

Their household furniture was plain, no sofa black  
 nor drab,  
 Their easy chair was four round legs drove in a  
 cedar slab;  
 No table with mahogany top, nor slab from marble  
 rock,  
 Contented, they partook their meals, just from a  
 home-made block.  
 From morn to night, the settler's axe sent forth a  
 clinking sound,  
 Till numerous tall, majestic trees were laid upon  
 the ground.  
 Soon they had laid some acres low, from out the  
 stately bush,  
 The match applied, the crackling flames licked up  
 the tangled brush.  
 The blackened logs must next be drawn—they  
 hitched up Buck and Bright,  
 Log heaps were quickly formed and fired, flames  
 blazed in towering height.  
 A piece well cleared of brush and trees, their seed-  
 ing time begins—  
 The seed was covered with a drag with home-made  
 wooden pins.  
 First blade, then stem, showed rapid growth,  
 nourished from virgin soil,  
 The settler smiled in hope of being rewarded for  
 his toil;  
 Grief changed to joy—he felt assured he laboured  
 not in vain;  
 Instead of forest tree and brush, now waves the  
 golden grain.  
 When ripe, the settler starts to reap, with all his  
 family hand,  
 Hard work,—for their machine was just a sickle  
 in their hand.—  
 Their threshing power, a home-made flail, two nice  
 round sticks combined,  
 Their fanning mills were likewise cheap, they  
 cleaned all with the wind.  
 Their harvest o'er, abundant yield, but still they  
 had their ills,  
 The wheat was there, they must have flour—where  
 was the gristing mills?  
 They looked in vain for such a place, and great  
 was their dismay,  
 When they were told the place they sought was  
 forty miles away;  
 Not distant, only, but no roads for ox team with  
 their loads,  
 The only track, the redman's path, blazed trees to  
 guide the road;  
 But pressing want must be supplied, though they  
 on foot should walk,

Compelled to be the ox themselves, they bore it on  
 their back.  
 In dreary home, the settler's wife passed many an  
 anxious hour,  
 Waiting her husband's safe return with a fresh  
 stock of flour.  
 And to increase her grief and woe, her sorrow and  
 her dread,  
 Around, her hungry children stood and cried in  
 vain for bread.  
 Potatoes, oft their chiefest food, flour bread a joy-  
 ful treat,  
 And often when the flour was done, they lived  
 upon boiled wheat.  
 Yes, I have seen the man that chewed the wheat  
 into a paste.  
 Or cracked it up between two stones to suit the  
 children's taste.  
 Those brave old settlers chopped and cleared the  
 land whereon we dwell,  
 The trials and hardships they endured oftentimes I  
 heard them tell.  
 If their young sons that's brought up now, had  
 half to undergo,  
 They would think more of their brave sires that  
 laid the forest low.  
 No town nor store was near their home, oft hungry,  
 weak, and tired,  
 Through woods they travelled to the front, for  
 articles required;  
 Their groceries, clothing, crockery, too, likewise  
 an axe to chop;  
 Yes, the first logging-chain they used, they carried  
 from Port Hope!  
 No church to edify the old, nor schools to teach  
 the young,  
 The praises of assembled throngs, they seldom  
 heard them sung.  
 No doubt, within those wildwood homes, some did  
 God love and fear,  
 In course of time His servant came and preached  
 four times a year.  
 Through cold and stormy winter months their  
 chopping work was done;  
 In summer all was logged and cleared beneath a  
 burning sun.  
 Their dauntless courage knew no stay, their iron  
 will no yield;  
 By their hard labor, axe and fire, they added field  
 to field.  
 People were scarce, and money too, hard cash they  
 seldom saw,  
 What they produced they couldn't sell, "trade"  
 was the only law.

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