

The men engaged at the brickmaking were all new to the business, none having previously worked at it, but they managed to turn out bricks of as good quality as any I have ever seen made here since. We had then a supply of good bricks but no lime. This we obtained in the following manner: We selected a place at the side of the ravine a short distance from the building erected for pearling-works, but farther up where the ravine was not so deep. Here we made an excavation in a circular form, about eight feet deep and six in diameter, at the foot of which we made an opening out to the ravine, that served for a door. The soil being a stiff clay we were not troubled by its caving in. We then filled up the hole with broken limestone, raising it above the surface in the form of a cone, applied the fire and kept it going till all the stone was thoroughly burnt. We had thus both lime and brick with which to plaster our houses and build our chimneys.

The schooner Fly was sailed by Duncan and Alexander McNab, with an African named Isaiah Chokee as cook. The latter, according to his own story, had been kidnapped in Africa and kept on board a man-of-war for fourteen years. The ship having touched at New York he left without asking for a discharge, and found his way to Toronto, where Boyd picked him up and put him on board the Fly. The schooner, after having made several trips to Goderich and Coldwater, was ordered to Detroit, and the sailors informed that I would be sent along with money to purchase the cargo. At this they became indignant, and declared they would leave the ship, doubtless thinking that they would be coaxed to remain. But in this they were disappointed, as Boyd took them at their word and paid them off, leaving the schooner at anchor in charge of Isaiah. Flour at length becoming scarce,

and no sailors being obtainable, Boyd undertook to make a trip to Coldwater himself, and asked me to go with him as assistant in running the vessel. My fitness for the position at that time may be understood when it is known that I had practised navigation on board a fishing skiff in the Norval Mill-pond. I had seen schooners on Lake Ontario at a distance, but had never been on board, or even near to one. I knew which end of the boat should go first, and that it was directed in its course by a contrivance in the stern called a rudder, but about the principle upon which it acted I knew nothing. But while I did not boast of my knowledge, I took care to betray as little of my ignorance as possible. I carefully watched the movements of my shipmates and the ship, asking very few questions. It so happened that the wind was ahead throughout the greater part of the trip. While this increased our work it improved my opportunities of adding to my seafaring knowledge, and before the voyage was ended I had learned the names of the different sails, shrouds, stays, halyards, sheets and lines, masts, booms and gaffs, could assist at taking in and reefing sail, and take my turn at the rudder. On arriving at Sturgeon Bay we dropped anchor within eight miles of Coldwater, for which place Boyd left in a jolly boat, taking Isaiah with him, and leaving me in charge of the schooner. Though it was lying but a short distance from the shore I had no means of reaching there other than by swimming. I was left in this situation for about a week, with nothing to read, and no one to talk to, and I found it exceedingly lonely. One day I observed a bark canoe, containing some squaws, making towards the schooner, and was very much interested in this, to me, novel craft, it appeared so light, so steady, so easily propelled. On reaching the schooner the squaws came on board, leaving the canoe along side, and it occurred to me that now was