

LOST IN THE BACKWOODS.

CHAPTER I.

"The morning had shot her bright streamers on high,
O'er Canada, opening all pale to the sky ;
Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore,
Except where the ocean wave lashed on the shore."

Jacobite Song.



HERE lies, between the Rice Lake and the Ontario, a deep and fertile valley, surrounded by lofty wood-crowned hills, clothed chiefly with groves of oak and pine; the sides of the hills and the alluvial bottoms display a variety of noble timber trees of various kinds, as the useful and beautiful maple, beech, and hemlock. This beautiful and highly picturesque valley is watered by many clear streams, whence it derives its appropriate appellation of "Cold Springs."

At the period my little history commences, this now highly cultivated spot was an unbroken wilderness,—all but two clearings, where dwelt the only occupiers of the soil,—which previously owned no