

winter. The earliest of the settlers sometimes did take grists of their grain over the lake to the "red mill" at Holland Landing. There was no mill on this side the lake until the latter part of 1826, when Oliver's mill was built at the place now called Midhurst. The land was quickly responsive to the labour of the settlers in clearing and planting it. Besides the common grains—wheat, oats and barley—all kinds of garden stuffs rewarded those who planted them with abundant returns. Potatoes, turnips, Indian corn, beans and pumpkins gave good crops. Even melons grew and ripened when the land was fresh as they do not seem to have done since. The cows gave a good flow of milk, contributing thus largely to the living and comfort of the families. Swine could mostly find their own food in the woods in summer, and as they soon grew to maturity and required only a little extra food for their fattening, they produced meat in tolerable plenty to the settlers. The new country seemed also to agree well with our fowls. They gave us eggs in abundance, and filled our yards with their young, which quickly grew to full size, so that in the latter part of the summer we nearly lived on their products. Berries of different kinds and wild red plums were often to be had in plenty, especially in forsaken clearings, and, when sweetened by the produce of our maple trees gathered in our sugar harvest each spring, we thought them a luxury. And I should not forget the wild pigeon. He was seldom absent long in our summers, and though he sometimes plagued us by claiming part of our seed sown in spring and fall, and dropping down on our harvest fields in his thousands, he often served the part of the quails to the Israelites in the wilderness. He gave us flesh for a stew or a pot-pie when flesh was not plentiful. We had also as a frequenter of our fields the American quail. He was seldom killed. We so much admired his pretty ways and cheerful call of "Bob White," we did not think of shooting him. My father once shot our cat because she caught the quails which came into our barnyard. In the early years of the settlement they were quite numerous in summer. We thought they went south in winter and returned to their summer haunts in spring. When the country began to fill up with settlers they ceased coming.

Your readers might be led by the foregoing paragraph to surmise that those early times had in them something of the character of Paradise, but they had another and more gloomy side—a side of real hardship, even of suffering—in necessary privation of things which had contributed very largely to their comfort in all their previous life. As a rule, the settlers had none of them been among the indigent classes. They had all, as far as I can recall a memory of them, filled places among the comfortable middle ranks, much above the assisted immigrants of later years, who were styled