

kinds, we were often kept waiting for them for a very long time; it so happened that the settlement was left entirely without salt, from the unusually early breaking up of the roads, and the wreck of a schooner on Lake Erie which was laden with salt for that part of the country, and for many months we were absolutely destitute of it. I never before had known how very valuable a thing it was. We lived in a land of plenty, even to profusion, and were surrounded by farmers who had within their own farms all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, but the want of salt seemed to destroy them all. The supply of meat for the winter was always killed and salted in the autumn, and as the schooner I have mentioned was daily expected at the nearest harbour for a long time, and the grain allotted to the purpose of fattening the cattle and the pigs was exhausted, they were killed; but owing to the failure in the usual supply, and the warm weather which came late in the season, all the meat in the settlement was spoiled, and great quantities were buried in the fields; then the horses and cattle, which, at a distance from the sea coast, absolutely require to be occasionally fed with salt, sickened from the want of it, and many died. The cows gave very little milk, and, in consequence, there was a great scarcity of butter, and the little we had was tasteless and unpalatable; and the bread was scarcely eatable, and not wholesome. Any one in that place would have exchanged any luxury that you could name for an ounce of salt, and the gift of a little piece of salted fish was valued far more than jewels or gold would have been under the circumstances. We were all more or less ill, from being deprived of a description of food