

ing to return with lumber, but instead of making the river he made the shore a short distance below Presque Isle, in a fearful storm of wind and snow. The schooner stuck fast and baffled all his efforts to float her, and there was nothing to do but send for help, which he did at the appearance of daylight. The snow had by this time fallen so deep that the messenger was obliged to keep the shore all the way and reached us about dark, bringing a letter from Boyd instructing me to collect as many men as possible and come to his assistance. By morning the snow was over two feet deep and still falling. It took me all day to get things in readiness and gather together fifteen volunteers who went with me the following morning, in a batteau, to the scene of the wreck. We found the poor 'Fly' hard aground, and being pounded on the stones by a heavy sea running on the shore, putting her strength to a severe test. She stood it well, however, and came off without any apparent injury. We all went quickly to work, some in the water and some out, no one grumbled and no one refused to do as he was asked. For my own part, I was in the water up to my waist the greater part of my time and did not find it at all disagreeable whilst in, but so soon as I came out I felt the cold and had either to go to the camp or into the water again. With the intention of bringing some appliances and provisions, I left for home some time during the afternoon, in a small boat, Robert Elliot accompanying me. It was quite dark when we reached the mouth of the river and as it was frozen over we could not enter but were obliged to undertake the walk up on the west side. By this time the snow was up to our waists, but so light that we managed to work our way up as far as the Land Agent's house. How long it took us I do not know, but we were fortunate enough to get through before the Agent had retired for the night. Here we

found the River open, and no available means of crossing but by swimming, and this we did not care to do, but the Agent heard us calling and came to our rescue with his canoe. We returned the next day to the scene of the wreck, and after several days spent in and out of the water the schooner was again floated, brought safe into port and laid up for the winter. The snow was by this time over three feet deep, and more was constantly falling. With the thermometer dropping lower and lower it cannot be wondered at that I thought the winters of this region were more severe than on the Ontario front to which I had been accustomed all my life. But if this were my opinion then, I had good reason to change it before spring. It is true that the entire settlement was literally snowed under and shut off from all means of communication with the older settlements except by walking, but thanks to Boyd and the schooner Fly it was well supplied with provisions, and if the dwellings were not frost-proof firewood—was plentiful, so that there was no danger of either starving or freezing. If, therefore, our condition did not excite the envy of outsiders we certainly did not merit their pity. I was not allowed long to enjoy this isolated paradise, for Boyd had business that required his presence in Toronto, or that of some one in his place, and I consented to undertake the trip.

I left on a Monday, carrying with me a supply of provisions for the journey, and reached Ballanfad the following Saturday night, a distance of 100 miles. Rather slow travelling 'tis true, even slower than that made by the narrow gauge which caused such grumbling in later years, but I then thought I had made very good time. From Ballanfad to Toronto and back, I travelled by sleigh. On my return I remained a short time at my old home where my mother still lived, and received a mother's welcome. I was quite an object of