

## NORFOLK; OR, THE LONG POINT COUNTRY.

BY P. K. CLYNE.

The person who has ever sailed from east to west over the sparkling waters of Erie, must have observed a narrow strip of land, covered with trees, stretching from the Canadian side far into the lake. This peninsula, as almost any Canadian Geography will show, is called "Long Point"; and its historical interest is of considerable importance. Aside from its forming a refuge for vessels that may pass into Long Point Bay through the Deep Cut,—a channel cut through the Point by the working of the water a few years ago which would otherwise have been attempted ere this by art—it originally gave name to a large and important tract of country to the north. It attracted the attention of original tourists, more particularly from the fact that its shores were found to be the undisputed abode of innumerable flocks of aquatic fowls, valuable, at certain seasons, both for food and down. It was not long before the Long Point country was spoken of as an Eden by U. E. Loyalists in the States; who were ever on the alert to gain all the information possible respecting this country. To such an extent did exaggeration rise, it was actually asserted that a person could, in a few minutes, collect along the shores of the Point, a sufficient quantity of down for a comfortable bed. With such fabulous accounts of this country sounding in their ears, some, were, perhaps, credulous enough to believe them, and longing to be under British rule, a number of families bade adieu to their homes in the east, and commenced a journey towards this favored land. The many difficulties that had to be overcome by a party travelling then, few unexperienced persons think of at the present day; and few there are of those hardy pioneers who still survive to astonish their children, and children's children with truthful tales of their adventures, more wonderful than those of fiction. Hills and valleys had to be trodden over on foot; decaying trunks of trees lying in the way that the white man

had never seen, had to be removed before the heavily laden wagons could be drawn along; rivers had to be forded; and, when night came, a cluster of beech and maple trees in all their glory, formed a covering, while the crackling fires built around the camp, assisted in keeping ferocious animals away. But is this the history of each day's proceeding? Alas, no! On one occasion a mournful party might be seen gathered around a freshly made mound transplanting some wild flowers there, and with tearful eyes taking a last view of the scene ever to be remembered; and which would often, in after times, recall to mind the verse of Mrs. Hemans:—

"One 'midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade."

After undergoing many hardships which were only a foretaste of what they had to endure in the future, a company arrived in the Long Point region about the year 1780. This was then a solitary wilderness; the almost undisputed abode of bears and wolves; and the less quiet haunt of innumerable herds of deer. Being somewhat acquainted with the quality of soils, the Loyalists were not long in discovering that there was wealth to be derived from the richness of the ground. They also saw the many encouragements to promote agriculture that nature had placed within their reach, in the numerous and beautiful streams that charmingly wound their way towards the lake. With bright visions of the future before their minds, those hearty pioneer Loyalists went to work with zeal unsurpassed in clearing away the forest, in building roads, and erecting houses as commodious as it was possible to erect out of rude materials. Among those who first came to the Long Point country, worthy of particular notice, were Col. Ryerson, Col. Backhouse, Walsh, and Tisdale. Those highly respectable individuals, with others of the primitive