

Richmond and Melbourne, 40 to 50 years ago.

About 1849 or 1850, the survey of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway was made through Richmond. This was a matter of great importance to all, a few of us had ever seen a railway train.

My first railway ride was on a ballast train, or rather a construction train from Durham to St. Yacinte, and to reach our point of embarkation we had to drive to L'Anson, and as far as we could drive from there in the direction of what is now South Durham. At this time the construction of the railway made Richmond a very lively place, although the newly introduced social element wasn't altogether of the highest standard.

Several new commercial firms also engaged in business at Richmond, amongst others Benoit and Gemmill, of St. Hyacinth; Chambers and the late Andrew Donnelly. The store of the latter was run principally in connection with one of the sections of railway in which he had an interest, and I think was held by one Falloon.

At that time I was employed by Mr. Benoit, and boarded in the family of the late William Farwell, who then resided in Richmond. Our present Cown Land agent Lemuel Farwell, was then a member of the family. When this railway reached Richmond, all the freight for Sherbrooke was forwarded by teams, and this made lively work for freighters. William Brooks, then of Sherbrooke, kept three or four teams going constantly.

The first train which entered Richmond when the formal opening of the road took place in 1851, was driven by the late Joseph Sawyer, whom many residents of Sherbrooke and Richmond will remember, and who at the time of his death was probably the oldest engine driver on any part of the road now operated by the Grand Trunk Railway. A young man by the name of Goodwillie lost an arm on this occasion by slipping on the dump and falling with his arm in front of the wheels.

The Railway Station was then near the end of the St. Francis Bridge, and was in charge of a Mr. Brush. Mr. Atkins was Freight Agent, and the engine houses were a little south, very nearly opposite the old St. Ann's Church.

Since the time of which I have written many changes have taken place. Richmond has become an incorporated town. St. Ann's Church has been demolished, and a much more convenient and commodious edifice has been erected near the centre of the town. The distance from the old Church site to the Catholic Church and even north of that has been all built up with handsome and substantial stores and dwellings. An iron bridge spans the St. Francis on a site north of the old Adam's Tavern stand. St. Francis College crowns the height above what used to be the residences of Wm. Burnie and C. B. Cleveland. A Registry Office and Court House have been erected nearly opposite the College, and of all the older residents of forty years ago only a few now survive.

Probably the oldest of the old residents of Richmond at that time is Wm. Brooke, Esq.

Time has wrought wonderful changes in Richmond and Melbourne within 40 years, and few of those who were our schoolmates and companions then, but what have either "Crossed the River," or removed to other lands.

Amongst the old stand-bys of Melbourne we may mention John Main and William Coburn, and there are still residing there Capt. Malra, James Sloan, and others, who were boys or young men at the time of which we have written.

In writing these sketches we have been prevented by a press of other business from refreshing our memory by visiting the scenes of our early days, and in consequence are alive to the fact that very much has been omitted that should properly have formed a part of these reminiscences. *Au revoir.*

For The Land We Live In.

Brompton's Pioneers.

By A. RANKIN.

Nathan Caswell was one of the early pioneers of Brompton. He came to that Township when it was an unbroken forest, and located on the property now occupied by James Wark, opposite Windsor Mills. He feared neither God, man nor the devil, but upon the whole was a noble hearted generous fellow. He devoted very little attention to agricultural pursuits, but spent most of his time in hunting, fishing and boating. A little of the oh-be-joyful was always acceptable, and had a wonderful effect in unloosing his tongue, and removing the taciturn disposition which he usually displayed. Accustomed to commune with himself alone it took something out of the ordinary routine to induce him freely to commune with others, but that oh-be-joyful always had a sort of "open sesame" effect upon him. He spent the fall and winter hunting for moose and deer which in those days—the commencement of the present century—were very plentiful in Brompton. In his fall trapping he usually had an Indian for a partner, although each made, set and attended his own line of sable traps independent of the other, and joined each other in camp perhaps once in ten or fifteen days. The country between St. Francis River and Brompton Lake was at that time the best trapping ground for fur-bearing animals to be found in what now comprises the Eastern Townships. At one time Caswell got an idea into his head that his partner intended to kill him, and appropriate the fruits of their autumnal trapping expedition. So when he returned to camp, he rigged up an effigy of himself upon which he placed some of his outside wearing apparel and placed it in the entrance to the camp, after which he placed himself in a position where he could see without being seen, and awaited the denouement, which wasn't long a coming. The Indian instead of following his sable line, as originally arranged, had taken the back track, and pretty soon Caswell saw him cautiously returning towards the camp. The Indian fired at Caswell's effigy, and as that didn't appear to have the desired effect, rushed up and threw his tomahawk, when Caswell swooped down on him, and according to his own statement, gave him what he deserved, and what he guessed would prevent his meddling with any other white man. As none of his tribe ever saw the Indian after, it is probable that Caswell gave him a free pass to the happy hunting ground, and as the members of the tribe ever evinced an antipathy towards Caswell, it is evident that they concurred in the general opinion. Caswell was a very successful hunter and trapper, and at present day prices his annual catch would be productive of a very handsome revenue.

Treed by a Bear.

In conversation with Mr. Rolfe, of Ascot Cerner, last week, he informed us that nearly a year ago he engaged a French Canadian to work for him, and as there was little to do the first afternoon he sent Pierre into the woods to cut some crooks suitable for log bunkers, while he kept his steam saw mill running. Along towards six o'clock, Pierre came in with the perspiration streaming off him, and on being interrogated, said he had been chased by a bear, and only saved from instant destruction by a liberal exercise of his pedal extremities. He didn't use the exact words, but there was a sort of harmony between what he said in broken English and French that corresponded with the expressions afore said. It seems that while walking along intent on securing a crook of the kind usually identified with the growth of the primeval forest, as our friend Moore would say, he cast a glance ahead, and within twenty feet of him seated on the trifling extension which nature has added to the spinal columns of bears—was a bear of the first magnitude, which in adopting the position usually occupied

by four footed animals toppled over to the near side of the log. Instead of kicking the animal when it was down, Pierre beat a retreat, and with his face forward, rushed madly through the growth of underbush until he reached a tree, adequate to his own wants, but insufficient for the bear's hugging requirements. He hadn't a moment to spare, for before he had got fairly seated on a limb, some ten feet above the ground, bruin had taken an erect position underneath, and with a generous display of ivory, kept up a castanet accompaniment to the beating of Pierre's heart. "Mon Dieu," said Pierre, "you joust ought to hear heem rattle hees teeth." The bear had Pierre in a state of siege, and showed no disposition to let up on the advantage thus attained until finally a brilliant idea worked itself through Pierre's hair. Like all French Canadians, he was a "goot schuoker," and carried a liberal supply of matches (*allumettes*), so with one of these he set fire to his pocket handkerchief and dropped it on his besieger, and this carried the siege. The bear wasn't "up to snuff," and one snuff was enough. As the bear moved off in one direction, Pierre dropped from his perch, and moved off, as he supposed, in another direction, but as it happened bruin was between Pierre and the clearing, and a converging line brought them again into contact. This time Pierre trusted to his heels, and after ascertaining his position by running into a bog, of which he had heard, made a bee line for Rolfe's, where he arrived after a good five mile heat, in which it is conceded he made the best time on record for a brush race. When treed, Pierre had yelled lustily for assistance, and although Rolfe had thought somebody was calling, the sound of the saw had prevented him from verifying the fact. The fact of the bear taking the aggressive at that season of the year—June—can only be accounted for under the supposition that it was a she bear with cubs in the immediate vicinity.

Sketches of a Trip from Bedford, P.Q. to Bedford, N.S.

By C. VAUGHAN.

In the month of August, 1871, I received a letter from Col. Fletcher, then a resident of St. John's, P.Q., and Brigade Major of the 5th Military District, which contained the following announcement:—"The Dominion Rifle Matches will be held at Bedford, Nova Scotia, commencing on Tuesday, the 13th September. Arrangements have been made with the C.T.R. Company, the International S. S. Co., and the Annapolis, Windsor and Halifax R. R. Co., by which competitors can obtain tickets good for the round trip for one fare. I am going, and would be pleased to have Capt. Bockus and Lt. Vaughan accompany me. I will start on Thursday morning preceding the opening day of the matches." Two days after the receipt of this letter, I wrote informing the Colonel that Capt. Bockus and I would be in St. John's on the Thursday morning mentioned in his letter, and would accompany him to Bedford and Halifax.

When the morning for our departure arrived, the gallant Captain—who has since departed to the land from which no traveller returns—and myself, armed with our trusty Sniders, and carrying each a valise, started on our journey of a thousand miles. Our first mile to Upper Bedford was made by shank's express, and the next three miles, to Stanbridge station, by Turnbull's stage.

Immediately after our arrival at the station, I telegraphed Col. Fletcher as follows:—

"Capt. B. and I want to take a box of No. 5 B.A. with us. Please bring a box to the station, etc."

Thirty minutes later we arrived at St. John's, and found our old friend the Colonel, and a box of our favorite No. 5 at the station awaiting us. After the usual delay caused by the amalgamation of the Waterloo, St. Alban's and Rouses' Point trains, we again started on our way, ar-

iving in Montreal at 9.30 a.m. We spent the day in visiting friends and sight-seeing, and at 8.30 p.m. returned to the Bonaventure station. Here we were joined by Col. Macpherson, of the G.G.F.G., Cap. Stewart, sec-treas. D.R.A. and wife, of Ottawa, Lt. Hilton, of Montreal, and Capt. Thomas, familiarly called "Long Tom," of Melbourne. After spending a few minutes in pleasant chat with friends who had accompanied us to the station, we bade them good night, boarded the train, and were soon speeding on our way to Portland, Me.

(To be continued.)

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