

Appendix
(Z.)
1st March.

ed upon. After dinner we continued to follow the shanty road, which gradually improved; and at length opened into a good cart road. We crossed a clearance—no inhabitants; and proceeded forwards a few acres, when we opened at once into a finely cleared and thickly settled country. We proceeded to the edge of a wood and encamped for the night. Upon making enquiry, we found that we were in the Parish of Saint Antoine, in Mr. Gugy's Seigniory, and that we had descended from the point where we first struck the line, about four miles. We made arrangements for the conveyance of our wounded man, to Three Rivers; and engaged a man to show us the nearest route through the woods to Kempton's mills, from which, he said we were not more than two leagues distant. Heavy rain all the evening.

November 14th.

The rain which had descended in torrents throughout the night, still fell heavily this morning. We heard two peals of thunder last night, and one this morning. The air was extremely close. Our guide Alexis Balland being ready, we started from our camp. The first part of the journey lay over an extensive clearance and level country; thence through a wood when we crossed a small, but rapid river, on which was seated a saw-mill. We then crossed several fields to a road which led through a wood. This road was long, and in a most terrible state, from the quantity of rain that had lately fallen. At length after toiling, literally above our knees in mud and water, we arrived at a new settlement called Waterloo. After crossing one or two fields we came to a small creek or river. Here our guide informed us that he could not proceed any farther with us, as there was no road, and he was unable to find his way through the bush. Under these circumstances we determined to proceed to Becker's Mills, which was the nearest point to us at the present moment, and more in the line of country we were anxious to examine than the neighbourhood of Kempton's Mills. We were also in hopes that we should hear of our supply of provisions somewhere in the neighbourhood of Becker's. We had ascertained that an extensive swamp existed somewhere in this part of the country, called by the Canadians "La Savanne Diable," the man who engaged to put us in the road to Becker's Mills, assured us that it lay between where we now were, and Kempton's Mills; and that it was a very bad swamp. From the flat appearance of the country we had little doubt that the account was correct. The rain still continued, but we had secured the little flour that was left in one of the oil cloths. We started with our new guide across the settlement; and through a swampy wood of about forty acres length, the water above our knees. The wind changed to the north east and the rain fell faster. If we stopped to rest but a few minutes, we were completely benumbed with the cold. Leaving the bush we entered a clearance which we crossed in nearly a north direction and came to a narrow road. We descended a steep bank of clay, into a deep ravine, and crossed over a high and steep ridge; at its foot was a stream now swallow into a small river, which we crossed on a fallen tree, and a few minutes after had the satisfaction of being told that we were in the road to Becker's Mills. We proceeded to a farm-house and took up our quarters there for the night. The whole of the country we had traversed this day was flat, and in places swampy, the soil being a stiff light colored clay, the rain which had fallen in such considerable quantities, remained on the surface, and gave the appearance of swamp; which probably would not have been so much the case, were the land cleared of the thick growth of black timber which now prevents the sun and drying winds, from reaching them. Upon making enquiry of a neighbouring farmer for our stores which had been sent round in a cart, we ascertained that they had passed two days before, and our informant said it was impossible they could be far distant as the only road to Kempton's was almost impassible. This man undertook to go in search of them, on the promise of a job in conveying them to Becker's Mills on the River du Loup, which we readily agreed to. It was rather a singular circumstance that although we were within a short distance of Hunterstown, we could not find an individual who had ever heard the name before. The rain continued all night. Several of our people were sick, and worn out.

November 15th,

A wet gloomy morning. About half past six o'clock, the man we had sent to enquire for our provisions, came in with them. They had been deposited at a house situated not far distant, at a place called "Beau Vallant." It appeared that Mr. Munroe could not proceed the remaining short distance with a cart, therefore had taken measures for having them conveyed to Kempton's, either on a truck or on men's backs; but as it afterwards fortunate-

ly turned out, the weather prevented this being removed and our man succeeded in bringing them to us safe. We left our resting place at eight o'clock on the way to Becker's Mill, which from all accounts seemed to be situated in our direct line as we intended examining the country in front of Caxton. The road had a general north direction for half a mile. We then struck across a clearance easterly. It was with great difficulty we could cross the fields from the wet state they were in; after passing over thirty two acres we branched off again to the northwards five acres, when we entered a wide newly opened road running in a north east direction about two miles, which brought us to the banks of the River du Loup. The whole country over which we had this day passed was flat and the soil a strong marly clay; the timber was mixed, but the pine species prevailing. The high lands not far from us towards the north west had a broken and rugged appearance, we crossed in a small scow to the house of Mr. Becker close to the edge of the mill dam, in which fell in the deepest part over a height of ten feet. The shores of this part of the river are broken into beautifully formed hills of considerable height, and consist of a light coloured marley earth; in the composition of this soil the clay predominates. In many parts of this neighbourhood the marley soil rests on a bed of sand; this being penetrated another bed of sand in which hornblende is the principal ingredient, is found, and below is discovered the primitive rock, generally sienite and its varieties; these mills are situated about seventeen acres from the line of Machiche, and half a league from Mr. Ross's lands, which we have every reason to believe is the same marked in Bouchette's Map as Hunterstown. The mill is close to the banks of the river and immediately above a small rapid, which is the only one to impede the navigation between the Mills and the Lake Saint Peter; but above the Mills the river is full of rapids and falls, as far as it has yet been traced by white men. About a league above the mills, the whole river (which we were told narrows to forty feet across) rushes over a precipice of one hundred and fifty feet or one hundred and sixty feet perpendicular. We regretted not being able to examine these falls. The River du Loup at this place averages about one hundred and eighty feet in width, but in many places narrows, and offers great facilities for erecting a Bridge. The lumber trade is carried on with great success in the neighbourhood of this river.

November 16th.

Rain all the night, but the morning remarkably fine. Started for Caxton at eight o'clock; we passed down the side of the River a short distance and then ascended a Road up a steep hill of clayey soil. We then continued along a level road through a perfectly flat country. Still the same clayey soil, which, owing to the constant rain, rendered the Road almost impassable. We went through an extensive wood, over a new made road, and entered a clearance at the north end of Saint Joseph in Machiche. We turned to the northwards and continued about half a league; then through a wood over a light sandy soil into the Township of Caxton. In about three quarters of a mile more we reached the house and mill of Mr. Grant, situated in rear of lot two, second range of Caxton; and on a small branch of the River Machiche: from all we could observe of the soil in this Township, it struck us being of a more sandy quality than any we had before seen on the route; but there were some good lots: and the timber like the soil was of a variable quality. Amongst all the varieties of timber known in this Township, are found groves of red pine and red oak. The Township is hilly and abounds in numerous lakes, some of them of a large size, particularly one to the north west of Grant's mills about one league and a half, which is represented as being almost as large as Lake St. Peter, but this we know to be an exaggeration. Although a large portion of the lands in this Township, are actually granted, there are not more than four or five settlers in the Township. This attributed like all the Military Townships, to the lands being granted to the Militia, who draw their tickets, and either immediately sell them to land speculators, or hold them in hand until the land becomes of more value: but never for a moment think of settling, or ever performing their location duties. We remained at Mr. Grant's the rest of the day, as we met a person who kindly offered to show us a route he had discovered a few days before leading directly to a wood path which communicated with the road leading to the Forges.

November 17th,

Started at nine o'clock, accompanied by our Guide; crossed the bridge close to the mill, and immediately after entered a wood road having a general east north-east direction. We crossed a small swamp and came to a post marked first and second range, Caxton.