is answered with a simple yes or no. My father's people were of this persuasion, and of course my replies whenever addressed were in the regular home style. It does not follow, however, that because the Friends as a people eschew conformity to the world both in dress and speech, that there is a want of parental respect. Quite the contrary.

Their regular and temperate habits, their kindness and attention to the comfort and well-being of one another, make their homes the abode of peace and good-will, and, though their conversation is divested of the many little phrases the absence of which is thought disrespectful by very many, yet they have gained a reputation for consistency and truthfulness which is of more value than ten thousand empty words that drop smoothly from the lips but have no place in the heart. During a visit to my grandfather, the old gentleman asked me a number of questions to which he got the accustomed yes or no. This so displeased him that he caught me by the ear and gave it a twist that seemed to me to have deprived me of that member altogether, and said very sharply, "When you answer me, say SIR." That Sir was so thoroughly twisted into my head that I do not think the old man ever spoke to me after that it did not jump to my lips.

Another anecdote, of much the same character as that related above, and quite as characteristic of the men of those days, was told me by an old man not long

since—one of the very few of the second generation now living (Paul. C. Petersen, aged 84). Mr. Herman, one of the first settlers in the 4th Concession of Adolphustown, bought a farm, which happened to be situated on the boundary line between the above-named township and Fredericksburgh, in those days known as 3rd and 4th town.

It seems that in the original survey, whether through magnetic influence, to which it was ascribed in later years, but more probably through carelessness, or something more potent, there was a wide variation in the line which should have run nearly directly north from the starting point on the shore of the Bay of Quinte. However, as time wore on, and land became more valuable, this question of boundary became a serious thing, and in after years resulted in a series of law suits which cost a large sum of money. Mr. Herman held his farm by the first survey, but if the error which had been made in a direction north was corrected, he would either lose his farm or would have been shoved over on to his neighbour west, and so on. He was not disposed to submit to this, and as he was getting old he took his eldest son one day out to the original post at the south-east corner of his farm on the north shore of Hay Bay, and said to him: “My son, this (pointing out the post), is the post put here by the first survey,—and which I saw planted—at the corner of my lot, and I wish you to look around and mark it well.” While the son was looking about, the old man drew up his arm and struck him with the flat of his hand and knocked him over. He at once picked him up, and said: “My son, I had no intention of hurting you, but I wanted to impress the thing on your mind.” Shortly after he took the second son out, and administered the same lesson. Not long after the old man passed away, and I remember well that for years this matter was a bone of contention.

Most Canadians are familiar with the musical bullfrogs which in the spring, in a favourable locality, in countless numbers call to each other all night long from opposite swamps. These nightly concerts become very monotonous. The listener, however, if he pays attention, will catch a variety of sounds that he may train into something, and if of a poetical turn of mind might make a song that would rival some of those written to bells. I used to fancy I could make out what they were calling back to one another, and have often been a very attentive listener. There was an old man in the neighbourhood who very frequently came home drunk, and we used to wonder he did not fall off his horse and get badly hurt or killed; but the old horse seemed to understand how to keep under him and fetch

him and his jug home all right. We had a little song which the frogs used to sing for him as he got near home.

Old Brown—old Brown 1st baritone, last word drawn out.

Been to town—been to town 2nd—answer same key.

With his jug-jug-jug 3rd—high key in which more join.

Coo-chung—coo-chung 4th—baritone in which several join.

Chuck-chuck-chuck. 5th—alto from different quarters.

Chr r r r r r r r.— 6th—chorus, grand, after which there is a pause, and then an old leader will start as before.

Old Brown—old Brown

Get home—get home,

Your drunk, drunk, drunk,

Coo chung-cooo chung

Chuck-chuck-chuck.

Chr r r r r r r r.

Many curious stories are told respecting the sagacity of animals, among which the dog takes a prominent place. My father had a large dog when I was a youngster that certainly deserves a place among the remarkable ones of his race. Ring was a true friend, and never of his own accord violated the rules of propriety with his kind, but woe to the dog who attempted to bully him. He possessed great strength, and when driven into a contest, generally made short work of it, and trotted away without any show of pride over his defeated

contestant. He was in the habit of following my father on all occasions and although frequently shut up and driven back, was sure to be on hand at the stopping point to take charge of the team, *etc.* On the occasion I am about to mention, my father and mother were going on a visit to his brothers some twenty-four miles distant. Before starting in the morning the decree went forth that Ring must stop at home, and he was accordingly shut up, with instructions that he was not to be let out until after dinner. It was necessary to do this before any preparations were made for going away, for the simple reason that it had been done repeatedly before, and when there was the least sign of a departure, experience had taught him that the best plan was to keep out of the way, in which he generally succeeded until too late to capture him. On this occasion Ring was outwitted. The horses were put to the sleigh, and away they trotted. On the journey they stopped at Picton for a time, when the team was driven into the tavern yard and fed, during which time other teams were coming and going. After about an hour they started again, driving through the village, and on towards their destination. Some five or six hours after, when all possible chance of Ring's following seemed to have passed, he was let out. The dog seemed to know at once what had been going on, and after a careful inspection, discovered that father and mother, with the horses and sleigh, were gone. He rushed about the place with his nose to the ground, and when he had settled which way they had gone, set off in full chase up the road, and a few minutes before they had reached my uncle's, Ring passed them, on the road, wagging his tail, and looking as if he thought that was a good joke. The singular point is how the dog discovered their route, and how, hours after, he traced them up into the tavern yard and out through a street, and along a road where horses and sleighs were passing all the time; and how he distinguished the difference of the horses' feet and sleigh runners from scores of others which had passed to and fro in the meantime. It is a case of animal instinct, or whatever it may be called, beyond comprehension.

Many years ago my father-in-law (the late Isaac Ingersoll, Esq.), a prominent man in the District, and a wealthy farmer, widely known, had frequent applications from parties in Kingston for a good milch cow. In those days milk was not delivered, as now, at every door in towns, and it became a necessity for every family to have a cow. The wealthier people wanted good ones, and as the old gentleman was known to keep good stock, he was enabled to get good prices. On one occasion he sold a cow to a gentleman in the town above named, and

sent her by steamboat down the Bay of Quinte, a distance of over thirty miles. A week after, the old man was surprised one morning to find this cow in his yard. She had made her escape from her new master, and returned to her old quarters and associates. She was sent back, and after a time got away and travelled the thirty miles again, and was found in the yard. The second journey of course was not so difficult, but by what process did she discover, in the first place, the direction she was taken, and pursue a road which she had never travelled, back to her old quarters. At her new home she was, if anything, better fed and cared for; why should she embrace the first opportunity to steal away and seek her old companions?

Who can explain these things? In this case there is an attachment evinced for home and associates, and a persistence in returning to them, most remarkable, and in the case of the dog, an intelligence (or what you may be pleased to call it), which enabled him to trace his master, and overtake him, which is altogether beyond human ken.

There is the irrepressible cat, too. Every household is troubled from time to time with one or more of these animals, which from their *snuping* propensities become a nuisance. I have on more than one occasion put one in a bag and carried it miles away, and then let it go, rather than kill it outright; but it was sure to be back almost as soon as myself.

The 4th of June, the anniversary of the birth of King George III., as well as that of the very much more humble individual who pens these lines, for many years was the day selected for the annual drill of the militia of the Province. It was otherwise known as general training-day, and ten days or more previously, the men belonging to the various battalions were “warned” to appear at a certain place in the district.

Each individual was subject to a fine of 10s or more if not on the ground to answer to his name when the roll was called. On the morning of that day, therefore, men on foot, on horseback and in waggons were to be seen wending their way to the “training ground,” or field, in close proximity to a tavern. It was an amusing spectacle to see a few hundred rustics, whose ages ranged from 16 to

40, in all kinds of dress, with old muskets that had been used in the Revolutionary War or in that of 1812—fusees that many a year, as occasion required, had helped to contribute to the diminished larder—drawn up in a line, and marched round the field for a time. The evolutions were such as might be expected from a crowd of raw countrymen, and often got tangled up so that a military genius of more than superhuman skill would have been puzzled to get them in order again.

There was no other way to do it, but to stop and re-form the line. Then would come the word of command: “Attention. Brown fall back. Johnson straighten up there. That will do. Now men, at the word ‘Right about,’

each man has to turn to his right, at the word ‘Left about,’ each man turns to his left. Now then: Attention—Right about face.” Confusion again, some turning to the right and others to the left. A few strong phrases follow—“As you were”—and so the thing goes on; the men are wheeled to the right and left, marched about the field, and, after being put through various steps, are brought into line again. The commanding officer, sword in hand, looks along the serried ranks, the sergeants pass along the line, chucking one’s head up, pushing one back, bringing another forward, and then rings out the word of command again: “Atten_tion_! Shoulder arms! Make ready, present, fire!” Down come the old guns and sticks in a very threatening attitude, a random pop along the line is heard, then “Stand at ease”—after which the Colonel, in his red coat, wheels his charger about, says a few words to the men, and dismisses them. The rest of the day was spent by every man in carousing, horse-racing, and games, with an occasional fight. After the arduous duties of the day, the officers had a special spread at the tavern, and afterwards left for home with very confused ideas as to the direction in which they should proceed to reach it.

Fifty years ago, shaving the beard, in Canada at all events, was universal. If a man were to go about as the original Designer of his person no doubt intended, a razor would never have touched his face. But men, like other animals, are subject to crotchets, and are wont to imitate superiors, so when some big-bug like Peter the Great introduced the shears and razor, men appeared soon after with cropped heads and clean chops. I do not remember that I ever saw a man

with a full beard until after I had passed manhood for some years, except on one occasion when I was a youngster at school in the old school house on the concession. A man passed through the neighbourhood—I do not remember what he was doing—with a long flowing beard. We had somehow got the idea that no men except Jews wore their beards, and the natural inference with us was that this man was one of that creed. He was as much of a curiosity to us as a chimpanzee or an African lion would have been, and we were about as afraid of him as we would have been on seeing either of the other animals.

The township of Adolphustown, in the county of Lennox, is the smallest township in the Province. Originally the counties of Lennox and Addington, Frontenac, Hastings and Prince Edward were embraced in the Midland District. These counties, as the country advanced in population, were one after another set off, the last being the united counties of Lennox and Addington, separated from Frontenac, and with the town of Napanee as its capital. The township in my young days was known as fourth town, as the townships east of it as far as Kingston were known as first, second and third town. Immediately after the American War, the land along the Bay of Quinte, embracing these townships, with fifth, sixth and seventh town to the west, were taken up, and the arduous task of clearing away the bush at once began. The bay, from its debouche at Kingston, extends west about seventy miles, nearly severing at its termination the county of Prince Edward from the main land. The land on either hand, for about thirty miles west of Kingston, is undulating, with a gradual ascent from the shore, but when Adolphustown is reached, Marysburgh, in the county of Prince Edward, on the opposite side of the bay, presents a bold front, its steep banks rising from one to two hundred feet. From the Lake of the Mountain, looking across the wide stretch of water formed by the sharp detour of the bay in its westerly to a north-easterly course for fifteen or twenty miles, the observer has one of the most charming scenes in America spread out before him. In the distance, the lofty rocky shore of Sophiasburgh, with its trees and shrubs crowding down to the water’s edge, stretch away to the right and left. To the west, the estuary known as Picton Bay curves around the high wooded shore of Marysburgh, and beneath and to the east, the four points of which the township of Adolphustown is composed reach out their woody banks into the wide sweep of the bay like the four fingers of a man’s hand. For quiet, picturesque beauty, there is nothing to surpass it. On every hand the eye is arrested with charming landscapes, and looking across the several points of the township you have

dwellings, grain fields, herds of cattle, and wood. Beyond you catch the shimmer of the water. Again you have clumps of trees and cultivated fields, and behind them another stretch of water, and so on as far as the eye can reach. The whole course of the bay, in fact, is a panorama of rural beauty, but the old homes that were to be seen along its banks twenty-five and thirty years ago have either disappeared altogether or have been modernized. It is now very nearly one hundred years since the first settlers found their way up it, and it must have been then a beautiful sight in its native wildness, the clear green water stretching away to the west, the sinuosities of the shore, the numberless inlets, the impenetrable forest and the streams that cut their way through it and poured their contingents into its broad bosom, the islands here and there, upon which the white man had never set his foot, water fowl in thousands, whose charming home was then for the first time invaded, skurrying away with noisy quake and whir, the wood made sweet with the song of birds, the chattering squirrel, the startled deer, the silent murmur of the water as it lapped the sedgy shore or gravelly beach—

these things must have combined to please, and to awaken thoughts of peaceful homes, in the near future to them all.

The Bay of Quinte, apart from its delightful scenery, possesses an historical interest. It is not known from whence it received its name, but there is no doubt it is of French origin. Perhaps some of the old French voyageurs, halting at Fort Frontenac, on their way west, as they passed across it, and through one of the gaps that open the way to the broad expanse of Lake Ontario, may have christened it. Be this as it may, it was along its shores that the first settlers of the Province located. Here came the first preachers, offering to the lonely settler the bread of life. On its banks the first house devoted to the worship of God was erected, and the seed sown here, as the country grew, spread abroad. Here the first schoolmaster began his vocation of instructing the youth. The first steamboat was launched (1816) upon its waters at Ernesttown, near the present village of Bath. Kingston, for a long time the principal town of the Province, then composed of a few log houses, was the depot of supplies for the settlers. It has a history long anterior to this date. In 1673, Courcelles proceeded to Cataraqui with an armed force to bring the Iroquois to terms, and to get control of the fur trade. Then followed the building of Fort Frontenac. The restless trader and discoverer, La Salle, had the original grant for a large domain around the fort. Here, in 1683, La Barre built vessels for the navigation of the lake, and the

year following held a great council with the Five Nations of Indians, at which Big Mouth was the spokesman. The fort was destroyed by Denonville in 1689, and rebuilt in 1696. It was again reduced by Colonel Bradstreet in 1758.

In Adolphustown many of the first settlers still lived when I was a boy, and I have heard them recount their trials and hardships many a time.

Besides the U. E. Loyalists there were a number of Quaker families which came to the Province about the same time, leaving the new Republic, not precisely for the same reasons, but because of their attachment to the old land. During the war, these people, who are opposed to war and bloodshed, suffered a good deal, and were frequently imprisoned, and their money and property appropriated. This did not occur in Canada, but they were subject to a fine for some time, for not answering to their names at the annual muster of the militia. The fine, however, was not exacted, except in cases where there were doubts as to membership with the society. This small township has contributed its quota to the Legislature of the country. T. Dorland represented the Midland District in the first Parliament of the Province, and was followed by Willet Casey, when Newark or Niagara was the capital. The latter was succeeded several years later by his son, Samuel Casey, but, as often happens, there was a difference in the political opinions of the father and son.

The father was a Reformer, the son a Tory; and at the election, the old gentleman went to the poll and recorded his vote against his son, who was nevertheless elected. The Roblins, John P–, who represented the county of Prince Edward, and David, who sat for Lennox and Addington, were natives of the township. The Hagermans, Christopher and D–, were also fourth town boys, with whom my mother went to school. The old homestead, a low straggling old tenement, stood on the bay shore a few yards west of the road that leads to the wharf. I remember it well. It was destroyed by fire years ago. The father of Sir John A. Macdonald kept a store a short distance to the east of the Quaker meeting-house on Hay Bay, on the third concession. It was a small clapboarded building, painted red, and was standing a few years ago. I remember being at a nomination in the village of Bath, on which occasion there were several speakers from Kingston, among them John A. Macdonald, then a young lawyer just feeling his way into political life. He made a speech, and began something in this way: “Yeomen of the county of Lennox and Addington, I remember well when I ran

about in this district a barefooted boy," &c. He had the faculty then, which he has ever since preserved, of getting hold of the affections of the people. This *bonhommie* has had much to do with his popularity and success. I recollect well how lustily he was cheered by the staunch old farmers on the occasion referred to. A few years later a contest came off in the county of Prince Edward, where I then resided. In those days political contests were quite as keen as now; but the alterations in the law which governs these matters has been greatly changed and improved. The elections were so arranged that people owning property in various counties could exercise their franchise. The old law, which required voters to come to a certain place in the district to record their vote, had been repealed; and now each voter had to go to the township in which he owned property, to vote. Foreign voters were more numerous then than now, and were looked after very sharply. On this occasion there was a sharp battle ahead, and arrangements were made to meet property owners at all points. There were a number from Kingston on our side, and it fell to me to meet them at the Stone Mills Ferry, and bring them to Picton. The ice had only recently taken in the bay, and was not quite safe, even for foot passengers. There were six or seven, and among them John A. Macdonald, Henry Smith, afterwards Sir Henry, and others. In crossing, Smith got in, but was pulled out by his companions, in no very nice plight for a long drive. The sleighing was good, and we dashed away. In the evening I brought them back, and before they set off across the bay on their return, John A. mounted the long, high stoop or platform in front of Teddy McGuire's, and gave us an harangue in imitation of –-, a well-known Quaker preacher, who had a marvellous method of intoning his discourses. It was a remarkable sing-song, which I, or any one else who ever heard it, could never forget. Well John A., who knew him well, had caught it, and his imitation was so perfect that I am inclined to think the old man, if he had been a listener, would have been puzzled to tell t'other from which. We had a hearty laugh, and then separated.

[Illustration: SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S EARLY HOME.]

I have often heard my mother tell of a trip she made down to the Bay of Quinte, when she was a young girl. She had been on a visit to her brother Jonas Canniff (recently deceased in this city at the age of ninety-two), who had settled on the

river Moira, two miles north of the town of Belleville, then a wilderness. There were no steamboats then, and the modes of conveyance both by land and water were slow and tedious. She was sent home by her brother, who engaged two friendly Indians to take her in a bark canoe. The distance to be travelled was over twenty miles, and the morning they started the water in the bay was exceedingly rough. She was placed in the centre of the canoe, on the bottom, while her Indian *voyageurs* took their place in either end, resting on their knees. They started, and the frail boat danced over the waves like a shell. The stoical yet watchful Indians were alive only to the necessities of their position, and with measured stroke they shot their light bark over the boisterous water. Being a timid girl, and unaccustomed to the water, especially under such circumstances, she was much frightened and never expected to reach her home. There was considerable danger, no doubt, and her fears were not allayed by one of the Indians telling her if she stirred he would break her head with the paddle. The threat may not have been unwise. Their safety depended on perfect control of the boat, and in their light shell a very slight movement might prove disastrous. Her situation was rendered more unpleasant by the splashing of the water, which wet her to the skin.

This she had to put up with for hours, while the Indians bravely and skilfully breasted the sea, and at last set her safely on the beach in front of her father's house. When they came to the shore one of the Indians sprang lightly into the water, caught her in his arms and placed her on dry land. This trip was literally burned in her memory, and though she frequently mentioned it, she did so with a shudder, and an expression of thankfulness for her preservation.

Of the old people who were living in my boyhood there are few more thoroughly fixed in my memory, with the exception, perhaps, of my grandfathers Canniff and Haight, than Willet and Jane Casey. There were few women better known, or more universally respected, than Aunt Jane.

This was the title accorded to her by common consent, and though at that time she had passed the allotted term of three-score years and ten, she was an active woman—a matron among a thousand, a friend of everybody, and everybody's friend. Her house was noted far and wide for its hospitality, and none dispensed it more cordially than Aunt Jane. In those days the people passing to and fro did not hesitate to avail themselves of the comforts this old home afforded. In fact, it

was a general stopping place, where both man and beast were refreshed with most cheerful liberality.

[Illustration: AUNT JANE, AGE 92]

Jane Niles, her maiden name, was born at Butternuts, Otsego County, in the central part of New York State, 1763; so that at the commencement of the American Revolution she was about eleven years old. She was married in 1782. The following year, 1783, the year in which peace was proclaimed, her husband, Willet Casey, left for Upper Canada, and located in the fourth town on the shore of the Bay of Quinte. After erecting a log house and a blacksmith shop, he returned for his wife. He was taken seriously ill, and nearly a year passed before he was able to set out again for the new home in the wilds of Upper Canada (which was reached early in the year 1785), where, after a long and prosperous life, he ended his days.

Aunt Jane was a tall and well proportioned woman, of commanding presence and cheerful disposition; a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and a good conversationalist. She had been a close observer of passing events, and possessed a wonderfully retentive memory. It was an epoch in one’s life to hear her recount the recollections of her early days.

These ran through the whole period of the American War, and many scenes which are now historical, that she had witnessed, or was cognizant of, were given with a vividness that not only delighted the listener but fixed them in his memory. Then, the story of the coming to Canada, with her first babe six months old, and the struggles and hardships in the bush, which in the days of which I speak she delighted to linger over, was a great treat to listen to. There were few of the first families she did not know, and whose history was not familiar to her, and in most cases she could give the names and ages of the children. The picture given of her in this volume is a copy from a daguerrotype taken when she was ninety-two years old. For several years before her demise she did not use spectacles, and could read ordinary print with ease, or do fine needlework. She retained her faculties to the last, and died at the age of ninety-six.

She had eleven children, five of whom died young. Her eldest daughter, Martha, known as Patty Dorland, attained the age of ninety-two. Then followed Samuel, Elizabeth, Thomas, Mary and Jane. These, with the exception of Thomas and Mary Ingersoll, my wife's mother, died many years ago. Thomas Casey died at Brighton, in January of this year, aged eighty-seven, and Mary Ingersoll on the first of June, aged eighty-five, the last of the family.

Willet Casey was an energetic man. He accumulated a large property, and in my boyhood there were not many days in the week that the old man could not be seen driving along the road in his one-horse waggon in some direction. He was one of the first representatives for the Midland District, when Newark was the capital of the Province. His son Samuel, a number of years subsequently, represented the district, and later, his grandson, Dr. Willet Dorland, represented the County of Prince Edward.

NOTE: At the time my book was going through the press, I was under the impression that the fish known in this country as a Sucker was the same as the Mullet, but had no intention that the latter name should find its way into the text in place of Sucker. See page 41. According to Richardson, one of the best authorities we have, the Sucker is of the Carp family, the scientific name of which is *Cyprinus Hudsonius*, or Sucking Carp.

On page 127, "and, as their lives had theretofore," read heretofore.

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