

(and now one of its best and most prosperous farmers, with a most prepossessing and estimable young wife, and a fine family of growing sons and daughters), brought me several miles up the noble Seguin river in a log canoe, then into, and across the large and at her best lovely—and then very lonely Manitomaba Lake, over whose ruffled bosom the white-capped waves were racing with each other, looking as if they were watching for a chance to bury us beneath them, but my friend was too well used to their wild ways to give them such a chance. Reaching my own location on the northern shore of this lake my kind friend bade me good-bye, telling me at parting that the first thing I had to do was to make some kind of a shelter before the fast approaching night would meet me with a ghostly frown upon its face, and then left me—

All alone in those wild woods ;

Alone with nature, and with God ;

Alone in those sad solitudes,

Where feet of man had seldom trod.

I had as my stock, effects wherewith to start my Robinson Crusoe existence, a double-barrelled gun, a good axe, a bag of bed-clothing ; in another bag a quantity of bread and cakes I brought from home, and about eight or ten pounds of first-class mess pork I bought in Mr. Beatty's store, in Parry Sound, then the only store in the (at that time) embryo village of Parry Sound. I also had about a bushel of potatoes ; as for tea I did not trouble myself about it. For cooking utensils I had one solitary frying-pan, and in the way of a stock of table cutlery, I had one knife and fork and a tablespoon ; and with this limited stock I was as happy and contented as if I had owned the entire stock of the largest cutlery stores in Sheffield or Birmingham. Here circumstances make it imperatively necessary that I should close this little volume with the fixed resolve of writing another with as little delay as possible, wherein I will do full justice to all my kind friends and patrons.