

region to this work than these gently sloping hills, with their many rivers and streams of the purest transparent water. The difficulty which at first sight appears in the great distance from market is already solved. About six hundred miles west of Winnipeg the traveller passes an unpretentious station called

MAPLE CREEK.

It is upwards of sixty miles south to the national boundary. Great herds, after traversing Montana, are driven across the boundary to this station on the C. P. R., where they are shipped, via Winnipeg, to Chicago and the east. In the light of such facts there need be no fears of difficulty in marketing the herds that rest at eventide in the long shadows of the Canadian Rock Mountains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

TRUTH asks for a continuation of these notes, and I cannot refuse the request of such a friend. I must, however, in view of other and pressing engagements, indulge in the prelude of a novitiate, and intimate with conscious humility that the will must answer for the deed. As previously remarked, the little

TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN

has been made a nucleus for the dissemination of Loyalist sentiments. The first company of refugees to the Bay of Quinte district landed at Kingston, or a short distance west of the present site of the city, in 1783—one year before the Adolphustown party reached their destination. This company was under the direction of Capt. Michael Grass, and was composed of noble men and women; but for reasons that may be subsequently learned they did not exert upon the new country such an united and powerful influence as their neighbors to the west.

Let us recall a few of the names of those who pitched their tents upon the champaign shores of Adolphustown on that June morning one hundred years ago. We will find some, if not all, quite familiar. There were: Vanalstine, Rutlan, Peterson, Hagerman, Dorland, Vandusen, Roblin, Hoover, Casey, Clapp, Huff, Cole, Allison, Maybee, &c., &c. These were real heroes, every man of them. The dilapidated burying-ground, to which reference has been previously made, contains their bodies, the graves of many of them being overgrown by trees from six to ten inches in diameter, and not a few lost to the memory of living descendants.

Dr. Canniff, who got his information from reliable sources, says the first person buried in this ancient "God's Acre" was a small child that died soon after the Loyalists landed, and while the primitive tents formed the only abode. A rough coffin was made with such tools and materials as the pioneers could command, and the whole community gathered beneath the spreading branches of an umbrageous maple where the grave had been prepared. An appropriate chapter of Holy Scripture was read, a few words of sympathy and consolation uttered, a short prayer offered for Divine guidance and protection, and the body was consigned to its resting place. Soon after one of the most prominent and influential of the noble band met with a fatal accident. Gasper Hover, while engaged clearing his land, was struck by the limb of a falling tree and killed. Again the whole community ceased labor and gathered about the bereaved family. Another grave was dug beneath the maple foliage, and another brief and reverential service performed. In this way the "old U. E. burying-ground" of Adolphustown was originated. Others of the pioneers were

laid to rest in the sheltered spot, and as years passed by the mounds multiplied, until they dotted the rolling surface for the space of nearly an acre. This has been called "sacred ground," and the reason must be obvious. Last June during the Centennial celebration, the writer with others sat upon the broken monuments beneath the shade of second-growth trees, and listened to the addresses and music, or watched the different performances. If it were not exactly a "meditation among the tombs," it was a time calculated to awaken sepulchral and retrospective thoughts.

"OUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?"

Conflicting interests, the mutations of time, and the necessities of life have robbed the old burying-ground of care and attention. As a consequence many of the records that marked the graves of pioneers have mouldered away and entirely disappeared. In the north-west corner of the ground, near the spot where the batteaux landed, is the grave of Major Vanalstine, the brave and wise commander, counsellor and friend. He died full of years, and honored by all, but to-day the exact spot where his bones are lying cannot be pointed out. Gnarly oaks and interlacing thorns cover the grave, and not a relic can be found to locate the mound. Some distance from the entrance on the east side stands a short, thick oak tree, that has braved the winds and storms of many years. Between it and the gate Nicholas Hagerman was buried, but exactly where no living person can determine. Thus passes into oblivion the grave, but not the memory, of "the first lawyer in Upper Canada." He passed a liberal education, and studied law before leaving New York. The land where the burying-ground was formed belonged to him, and the small point just west of the present wharf still bears his name. His house stood near the water, the site having disappeared through the action of the waves. There he lived and practised his profession until his death. One of his sons was Christopher Hagerman, who became an eminent lawyer and a Judge, and whose memory is revered by many friends. Upon uncounted slabs, broken and defaced by the tooth of time, we read other names quite as familiar to the present generation.

One of the objects of the celebration last year was to awaken an interest and raise money for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the dead Loyalists. The foundation for such a memorial was laid with becoming ceremonies, and it is expected that sufficient funds will be subscribed for completing what was so ostentatiously begun. The present neglected and dilapidated appearance of the place does not reflect credit upon those who acknowledge the benefits derived from the lives of the men and women who sleep the last sleep beneath the hoof-trodden soil.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

As previously mentioned, several years elapsed before the Loyalists, subsequent to their settlement in Canada, could have the benefits of regular religious instruction by ordained ministers. True, soon after the first settlement was made in Adolphustown, and elsewhere along the Bay of Quinte, the hardy missionary made his appearance armed with a Bible and hymn-book. But his visits were necessarily "few and far between," like those of the angels, and the accommodation was deficient. In 1788 one Lyons, "a pious young man," came to Adolphustown and engaged in school-teaching. On Sundays he conducted religious services in appointed residences, and was greatly esteemed by the settlers. Two years later Wm. Losee, the first regular Minister of the Methodist denomination in

Canada, visited the township, and at once began the organization of classes and societies, according to the policy of that body. At the house of Paul Huff, near the shores of Hay Bay, "he established the first regular class-meeting in Canada." We quote from Dr. Canniff's history. Soon after, the first Methodist "meeting-house," or church, erected in Canada, was built near Huff's residence. It was a frame building 30x30, two storeys high. Twenty-two persons subscribed towards this pioneer religious movement, the total amount being £108. This church served the purpose for which it was erected during more than half a century, and last year a handsome memorial edifice, built of brick and elegantly furnished, was completed near the same spot where the first church foundation in this part of Canada was laid in 1793. The Quakers, Lutherans, and Episcopalians were also early in the field, but did not secure so firm a foothold as the Methodists until a later date.

EXPEDITION TO FT. GARRY IN 1872.

BY "SWIZ," TORONTO.

I, like all other true and loyal citizens who wish to stay at home and protect Toronto, went down to the Union Station to see "the boys" off on the 30th of last month, and seeing them and their mode of travelling, I could not fail to recall the expedition to Fort Garry in 1872 in which I took part, and I contrasted the comfortable cars which took them almost uninterruptedly to Winnipeg and our toilsome ploddings, portagings and rowings which consumed the better part of a month instead of ten days.

As I have never seen a published account of the expedition with which I went, and which was sent up to Fort Garry to relieve those men who had gone up there with Wolsey a short time before, I will endeavor to give, very briefly, a little sketch of the affair.

It was in September, 1872, that the various detachments of artillery and infantry from Ontario and Quebec, amounting to about 250 men, altogether, found themselves at Collingwood under the command of Colonel Villiers, then of Hamilton, waiting for the sailing of the "Frances Smith" for Thunder Bay in the course of the next 36 hours. The interval was employed in the serving out of serge fatigue tunics, regulation trowsers, boots and forage caps to the infantry, and a very ludicrous spectacle some of the men cut when they donned Her Majesty's uniform. The tunics ranged in size from those suitable for men six feet two in height, to those suited for pigmies of five feet nothing. My elegant frame happens to tower above the earth to an altitude of just 6 ft. 2 in., and, by what rule the officers serving out the garments were directed I know not, but I was presented with a tunic which would have cramped a five-foot-oner, my trowsers would certainly have been brief for a warrior of 5 ft. 3 in.; and my forage cap, not having undergone the necessary "block'ng" to render it in any way decent in appearance, was about seven inches in height, and looked very much like a dilapidated felt plug hat without a brim. Thus equipped, behold me! a picture of sufficient terror to strike awe into a thousand poor Lcs.—and I was not alone in my glory, for Fate had treated all the tall men as I was served, and the small ones rejoiced in trowsers and sleeves that they were forced to roll up for several inches. Space will not permit me to give any further description of what we looked like, but the reader will kindly take my word for it that we presented a

VERY COMICAL ASPECT

indeed, as we marched aboard the "Frances Smith" and steamed away across the Geor-

gian Bay, up the North Channel, between Manitoulin Island and the main land, across Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, where we disembarked and looked round for the enemy. We were informed, however, that we had several hundred miles further to go before we should be wading in gore. Though naturally brave, I was glad to hear this. I had hardly got over my feeling of shame at the strange figure I cut, and I felt backward in falling upon the foe in those terrible trowsers which basely came down below my knees, that tunic which looked like a vest and that awful forage-cap. We set off on foot from Thunder Bay and in two days' march reached Lake Shebandowan, where a small tug was in waiting to tow us in boats attached to one another to the first portage, which was reached in a few hours and our real trouble commenced. The portage was 1 1/2 miles across, and over this we had to carry every blessed thing we had, a barrel of pork being pressed upon my temporary acceptance, and which, at an immense expenditure of bad language and physical exertion, I contrived to convey to the next place of embarkation. I was beginning to weary of war already; blood was what I was after, not barrels of pork, but I was doomed to be disappointed. This was the style of thing from Shebandowan to the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods distant 110 miles from fort Garry; it was a succession of lazy indolence lying in the boats and smoking and allowing the tugs to pull us along, and hard work wrestling with pork and bean barrels, kegs of pipe-clay and cases of Boxer ammunition on those portages. On

STURGEON LAKE

a terrible storm arose and as we were nearly at the end of the portages I began to think it would be too bad to be drowned after all the hard work was over; but Fate did not will that we should be drowned; the boats had all become separated, each doing its best to get to land; my boat contained twenty-four men and two sergeants, a lot of pipe-clay in barrels and half a carcass of beef. We contrived to make an island at the height of the storm and there we passed the night, the weather being somewhat moderated next day. Accordingly Col. Sergt. McPherson was for leaving the island. The other sergeant thought otherwise; twelve men were for going, twelve for remaining; Sergt. McPherson and the twelve, if included, accordingly shoved off with all the beef, thoughtfully leaving the pipe-clay for the delectation of the gallant "Crusoe," as he was nick named, and his adherents. In vain he pleaded for the beef. No; Mac was inflexible, and the last we heard as we rowed away from the Island was, "for God's sake, McPhairson, leave the ribs." Crusoe was afterwards relieved by order of Col. W. Osborne Smith, who had relieved Col. Villiers, and that excellent and most popular officer had returned to Hamilton.

For beauty of scenery the Dawson route in autumn is unsurpassed; the maple with its many gorgeous hues of foliage offers a contrast to the brighter green of the hardier trees, and all these brilliant colors are reflected in the calm, still waters of the lake below. Passing over the many lakes and resting at the bottom of the boats, I could enjoy the beautiful scenery which greeted my eyes at every hand, but when on our more landed at a portage with pork-barrel on back—presto! Good-bye scenery!

At last Fort Garry was reached, and very glad were I and my comrades. Picture my indignation when I found there was to be no fighting after all. My visage was actually distorted with anger which, I have since