

II.

THEIR FIRST YEAR IN CANADA.

I will now, if I do not tire your readers, continue my recollections of the old days. When my father took up his land in Medonte he had been promised by Sir John Colborne that a grist mill would be built at Coldwater, and having cleared up some six or seven acres of land and sown it with fall wheat, and there being no sign of a mill being built, he went off to York and called at Government House and told the Governor that the promise had not been fulfilled, and he intended to leave. The Governor told him to consult with Captain Anderson (the Indian Superintendent) and he had his authority to have a first-class grist mill built, and a mill which was then considered first-class was built, and Mr. Jacob Gill, the father of the Messrs. Gill of Orillia, Fesserton and Matchedash, and of Mrs. Millard and Mrs. Buchanan, was the millwright who erected the mill. And many a time I have seen, when there was only a footpath past our homestead, a man carrying a bushel of wheat on his back, his wife half a bushel, and a boy about the same, to get it ground at the Coldwater mill, having beaten the sheaves against a barrel, scutching it, as it was called, and throwing it up to the wind to separate the chaff. These were the hard times. One day our old housekeeper and I walked to Orillia, and on our way, near where Warminster is now, we met a young man of the name of Graverod, who told us he had seen a bear a few minutes before, but not having a gun he could do nothing, but he intended procuring a gun at Coldwater, and he might see the bear on his return the next day. The old woman who was with me was pretty well frightened, but we saw no bear, and on our return the next day we met, near Bass Lake, five or six Indians carrying a wounded Indian boy. It seems the boy had been shooting at a bird, and his arrow was caught by a branch of a tree, and he climbed up the tree to get it. Young Graverod was returning from Coldwater, and near the same place where he had seen the bear the day before he saw something dark among the leaves of a birch tree, and thinking it was the bear, he fired, and wounded the poor Indian