

go I did. You shall now have in as short a space as possible an account of my trip:

Our party numbering about twenty, mustered at Balliafad, and proceeded up through the township of Erin to Garafraxa, a large, three-cornered township, with about thirty settlers, some of whom have been there for about twenty years—about one settler and a half for every year. How long it will take to settle the township, which contains about one hundred and twenty thousand acres, I have not taken the trouble to calculate. On reaching the Garafraxa we changed our course to the northwest for about eight miles, when we reached the Grand River, and found a party engaged in erecting a bridge. This river empties into Lake Erie, distant from this place about a hundred miles, and judging from its size here it must be the largest river in Upper Canada. As we couldn't get across with our teams, we turned in to help at the bridge, which we finished in about ten days. There are a few settlers here of the regular backwoods class. You would think that they never saw the outer world, which is really the case with the juvenile portion, as they are literally natives. The growth of the young ladies does not appear to have been much interfered with by tight boots or tight lacing—they are evidently strangers to these items of refinement—but their charms are allowed to "sink or swell, as heaven pleases." Their clothing is of the most primitive character, and the children are as wild as rabbits. It is here that you would see ploughs with wooden mouldboards, harrows with wooden teeth, doors hung with wooden hinges, and harness made with basswood bark. By these people we were treated with the greatest kindness. They had any quantity of whiskey which they dispensed with a liberal hand, and in their appreciation of this luxury, they don't appear to be behind the most refined communities. They

procure the whiskey at a village, some ten miles down the river, called Fergus, where I am told whiskey-drinking reigns in all its glory.

After finishing the bridge at this place we left for what we called the Land of Promise, distant about fifteen miles, through an unbroken forest, cutting the road and bridging the streams as we went; working hard all day and sleeping on hemlock branches at night. Our party being composed nearly all of boys, like myself, broken loose from the restraints of home, you may judge that the amount of piety manifested was rather small. We had, however, one elderly man amongst us—a Methodist—not one of those roaring, hallelujah, going to glory Methodists, who are willing to stay away from glory as long as possible, but a whole souled, warm-hearted, God-fearing man, one who would like to get to heaven and take us all with him; but gave us to understand that unless a change came over some of us, the operation would be attended with some difficulty, if not altogether impossible. On pitching our tent one Saturday evening, some of us observed a tree of considerable size hanging over our camp, and suggested the propriety of cutting it down, but it was allowed to remain, and in due time we all lay down and soon fell into one of those sound slumbers that are only enjoyed by those who are blest with a clear conscience and plenty to eat and drink. The rain soon drowned our fire, and sometime during the night down came the tree across our tent, but in a very slow and deliberate manner, cracking as it came, which soon caused a general resurrection, each one thinking his day (or rather night,) had come, and I must admit the sensation was anything but agreeable while it lasted. His treeship got down at last, and then the anxiety to know who, if anyone, was under it; a light was soon got, which revealed our old Methodist friend fast asleep, with