

after and circulated, and it was even asserted that it was only to "afford situations for their friends" that the country was opened up. The town of Barrie figured very conspicuously in their opposition to the settling up of the North; among the fault finders we might name B., L. and M.; but, as they have lived to see their error, we decline exposure; but, as a sample of the opinion in which Muskoka was held in those days, we may just state that M. told our author that "he would not pay the taxes on a single 100 acres of land for all the land north of the Severn. Muskoka has been much abused, still it had a few earnest friends who have done their duty nobly. Mr. R. J. Oliver fought many a hard battle and silenced many a foe. We find, on examination, that he wrote not less than 83 Editorials and Letters in defence of the country. Mr. J. C. McMullen has also been a true friend of the District; and, by his willing pen, has won many friends in the settlement.

Prominent amongst the early settlers stand the names of Mr. and Mrs. McCabe; they opened a tavern at Gravenhurst in 1861, and many a worn-out traveller has been glad to see their unpretentious log cabin where they might rest their weary limbs and get some refreshment to sustain nature. Never shall the writer forget his first interview with "Mother McCabe." When he arrived there, he was hungry and foot-sore; but he met with an "Irish welcome," and a dinner was served up by "Mother McCabe" which would not have disgraced any Hotel north of Toronto. The old log shanty looked dull outside, but within all was cleanliness and order; her clean white curtains kept out the mosquitoes in summer and cold in winter, while her feather beds afforded sweet rest to many a weary land-seeker. How welcome was the sight of the dim low light through the bush, to the weary traveller, can only be fully appreciated by the early pedestrians when no horses or vehicles were on the road; there are hundreds in the settlement who remember them, and some of them have cause to bless "Mother McCabe" for her generosity.

The first death in the settlement was that of poor Johnston; he was drowned at the Severn bridge one Sunday whilst fishing. The poor widow struggled hard with her two little boys—the elder not more than 9 years—and, with their help, she managed before she died to clear about 8 or 9 acres; but, alas, fell in the harness.