

repairing the road, moving great stones, stumps, logs, etc., which had made it for a long time almost impassable. The next three miles I made over the new road through a barren sandy rolling country entirely destitute of inhabitants. It had evidently been the home of the lumberman in years gone by, only a few dead pines, with their dry trunks, stand as monuments of what was once a proud forest, while in many places can be seen a new growth of young timber springing up to replace the old. Young's Point was soon reached. Here is a bridge over the Otonabee River also the Government locks and the Trent Valley Canal. After duly refreshing ourselves at a good hotel, we sought out Patrick Young, who lives here, the founder of the place, on the west bank of the canal, in a neat little cottage. He proved to be one of the four hundred and fifteen families that came to Canada with the Peter Robinson Emigration Colony, 1825, he being the first one your correspondent had ever had the pleasure of meeting. He is a native of Tipperary, Ireland, born in 1812, and is living upon the same spot where his father located with his family fifty-eight years ago, at what was then called Stony Lake, subsequently changed to "Young's Point," in honour of its founder. When Mr. Young came to the place the only residence between Peterboro' and his present home was a small log hut in the township of Smith, on the hill near the residence of John Harvey. It was owned and occupied by Sandy Morrison, and was used as a stopping place and for the accommodation of travellers. Mr. Young's first night in the township of Smith was spent in that shanty. For the first few years his father plied a small boat between Young's Point and Lakefield transporting supplies to the settlers in his immediate vicinity. He soon after began the erection of a saw and grist mill, and the nucleus of a village was formed, a post-office was subsequently opened, and he received the appointment of postmaster, which office he still holds. In 1897, during the Mackenzie rebellion, he served as a volunteer in Captain Kilpatrick's company, commanded by Col. McDonald. On the 16th of March, 1898, St. Patrick's eve, Mr. Young was present at Peterboro' at the burning of the Roman Catholic church, there being about 300 soldiers stationed there, who turned out and went to the fire, which was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Mr. Young relates the fact that Adam Scott's mill, which was erected in 1820 (on the present site of Peterboro'), had no "bolt," and the bran and flour ran in together and was sifted by hand by the settlers with sieves brought from Ireland. Jacob Bramwell ground the first grist in his new mill north of Peterboro', April 8th, 1825, on the birthday of his eldest daughter. Mr. Young has been for many years a magistrate, also lock master.

Whenever the Trent Valley Canal is completed Young's Point will no doubt become an important place as a lumbering town. At present it contains two hotels, two churches (Roman Catholic and Bible Christian), school house, one store (kept by James Stewart, who does a large business), post-office, saw and grist mills, and about a dozen private residences. The place is beautifully situated on the west bank of Katchewanake Lake.

Bidding adieu to our old friend Young, we were soon on our way over the Government road for Burleigh Falls, six miles distant. For the greater portion of the way the country is quite level, of a heavy clay soil underlain by limestone formation. The fall wheat looked well in some fields. I noticed great pine stumps lying upon the surface, drawn out by the assistance of a powerful stump machine. The buildings are mostly good substantial old fashioned log structures, in which the mud chimneys have been replaced by brick. The old well-sweep and iron-bound bucket has been supplanted by the modern pump. On arriving near Burleigh Falls enormous red granite boulders meet the eye. Many of them are thirty to fifty feet high and fifty to seventy-five feet square, with perpendicular sides. They appeared to have been hewn out by a master builder, and have been dropped during the "Drift" period in great profusion as well as confusion.

"Biddy McManus."

When within two miles of Burleigh Falls attention is attracted to a small one-storey log

building, which is kept by "Biddy McManus" as a stopping place for the Burleigh stage as it makes its daily trip of forty miles with Her Majesty's mails. This little cottage is neat and tidy, and only a few minutes are required to broil a steak, chicken, or partridge, in fine style. The house has a wide reputation among the residents of northern Peterboro' as well as among travellers in this section. Our departing salute was "long life to Biddy McManus," as we again turned our faces northward.

Approaching the bridge which crosses the neck of Stony Lake, a wooden structure about 400 feet long, on the opposite side, we noticed a large three-storey hotel facing the road, with spacious veranda along the front and east sides, known as the Burleigh Falls Hotel. On the left of the road stood large outbuildings. For the benefit of travellers we will only remark, that our experience of this place was like the life of the policeman in the "Pirates of Penzance"—"not a happy one;" and that such was the experience of many other travellers as well as ourselves. Suffice it to say, that a brief inspection reconciled us to start out again, notwithstanding the blinding storm, when we learned the next stopping place was only eight miles further on.

The country for eleven miles east and six miles west is lined by the same red granite rock formation, which was observed further south, and from which Stony Lake derives its name. Along the road for miles a wheeled vehicle rolls and rattles over nothing but rock after rock, as they lay in ridges extending north and south, in some places reaching a height of fifty to one hundred feet, their white and red upturned faces polished by the storms and suns of many centuries. The next five miles we pass over a fine undulating tract of well timbered country sparsely settled. The soil here is of a clay loam, the timber being almost exclusively hardwood. A large opening in the woods is reached where, on the left hand nestles "Cedar Lake," a beautiful sheet of water about one mile long and nearly as wide, upon the south bank of which lives Giles Stone, farmer and postmaster of Haultain post-office, and a pioneer of Burleigh township. Our good friend's hair had been whitened by nearly seventy winters, and although he had battled hard in the struggle for an inheritance, he seems remarkable well preserved. His grandfather Giles, an old U. E. Loyalist, was of English extraction, born in New Haven, Connecticut. During the Revolutionary War he was employed carrying despatches and mails for the British Government. After the acknowledgment of Independence, he emigrated to Canada with his family of seven children and settled in the township of Percy, county of Northumberland, where he died 1846, at the ripe age of ninety-one years. Percy was the birthplace of a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren, one of whom, Giles Stone, first saw light in 1818. He came to Burleigh in 1861; and here his father, who accompanied him, died at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Stone is the first white settler that located north of Stony Lake. There being no road except a surveyor's trail, and no bridge at the falls, he constructed a rude scow and crossed the lake with the first waggon ever seen on the north shore in the spring of '61. He assisted in clearing the right of way for the Government road a distance of five miles north. John Martin erected the bridges at Burleigh Falls in 1862, and after completing them, while standing on a boom above the bridge, a raft of square timber was passing, and he was struck with an oar and went over the falls and was drowned, his being the first death in the township. Passing on, a piece of woods is entered, and here game seems very plentiful, as it appears to be all through this northern district at this season of the year, particularly partridge.

We reached McCauley's Temperance Hotel late in the afternoon, and after digging ourselves out from under the snow, seeing the team cared for, &c., we sat down to a sumptuous meal of venison steak with all the delicacies of the season. The house is situated half-way between Burleigh Falls and Apsley. It is a log structure, one-and-a-half stories high, with numerous log barns and sheds attached, and is a model of comfort under its present management. The building was erected in 1869, by Edward Sanderson, better known as "Brittania Ned," who accidentally dropped in while we were at dinner, and from him it was

learned that the house was the birthplace of his daughter Sarah Jane, who was the first white child born in the township. She was there christened by the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of Peterboro'. Mr. Sanderson states that during the early days of settlement as many as sixty persons were stowed away in a single night in that log house, 24x30 feet, on the ground, which must have been like packing herrings in a box.

The government road is the only route travelled from the rear townships to Peterboro', the county seat, sixty miles. This hostelry is one of the best we have met with. It is really a most necessary public convenience, and licence commissioners would confer a great favour upon the travelling public by granting this house a license.

Eight miles west and six miles east of the government road, at this point the country is entirely uninhabited, and is a "wolf range," so called, on account of the numerous bands of wolves that roam over the country, making night hideous by their howlings; while along the road to the north for several miles the land is rough and mountainous, covered with dry pines towering away up into the heavens like so many ships masts. After descending into one of the valleys and looking upward, thousands of those dry trees meet the eye, reminding one of approaching the harbours of Portsmouth or Liverpool. The strange sight brought to your correspondent's mind the masts on a man-of-war which, in days past, he often scraped with sheath-knife, and then "slushed down," to make them shine before going into port. The good ship was a U. S. cruiser having a roving commission, being fitted out to run down privateers, and specially detailed to capture the celebrated confederate cruiser "Alabama." During a two years' cruise, over sixty thousand miles of seaway were covered, many encounters took place, and a great number of prizes were captured. And, Mr. Editor, if you will permit a slight digression, it can be easily shown—even from an exceptionally fortunate experience of an old-time man-of-war's man—that our rural youth would do well (to slightly vary "Pinafore") to "stick close to their plowhandles and never go to sea." When a boy, the "plowman's whistle" was your correspondent's stock-in-trade, and the "milkmaid's song" familiar to his ear. But, like some other foolish boys who think farming too "slow"—and being influenced by the fictions of Captain Kidd and sundry similar characters, his mind was turned from an honest plowboy's calling; and with visions of captured merchantmen, successful battles with pirates, and compelling all enemies to "walk the plank," the outbreak of the American civil war, and the subsequent immense naval operations connected therewith, brought the wished-for opportunity. It may be remarked, aside, that would-be naval heroes always imagine that they will be the one to come off victorious in every battle, without the loss of a man. They never think of the storms they must encounter, the hardship they must endure, the ill-treatment and severity of their officers, who are often barbarous in the extreme, caring but little for the lives of their men.

The writer met a young friend on a certain Saturday, and the two made arrangements to start on the following Monday from their country home in western Canada, to New York. They attended church on Sunday as usual, but their heads were so full of ships, cannon, pistols, swords, pirates, and prize-money, that they did not hear what the good preacher had to say. After laying awake all the next night, anxiously waiting for the dawn of day, they had a hurried breakfast, as a matter of form, and, bidding old scenes adieu, without saying a good-bye to even the nearest friend—were soon on their way to the American metropolis, and three days later, appeared in the historical blue jackets which marked them as man-of-war's men—though yet mere boys.

(To be Continued).

GERMANY utilizes all her land; even the highways are bordered with fruit trees, pruned and cared for by the "road-makers," and watched day and night for several weeks before the crop matures. The value of this resource is said to have aggregated one year, \$2,000,000, in the Province of Wurtemberg.