

The changes which had taken place during that time, and other matters are described in her recollections, thus :

“The country had, of course, improved somewhat during the seven years since they went down, still where cities now stand there was then only woods, woods, woods, with here and there a few scattered houses. For instance, at Buffalo, where they passed a night, was a solitary roadside inn, with a swinging sign. No other house, and the beautiful Lake Erie spread out before it.

“My uncle drove his own carriage all the way from Albany. Ten miles he and my mother had to walk through the woods where the road was very bad. My mother found York had vastly changed in those years. There were a church, a gaol, a light-house building and many nice houses, and the woods between the garrison and town fast disappearing.

“My mother went down to the farm after her sisters had returned to New York, and then her experience of ‘roughing it in the bush’ began. The hardships were bearable until the winter came on, which proved to be one of the most severe ever known in Canada.

“In the end of the previous summer and the fall, the field mice were a perfect plague. They were found in myriads, and destroyed everything they could find. Everything that was turned up proved to be a homestead destroyed, and the cat loathed mice as the Israelites did quails. The winter made an end of the mice, which lay dead by hundreds of thousands on the ground. But a new trouble arose, very trying to the women and those unable to work. White oak staves were found to be marketable and to bring a large price. Therefore a mania arose for cutting and preparing these staves. Consequently every man in the country set to work at this new employment, leaving the women and old people to get on as they could on their wild lands. My grandfather’s man followed the universal example, and they could get no other man for the highest wages that could be offered.

“My mother, a young and delicate girl of sixteen, was obliged to drag hay up a hill to feed all the cattle and a flock of sheep, though terrified by the animals, as my grandfather was too infirm to do it himself. There was also a pack of hounds to feed, and water to draw, and logs to draw into the outhouse, at which three worked, that is, aunt Alice, my grandfather and mother, and my grandfather chopped the logs in the house to supply the great fireplace, which held what we would call a load of wood almost now.

“During the following summer flights of pigeons were remarkable. My mother says they used to darken the air.”

They were much terrified on one occasion by a visit from a party of Indians :

“One Sunday he (my grandfather) had gone to see his neighbor, Mr. Cozens (?), when soon after he had gone several Indians came, bringing furs and asking for whiskey. My mother and aunt refused them. The Indians became so urgent and insolent and so constantly increasing in number that they became terrified and sent the French girl to beg my grandfather to return. She came back in a few minutes more frightened than ever, saying that as she passed the camp she saw the squaws hiding away all the knives, as they always do when the Indians are drunken, and that they chased her back. Some of the Indians were intoxicated before they came to the house, and their threats were awful. They had collected to the number of forty, and