

educated people, and where the pension of an officer's widow, added to the bounty of the soil, would be comparative affluence.

At Quebec, however, misfortunes and disappointments awaited them. An expected remittance had not arrived, and a watch had to be disposed of in order to provide funds for proceeding. Then the journey up was unfortunately made entirely by rail. Instead of being introduced to Canadian scenery by the noble highway of the St. Lawrence and the lovely windings of the Thousand Isles, the travellers found themselves carried through a depressing, unpicturesque country, where "stumps" plentifully sprinkled the fields, and pumpkins and hollyhocks adorned the rough gardens which they passed. The sail across Lake Simcoe was the first glimpse they got of anything like beauty or picturesqueness. But this was only a transient gleam of brightness. At Bracebridge they could not remain long enough for Mrs. K. to sign the papers which secured to her her grant. In consequence of this she lost the right to sell the pine trees on her lot, the new Act—"a most unjust one"—she observes, having been passed before she found another opportunity of going through the necessary formalities. Then came a terrible, jolting journey over rough and most uneven roads, which nearly shook them to pieces, while they could hardly keep their seats in the rude wagon. They arrived at last at their journey's end, and to find the first detachment of the family still in the midst of the discomforts which new settlers must expect; the log-cabin destitute of chairs and tables; a great cooking-stove of depressing aspect the centre and prominent object; and the sleeping arrangements so much too scanty for the increased party, that the gentlemen had to sleep on the floor around the stove. Moreover, to refresh the travellers, worn-out by their fatiguing journey, there was only "linseed tea and sour doughy bread." Certainly it was not a very cheering reception for a beginning. For, to add to her depression, Mrs. K. was shocked at the change which a life of wearing toil had already wrought on the appearance of the youngest son, who lived near, and whose long-affianced bride had come out with the first detachment of the family.

Mrs. K. describes the grants assigned to herself and son-in-law as being rather picturesque in their general features, but she felt oppressed and stifled by the feeling of being cloaked in by an immense forest—the more so that, on her journey, she had already seen something of fires in the woods. The record of their life is chiefly a record of privation and hard work—unaccustomed and arduous toil on the part of the gentlemen of the family, to get up the buildings absolutely needed for their shelter, at which they laboured even in the inclement November

weather; while the ladies had, of course, to perform all the household work—a new and far from agreeable experience to them. Hardy Canadian farmers' wives and daughters, in such circumstances, have to labour hard enough, but they are brought up to do so, and many things which they would accomplish with comparatively little trouble were to unaccustomed hands a very heavy burden. It is impossible to read the story without feeling intense sympathy for these delicately brought up women, whose accomplishments were of a very different kind, obliged to go through an amount of hardship and labour to which few even of our city servants have to submit. No wonder that their depression and home-sickness became at times rather more than their philosophy and patience were able to overcome!

Then came the cold bitter winter, with deep drifts of snow, making the roads, such as they were, almost impassable; and the sleighing, like everything else, seems to have been of the most primitive kind. Of course the settlers felt the cold very severe, but happily they were well supplied with warm clothing, in which they muffled themselves up, till, as Mrs. H. observes, they looked like sacks "tied in the middle." Now and then there is a faint gleam of brightness in the picture, as the birth of a child, christening, and a rather unsuccessful attempt at Christmas festivities, ending in home-sick tears. The record is an almost wholly sad one however, and, especially if it were taken in connection with the representations of Mr. Clayden, would lead any uninformed reader to the conclusion that Muskoka grants are almost as bad as that uncheerful region over whose doors was written—

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Certainly, the conjunction of this article in the same number of the Magazine with a sketch of Canadian travel in the maritime Provinces, by an American, rather contemptuously entitled "Baddeck, and that sort of thing"—is likely to impress American readers with the idea that Canada is divided between desolate, monotonous, stony tracts, where the people lead a somnolent old-time existence, about a hundred years behind the age, and dreary regions of savage wilderness, wild, trackless—and in winter almost impassable, whose inhabitants are unable, by the hardest and most unrelenting toil, to procure more than the barest and coarsest necessities. Yet even in rugged Muskoka the ordinary settlers are said, by those who have travelled among them, to be as happy and cheery a set of people as can easily be found, and so content with their wilderness-life that they have no desire to leave it for more civilized abodes.

But the truth is that *only the right kind* of settlers should go as pioneers to such new districts. It is