

we so fortunate as to possess it, would be of equal interest, but the Journal here presented is, as I have said, simply a fragment. It is closely written on a rough-edged, old-fashioned sheet of foolscap, folded into small octavo bookshape. It will be seen that the writer had an observant eye and was ready to collect facts and statistics, a habit probably acquired while acting as a kind of private secretary to her husband. Thus, for instance, she gathers from a person at whose house she lodged for a night, that between the Gananoque and the Rideau there is a portage of only half a mile, and that the distance to the Grand River [*i.e.*, the modern Ottawa] was between 50 or 60 miles. She notes that flour is brought to this spot from the Bay of Quinté; that a vessel lately built hereabout could carry 120 barrels. She reports that a certain disloyal settler from the United States has been building a sawmill on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence within sight of Johnstown, and that timber sawn there might, it is feared, be utilized for constructing rafts with a view to hostile incursions on the country at some future time. Like the Poet Moore she questioned the French voyageurs as to the songs with which they beguiled the monotony of their daily tasks and induced an old man in her own *bateau* to sing "Les trois d'un Prin e," which I fail to find in the collection which Ernest Gagnon has made of such productions, published at Québec in 1865, or in *Le Reith Chansonié*, printed in Montreal in 1862.

The Journal commenced at Kingston, September 15th, 1796.

Mrs. Simcoe appears to have been conducted to Kingston in one of the Government vessels under the command of Captain Bouchette, in regard to whom we have a separate memorandum at the foot of the first page of the Journal. She says: "Captain Bouchette wanted to refuse the 15 guineas, he said it was too much; I believe he was very well satisfied." We are also told that "Miss McDonell, Miss Bouchette, Capt. Porter and Mr. Salmon came on board." The Journal itself opens as follows:—

Monday, September 15th—Left Kingston at half past twelve in a boat with a comfortable awning of hoops and oilcloth, accompanied by another *bateau* with baggage; a fine strong wind, delightful sailing. At four the wind came on hard and we were obliged to row. In half an hour after we left Kingston it began to rain hard and continued the whole night. Carey's house shut up, as he had gone to Kingston; rained too hard for me to pitch the tent or sleep in the *bateau*; slept at Fairfield's house close by the mill at Gananoque, he is the farmer's son who built a small vessel; she is now gone for a load of flour to the Bay of Quinté; I think I saw her in the harbour of Kingston, she has carried 120 barrels, looks much larger than the *Tiandinsga*. McGill stayed in the *bateau*. Fairfield said he had been 35 miles back from his present house to catch white fish, but having no means but spearing, and they are remarkably swift and difficult to spear, he took but twenty-three, was out two nights. The land at Gananoque is very bad, barren and fit for nothing, but half a mile back becomes very good.

September 16th—A very wet morning after a night of incessant rain. The *Canadian* would not stir, so I waited to breakfast. Mr. Stone, who is building a mill opposite Fairfield's, came and was extremely civil, brought butter and milk. About nine the rain ceased. I walked