

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 band,
 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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