

kind I had to enter with my beautiful Pink, and off I set with my rolls, buoyant with adventure. I visited the townships of Saltfleet, ten miles east of Hamilton, Barton and Binbrook, on the top of the Hamilton mountain ten miles or more. I rode into the lovely township of Ancaster with its old pioneer farms. I went up far away among the Indians into Brant township on the beautiful, undulating river Ouse, where the oak plains, lively hazel bush groves and wild plum trees abound, and delivered my roll. The shout of the Indian or the sudden approach to the wigwam was not very agreeable to my Pink, and the Indians then were in a very wild state on the Grand River—and there was no Brantford city at all—only a few plain wooden huts or houses stood where beautiful residences now are seen. Soon after this, however, the town grew fast. I think the Wilkes family came here about the year 1831.

Again, my journey led me into West Flamboro, East Flamboro, and among the tall pine forests of Beverley. Beverley is a township that lies west of West Flamboro, east of Dumfries, and north of Brant. It was full of tall pine forests—trees standing from 150 to 200 feet, towering upwards, and some of them six feet through—aged from 200 to 500 years old. Did you ever stand beneath a forest of these mighty trees and look upward to their mighty branches of everlasting green, shining in the sunlight of midwinter and midsummer? A solemn hum, as of the distant ocean, comes from their branches, and when the wind shakes their towering heads it sounds like the sound of many waters. Here among the branches of arborescent green the dismal owl builds its nest, rears its young, and hoots in the silent hours of night. Into this forest of mighty pines my beautiful Pink made her way, and I delivered my roll. Regardless was I alike of the silence, the danger of the attack of wild animals, for pine forests are the haunts of the bear, the wolf and the savage lynx. I once saw a beast of this species shot from a pine tree by my father, in 1826, and, although wounded as if to death, it beat off with its claws and tore with its teeth a very large dog. In these forests you then would meet with what were called great windfalls of pine trees, torn up by some passing hurricane, and among the fallen trees great quantities of black thimble-berries would grow, of which bears would eat, and where they were often met.

Again my trusty mare wended her way into East Flamboro, and thence into the old and beautiful township of Nelson, lying next to the mountains of Esquesing and south of Nassagaweya. A curious name, this, of Indian origin. Thence I entered the hills and dense forests of the last named township, then into the old settlements of Trafalgar, which border on Lake Ontario up to Oakville and Streetsville. North of this old township, in which the beautiful town of Oakville is situated, and in which so many great creeks or rivers debouch, is Esquesing. In the mountain range continued from Hamilton, and in Nassagaweya, there arise three large creeks (almost rivers) the river Credit, the Oakville, or Twenty-Mile Creek, and the Brant, or Fifteen-Mile Creek, all passing through rich, picturesque, agricultural land, long settled by the oldest people of Canada. I passed through these townships hastily on horse-back into Garafraxa township—then almost a wilderness. It borders on the great township of Chinguacousy to the east, which then lay in the Home District—now the county of Peel. These euphonious names, Nassagaweya, Garafraxa, Chinguacousy, are of Indian origin, and the Huron Indians lived in them hundreds of years ago, and afterwards the Massasugas, or Chippewas. In Garafraxa I met an old resident and friend, John Gamble, who used to live in Dundas, Wentworth, and his father was one of the first residents of Dundas. He was a very amiable, excellent young man, and owned several mills there. This township abuts on Orangeville, and was then full of old beaver dams and meadows, where many years before this wise and wonderful animal used to live.

I had to visit in this tour the present site of the city of Guelph, and could not stop there for want of an inn. Only a few small houses appeared to be built, so I pushed on through the then thinly settled township of Nichol. It was full of cedar swamps and blind roads. As it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking fast in the west, in my hurry I got for a time lost in these cedar swamps. It may be easily imagined, accustomed as I was to roads, what my feelings were then, surrounded by dense woods with boughs overhanging the road, the danger of wild beasts at that time being very great in the backwoods. Wild-cats, and the more furious animals called lynxes were abundant. The screams of this last animal at night are appalling. They can spring on their prey from the overhanging trees and might have done so on my beautiful Pink or upon me. Wolves howled around you at night, and appeared in packs often in winter—or in couples at all seasons. The startled deer were then seen in the woods as our cattle are now on our farms, very common, especially in the neighbourhood where I was. The howling of the owls in the hemlock or cedar trees would startle the traveller in his journey at night, and in case of my being lost, I resolved to trust my swift and beautiful mare and let her go as she pleased in the road—and upon one occasion she came, luckily, to the foot of a hill upon which there was built a pioneer farmer's house in Nichol. Here I was taken in and hospitably entertained by the good wife and a lovely daughter, who helped her. It seemed like my old wood-home of the year 1820, near Brantford, though all was primeval, with farmer's fare. Many a family from the front and from bonny Scotland, Ireland and England, in those days, ventured away back

into the woods many miles from other settlements and opened up farms, built log-cabins and barns, where now you can see the most beautiful cultivated lands, with orchards and brick-houses. Such a farmer was this—I forget his name—who no doubt in after years owned a beautiful residence. Nichol is now full of lovely farms and residences.

The kind hand of God on this occasion, as on many others in my life, led me into safety, and I felt that I was under a Christian roof, and in a family of most cultivated people. There was quite a little romance about it, for I was young and could easily have worked up a story of the meeting with a wood nymph in the distant woods upon a dark night in this sweet and silent farmer's home. The cows were lying around, the faithful dogs were at the door, and the farmer's implements of work were near. The gun was hung up in the corner, and the frugal table laden with a farmer's backwoods fare. The churn and the spinning-wheel were both present. Rich milk and home-made bread were on the table, with eggs, pies and meat, for the farmer's fare is simple but nourishing, and by the arms of the old pioneer farmers and their wives, sons and daughters, the wilds of Ontario have been made to yield to great beauty and culture. My beautiful Pink was also taken care of and on the next morning the sun rose lovely and bright. Everything as it does in June in Ontario looked enchanting, with the birds welcoming the rising sun, the leaves of the trees giving forth their rich perfume, and the echoes of the woods resounding over hills and valleys. I was kindly directed on my road by the farmer, and bade adieu to his hospitable home, his kind wife and rosy-cheeked daughter. I have now forgotten their names; we never met again, and doubtless, they have now gone to their long homes. My road took me to Wilmot Township, thence to Waterloo, these great settlements of our wealthy industrious German people, over 58 years ago. Wilmot, especially Waterloo, was pretty well settled, but there were no such towns as Berlin, Waterloo or Hamburg. Beautiful towns now flourish where great forests then were seen; noble farms grace the country; and it is a delightful thing now to travel through Waterloo. Before going on this journey I had transcribed on the rolls from the assessment lists the names of all the farmers in Waterloo, and every township on my journey. Strange names the Germans have too; sometimes laughable, such as Fierhell, Kuntz, Klotz, Fierheller, Bumberger, Binkley, Hamburger, Crib, Clement, etc. This is the township of fine horses, cows and hogs; poultry is in great abundance, with such Teutonic luxuries superadded as sausages, stuffed meats, and sauerkraut. The home-made cloth, quilts, and wool are everywhere seen, and were even then. From Waterloo I entered the great Township of Dumfries, settled by the late Elder Wm. Dickson. He lived where the great town of Galt now stands, and hundreds of pious and thrifty Scotchmen settled in it at a very early date. It extends near to Brant, and along both sides of the beautiful river Ouse or Grand River, up to the Indian Settlements. It was then, 1831, very thickly settled. Now it contains the beautiful town of Galt, which I lately visited.

These townships I visited now contain perhaps over two hundred thousand people, and then did not contain twenty. Hamilton is now a city of fifty thousand, then containing not a thousand. Galt contains 8,000; Guelph, 12,000; Berlin, 8,000; Brantford, 12,000.

Beautiful churches are seen everywhere, immense manufactories are at work, extensive farms grace the country. Brick and stone dwellings and rich mansions have taken the place of log cabins, and the music of the pianos and organs has driven away the sounds of the olden spinning-wheels in most places. Great schools are dotted all over where little log-huts served as such in my boyhood. The country school-masters who boarded around among the people have been supplanted by learned teachers. Great fairs are held in the townships, where such things were not dreamed of. Railroad trains thunder over the country now where we travelled on foot or in ox-teams. The howl of the wolf, the scream of the wild-cat, the wild gaze of the deer, or the solemn tread of the hunting, trapping Indian, once so common in these old wooded townships are heard no more, are seen no more. In that day, 1831, the late John Galt of Scotland (I think that was his name) and the celebrated Dr. Dunlop, a very learned but eccentric Scotchman, were well-known in Guelph, Goderich, and all these new regions; they were both authors. He was the father of Chief Justice Galt. The old Family Compact was then (1831) rampant, in full power in Upper Canada (Ontario). We had no responsible Government; all power was vested in an English Governor and an aristocracy of families at Toronto, then York.

It is curious to recall the position of towns then and now. Niagara was the principal town (after York) in Upper Canada. It was full of fine stores, dwelling-houses, noted families. Ancaster was the principal town about the head of the lake, and Dundas much larger than Hamilton. Kingston in the east was the chief place. Brantford, London, Woodstock, Windsor, Chatham, Goderich, Galt, Guelph, Stratford and St. Catharines were insignificant hamlets, with a few houses in them.

Readers to whom the foregoing reminiscences savour of the too familiar will perhaps in after years themselves be also anxious to recall, before it be too late, Toronto as it was—say, in 1889. In a young country such as ours, these small everyday occurrences are the real beginnings of history, and are important on that account to the public at large, while interesting at all times to the writer.

CHARLES DURAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I offer the accompanying poem as a fitting companion for the one which appeared in your "Correspondence" of 25th October. As it lies before me, it is a good representative of the old-fashioned broadside, printed on a long slip, surrounded by an ornamental border of a running pattern. The whole sad tale will be found to be very completely told, and the sentiments throughout are unexceptionable.

D. F.

STANZAS

Written on the death of Mr. Joseph Bray and Miss Eliza Jane Treleven, who were unfortunately drowned by the swamping of a skiff at Portsmouth Pier, on 15th Aug., 1844.

COMPOSED BY H. M'M.

As Nature binds me with laws Divine,
I hope my heart it shall be inclined
And be influenced by that Supreme
Whose only Son was for us slain,
For to say something awful grand
Concerning those that left this land—
That was called forth in solemn haste
For to behold their Maker's face.
They started here from off this Isle,
Not thinking danger would them beguile
And they passed on without dread or fear,
For the thoughts of Kingston their hearts did cheer;
And still they pressed on their way
Not thinking death would on them prey,
For all the wind and waves did rise
There was no fear before their eyes,
Until they sailed near Portsmouth Pier,
When young Miss Sinclair screamed out with fear;
The waves they ran so very high
The thought that death was drawing nigh.
The night being dark and pretty late,
The wind blew south and the waves were great,
When these poor souls, sad news to tell,
Run in too near the outward swell,
That bounded thence from off the pier
And filled their boat, as you shall hear,
For she capsized all her load,
Threw out those four that were on board,
Which makes one sad for to relate
Poor Joseph Bray met with his fate,
And also Miss Treleven young
She met her death, her time was come,
These two they perished in the deep,
Which makes their friends to mourn and weep,
Whereas the other two did rise,
And manly struggled for their lives.
This girl she was a native fair,
And young Treleven helped her there:
He being a swimmer very grand,
She smartly caught him by the hand,
And by his help she did regain
Their boat which floated on the main,
And unto her they stuck quite fast
Until their cries were heard at last;
For Providence did interfere
And sent relief their lives to spare;
For Thomas Polley and his crew
To their assistance quickly flew,
And by the help and aid he gave
He saved them from a watery grave,
For he did pull them off their boat,
That with her keel did upwards float.
And on the next day in the Bay
The people gathered straightway,
And found their corpses it does appear
Close by the point of Portsmouth Pier.
And when the law rites was fulfilled,
And on them there an inquest held,
Their bodies were laid in a room
That does belong to Patterson,
And there that night they did remain
Until the morning came again;
For Patterson's a decent man
A native of old Scotland.
And they were dressed there as they lay
By Misses Riddle of the Bay,
For she that night did truly show
She feels for others in their woe,
Then they were both brought home once more
Unto their friends on Tanti shore;
And oh! how woeful was the scene,
That did that evening intervene,
For their relations were all sad,
Not one of them but what was bad.
Now they both lie low in the tomb,
For dust to dust is all our doom;
But ever blessed be that name
That always gives and takes the same.
So now a finish I will make,
Excuse me sirs—my talent's weak.

Isle of Tanti, October 1st, 1844.

'THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The questions now at issue in Manitoba, *i. e.*, the abolition of the French language as an official tongue, and the secularization of the schools, apparently absorb considerable attention throughout the Dominion. In connection therewith I have read a letter of Mr. F. Beverley Robertson, in your columns, anent the School question. The gentleman who wrote the letter, a member of the same profession as myself, is held amongst his fellows an able lawyer; but with all deference to his expressed opinion I venture to disagree with his seeming conviction that the Separate School system can be legislated away by our Legislative Assembly.

Great reliance is put upon the decision *ex parte* Renaud v. Pugsley (N.B.) 273, and at first sight it would look conclusive. However upon careful reading it is apparent that the cases are very dissimilar, in that in New Brunswick where there was previous legislation—that is, prior to confederation—with regard to the school system, and such system was not denominational, in Manitoba there was no legislation. There could not be unless by Acts of the Council of Assiniboia, and none in that regard were ever passed. Therefore Manitoba had no school system "by law" within the meaning of subsec. 1 of Sec. 22 of the Manitoba Act. But the great question to be determined is, Had she "by practice"? The word practice is not found in the B.N.A. Act, 1867, and therefore the legal meaning of that word was not