

boy. Graverod was with the party of Indians, but the poor boy died from his wounds.

At this time in your, then, village there was a Mr. Alley, who was quite a stirring man, and indeed considered himself the founder of the village. He was very near sighted, and old Mrs. James Sanson used to say there never was a village without a blind alley. I had been invited by our kind friends, Colonel and Mrs. Wells, to visit them again at Davenport, and I left Orillia on board the little sloop, Mr. Alley being also a passenger. He had a boat towing behind the sloop. As usual, the wind was ahead, and the sloop lay to for more than half-a-day. Mr. Alley then called for volunteers to go in his boat by the Mara shore, and I, boy-like, at once answered to his call, and we started, but made very little headway, and when darkness set in Mr. Alley could not see at all, and was asking me every now and then if we were clear of the shore. I am afraid I used a little duplicity and did not tell him exactly the truth, for I had seen a light on shore, and I saw the boat was nearing it every minute, and we soon found ourselves ashore, and making for the light found a small log house, inhabited by a half-breed, of the name of Kennedy. His wife and sister and two or three children occupied the house. They received us in a very friendly manner, and we stayed all night and partook of a supper and breakfast, the bill of fare being a hodge podge of squirrels, ground hogs and rabbits. Next morning we sailed to Beaverton, and from thence to Roche's Point, where a Major Raines lived. We stayed there a night and left the boat and walked to David Town and Newmarket. I there took the stage to York, heartily tired of Mr. Alley's company, for he had a way of travelling by imposing on the hospitality of some who were perfect strangers to him, which to me, although only a boy, seemed very mean. I then had a good time with my kind friends the Wellses until February. The old Colonel was Treasurer for Upper Canada, and when the roads on Yonge-street were impassable I often drove him to his office in a little spring cart down what is now College-avenue, having to thread our way in and out round stumps and fallen trees. We used to drive to church every Sunday, to a little frame church standing where St. James's cathedral is now, and often heard Archdeacon Strachan preach, who was afterwards bishop. I used to see him on week days walking sturdily along King-street. It was a fine sight on a Sunday to see the regiment of regulars stationed at York going to church, the band playing before them, and the soldiers filing off to their respective churches, Sir John Colborne, the Governor, in his uniform of a General Officer, walking on the sidewalk with Lady Colborne and his family. There was no cry then for Sunday cars, or omnibuses, but every one made use of the limbs God had