

III.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

I once more sit down to give your readers a few more memories of "Auld Lang Syne." I will pass over our second winter, which, in spite of those who say the seasons are changed, was very much like the winters we now have. The forest not having been cleared up as it now is, we were spared the drifts which so often at this time block our roads. As my brother Henry and I had been brought up not to mind a little roughness and fatigue, when the middle of April, 1834, opened out fine and balmy it was decided by the family council that we two boys were to go to Newmarket, a distance of seventy miles, to drive home two cows which our old friend Mr. George Lount had bought for my father. Our good mother, knowing we could get nothing to eat until we got as far Mrs. Bruce's, on the Penetanguishene-road, where we were to stay the first night, filled our lunch basket, and we started by the towline between Oro and Medonte, arriving about six o'clock at Mrs. Bruce's hotel. The ladies were in the ascendant in those days, and it was called Mrs. Bruce's hotel, as Mrs. Barr, whom Capt. Anderson mentions in his diary, kept the hotel at Warminster. I suppose there was a good reason for it, as in both cases the old saying that "the gray mare was the better horse" held good. However, Mrs. Bruce made us very comfortable, and next morning we started on our journey, crossed the bay in a boat at Kempenfelt, and stayed at night at a hotel near where Bradford now is. The next morning we called on Mr. Lount, who kindly went with us to the farm of an old Quaker who lived near Newmarket. Mr. Lount having already a cow at his own place, he chose a black cow from the old Quaker's stock, and as we were leaving with her the old fellow exclaimed, "There goes trouble" —ominous words, for from the time we started homewards the next morning she was either getting caught by the leg in a causeway or getting swamped in a mud hole. We travelled only about fifteen miles that day, as a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground. The next day we again arrived at Mrs. Bruce's, and