

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

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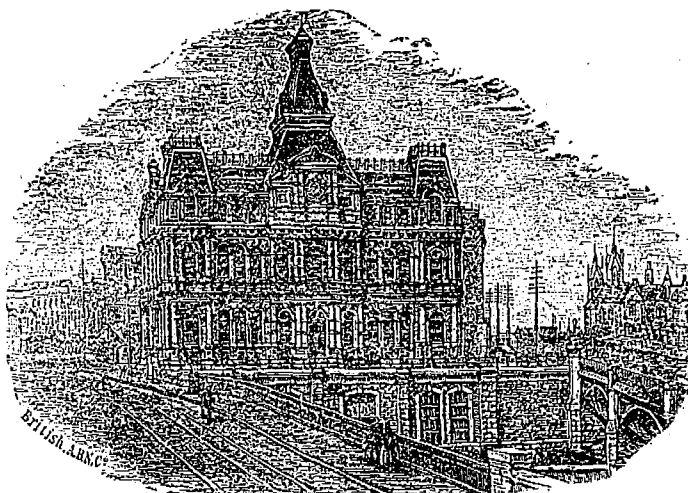
[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SHERBROOKE.

I WAS born in the Township of Ascot, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the present City of Sherbrooke, 11th May, 1822. My father was a soldier in the British Army, and the 49th Regiment to which he belonged was sent to America to take part in the war of 1812. My father and mother often spoke of that war, and I remember him saying that he was present and took part in some of the battles at Chippewa, Niagara and Lundy's Lane, and was also present when General Brock fell at the battle of Queenston. I have heard him say that when one of his staff told the General that it was not an enemy's ball that had hit him, he replied "Then it was not a friend's ball."

Later on my father was taken prisoner, and with several others sent to Green Bush, where one of my brothers was born, and afterwards when an exchange of prisoners took place, the old 49th was in the year 1814 sent to Halifax, and from there to Quebec, where many of them were discharged after twenty-one years of service. Several of them pushed up to Drummondville, in the Eastern Townships, and at a future time I will give the names of some of those who

lived and died there. My father and mother came to the Townships in 1815, and remained at what was then known as the "Lower Forks," now Sherbrooke, near which he bought a farm and moved on to it in 1816. He lived here for many years and raised a family of eight boys and two girls, of whom I am the youngest, and the last of those of the old country families that first settled in the Township of



POST OFFICE, OTTAWA.

Ascot. With the exception of a sister now living in Detroit, I am the last of my father's father's family.

I remember when I was six years old visiting what is now Sherbrooke for the first time, on the occasion of the Governor's visit. My father was to take part in the Royal Salute to be fired in honor of his visit. An American by the name of Chase, an old gunner in the war of 1812, was engaged to load the cannon, which proved to

be partially honey-combed with rust, and in ramming home a charge it exploded, blowing off one of Chase's arms, and he rolled down the rock then known as Flag-staff Hill, the present site of the Bishop's Palace. What is now known as the Upper Town was then a wilderness, except a small strip of land west of Belvidere street, from the old canal to Low's Corner. There were only four houses there and the old Red Factory owned by Mr. Goodhue, sold to the British American Land Co., about 1836, and afterwards carried on by the late Adam Lomas.

A. D. BURNS.

Nashua, N.H., Jan., '92.

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Fifty years old, 108 broad pages, 143 original engravings, articles by 88 authorities in every branch of agriculture and domestic affairs, and a wonderfully compact array of statistics, showing why the

future for farmers is brilliant with hope—these are a few of the characteristics of that sterling magazine for January, the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, 52 and 54 Lafayette place, New York. The unique celebration of its entrance upon its second half century is a marked event in the agricultural world.

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