

was broken off close to the deck, and held in place by the stays and shrouds only. Considering the violence of the storm and the fact of its striking us with all sail set, the wonder is that either the deck was not swept clean, or the ship sent to the bottom with sails, spars and rigging, hands, cargo and cook. We ran down to Sturgeon Bay, where we anchored, MacNab and I leaving for Coldwater in a jolly-boat for the purpose of getting a batteau to carry our wheat to the mill, and Isaiah remaining in charge of the schooner. We had first to pull to Coldwater (distant eight miles) procure a batteau, bring it to the Fly, take the wheat on board, row the batteau back to the mill, wait till the wheat was ground, convey it again to the schooner and then take the batteau back to the mill. If this was hard and tedious work it was not at all lonely, as we had the music of millions of frogs, toads and lizards to enliven us. Mosquitoes were also well represented as to numbers, surpassing in size and impudence anything of the kind I had ever encountered. Those to which I had been accustomed generally spent some time in humming around before lighting, and after lighting walked about, prospecting for a favourable spot on which to operate. But those of the Coldwater breed gave no time to either humming or prospecting but went at their work as if they meant business. Day or night appeared to make no difference in either their numbers or voracity. We at length got all the cargo on board, weighed anchor and made for home, taking with us very fond recollections of Coldwater and its surroundings. The flour was disposed of for six dollars a barrel, some for cash and some for credit, no one being refused on account of having no money. In fact I never knew Boyd to refuse provisions to a family in want, but on the contrary I have known him to be often imposed upon by those who had money but concealed it, and obtained credit by working upon his sympathies.

When the flour was nearly all gone Boyd told me I must go for another cargo of wheat. To this I objected as I did not care to be connected with any enterprise entailing certain loss, and as there had been a clean loss on the last cargo nothing better could be expected from the next. He replied that the settlers must have flour and if he did not furnish it they would starve. Seeing that he was bent upon having his own way I consented to go, my shipmates being the same as on the former trip. We weighed anchor in the afternoon and had a very good run down the bay, passing the Vale school about dark. We there found the wind from the east, dead ahead, accompanied by a drizzling rain. Not caring to spend the night on deck without the prospect of making headway, we stowed all the canvas excepting the foresail, which we close-reefed and close-hauled, and lashed the helm hard-up, or hard-down, (I forget which), after which we turned in, leaving the schooner to take care of herself. This she did in splendid style, for on waking the following morning we found ourselves a considerable distance beyond Cape Croker. We had passed both Griffiths Island and the Cape, and how we escaped drifting on to one or the other was then a mystery. We obtained our load and took it to Coldwater as we did the first cargo, and in due time brought our ship again into port, more by good luck than good management. This was my last trip for that year, Boyd did the sailing for the remainder of the season, getting assistance as best he could. He made several trips to Coldwater, beaching the schooner at one time, and dropping the foremast overboard at another. Towards the close of the season he went twice to Detroit, bringing back each time a full cargo of provisions, thus preventing any danger of starvation during the winter. On the seventeenth of November he started for the mouth of the Nottawasaga River with a cargo of fish, intend-