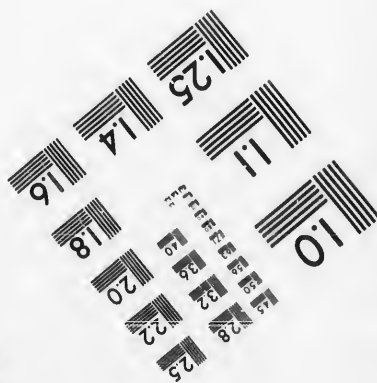
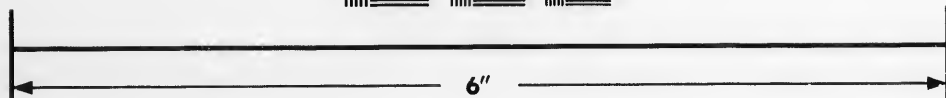
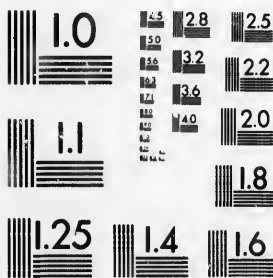


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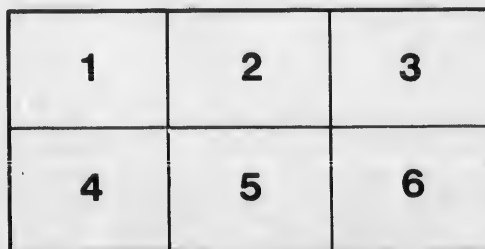
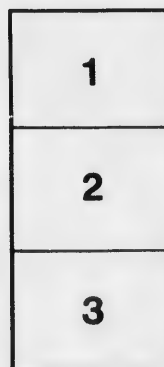
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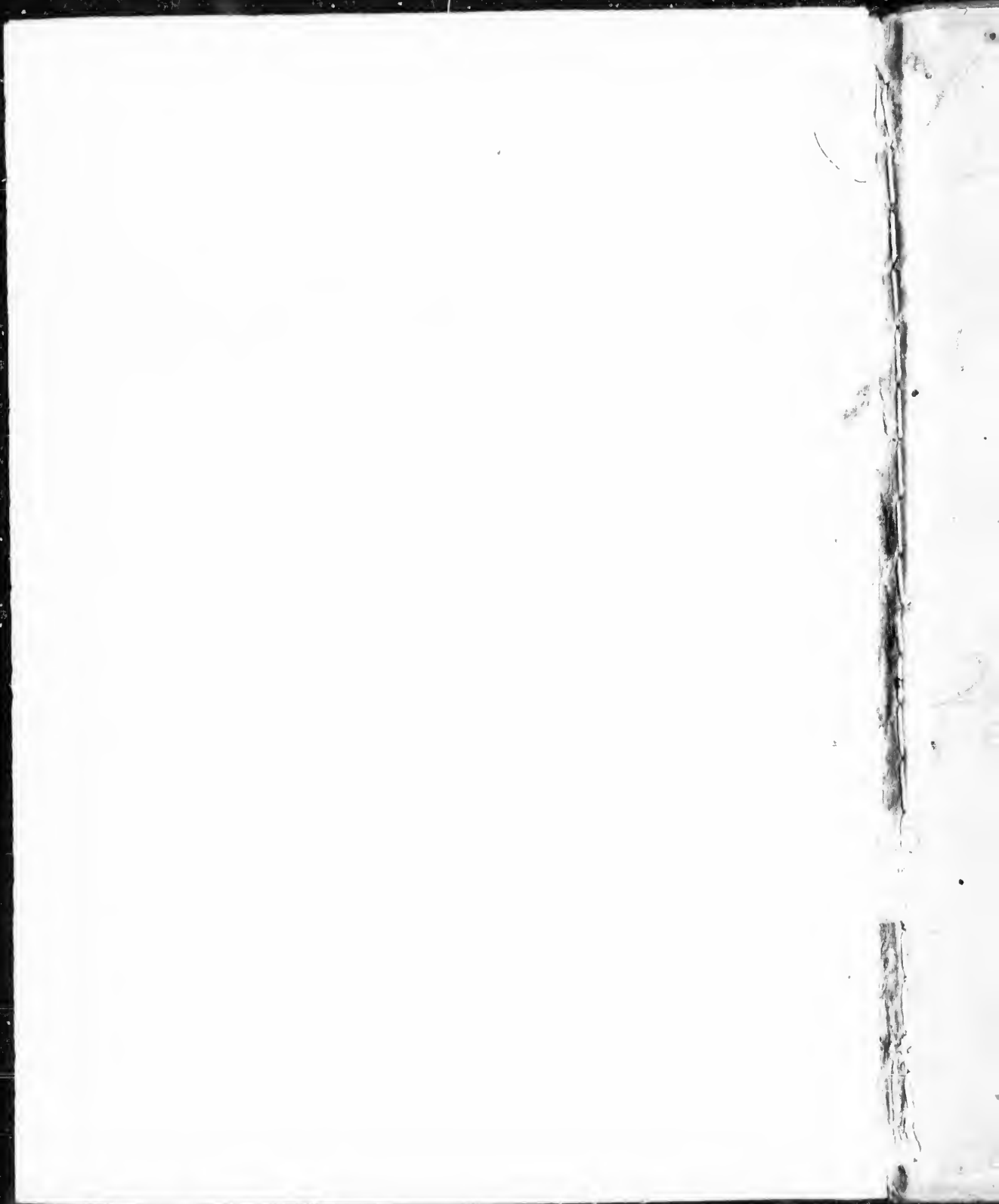
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132

SUFFERINGS OF THE NEEDY;

OR

A JOURNEY TO THE WEST;

AND BACK AGAIN; WITH ITS

PRIVATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES,

AS RELATED BY

ALEXANDER DERBYSHIRE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

a short Sketch of the

LIFE OF JOHN A. BREWER,

WHO DIED ON THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

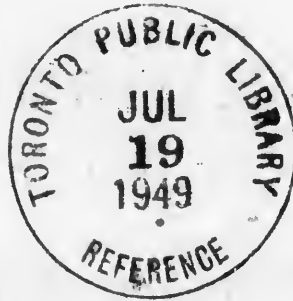
A true account from Real Life,

BY MARIA GIBSON.

PICTON:

PRINTED AT "THE NORTH AMERICAN" JOB OFFICE,
1865.

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Entered according to Act of Provincial Parliament, in the
year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty five,
by **Walter Ross**, in the Office of the Registrar of the
Province of Canada.

PREFACE.

Diaries and Journals are generally looked upon by the reading world as dismal, uninteresting accounts, which have little or no life in them. This work cannot be, strictly speaking, a Journal or Diary, and contains scenes which I hope will excite the interest of the reader enough to give it a careful perusal, particularly those more accustomed to the reading of works of truth than of fiction.

By the reader of Novels I have no doubt but it will meet with a cool reception, therefore, to the candid and thoughtful, more than these, I recommend it, as it shows in a clear and plain manner the trials persons are subject to, and the privations they have to endure who are strangers in a strange land, without the means wherewith to help themselves to the necessaries of life or to convey themselves from one place to another. Also, when cast upon the wide world, how few are to be found who are willing to practice our Saviour's Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

The writer has endeavored to collect and arrange the different scenes in their respective order so as to give the reader as clear an idea as possible of the trials, position and whereabouts of the travellers.

After a careful perusal and examination the relator has declared this to be a true account, the only deficiency being that words cannot fully express their privations, or impress the reader's mind with a full sense of the reality.

The sketch of the Life of JOHN A. BREWER is vague compared to what it might have been if any minute account could be obtained of his life while at sea, but being unable to obtain anything further than could be gathered from a few letters, his friends consider it no more than a tribute due to his memory to have it committed to the Press.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER 2. Birth and parentage; my mother's death; reasons for going West; John A. and Johnson Brewer go with us.

CHAPTER 3 Start for Iowa; St. Lawrence; Lake of a Thousand Isles; Kingston.

CHAPTER 4 Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER 5 Sarah Ann sick; medical advice; William Abels has trouble with the runners; Detroit; Cars run off the track; storm on Lake Michigan; Benjamin Firman stops in Illinois; Chicago.

CHAPTER 6 Canal Boats; Sarah Ann and Erwin sick; Boots missing; Laselle, Boat towed by men, Sand Bar, Boat aground.

CHAPTER 7 Description of a Steamboat on the Mississippi.

CHAPTER 8 From Laselle to Keokuk; hunger, no money; borrow, buy bread, Sarah Ann unable to eat, no spoons, a substitute, J. A. Brewer saws wood from Alton to St. Louis, Deck Passage, rain, uncomfortable bed.

CHAPTER 9 St. Louis, paved shores; needless journey of fifty miles; Slaves, cruel treatment; warm weather; William Abels and I try to load corn; Cholera on board, one man dies.

- CHAPTER 10** Land at Keokuk, lose box in river, goods damaged; Sarah Ann still sick; start on foot 30 miles, Sarah Ann tires out farm house; John A. and W. A. go for friends, lonely walk mourning doves.
- CHAPTER 11** At Daniel Slack's, Iowa, Prairie flowers, herds of cattle, timber, settlements, buildings; Valley of the Mississippi, its advantages, emigration, productions, fat cattle.
- CHAPTER 12** Tobacco, Sorghum, minerals, winters, ravines, rivers, snakes.
- CHAPTER 13** Hunting prairie chickens; use of a dog; settlers of Iowa, Yankees, Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Kanucks.
- CHAPTER 14** At Daniel Slack's; Canada boys, Blue Racer, old log house, public square, Salem, one chair, make bedstead, thunder-storm.
- CHAPTER 15** Get wood; heat; flour, furniture; go to Blacksmithing, John A. hires to Boyle; Sarah Ann ashamed of our circumstances; LaBranch; Johnson plows out corn, hire to Masden overcome by heat, obliged to quit.
- CHAPTER 16** Discouraged, John helps us, get windows, trade watch for stove, Eggs; go to Isaac Benedict's, Watermelons, fruits.
- CHAPTER 17** Get a letter from home, want to go back to Leeds, Sarah Ann unwilling, consents, makes preparations for starting.
- CHAPTER 18** Start for Canada; Sophia Slack; Mormon Temple; scene on the Mississippi; LaSelle; rain, Canal breaks, unload; Bridges; Canal breaks again, go on foot to Chicago, wade; Illinois.
- CHAPTER 19** Chicago, cars to Cottage Hill; J. Nickols, B. Firman, E. Canada; Erwin worse.
- CHAPTER 20** Chop wood to get provision, John and I go to the city; haystack, stragglers, tavern, tickets; S. Slack goes on; confusion, fiddling and dancing, gambling, grey-headed veterans.
- CHAPTER 21** All quiet, Boat aleak, S. A. gets up, no satisfaction, 6 foot water in the hold, out of sight of land, meditation, Straits of

CHAPTER 22 Lake Huron, Huron District, River St. Clair, Lake St. Clair, Detroit, Lake Erie, harbours, navigation, advantages.

CHAPTER 23 Competition at Buffalo, Boys start on foot, regret, take Johnson on the cars; Lewiston; threaten to put Johnson off, secrete him, get to Kingston, Toronto, thunder-shower, reach Brockville, Philip Wing, home, weeds.

CHAPTER 24 Father gives us provision, better table than in Iowa; one visitor; John A. Brewer comes home, go at the Blacksmith trade, buy the old homestead, go back to Iowa and buy land; Johnson Brewer, sr., moves to Bloomfield; sell to John Chamberlain; we move to Bloomfield, work at the Carpenter's trade, buy a farm, upon it I still reside.

CHAPTER 25 A retrospect of the past, resolutions for the future, social visit to Iowa.

CHAPTER 26 A few words of advice from Sarah Ann Derbyshire to her children.

LIFE OF JOHN A. BREWER.

CHAPTER I,
CHAPTER III,
CHAPTER V,

CHAPTER II,
CHAPTER IV,
CHAPTER VI,

CHAPTER VII.

LINES on the Death of JOHN A. BREWER.

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SUFFERINGS OF THE NEEDY;

OR

A JOURNEY TO THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

At the request of my friends, and for the perusal of my children when I am gone, I am prompted to offer a short account to the public, believing that few of my associates have passed through more privations in their outset in life than myself and wife, if they have as many.— Perhaps this little work may fall in the hands of some who may consider it exaggerated, but it is, nevertheless, true; the only deficiency being the absence of many little things which time has erased from my memory. But finding that most

of the leading and principal points can be recollected by some of the company that accompanied me, and being anxious that my children should have as correct an account as possible, I here offer a simple and true statement of a journey to Iowa and back again to Canada, with its privations and difficulties.

ALEXANDER DERBYSHIRE.

CHAPTER II.

Birth and parentage. My mother's death. Reasons for going West. John A. and Johnson Brewer go with us.

"Poor thoughtless youths, but just embarked,
To you the prospect's fair ;
Be warned by one who sees your peril !
And steer your course with care."

I was born on the twentieth of sixth month, 1825, in the township of Young, county of Leeds and Province of Canada West. My parents' names were Daniel and Mercy Derbyshire. I was the eldest of a family of six children, and my father not being in very affluent circumstances, I was obliged, as I grew to manhood, to depend upon my own exertions and economy for a livelihood. We lived near a small village of Leeds called Farmersville, where my father worked at the Blacksmith trade, which gave me an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with that business, as I worked with him, more or less, from the time I was strong enough until I commenced for myself. When I arrived to

the age of manhood I became attached to a young woman named Sarah Ann Brewer, with whom I was married the twenty-sixth of third month, 1848. She was an only daughter of Johnson and Eliza Brewer, both ministers of the Society of Friends, who, through dedicated obedience to their Master's will, are frequently called from home and friends to labor in Gospel love with those living far remote from them.

After our marriage we lived in an old log house near my father's. I worked at the Potash business and Blacksmith trade, which enabled me, after a year and a half, to buy a lot near the village of Farmersville, containing one acre of ground, with a comfortable house upon it. We moved there, having, through frugality and industry, accumulated many of the little necessities of life, and considered ourselves not in the worst of circumstances for new beginners; for at that time and place pride and arrogance had not reached the extent they have at present, although their progress was plainly visible to the discerning, without penetrating far into the vista of coming years.

We had not lived in our new home over three

months, when the western fever began to rage in Leeds and vicinity, owing to the many good reports in circulation concerning the Western States of America, and the great advantages agriculturists there have over those in Canada, the winters being shorter and milder, and land cheaper and better on the prairies, &c. These rumors created great excitement among the people, so much so that many who were comfortably settled and in good circumstances, having everything around them that heart or hand could wish for, were soon making every preparation for moving; and so many of my friends and acquaintances going gave me the fever also. Sarah Ann, however, opposed going and had a very decided choice in staying where we were, and wished me to work away as I had done, feeling satisfied to let "well enough alone," believing the old adage, "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." But farming had always been my favorite employment, and I resolved to some day possess a farm of my own and thinking this opportunity too good a one to let pass unimproved, I sold my team, wagon, harness, cattle, &c., to get money to pay our ex-

penses there, fancying that I should soon work myself into a snug little farm. What beautiful scenery the imagination can paint, what pleasant pictures the fancy will portray, when these are supported by hope and buoyed up by a strong determination ; how often they lead the possessor to behold his fancied pleasures a mere blank !

My mother, at this time, was very poorly, she had been confined to the house for about four months with a disease of the heart. Her sufferings were very great and she bore them with christian patience and resignation ; she seemed to be daily sinking, and we all knew she could not survive long. She seemed anxious to be released from her sufferings, and the thoughts of death had no terror as was shown by her calm, quiet manner one day upon the house taking fire, and burning about twelve feet off the roof, and which was with great difficulty extinguished ; although the rest of the household were thrown into the utmost confusion and alarm she was perfectly calm, merely asking what was the matter, and further than this, she evinced no uneasiness nor even expressed a wish to be carried out

of the house, as she was entirely helpless. I have no doubt but she felt that if she should be burned it would be a happy release. She was often heard to implore her heavenly Father to take her in mercy to himself, that her earthly sufferings might cease, and she be permitted to enter into the rest prepared for the children of God, of which she had a bright foretaste, often saying that although her outward trials were hard to bear yet all was peace within. She would often break forth in supplication to her Divine Master on behalf of her husband and children. She failed very fast, and on the fourteenth of fifth month it was evident her end was drawing nigh; we were all summoned around her bedside to behold the parting scene and behold a christian mother's oft repeated wish fulfilled, to behold her bid adieu to all things here below and take her exit from a world of trials and cares to join that blessed number, that innumerable multitude whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Her funeral took place on first day and was attended by a large concourse of people whose minds seemed clothed with deep solemnity.

After the last tribute of respect was paid to our departed mother we began to turn our minds towards our intended journey, and make such arrangements as were necessary for our progress in the prospect before us.

We accordingly packed up what we could in two large boxes, such as household goods, clothing, &c. I put up my blacksmith tools in a barrel and took them with me, as my trade was my only dependence. We concluded it would be best to keep our lot and not sell it until we knew how we liked the western country; if we were dissatisfied we would have a home to return to, and if satisfied I could easily sell it at any time and have the funds remitted to me. Such things as we could not easily take with us we left in the house, as chairs and cooking stove.

My father-in-law and mother-in-law, Johnson and Eliza Brewer, having a religious concern on their minds to visit some of the Western States and yearly meetings, were at this time about ready to start on their Gospel mission. They concluded it would be best for their two sons, John A. and Johnson, to go with us, and they, in their journey, would visit Iowa and if they

liked the country settle there themselves, and if not they would have the boys return with them to Leeds.

CHAPTER III.

Start for Iowa. St. Lawrence. Lake of a Thousand Isles.
Kingston.

Let fancy and imagination paint the scene,
And we have a lovely prospect.

On the twentieth of fifth month, eighteen hundred and fifty, we started, accompanied by our friends, William Abels a young man, Benjamin Firman and his family, and my wife's brothers, John A. and Johnson Brewer. We went with a team to Brockville, a distance of sixteen miles, and never while we live will we forget the strange mingling of feelings that filled our hearts as we rode along on our way to Brockville. Although we were young and our hearts buoyant with anticipation, yet a sensation of sadness pervaded our bosoms as the vehicle which contained us rolled heavily away from our quiet little home, and as it seemed to sink in the distance and recede from our view, we felt that the place of our childhood was near and dear. A reminiscence of the past rose rapidly before our minds

and with it feelings of pleasure as well as sadness; pleasure, when we thought of the many happy days of youth, the many hours spent in youthful recreation, the school days and school-mates, the wonted groves and frequented dales; and sadness, when we recollected that we were leaving all these behind; and still more solemn when we thought of our late bereavement, when we considered that but a few days ago we could behold a mother's countenance, and now she was wrapped in the cold embrace of death.— We also remembered father's lonely condition, deprived of the companion of his youth and we leaving so soon after, all had a tendency to solemnize our thoughts. The little warblers of the grove seemed almost conscious of our pensive mood, and, as if to cheer our downcast hearts, poured forth their mellow notes in strains of sweet melody, giving to the groves and surrounding landscape that pleasantness which we never before realized, making us almost doubt whether the prairie lands were any more pleasant.

At Brockville I purchased a ticket for Chicago and secured a passage on the Steamer *Bay*

State, as far as Lewiston. As the boat moved out from this familiar town and worked her way up the river our attention was drawn to the surrounding scenery on the river's banks, and we soon found ourselves in "the Lake of a Thousand Isles." These Islands are of every imaginable shape and appearance, some are scarcely visible, others contain a few rods of soil or rock, and others cover many acres. The surface of the stream is dotted with them; their broken outline presents to the traveller a scene of wood and water whose combination forms a picturesque appearance. While among these sometimes we would find ourselves enclosed in a narrow channel with barely room for the vessel to pass between them, then suddenly emerge as if into the mouth of some noble river, then perhaps again rush into another similar channel, until beyond this far famed Lake. As you approach Kingston the river becomes narrower. This is a place of considerable activity, sixty miles from Brockville, finely situated near the spot where old Fort Frontenac once stood, and was formerly the seat of Government for Canada. The Town Hall, Market, Penitentiary and Asylum are among the best of

the buildings. It has, also, strong fortifications which give it the appearance of a place of power as well as dignity.

From Kingston we found ourselves rapidly advancing on Lake Ontario, which presents a scene of beauty, yet it is hard to say in what respect this beauty consists, (the meaning of the word *Ontario* signifies *beauty*) there are no lofty hills for the poet to describe, no bold shores to attract his fancy, no scenery around it whose features are striking, yet it is, withal, beautiful. At times the roughness of its waters was very great, the swells rolled high and angry, while between them were deep troughs which appeared as if they would soon swallow up all on the surface.

While the Steamer was ploughing through these waters Sarah Ann went to her trunk to get some provisions, a little Irish boy, an emigrant, ran up to the trunk and snatched some food; not altogether liking the way he took to get it she told him to give it back, choosing rather to give him food if he was hungry than have him take such liberty; his mother immediately interfered and, taking the boy's part, plainly told him to keep it. These persons had a very loath-

some and repulsive appearance, their rags, lice and dirt denoted the most abject state of filthiness. I merely mention this to show the degraded state of some of these miserable creatures who go about in the most slovenly manner teaching their children to pilfer and deceive. Many of them are bright, intelligent youths whose intellectual faculties, if properly trained and religiously cultivated, would not only be an honor to their name but the pride and hope of the country and of a succeeding generation, but on the contrary the seeds of vice, degradation and infamy are sown and cultivated in their tender minds by those who call themselves parents, and they grow up hardened in all species of vice and crime.

We reached Lewiston the following morning after calling at the different ports, such as Cape Vincent, Oswego and Rochester. Sarah Ann was, by this time, very sick with the sick-headache. Having to wait a few hours for the cars I saw her comfortably accommodated and then walked around the town; I was in sight of Brock's Monument, erected upon the side hill to show to the traveller where that noted General

fell. It is, I should think, about fifty feet high and cost a considerable sum of money. At Lewiston the fruit trees were in full bloom and all nature seemed clothed with the most beautiful foliage, vegetation being far more rapid at that place than in Leeds.

Benjamin Firman met his father's family and with them spent the few hours we had to stay very sociably. From here we went to the Falls, a distance of seven miles. The first three miles the cars were drawn by horses up a long winding hill which extended a good share of the way. The road was dug along the hillside just wide enough for the cars to go without falling off. On one side we could behold nothing but the wall of earth or the hillside which was cut down perpendicularly, on the other we could look down a descent of some two hundred feet as we ascended the hill; the descent was thickly wooded with tall, thrifty, towering trees, with whose tops we were on a level as we gained the summit of the bank, while farther down in the valley they were some distance below us. Beyond the Woods lay a beautiful section of the country whose flat, fertile surface very much resembles

the prairies.

Ths horse cars used on this hill are different from steam cars ; they resemble them in appearance but are smaller and lighter. The luggage is all placed on the top which often makes it look rather top heavy. Very few persons could ride up this hill and not feel a dizzy sensation upon looking down its side. When we reached the junction at the top of the summit we had to exchange for steam cars which speedily carried us over the other four miles to that beautiful yet majestic cataract, Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER IV.

Niagara Falls.

The Niagara Falls are in the Niagara River, which is thirty miles long and very deep at its efflux from Lake Erie. It runs through a beautiful section of country and is allowed to flow at the rate of seven miles an hour. The sublimity of the prospect caused by this mighty mass of water rushing from the great American Lakes to join the Ocean, with so much rapidity, is striking. Grand and Navy Islands are situated a mile and a half above the main Cataract; the former belongs to the United States and is a finely timbered tract of land; the latter belongs to the British Government and is inferior in size and fertility. Nearly opposite to this island, at Chippewa, the Welland River flows into the Niagara, adding a little more strength to the coiling, foaming waters of the Rapids which seem to be gathering up all their force for the mighty leap they are about to make. At these islands a dis-

tant noise is heard of a low rumbling sound, and a column of mist, resembling a cloud, is seen hovering over the river, both of which are accounted for as you descend the stream, for in the short distance of a mile the river descends fifty seven feet, causing the water to move with great rapidity over shoals and rocks which are numerous in the bed of the river, forming dangerous and fierce rapids over which the boatman, with all his boasted skill, dare not venture. A little below the mouth of the Welland River the Niagara expands to two miles in breadth and soon after suddenly contracts into less than a mile.— Nearer the Falls the river bends to the east, and is divided by Goat Island, leaving the larger body of water on the Canadian shore. From this Island no fall is visible, but the noise grows louder and louder as you approach the great Cascade. While the traveller is coming down the river, before reaching the Falls, he can look back and see the waters in the distance calm and undisturbed, but on approaching nearer they begin to display some agitation and this keeps increasing until it terminates in the mighty precipice. Goat Island is, perhaps, thirty or forty rods from

the brow of the cliff and adds much to the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the scenery; it is three hundred and thirty yards wide and covered with beautiful vegetation. The two channels meet again between this Island and the Falls and both flow over in one unbroken sheet, calculated to fill the mind with solemnity and awe. The best view of the Falls when we were there was from Table Rock, a large cliff projecting over the stream, and on this we stood and looked down on the dread abyss. A part of the Table Rock has since broken away and sunk beneath the current below.

The mist or spray which rises from the water will fill the mind with admiration, as all the rainbow tints are interspersed in its columns.

From the Table Rock we went down to the foot of the Falls. There is a ledge of rocks which leads into a cavern behind the sheet of falling water. This cavern resembles an arch in appearance; on the left hand composed of rolling and dark waters, and on the right hand rocks; it is of a considerable size, and nearly shrouded in obscurity, which, with the strong wind blowing the water and spray over us, made it by no

means a pleasant position, but rather a difficult undertaking to enter it.

The best view of the Rapids is from Goat Island, which is ingeniously connected to the eastern shore by means of a curiously constructed bridge built by an American, upon which persons can cross only a few yards from the crest of the Cataract to the Island. On the western side of this Island a piece of timber projects about twelve feet over the abyss ; on this you can stand safely and view the waters as they rush by, although your frail support may quiver under your feet as if you were about to be precipitated into the frightful chasm. I know of nothing better calculated to call forth the admiration of the traveller than to stand here and watch the waters as they play along in wild confusion below you, forming themselves in variegated, curling waves, sometimes white, sometimes green, then brightly blending together and madly rushing along. A little below the Falls the River becomes mild and gentle and presents its usual appearance of beauty. The banks are high and well wooded on each side.

In this vicinity may now be seen the Suspen.

sion Bridge; it was in contemplation when we were there, and has since been carried into effect, and may now be seen towering over the River at a distance of two hundred feet, and a length of eight hundred feet.

Some little distance below this is a Whirlpool in the River which takes in its course everything that comes within its reach, carrying them with a quivering, circular motion round and round this singular spot. The rocks are steep on either side and no boat dares to approach it, so that whatever gets into the current above this must there remain until decomposition takes place or it is dashed in pieces by the water. After the waters have made this singular and remarkable circuit they again regain their proper course.

Seven miles below the Falls, on the Canadian side, are elevated ridges which rise abruptly and suddenly, called Queenston Heights. These are by some supposed to have been the banks of the River, and that in ages past the mighty Cataract was here and that the rocks have broken and worn away to where they now are. At Queenston the River becomes navigable again. It is

impossible for vessels to venture any farther down than Chippewa, therefore navigation is carried on through the Welland Canal which leaves Lake Erie at Port Colborne near the mouth of the Grand River.

Many travellers, in describing Niagara Falls, represent them as two distinct Cataracts separated by Goat Island. When we visited them they fell as I have said, in one unbroken sheet. On the Canadian side they take the name of the Horse-shoe Falls, no doubt from their circular shape.— It is possible that at some seasons of the year, when the water is low in the Lakes, they may fall in two distinct columns, caused by the interposition of Goat Island and the rocks running out from it to the brink, thus forming a dividing ridge in time of low water. But when the water is high, as it was when we were there, it being in the Spring, it completely covered this and fell in one unbroken mass. The scenery is grand, taken either way, and to the mind of one who has never beheld it, I cannot set forth or paint anything which would begin to make the impression that would be felt upon once visiting this part of Nature's great majestic work, which can

never be truly sketched by the pencil of the Artist; never described by the pen of the ready writer; never portrayed by the Poet's imagination; nor sufficiently extolled by the tongue of the Orator.

Thousands flock here every year to behold that which has never been fully told them. The gay and the giddy, the high and low, the proud and humble all mingle together at this one great abyss, and I will venture to say that when they behold for themselves they will all unite in the one universal feeling prevalent when here, and acknowledge that all the powers of soul have been drawn forth in contemplation, admiration and adoration, and say, with the thoughtful writer:—

“ The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
“ When I look upward to thee: It would seem
“ As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
“ And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
“ And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
“ Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviours sake,
“ The sound of many waters; and had bade
“ Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
“ And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks?
“ Deep calleth unto Deep. And what are we
“ That hear the question of that voice sublime.

" Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
" From wars vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
" Yea what is all the riot that man makes
" In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
" And yet bold babbler, what art thou to him
" Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
" Above the loftiest mountains ?—a light wave
" That breaks, and whispers of its maker's might."

CHAPTER V.

Sarah Ann sick—medical advice—William Abels has trouble with the "runners"—Detroit—Cars run off the track—Storm on Lake Michigan—Benjamin Firman stops in Illinois—Chicago.

The wealthy may wonder, the thoughtless may sneer,
 Nor cast on the wayworn a sigh;
 The critic may censure, the jovial may cheer,
 The naughty pass scornfully by.

The sneers and the censures affect not the man,
 When in plenty the heart is content;
 But let poverty chasten, let penury scan,
 Then taunts are in misery lent.

From Niagara we went to Buffalo, a distance of twenty two miles, and by the time we reached there Sarah Ann was very sick, the symptoms being those of the Cholera which was raging in the place and carrying off many of the citizens. I left her at the station with the rest of the company and went into town to procure medical advice. I was advised to give her bran-

dy thickened with flour ; I did so and it had the desired effect, she soon got better and was able to proceed on the journey. I mention this remedy, not knowing that this book will ever fall into the hands of any who will have occasion to baffle this fatal disease, but should any such read this account I have no doubt but they would find this a useful remedy if employed in time ; it is easily obtained and within the reach of all. William Abels had some difficulty with the runners, caused by their deceiving him about his ticket, and succeeded in selling him another, by making him believe that the one he had was good for nothing, a scheme these fellows are playing on all they can. While waiting at the station we made some enquiries about the boat and a cab driver stepped up and told us he would take us to the boat, and intimated as much as to say that he belonged to the company from whom we had purchased tickets. We being young and of little experience in travelling were not thoughtful enough to remain quiet until the cabmen belonging to the line should come to convey us and our goods to the landing, but allowed the former to drive us down to the boat and

back again ; when we returned the very gentlemanly driver demanded the fees which we refused to pay. The cabman of the line was there by this time and told us not to pay, that he was an impostor and did not belong to the company. Words arose between them and a severe dispute followed ; at one time it appeared as if it would lead to blows, but it did not, however. The latter carried us and our effects to the boat, free of charge, where we remained all night, and the next morning left for Detroit, which place we reached on the following morning, travelling a distance of three hundred and twenty miles.— This town is beautifully situated on the Detroit River, eighteen miles from Lake Erie and seven miles from Lake St. Clair. It is regularly laid out with spacious streets on an elevation forty feet above the river, of which it commands a delightful prospect. It contains many handsome buildings and is rapidly increasing in population, being advantageously situated for commerce, and is a place of some importance in the Fur Trade. At this place we merely had time to get our breakfast at a grocery, and we then took the cars of the Michigan Central Railroad,

which soon carried us to New Buffalo in Michigan, a distance of three hundred miles. This train, while passing through a low marshy place grown up with willows and shrubbery of different kinds, was obliged to halt on account of some cattle attempting to cross the track. The Engineer whistled, rung the bell, &c., until they were all across, as he supposed, then starting on at a faster rate we were thrown off by a cow, unperceived by the Engineer, starting out from a thicket of willows and making an attempt to run across before the engine. She was caught and instantly killed ; one car was thrown from the track and the axle-tree broken, but no further damage was done and no passengers injured. I went with others to see the cow, while they were replacing the car and straightening it up. Every bone in her body seemed to be crushed fine, although strange to say not a place could be found where the skin was broken ; her legs and every part of her were as limsy as a rag, and did not appear as if there ever had been a bone in them, so finely were they crushed.

At New Buffalo we left the cars and went on board the Steamer bound for Chicago, a distance

- of forty miles. We took a steerage passage, it being much cheaper than cabin fare. This proved to be by no means a pleasant trip. The wind blew almost a gale, the swells foamed and rolled and dashed against the vessel's side with such fury it seemed almost inevitably our fate to meet a watery grave; but the weather beaten bark braved the storm and we at length reached Chicago in safety. Part of our company, Benjamin Firman and his family, concluded to leave us and go into Illinois, as he had no more money to depend on and none of the company had any to spare him. I had lent him ten dollars to get this far with. Chicago is another enterprising place situated in the centre of a large and promising trade, which its wharves and harbours show by the great amount of activity displayed. Steamboats, ships and other vessels are constantly arriving with goods and emigrants, and depart laden with the produce of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

Canal Boats—Sarah Ann and Erwin sick—Boats missing—
Laselle—Boat towed by men—sand Bar—Boat aground.

“The dew of want comes o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And darker scenes before us
Are opening every hour.”

At this time the Iron Horse had made his way in the West as far as New Buffalo and no farther, therefore we could not proceed then from Chicago as now, by steam, but had to travel on the Canal until we reached the navigable part of the river. I bought tickets for four and our luggage, from Chicago to Laselle on the Illinois River, a distance of one hundred miles, for the sum of ten dollars. The Canal boat which we were on was drawn by two horses with a rider on each, who kept them continually on a brisk trot by frequently changing them. At each station fresh animals are brought out on the track, ready, and as soon as the boat comes up the rid-

ers dismount and unhitch the weary ones, and replace them with fresh animals, so quickly that the motion of the vessel is scarcely checked.

On this boat we began to feel the effects of hunger ; the provisions which we brought from home with us were about consumed, and I saw plainly that I must be very cautious how I used what little money I had left or I should not have sufficient to take us to our journey's end, and therefore could not buy our meals as I should like to have done.

A little circumstance occurred the night we spent on this boat which was calculated to drain my purse of a small portion of its funds, but in this they did not succeed, for at this time I needed every cent I had. In the morning when we awoke our shoes were all missing, and upon enquiry we found them in the shoe-room nicely polished and ten cents a pair demanded by the shoe-black, for his trouble ; I of course refused to pay and he in return said he would keep them. Finding it useless to banter with him we informed the Captain, who was as firm as the shoe-black, and we should have gone shoeless that day had not William Abels fortunately had

several pairs with him, and he kindly supplied us. Notwithstanding our threats to the Captain if he did not give them up, he was inflexible until near Laselle, when he reduced the price to five cents each, declaring he would take off no more of the charge, and if we did not pay it he would keep the shoes. We still refused, telling him we would see to whom they belonged when we landed, if he did not give them up before; but he saved us the trouble of making any enquiries about the legal owners, before we left the boat, by giving them up to us neatly polished.

The Captain was, however, a kind-hearted man compared to most of his class; seeing our reduced circumstances and Sarah Ann's weak state of health he offered her, her meals free, on this passage; an act of kindness very few captains perform. She did not accept his invitation, for she could not feel like eating when she knew the rest of us were suffering for food, and her mind was also very much engrossed by the illness of her babe, our oldest child, Erwin. He was about a year old and very much reduced in flesh, having been sick

with the summer complaint from the time we first started.

We reached Laselle on first day morning and stayed there some time, giving me an opportunity of looking around some. I found the customs of the people in this town very different from any I had ever been accustomed to. They paid no regard to the Sabbath, neither did they consider it a day of worship, but on the contrary all the shops were open, the tradesman at his profession and the din of busy life prevailed everywhere; trading and merchandizing were carried on with all the interest and activity of week-day life in eastern towns. To me this seemed strange, being something I had never before witnessed. I suppose they were Jews and kept the seventh day of the week as their Sabbath.

I paid my fare the rest of the way to Keokuk, on the Mississippi, in the state of Iowa.

The water in the Illinois River was so low, that steamers could not come up to Laselle, and the freight and passengers had to be loaded on a barge and towed down the stream about three quarters of a mile. This was done by twelve



robust, athletic looking men who seemed to enjoy the employment very well. They would plunge into the mud and water and wade along singing as happily as if they enjoyed the luxuries and pleasant firesides of a wealthy life. They towed the barge up alongside the Steamer, waist deep in water, all goods and passengers were soon transferred to the deck of the Mississippi boat, and I for one began to hope and feel encouraged that our progress would be more speedy when again under the propelling power of steam. We had gone perhaps three miles when the vessel struck a sand-bar and grounded, where she remained half a day before they could get her off.

They raised her up by means of two long timbers, probably thirty or forty feet in length, made on purpose for boats on these rivers and carried by them all for time of need. These spars have pulleys to one end and by means of ropes and pulley attached to a large mast in the centre of the boat, they are raised until they hang perpendicularly on the vessel's sides, then let down until they strike the bottom of the river, then with ropes through the pulleys

on the end of the spars the bow of the boat is raised up from the bar, and by putting on steam moves off, if the bar be a small one, the first time, but if grounded on a large bar the boat often has to be raised in this way many times before they are successful.

The most of the passengers were unacquainted with such scenes and became much alarmed, fearing an explosion of the boiler. William Abels was very much excited, he walked up and down the deck while tears rolled down his cheeks in quick succession, feeling, to all appearance, that he was soon to be launched into eternity. Some others seemed to possess the same feelings, while some were very unconcerned, and only laughed at the excitement and timidity of the rest. For my part I did not feel alarmed, having faith to believe we would get off safe, which we did.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of a Steamboat on the Mississippi River.

Mississippi steamboats are different from sea or lake boats, and are, strictly speaking, river boats which could not live on the rough tempestuous sea; though I have been informed that some of the reckless owners have ventured with them along the coast from Mobile to Galveston on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The hull is built like that of a sea boat but differs materially from the latter in depth of hold; it is so shallow that there is but little stowage room allowed; and the surface of the main deck is but a few feet above the water line, and when heavily laden is often but a few inches.

The machinery is placed upon the deck; there rests the huge boiler and furnaces, necessarily large because the propelling power is produced by cord wood; there also most of the freight

is stowed. In one part may be seen large piles of cotton bales; in another many hogsheads of sugar or bags of corn, these often rising to the height of many feet; also, all trunks and luggage of passengers are piled up on some part of the same, and all deck passengers are stowed around wherever they can find room.

These vessels have very little depth of hold so as to allow them to pass over the shoals which are so common in many parts of the river, particularly when the water is low, therefore the lighter the draught the greater the advantage.

Above water they resemble in appearance a two-storey house, painted white, with green latticed windows, or rather doors, thickly set along the upper storey and opening out upon a narrow balcony. The roof is rounded and covered with tarred canvas and contains a range of skylights. Towering above these on each side are two enormous black cylinders of sheet iron, each I should think about five or six feet in diameter and about forty or fifty feet high. These steam pipes exceed in size anything of the kind I ever saw.

Upon entering the cabin you will find a splendid Saloon neatly carpeted and furnished, the walls richly gilded, and costly chandeliers suspended from the ceiling.

In front of the Cabin is a large open space which is the continuation of the Cabin Deck projecting forward and supported by pillars resting upon the main deck below. The roof or Hurricane Deck is carried forward to this point and supported by wooden props which forms a cover over the Cabin Deck, screening this part from sun and rain.

In warm weather this forms a pleasant place being open in front and both sides, the traveller not only has the advantage of a cool breeze, but also the best view. This part is surrounded by a low guard rail which renders it quite safe, and is generally the resort of those fond of the obnoxious weed, tobacco.

CHAPTER VIII.

From Laselle to Keokuk—Hunger—no money—borrow two dollars—buy bread—Sarah Ann unable to eat—no spoons—a substitute—from Alton to St Louis—J. A. Brewer saws Wood—Deck Passage—Rain—uncomfortable bed.

The king must with the beggar droop,
 If food from him be taken,
 The high in mind must humbly stoop
 When all his hopes are shaken.

After I had paid our fare from Laselle to Keokuk all the money I had left was a two-dollar bill on a broken bank; this, of course, was of no use to me, as I could not barter it for any amount however small. Hunger was beginning to gnaw on our half emaciated systems, and I had no other means of getting provisions but to borrow some money, which I did of William Abels, the small sum of two dollars. Wishing to make this go as far as possible I bought nothing on the boat, knowing I could do far better at a grocery or provision store. At Alton, which is at the outlet of the Illinois River, I bought a loaf of

bread and some sugar. The water in the Mississippi River is muddy ; we dipped up some, and after settling it, drained off the clear, sweetened it with sugar, crumbled in the bread, and thus formed a repast which, however humble it may seem to the reader, was eaten by us with as good a relish, at that time, (Sarah Ann excepted) as are often the choice dainties of the epicure. When this dish was prepared, we found we had no spoons to eat with ; here was a puzzle for a short time, to know what we should use for a substitute ; we were not long in this suspense when the boat stopped a short distance below Alton to take in wood. I went on shore and gathered apples from some apple-trees near the ruins of an old house ; these were very hard and about an inch and a quarter in diameter. I took them on board, cut them in two and dug out the middle, which formed the bowl of a spoon, and by sticking a stick in one side, for a handle, formed quite spoons ; with these novel substitutes we ate our bread and water out of an old pint basin ; we could not eat of this to satisfy our hunger, but had to be allowed on a basinful twice a day and no

more; thankful and pleased to get food in this humble manner.

Readers! perhaps you smile at this strange and humble dish, and think you could not have eaten, like Sarah Ann, would not have relished it; this I do not doubt, if presented to you in the midst of plenty, when your larders are flush with provisions cooked and uncooked, when plenty smiles on every hand, and abundance in basket and store surrounds your dwellings.— But have you ever felt the keen pangs and insatiate effects of hunger? Have you ever felt the faint, sickening gnawing of a stomach void of food? Have you ever travelled as strangers in a strange land, without money, without food, with those near and dear to you suffering under the same privations; and worse than these, sickness wearing upon their weak and debilitated bodies? If so, then you have felt as we felt and can rather lend the tones of sympathy than scorn. Sarah Ann's health was poor when we left home, and so far from improving, she grew more feeble as we proceeded on our journey; her spirits seemed almost to forsake her, her mind was worn upon day and night on account

of Erwin's health. Many, when they saw him, would express their opinion thus: "He won't live long"—"They will soon lose that child," &c., all of which added weight and gloom to her desponding mind, and I have often wondered how she endured so many privations in her feeble state of health and kept up. She seldom ate anything worth mentioning, just barely enough to keep her alive.

From Alton to St. Louis John A. Brewer got the employment of sawing Wood for the Cook, and as a remuneration they gave him provisions left at the table; the first day he brought us a five-quart pailful. On this we had quite a feast, all but Sarah Ann, she ate only a few mouthfuls. John brought us provision several times, which we thankfully received, it being more palatable than bread and water.

I had not money enough when I paid our fare through to get a Cabin passage, and had to take deck fare, which made part of our trip very unpleasant, owing to the rain which fell the night we spent on board, accompanied by a strong wind. A part of the deck was covered over, being a continuation of the Hurricane

deck as I have before observed, but the wind blew the rain under so that we were unable to get our couch out of reach of the wet and cold, and had not been long in a slumbering position when our bed became so thoroughly saturated with water which had run under it as to render it by no means comfortable.

CHAPTER IX.

St. Louis—paved shores—needless journey of 50 miles—
Slaves—cruel treatment—warm weather—William Abels
and I try to load corn—Cholera—one man dies.

When daylight began to appear we found ourselves near St. Louis. This is one of the largest and most commercial towns in the State of Missouri, and will no doubt in course of time become an immense city. It is pleasantly situated on the Mississippi several miles below the mouth of the Missouri River, and its situation for Fur Trade is one of the best in the world, owing not only to its navigation, but many hunting and trapping parties are fitted out there for the West, and consequently a large amount of fur, deerskins and buffalo robes are collected for eastern and foreign markets.

Instead of building Wharves as in most places, the shore is paved with stones, which is called a Levee, for over a mile in extent; the boats run up bow foremost to the Levee. We reached St. Louis early in the morning and did not

succeed in getting ashore until noon, so closely were the many vessels stowed along by each others' sides. We at last succeeded in wedging our way between two, by throwing a cable, on shore which was fastened to an upright post in the Levee, and by means of a windlass turned by hands on the bow, the boat crowded to the landing. We had to change boats here and take another to go back up the river. The vessel upon which we were to return lay several rods from us and the only way our boxes could be got there was by small boats. The large boxes they loaded very well, but when they were putting the barrel of blacksmith tools into the little barge, its great weight was rather too much for their strength, and it came down with no little force upon the side nearly upsetting the whole cargo, men and all, into the river; however, no damage was done in particular, except the expression of a few heavy oaths, which many of these poor fellows have ready at tongue's end.

Of course this part of our journey, from Alton to St. Louis and back again, was out of our way, but there being no boat going directly from La-selle to Keokuk we had to go down the river

twenty five miles and return again. From St. Louis to Keokuk is two hundred miles. On the return boat up the river the crew were all negroes, slaves hired from their masters by the Captain. Some of these poor fellows receive cruel treatment.

A little above St. Louis the Steamer halted to load on sacks of corn, it was a very warm, sultry day, and one of the slaves jumped off into the river to take a bath, the Captain ordered him on board immediately, as soon as the slave gained the wharf he met him with a piece of board in his hand and gave him several severe blows across the back and shoulders, causing the poor fellow to cry like a child. Oh Slavery, thou cruel taskmaster! When will thy oppressive hand be laid low?—When will thy galling chain be unloosed?—When will the sons and daughters born in thy limits be permitted to breath the air of the free?—When will the sons of Afric's clime be allowed to enjoy unmolested the affection arising from the ties of consanguinity? Thy grasp has been broken, thy fetters unloosed, thy power has been quelled and thy austerity subdued on British soil, and may the day hasten when thy

taskmasters will no more sway the sceptre in America's highly favored land.

“Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
Skin may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.”

The Captain offered any of the passengers that would assist them in loading twelve and a half cents an hour. William Abels and I thought we would try it. I carried three or four sacks and had to quit; they were very heavy, each one containing four bushels of shelled corn. No person unacquainted with the climate could stand it to carry such heavy burdens long, unless they were very strong and athletic, as William Abels. He worked his hour and received the pay.

That fatal and much dreaded disease; the Cholera, was on board. One man died of it. I was unable to learn who he was, where he was going or from whence he came. No person knew him, and none on board exhibited any friendliness towards him. If he had any acquaintances on board they forsook him in a dying hour, for, to all appearance, he died alone and friendless. The passengers were all very much alarmed on

account of the contagion and none but two or three approached him. I passed by his berth, he seemed to be in great suffering. Sarah Ann could not stand his repeated solicitations for a drink of cold water without administering to his relief; he drank freely and seemed refreshed, but did not survive long. This disease is one to be dreaded by the lovers of life. Many blooming, healthy persons, who are in the enjoyment of vigour and strength are cut down in a few fleeting hours, and hurried into the embrace of the tomb. The death of this poor man has caused me many a solemn thought, not alone at that time, but often since, when many miles from the place where he bade all earthly things adieu, have I turned my mind retrospectively to that solemn scene. No friends to soothe his drooping soul, no mother to watch by his dying bed and administer to his wants, but the cold, unfeeling forms of strangers occasionally pass him by or look at him from a distant part of the vessel with great caution and timidity.

Surely "there is a time to be born and a time to die;" for "all are of the dust and all turn to dust again," for "what hath man of all

his labors and of the vexations of his heart
wherein he hath laboured under the Sun?"
"for all his days are sorrow and his travail
grief." "He is of few days and full of trouble."

"To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth and pride ;
To-morrow, poor, of life itself denied.
To-day, lays plans for many years to come ;
To-morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.
To-day, his food is dressed in dainty forms ;
To-morrow, is himself a feast for worms.
To-day, he's clad in gaudy, rich array ;
To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay."

CHAPTER X.

Land at Keokuk—lose boxes in River—Goods damaged—Sarah Ann sick—start on foot to go 30 miles—Sarah Ann tires out—stop at a farm house—John & William Abels go for friends—lonely walk—mourning doves.

On the first day of sixth month, 1850, we landed at Keokuk, Iowa, after a journey of twelve days. When the hands were unloading they dropped one of our boxes in the river. At Keokuk the current of the stream is quite swift, the box started off with the current and the crew made no attempt to stop it, but told me "to follow it if I wanted it." It was with some difficulty I persuaded them to pursue it, not until I had plainly told them I should not and the loss would be at their expense. They then followed it in a small boat, overtook it about half a mile down the stream and floated it ashore. This was a great damage to us. The goods nearly all spoiled; they had watersoaked, and then standing in the hot sun until I could go

to my friends and get their assistance, which took about four days, they heated and mildewed and nearly all spoiled. The works of the clock all fell to pieces, the glue was so soaked and softened; the bedding and clothing were mildewed; the hair came out of the Buffalo robe; the table, wherever it was glued, came apart, the hinges rusted, spoiling it, &c. These necessary articles, which we had taken so much care to preserve and bring with us for use and comfort, being so needlessly damaged and many of them destroyed, was rather annoying.

Perhaps some may ask why I did not overhaul the contents of the box and let the things dry. To this I answer: I was a stranger in a strange land, thirty miles from my friends, without money, without food for myself or those around me, my wife and child sick, and myself and brothers-in-law half famished with hunger. I was also ignorant of the honesty of the people, and did not wish to open it and spread things out and leave them to dry. And in our sick and suffering condition it would have been hard indeed to sit down and wait for any such thing. All these combined had a very discour-

aging effect on my mind, and I felt that they were of little consequence compared to some other privations. If I had not lent the before-mentioned ten dollars, I could have hired a team to convey us to our friends, but as it was there were no other means but to start on foot. We had gone about two miles when Sarah Ann, from weakness, hunger and fatigue, was unable to go any farther. She sat down by the roadside, weary, disconsolate and discouraged, while I began to look up some place, the residence of some person who would allow her to remain under their roof until I could get assistance. I went to a farm house near by and told them our condition, offering the farmer the two-dollar bill on a bad bank, which I still had. I told him it was good for nothing but that it was all I then had ; he accepted it and kindly allowed Sarah Ann, Erwin, Johnson and myself to stay there until William Abels and John should go on to Daniel Slack's a cousin of mine, and get his team to carry us to his place.

For the kindness and hospitality of the above mentioned farmer I shall ever feel grateful, and deeply regret having forgotten his name. They

were Methodists and very kind to us. It is quite a common thing to be refused admittance into many of these farm houses on account of the tide of emigration flowing westward so freely that they become tired of, and hardened to the repeated solicitations for hospitable relief. And many of them absolutely refuse to shelter any person of this class as we afterwards learned by experience.

Sarah Ann recovered considerably while at this place, she could both eat and sleep only when disturbed by the babe, and her vigour seemed to be in a measure renewed. We walked out one evening a short distance to a piece of woods to while away the hours and spend a short time in viewing and admiring whatever part of nature's scenery we might behold. While slowly walking along in the shades of the grove our attention was suddenly attracted by a peculiar low mournful sound which we found to originate from a kind of bird called the mourning dove, so named from the plaintive sadness of its notes. How often the instinctive creation seems to harmonize with the intellectual, and the natural plaintiveness of the one is strangely

congenial to the mental suffering of the other.

Lonely and pensively we strayed
Beneath the cool and verdant shade,
 At twilight's hallowed hour.
Our thoughts in deep reflection bent,
Upon the past in anguish spent,
 In care and toilsome hours.

When hark! as if by magic power,
Over our heads in leafy bower,
 The lovely warbler stood ;
She seemed to know our solemn thoughts,
That anxiously our minds were wrought,
 And joined our pensive mood.

Her solemn strains were sweetly sung,
Her notes congenial to our own,
 Adds to the lonely scene ;
That loveliness which seems to flow,
Through hearts desponding, near to woe,
 Though desolate they seem.

A mourning dove, thou well art called,
Thy notes in pity were extolled,
 In reverential awe ;
Oh! who could slight thy mournful strain,
Or hear thee turn from thee again,
 Without a solemn thought.

CHAPTER XI.

At Daniel Slacks—Iowa—prairie flowers—herds of Cattle—
timber settlements—Buildings—Valley of Mississippi—
its advantages—the tide of emigration—Productions of
Iowa—fattened cattle.

We were now in Iowa, the land where many of our friends and acquaintances had sought a home in order to increase their means and possession and “to add field to field and house to house.” With our friend Isaac Benedict who came for us with a team we reached the residence of Daniel Slack, with him we stayed one week while I looked around for work and a house; and had some chance through the course of the summer to become pretty well acquainted with a part of Iowa.

The prairies in this state are not as lovely as in some others, but a little rolling or undulating. If the reader will allow his imagination to go with me to the top of some eminence and take a view of the surrounding landscape, he will form a better idea of the general face of

the country than in any other position in which he can be placed. On a bright clear day in summer he will behold a beautiful and variegated scenery as far as the eye can extend. The surface is every where dotted with timber, herds of cattle and settlements. The woods or timber as it is called there, grows in groups sometimes covering many acres, while on all sides around is seen the beautiful prairie grass growing from two to three feet high, thickly and richly variegated with flowers of every shade and colour, which for beauty and fragrance will compare with, if not surpass those cultivated and trained by the careful hand of the gardener. The evenness of this rich carpet of nature is only here and there interrupted by herds of cattle, feeding in droves of perhaps hundreds, with a man or boy on horseback near them whose business is to keep them together, each drove by itself and if any show a disposition to stray from the rest the horseman will be seen riding around them and driving them back to the flock. They soon become so habituated to each other that they seldom give the owners any trouble in this respect.

Perhaps at no great distance from these may be seen a rude, temporary cabin, the residence of some new settler, with no fence to mark the boundary of his possessions save the tall floating grass. In another place may be seen a large enclosure containing many acres with a good orchard, fruits of all kinds, and a neat, commodious house; but what will seem strange to Canadians, no outbuildings.

A barn is seldom seen there, the stables are generally rail pens, laid up and covered over, and through the coldest part of the Winter the openings between the rails are filled with straw to keep out the wind. This is generally the kind of buildings in which their horses are wintered. Their pig-sty is a building of the same construction without a cover. But in the building of their houses they display a good deal of taste. A settlement of this description is generally the residence of an old settler.

Agriculturists there do not divide their farms in fields, as in most countries. The first year a settler breaks up what land he can for a crop and fences it, the next year he breaks up more, and by moving the first fence and adding to it

he encloses both in one lot, and so on until he often has from fifty to two hundred acres in one field. I have seen one field of a hundred and fifty acres, planted with corn, all rank and thrifty. Their method of cultivating corn is far easier than that of Canada. They never hoe it, nor use a hoe in the field only to cover it when planting. The ground is very clean and free from weeds, neither tares nor thistles are seen springing up to choke the growth of the corn; as soon as it is grown large enough they enter the field with a horse and cultivator and continue cultivating it until it attains a size too large to work amongst any more. When it ripens they never cut it as some may suppose, but drive through the field with a team and wagon, pluck off the ears and leave the stalks for the cattle to pick over.

Iowa is but a small part of the great Valley of the Mississippi, which embraces a large extent of territory, watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries. This extensive tract of land, which in size resembles a continent, is not easily surpassed in richness of soil, variety of productions, and general adaptation to the comfort and

support of civilized man. When we look over that immense region, connected by navigable rivers, and regard the fertility of its soil and the many advantages offered by nature, and combine them with the enterprising nature of the moral, energetic and active people who are spreading their increasing millions over its surface, we see a prospect opening to our view, not only of industry and virtue, but of arts and sciences, which the wildest fancy would not have dared to hope for, fifty years ago.

Among the states possessing these advantages Iowa is not the least. The tide of emigration is rapidly flowing there; almost every day may be seen the Emigrants' train, consisting of their large covered wagons loaded with goods and families, and closely behind are their cattle wearily trudging along to the place of their destination. When night approaches they camp upon the prairies, where they have abundance of food for horses and cattle; their large covered wagon serves them for a house in which they eat and sleep, and in this way they often go many days' journey quite comfortably, taking care to

provide themselves with plenty of provisions when they start.

The principal productions of Iowa are Wheat, Potatoes, Tobacco and Corn; of the latter an immense quantity is raised yearly for the fattening of hogs and cattle, which are raised in great numbers for the eastern and southern markets. It is not uncommon for one wealthy farmer to own hundreds of these and from their stock they realise most of their profit. They seldom raise grain for sale to any amount. Through the summer season their cattle and swine are kept on the unbroken prairies, and consequently no expense; towards fall, as soon as the corn crop is ripe, they begin to feed and fit them for Market. They generally sell all their stock to drovers, who take them by thousands to the eastern or southern markets.

CHAPTER XII.

Tobacco—Sorghum—Minerals—Winters—Ravines—Rivers
—Snakes.

Tobacco is raised in great quantities and forms quite an article of commerce and exportation.

The Tobacco worm makes serious ravages in a crop, if not closely watched, it works in the leaf of the plant and would soon destroy it if not taken out, it is often very annoying to tobacco growers.

Sorghum or Sorghum is raised in considerable quantities both for home consumption and exportation. The cultivation of the cane is similar to that of corn, and the manufacture of the juice into molasses or sugar is also simple. The juice is pressed from the stalks by passing them through between cylinders of a simply constructed machine, and is then boiled down into thick syrup, which is not only pleasant but palatable having none of that strong, rank taste which most molasses, from southern markets, has.

Iowa has rich and extensive coal mines and some iron and lead.

The winters are short compared with those of Canada, and very mild. They seldom begin to feed their winter stock until the first of twelfth month, and often begin to plough for spring crops the last of second month. Their stock is fed in Winter on prairie grass cut and stacked after harvest.

The surface of the prairies in some places is broken by ravines, supposed to have been caused by water which has at some distant period covered the surface of the country. These ravines vary from ten to fifty feet in depth, and also in the shape of their banks, some are cut down almost perpendicularly through the clay banks, and briars and gooseberries grow in them, others have sloping banks, which spread off, and are under cultivation. In the bottom of most of these is a little rivulet of water.

There is something unusual in the formation of the rivers and their banks; the beds of them are a hundred feet or more below the level of the landscape. Near the edge of the river grow up large thrifty trees, which rise to the height of

the surrounding country and no higher. As you ascend the bank, which often has a slope of half or three quarters of a mile, the trees grow shorter and shorter, and by the time you have gained the edge of the prairie nothing but hazel brush is found, which in height does not exceed the grass; thus leaving the face of the country, to all appearance, smooth and level; while perhaps a part of it is in reality the tops of trees:

The water in these rivers is always muddy; caused by its running over clay beds and washing against the banks, which are also clay:

There is a species of snake common to the prairie, called "Prairie Rattle snake," and another which lives in the woods, called "Timber Rattle snake." The former kind I have seen; they grow about the length of the Canadian streaked snake, better known as the "Garter snake," but are thicker. A large one is twice as thick as a garter snake and of a brown color. A friend and I while crossing the prairies caught one and held it fast with a stick and teased it to see its mode of biting and in what manner it would defend itself. It had the power of throwing the top part of its head or upper jaw back on its

neck, as if it were on hinges; in this jaw were fangs or hooks, it would draw itself back then spring throwing its head forward and striking the stick, at the same time bringing down its upper jaw with force and depositing a green saliva upon it at each stroke. This no doubt is the substance which when infused in the flesh of man or beast is so poisonous. I have not the least doubt but the strokes he made with the help of his fangs would have made an incision in flesh. We had both been told that hogs were fond of them and would eat them as greedily as an ear of corn. This statement I now doubt very much, for while we were teasing it, we saw a drove of hogs coming directly towards us, thinking this a good time to try the truth of the assertion and prove it for our own satisfaction, we stunned the reptile so it could not crawl away into the grass and leaving it in the path where the hogs would pass, stepped a little one side and watched their movements. The foremost approached within a few feet, stopped suddenly, uttered a low squeal, turned out of the path and walked around it; the second did likewise, and thus the whole drove passed by; none

showing any disposition to touch it, but all to shun it. I think if we had placed an ear of corn in the path the result would have been quite different. This snake had six rattles on it. I never saw any of the other kind of the timber rattle snake, but have been told they grow to a much larger size, and are far more to be dreaded than the former. Neither kind were numerous in the southern part of Iowa. Another kind called "jointed snake" had many singular stories in circulation about it, but this I never had the pleasure of seeing. Another called the "Blue racer," I have seen I once bound up a sheaf of wheat with one in it; they are a harmless inoffensive but very quick motioned snake, of a bluish colour and quite long and slender.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hunting the prairie Chickens—use of a dog—settlers of Iowa—Yankees—Hoosiers—Buck eyes—Canucks.

Hunting the prairie Chickens is a favorite amusement. In shape and colour they resemble a partridge but are a little larger in size. They live on the prairies and feed on seed of different kinds and grain, occasionally visiting a wheat or corn field. Their flesh in colour and flavour very much resembles that of the common domestic fowl. They go in flocks, and are very quick on the wing. Early in the morning a flock of these fowls will set up a crowing or drumming which sounds like distant thunder, and is often taken for that by new settlers or those unacquainted with them. Gamesters go many miles to enjoy a day's sport hunting the prairie chickens they can however do but little, hunting this fowl without a dog as it would be by chance only; they would come upon a flock. It is a common thing to see the sportsman with

his horse, wagon and dog, drive off on the open prairie for perhaps a mile or more, then stop and send his dog to hunt for them which he understands well. These dogs are called pointers and are easily trained to this work, and have a very discerning sense of scent. When told by his master to go, he will start quickly, and quietly hunt in all directions if there be a flock near he is sure to find it, but he never goes close enough to frighten them away; as soon as he is aware that the prize is near, he stops and begins to wag his tail, this his master knows well the meaning of as his eyes follow him around knowing if he loses sight of him his whereabouts will not be revealed by a yelp for this he never gives, but as soon as he is seen to stop the hunter goes directly to him, the dog never proceeds until his master comes, then runs to the flock and frightens it up giving the marksman a chance for one or two shots. He never looks after the killed and wounded but keeps his eyes on the game to see where they light which they generally do at a short distance. His faithful dog soon brings all the dead and wounded to his side which are thrown in the waggon; he jumps

in himself and follows them; when near he stops, sends his dog as before, and soon adds another brace to his stock of game. In this way a good marksman will kill a number in a day through the assistance of his faithful dog. The gentlemen and aristocracy of those western towns and cities often go ten, fifteen and even twenty miles to enjoy a days sport at this favourite amusement.

Iowa as well as others of the newly settled states around it, is settled by people from almost all parts of the world. Their language, habits and manners are to a greater or less extent mixed; and among some their conversation if written as expressed, would present a very poor specimen of orthography, etymology and syntax. They are, notwithstanding, a clever, free and whole hearted people, anxious to increase worldly possessions to add field to field and house to house, but caring little about their dress and nothing about possessing gay clothes, fine horses or carriages as in the eastern States and Canada. Only so they have enough to eat and clothing to make them comfortable they seem to be contented if their possession or money is increasing.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule as to all others, but taking them generally speaking they have so imbibed each others habits as to become pretty much the same in these respects.

Those settlers who are from New York or the New England states are designated from the rest by the sobriquet of Yankees or Bluebellies.

Those from the state of Indiana are called Hoosiers. Those from Ohio are called Buck-eyes, and those from Canada are termed Canucks. There are also English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Norwegians &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

At Daniel Slacks—Canada boys—Blue Racer—Old Log House—Public square—Salem—one chair—make bedstead—Thunder Storms.

Careworn, fatigued and weary,
Engaged in slavish toil;
The hours pass off, though dreary,
Upon the western soil.

We stayed at Daniel Slack's about a week Sarah Ann sewed some for them and they gave her some soft soap. Erwin was still sick with the same complaint. William Abels, John A. Brewer and myself hired to a farmer by the name of Fisher; he also hired two more Canadians, making in all five Canada boys who were in his employ at the same time. He seemed to place implicit confidence in us, we could not get him to go into the field to see what we were doing or whether our work was done satisfactory to him. His answer generally was when requested to go out with us. "I am not afraid of the

Canada boys, I'll risk but what you will do the work right enough." Farmers there will always hire a Canadian if they can get one, they are considered more faithful, trusty and willing to work than most any other class of people there and understand farming better. While binding oats for Fisher I tied up in a sheaf a snake called a blue racer, which I mentioned in the preceeding pages; this was the first reptile of this kind I ever saw. After looking around for a house I at length found one, a miserable old log house situated about a mile from the road out on the prairie, and within seven or eight miles of Salem village; there we took our things what few we had, and spent a few days until I could get a better place. We were now living by ourselves after being tossed and cast around by being homeless for nearly four weeks including the time spent in our journey, and glad were we to think we were once more by ourselves, notwithstanding the miserable tenement in which we lived. The first meal we ate in this house was very plain and humble, consisting of nothing whatever but cakes made of flour and water mixed and baked in a frying

pan by the fire without salt, soda or shortening, and for sauce we had gooseberries which we picked in the timber near the prairies, stewed without sugar. This house was alive with mice if I may use the term; they had possession first, and therefore were the lawful owners or occupants. We did not stay there long, I soon got another house in the village of Salem, and with Daniel Slack's ox team we moved there. In the centre of almost all the western towns, which are regularly laid out, is a public square, containing an acre or more of ground enclosed by a fence or railing, inside of which is a gravel walk along the fence. It is also planted with all kinds of shade and ornamental trees, around the edge and the centre is a beautiful grass plot kept neat and clean for public speeches or lectures &c., This square is surrounded by the street and on the opposite side are buildings, dwellings built to face the public square. This is a description of Salem as it is at present, but when we were there fifteen years ago, the town was laid out with the public square in the centre and the streets around it but there were no fences nor ornamental trees as now. On three

sides the surrounding streets had some good buildings on them but on the south side an old log house stood one of the first built upon a lot which was for sale; the owner had not met with a chance of selling it to his satisfaction nor caring to build on it himself, the old fabric stood there a relic of the days of some of their forefathers. This was the house to which we moved. It was divided into two rooms, but no sash in the windows, only the holes cut through the logs to let in the light, over these Sarah Ann kept blankets hung. In one room was a fireplace. The floor was made of logs split with the flat side up, which they call puncheon floors. In this dwelling we found an old fashioned chair, wide enough for us both to sit in. This was the only chair we had and by the help of boxes we could all be seated at once. We had no bedsteads until I made one, by boring two holes in the logs, and putting two sticks in these holes and a post under the front end, and laid boards on, and on this we put our bedding, which when surrounded with curtains could not be distinguished from a well wrought bedstead. The foot of this was towards one of the

above mentioned windows. Often in the night heavy and dreary thunderstorms would arise accompanied with a violent wind which would blow fiercely against our woolen windows, beating them in with force while flash after flash of vivid lightning would penetrate and light up our humble abode, as it decked the canopy of the heavens, followed by the loud pealing, crackling thunder which would roll heavily along the firmament of the black and clouded sky, calling forth all the feelings of awe and reverence which our souls were capable of possessing.

The lightning's vivid flash, and thunders loudest peal,
Have often been a teacher, and many truths revealed ;
Lessons of deep instruction, to me have oft been given,
By listening with a prayerful soul, to the pealing note of
Heaven.

The lightnings flash brightly reveals, all earthly things to
view,
Then when withdrawn the darkness seems, more dense and
dismal too ;
So God's blessed spirit lights the mind, and by the eye of
faith,
Beholds the trifling and the vain, that lead us on to death,
But when his holy countenance, from us is far withdrawn,
What darkness and what horror, fills up the soul's alarm.

More dark and dreary than the state, of this poor sinning
soul,
Than if the light had never shone, and plainly showed the
goal.

And as the pealing thunder's sound, follows the lightning's
rays,
So God in tones as thrilling, bids sinners look and live,
Christ pleading for the wicked, when once we plainly see.
Calls us in tone of thunder, "come thou and follow me."

There were very few days while we were in
Iowa but there were thunder storms, if not in
the immediate vicinity, the clouds could be seen
at a distance and the rolling rumbling sound of
thunder plainly heard.

CHAPTER XV.

Get some wood—excessive heat—flour—a view of the interior of our house—go to Blacksmithing—John A. Brewer hires to Boyle—S. A. ashamed of our circumstances—La Branch—Johnson plows out corn—hire to Masden—overcome by the heat—obliged to quit.

My first work after moving to Salem was to get firewood, I fortunately got the opportunity of cutting some to the halves, Johnson and I borrowed a team and went to the timber to work, it was an excessive warm day and we nearly melted ourselves and team, the perspiration flowed freely and when the horses were standing quietly in the shade the drops of sweat would trickle down their bodies and drop off; there seemed to be not a breath of air stirring in the woods, making the hot beaming rays of the sun fall upon us with more force than if we were out on the prairie.

My firewood obtained, I had to get some flour this I was enabled to do by plowing a few days for a man who paid me the money, Flour was

at that time eight dollars a barrel. A friend, Jonathan Townsend by name, gave us fifty pounds of flour, I offered him the money for it but he refused to take it, saying if he wanted anything he would let me know in harvest, but he never asked me for any work. This was a great accomodation to us in our scanty circumstances, and scanty they were indeed, for we were very poor. Our table had no leaf, being nearly spoiled in our journey, we had one chair which we found in the house, our bedstead I have before described, we had no stove, but cooked by a fireplace, we had an old frying pan to cook and bake in, and an old baking kettle with a piece broken out of it; it would hold nothing unless tipped over towards one side. We had no meat, no potatoes, or garden vegetables of any kind, neither butter, sugar, tea, milk or fruit of any kind. The reader will perhaps form a vague idea of our reduced state when they consider the foregoing and that we had nothing to depend upon but daily labour, and the climate was so much warmer than in Canada that I could not get daily wages for I could not endure the heat and consequently

could not do as much as those naturalized. I concluded to work at the blacksmith trade and see if I could do any better at that. I borrowed a bellows, but they were poor, and took them to an old shanty across the square but it was so small and low it would not do for the business. I then moved them to another old building but this was worse if possible than the other it was entirely too low to work in, I became discouraged and gave up that attempt.

John A. Brewer hired to a man by the name of Boyle for fifteen dollars a month to work in a flour mill on Skunk River with whom he stayed through the summer

Sarah Ann was greatly mortified to think we were so poor, she could not bear the thought of letting our friends know our circumstances, if they had many of them would have willingly assisted us, but she kept herself shut up, would not go any place and was unwilling to receive company.

There was but one family in Salem with whom we associated, Augustus LaBranch an acquaintance of ours from Leeds. They lived on the east side of the public square a few rods from our door.

Johnson hired to a neighbor to cultivate corn and worked until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the first day, when he left the horse standing in the field and came home; he was a little fellow and the heat and work were too much for him, he left without saying anything to them.

Harvest was now on hand—I found I must work if it were possible and hoping the heat would not effect me so much as when I first came, I hired to a man by the name of Masden. This man fed his men well and paid them well, and he in return expected them to work well. Breakfast was always ready about sunrise, after eating the men would start for the field—two binders after each cradler and work until about nine o'clock, when Masden would come into the field with pies and cold water, all hands would sit down and eat their luncheon, then go on with their work until noon. I took Johnson with me thinking perhaps he could rake up the sheaves as fast as I could bind, but he was too small and I could not keep up, and before noon I found I should have to quit. I told Masden I could not stand the heat, and he advised me to quit.

although he needed the help very much. He told me I need not expect to work much that season that I must be naturalized to the climate, and be very careful about drinking freely of cold water when warm, as many die there from so doing when they are overheated.

CHAPTER XVI.

Discouraged—John A. helps us—gets windows—trade my watch for a stove—eggs—go to Isaac Benedict—watermelons—fruit.

“Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.” Proverbs XXVII. 6.

I became very much discouraged there being so many things which we actually stood in need of, and no way to get them but by work and this I could not do enough of to begin to support us. Sarah Ann's health was still poor, Erwin was no better of his complaint, all combined had a tendency often to depress my spirits. If I had been accustomed to the climate so I could work or if I had had the worth of my property which I left in Leeds I would have had no difficulty in getting along comfortably; and when a man is once started in that country he can earn his living and accumulate wealth with far more ease and in less time than he could in Canada. John helped us some with his wages, he became

so ashamed of our old house without windows that he bought some and put them in, I traded my watch for a small cooking stove. We had to part with a number of our things in order to get provisions and other things which we needed and had to have.

Eggs were very cheap, only four cents a dozen; most farmers keep a large number of fowls, and feed them well and get many eggs. One day I brought some home thinking we would have quite a feast, Sarah Ann cooked them nicely and taking them to the table accidentally caught her toe against one of the pieces of the puncheon floor and fell, throwing the soft cooked eggs against the side of the house and upon the door where they drained down in golden stripes to the floor; thus our anticipated repast was quickly yet to me amusingly ended. She felt cast down on account of the misfortune, but I could not refrain from laughing at the movement.

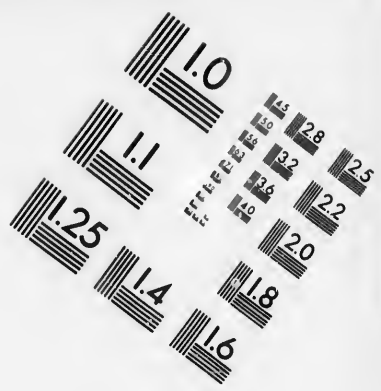
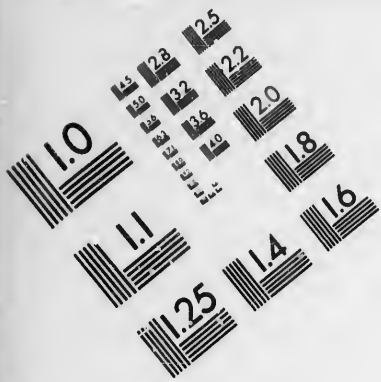
About this time we received a pressing invitation to go to Isaac Benedict's which we accepted, this was about the only place Sarah Ann went while we were in Salem. They treated us with watermelons which for size and rich-

ness of flavour I have never seen any thing of the kind to compare. We helped them to eat one which weighed twenty one pounds.

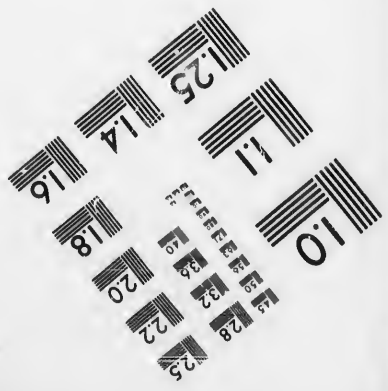
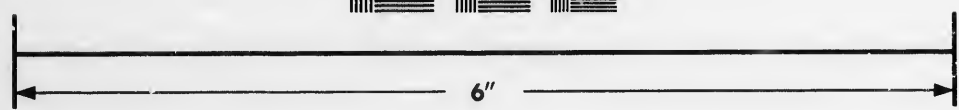
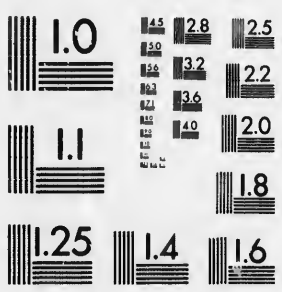
Almost all kinds of fruit are easily cultivated in Iowa, grapes all kinds, peaches, plums, pears, apples, currents, gooseberries &c. &c.,

They have a greater variety and better quality of these different kinds than in Canada owing to the stronger soil and warmer climate. I have seen large thrifty hops growing wild in the woods or timber as it is called there. There is also a kind of apple which grows spontaneous they are of a small size but are gathered and used by the poorer class who have no orchards of their own.





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CHAPTER XVII.

Get a letter from home—want to go back to Leeds—Sarah Ann unwilling—consents—makes preparations for starting.

As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far Country. Proverbs XXV. 25.

A few days after we were to our friend Isaac Benedicts I received a letter from my father in Farmersville. He gave a statement of the abundance of everything in the shape of potatoes' vegetables, honey, fruits &c, which he had, also good crops and high prices in general; with many pleasant scenes they were enjoying and closed by urging me to return offering to share with me in his abundance of provision if I would come back. This had a tendency to make me look homeward, when I considered that in my father's house was plenty and to spare and we were almost suffering with hunger. I began to think I could do better among my friends and old acquaintances and in my own elme and talked at times pretty strong about

starting, but Sarah Ann rather opposed me, she was unwilling after suffering so much while going, to start on a journey equally as trying if not more so, in so short a time after; she had drank of the bitter dregs of poverty and would rather than encounter the same privations again stay where she was. The more I thought of it the stronger grew my resolution to return and finding I would not be satisfied without, she consented and I began to make the necessary arrangements for a journey we thought we knew something about, but time taught us we did not know all about it. If I had remained where I was until the weather began to get cooler and instead of coming back to Canada wrote for my father to sell my place, there and remit the money to me; I have no doubt but I should have been there at the present time; but I suppose I was homesick and had made up my mind to go and go I must.

I sold the stove, dishes, gun and several other small articles for the money which with the help of the ten dollars I had lent to Benjamin Firman when going and which I expected to get when I reached Chicago I thought I had means suffi-

cient to pay my own and Sarah Ann's expenses home. John had saved enough of his wages to pay his and Johnson's fare through.

We again packed our boxes and made preparations for leaving Salem, although we did not know then as we should ever again see this pleasant village (or town as it is now) again, we had not that painful sensation in our bosom which we had on leaving Farmersville. Our little boy was dwindled away to a mere skeleton and did not look much like starting on so long a journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Start for Canada—Sophia Slack—Mormon Temple—Scene on
Mississippi—Laselle—Rain, Canal breaks—unload—
Bridges, Canal breaks—go to Chicago on foot—wade—
Illinois.

In ninth month 1850 we started for Canada having the company of Sophia Slack, wife of Henry Slack; they had emigrated to the western states from Canada and not doing as well as he anticipated concluded to leave her there and go on to California. She did not like the country and was lonesome and very anxious to get back among her friends. She had one child about the same age of ours, and sick with the same complaint.

Our friends carried us and our goods out to Keokuk. While going we could see the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo on the other side of the river. We were some distance from it but could plainly see it was a building of a stately appearance, and built of stone, It was in imitation of Solomon's Temple; and stood on twelve

oxen cut out of the solid rock, six on each side with their heads and necks out. It was four storeys high with a plain roof and contained neither steeple or tower. The windows were broken and shattered which showed the effects of the enraged mob who had left it a ruin. We saw the window in the upper story from which Joe Smith their leader was shot by one of the infuriated mob.

The people of Illinois left them unmolested for a time until their plunderings and impositions become so frequent and numerous they could indure it no longer.

They call themselves the Lord's people and proclaim in the language of David that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." On this ground they claimed every thing as theirs which they choose to possess. They did not hesitate in taking anything however valuable either boldly or by plunder and stealth. The property of all the members is cast in to one common treasury and all considered as common stock and the more valuables they gain by plunder the more that treasury is increased.

The inhabitants of the state became so enraged and exasperated on beholding so much of their property grasped from their hands and no way of recovering it but by force; and also enraged at the repeated treacheries and impositions practised by Joe Smith, in order to confirm to the world that he was the "True Prophet of the Lord," that they could endure it no longer, although their city, Nawvoo was neatly laid out on an inclined plain, on the eastern shore of the Mississippi River where they had expended a great amount of money. The temple was a little farther up the plain on a slight eminence near the suburbs of the city, and was by them intended for their city and emporium.

But the people of the state raised a strong and infuriated mob whom they with all their numbers were not able to withstand. They had become fully determined to drive them from the state and kept up that resolution until they succeeded and now scarcely a Morman is to be found this side of their grand retreat in Utah.

At Keokuk we took the boat for Lasalle on the Illinois River, and bade adieu for a while to Iowa. There was considerable opposition

between the steamers going down the Mississippi they run on strife. The firemen would dip the sticks of cordwood into barrels of tar and throw them into the furnace, causing the thick black smoke to rush furiously from the pipes, and the flames to shoot back from the furnace presenting a scene almost frightful.

In many places along the river the banks are bold and of hard clay; the vessels had many stopping places where there were no wharves, they would run up close to the bank, throw out a plank and the passengers would rush off or on as the case might be; the mail bag was thrown on shore and as quickly returned, all without entirely stopping the vessel. We were but a short time going down the river. The water was high at this time, so the boats could run up the Illinois River as far as LaSalle, which we reached in the afternoon of the next day, where we had to wait until midnight for the canal boat. It was a cold, chilly, raining afternoon and night. After our goods were unloaded on the bank of the river, we left them and went into a private house out of the wet and cold and staid until night; they could not keep us all night

and would not grant us the privilege of sleeping on the floor, as we had bedding of our own to make us comfortable, so we went back to our boxes, and John and I started to look for lodging, leaving the women and Johnson sitting in the rain. Of course there were public houses but I had not the means to spare and as we had our bedding with us, we thought surely we could find persons who would allow us to lie on the floor, but we found many, very many who turned us away with a cold and blunt refusal and it was not until about ten o'clock that we succeeded in finding a dwelling whose inmates granted this privilege to the women and Johnson. We hastened back finding them very wet and cold sitting on the bank, each one bent over her sick child trying to keep the little sufferers dry and warm, for it was still raining. We took enough bedding from our boxes to make them comfortable and went with them to the house where they remained until morning. John and I went again to the river and remained by our goods until midnight when the canal boat arrived where it remained until morning. We took our luggage on board and with some more quilts

wrapped ourselves up for the remainder of the night. The next morning we got the women and children on board safely and the boat bound for Chicago, we began to hope for better success, as hope it is said never dies ; but with us it was disappointed for we had travelled but half a day when we came to a break in the canal caused by the high water. All the boats had now to unload their cargo and we with the rest were set ashore about two miles from a small town, where the company had carriages and coaches in waiting, to convey passengers and freight to this town. We got our goods, and the women, on one waggon, their seats were very high being up on the boxes ; the roads rough, and many dangerous sluice-ways cut through them by the water which had over-flowed the road. While crossing one of these Sophia Slack was thrown from her seat and badly hurt, she was taken up for dead, but after a little consciousness was restored, and she rode on to the town, where we were detained half a day, waiting for the freight to be conveyed from the place where it was left on shore, to the other boat.

I cannot recollect the name of this town, I



procured some medicine there for Sophia Slack, she was considerably injured but soon recovered.

Once loaded on board again, nothing further obstructed our passage until within sixteen miles of Chicago. By this time the water had raised so high it was impossible for the boat to pass under the bridges and the word came from towards Chicago that the Canal had broken away.

We were now in a worse position than before, to remain on the boat upon expenses until the Canal was repaired I could not think of doing for I had not the money to spare, moreover they might be at least a week in repairing it, and I thought Sarah Ann was not able to go to Chicago on foot and for a time did not know what course to pursue, but she concluded to try to walk; we therefore left our goods on board and Sophia Slack also, she was unable to travel with us on account of the injury sustained by the fall, and started for Chicago. The main road we were informed was so overflowed that the water would run into the wagon boxes, on this account we had to go some distance out of our way to get around it. We travelled until night over five or

six miles of the our journey and stopped at a house where they kindly allowed us to stay all night and gave us our suppers. This night we were all sick caused no doubt from the anxiety of mind and exhaustion of bodies, but being better in the morning, as soon as the first dawn of day appeared in the eastern horizon we again started. The pathway we trod on that day, will never be erased from our memories till time with us shall be no more. If we had been in our once happy home surrounded with all the comforts of life and felt as we felt on that morning we would indeed have thought we were unable to travel. But necessity often compels us to do that, which in plenty would seem to be unreasonable, and so with us; knowing there was no other alternative but to trudge along, we kept bearing off to shun the water, going through fields, over fences, across roads, forming a circular yet unbeaten path. Sometimes the water would but slightly cover the surface, sometimes we were in it ankle deep, several times waded some little distance knee deep across to an elevation of land beyond it, rather than go as far as we would have to if we

attempted to go around it. In this unpleasant way, resting occasionally on little elevations where the ground was dry enough, we went over six or seven miles more of our journey. And unpleasant it truly was when the nature of the soil is considered. Illinois is a very level country abounding in prairies, particularly in the south eastern part of the state, it is so level and subject to overflowing that for miles there are very few settlements. It is a rich black soil and when wet is very sticky and makes unpleasant travelling.

We reached Chicago about ten o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

Chicago—Cars to Cottage Hill—J. Nichol's—E. Firman's—
E. Canada—Erwin worse, give him up to die, recover—
advice:

A friend we find whose ample store,
Is freely shared by sick and poor
May God his bounty bless.

Chicago is a very stirring ambitious and enterprising city. We left Sarah Ann at a boarding house and Johnson, John and I went to see about the cars, and then spent a few hours in looking around the town, and did not get back until about three o'clock in the afternoon. We found Sarah Ann had spent the time very lonely indeed during our absence, she did not expect to be gone but a few minutes, and had become so excited about our long absence that she was ready to start out to look for us when we returned.

We took the cars and went to Cottage Hill

where a friend of ours lived named John Nichols, with him we spent four days and then went on to Benjamin Firman's a distance of twelve miles and walked the other six on the car track. We stayed at Firman's one day and two nights; he had no money for me and I had to return without it. I now felt rather straightened in my circumstances, we were a long way from home and a small amount of money in my possession to take us through so long a journey. Benjamin Firman told us, if we had to wait long for the Canal to be rebuilt to stop at John Nichols, and he would pay him for our board. We walked from Fireman's back to Cottage Hill on the railroad. We stopped on our road and took tea with a former acquaintance of mine, who worked at my father's when young before her marriage, her maiden name was Elizabeth Canada; her present name I cannot remember. She appeared very glad to see us, and we were also pleased to see her, or any other former acquaintance at that time. To even meet with a person from Canada seemed like meeting a brother or sister, Elizabeth gave Erwin some Cherries to eat, which irritated his

complaint and he was taken worse in a very short time, and before we reached John Nichols he was very bad, nothing but fresh blood passed his bowels. The symptoms were alarming all that night and the next day until about noon. That night we gave up all hopes of his recovery we had previous to this hoped that he would get better although he was reduced to a mere skeleton and had been very sick many times. But now all hopes fled and we felt that we must lay our darling child beneath the clods of the western valley.

With what hopeless anxious hearts we bent over the little sufferer none but parents can tell, who have passed through the same trials. You gentle readers who have spent hours of anguish and deep solicitude over the dying form of a beloved offspring, who have watched with aching hearts, the little innocent sufferer as it struggled with life, who have caught every motion and tone with feelings of earnest desire to comfort and relieve, and if it were possible to bear the pain yourselves ;—You only can know how we felt and sympathize with our feelings, for through the livelong night it seemed as if every

breath was the last and once he appeared entirely gone. That night we wept the bitter tears of sorrow and bereavement, for strangers as we were, in a strange land and our only child about leaving us, as we thought, and entering the spirit world called forth the scalding tear. But Providence who is ever kind and sees not as man sees had decreed it otherwise. When morning arrived and he was still alive we began again to hope, I went seven miles across the prairie on foot to a Physician for medicine for him, which we gave him, and in about two hours after the symptoms appeared more favourable and it was soon evident there was a change for the better; he began to recover and at the expiration of three days we ventured to again resume our journey with him although he was very weak and feeble.

And now my son, thou art fast approaching the age of manhood. Sixteen years, have thus quickly rolled over thy head and mine, thou wilt soon enter upon the stage of action if life is spared thee, from which I shall at the longest in a few fleeting year takes my exit. Thou wilt soon enter into a world of selfishness and deceit,

of toils and cares ; although the scenes may be gilded with splendor and dazzle with brightness, yet in the enjoyment of them there is an aching void which can only be filled by the presence of the love of God.

When in maturer years thou wilt glance over these pages think of the many days and hours of deep solicitude and of anxious care we have spent on thy behalf, the reality of which thou canst never fully appreciate unless like us thou art placed in the same condition.

Thy infantile years were years, of suffering, but thy life was mercifully preserved by the hand of Him who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He had an allwise design in prolonging thy life, and for His mercies canst thou fully repay Him ? No my dear son ? a life of dedicated obedience and unreserved submission to His will, will repay thy God for all His benefits. Thou mayest not now fully appreciate this but I believe the time will come, when thou wilt be able, and Oh ! mayest thou be willing to let thy light so shine before men that they seeing thy good works, will have cause to glorify their Father which is in Heaven. " Remem-

ber now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, or the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' Yes my son, while thy mind is young and tender and susceptible of good impressions be wise and firm in thy choice, and come to the good resolution to "Let others do as they may as for thee and thy house they will serve the Lord." Thus thou wilt not only be a comfort and support to our declining years, but serve as a gentle monitor to thy dear brothers and sisters. The weapon of thy warfare, the word of the spirit will enable thee to press thy way through the turmoils of life, and to stand firm in the front of the Battle, till Satan and his host with all their glittering array, will fall back and let thee pass unmolested into the peace prepared for the children of God.

CHAPTER XX.

Chop wood for a widow woman to get provisions—John and I go to the city to see about our goods—Haystack—stragglers—tavern—Buy tickets—Sophia Slack goes on to Canada—Confusion on board—fiddling and dancing—gambling—grey headed veterans.

While at John Nichols after Erwin began to recover, I chopped wood for a widow woman near by named Phebe Herrington and got provisions to take with us on our journey. This woman afterwards moved to Canada and she and my father were married. It will be remembered that my own mother died about a week before we started for the West. I little thought when working for her that she would ever be my stepmother. But time works many changes.

I was anxious to get home and not knowing whether the Canal was repaired so the boats could come to Chicago with our boxes or not, John and I thought best to go and see ; we left

Sarah Ann and Johnson at Nichol's and went on foot, when near the city night was coming on, and we again tried as we had done many times before, though not in this place to get into some person's house but they all refused us the floor and we concluded we should have to spend the night in some hay which was cut and put up along the road, we thought of carrying some of the haycocks together and so make ourselves a couch for the night; but this when we considered a little we dare not do, on account of the rattlesnakes which we had been informed were numerous there. We walked along a little distance and discovered a large haystack to this we went and found it to be old hay cut the year before and in this we thought there would be no danger of snakes; there were holes eaten in the side by the cattle, we pulled out more hay and made the place large enough for both of us to lie in, and in this berth we spent the night but did not sleep much on account of the barking of a large dog, at a house near by, which he kept up all night at intervals and several times we thought he was coming to us, he seemed aware there were stragglers not far off,

The next morning at break of day we crawled from the stack and started in an opposite direction from the house keeping the haystack in range between us and the building until about half a mile away then taking a circular course came into the road. This house we found to be a large tavern when we saw it by daylight.

After getting something to eat at a grocery we proceeded to see about our boxes and found they had arrived safely. Our next business was to see about getting tickets; it was necessary that I should be very cautious, and buy a ticket at the lowest possible rate for all the money John and I had between us was but twelve dollars, and four of us on the Western side of Lake Michigan wishing to go pretty well to the Eastern part of Upper Canada, with two large boxes and a barrel to pay freight on. Doubtful and dismal as the prospect looked I set myself to work to see what I could do and fortunately for me, at this time there was great strife and competition between vessels on the Lakes and also between the lines. After making the necessary enquiries concerning the Cars and steamers, I found I could go the cheapest by water and

succeeded in getting a ticket for four of us and our luggage from Chicago to Buffalo, by way of Mackinaw a distance of eleven hundred miles for the small sum of ten dollars, on the steamer "Empire State." We then returned to John Nichol's and the next morning took the cars for Chicago, and when once there soon found our way on the above mentioned steamer, and started on the northern route through the straits. Sophia Slack had gone on to Canada and we saw no more of her for some time after; her child died in a few weeks after she arrived. In course of time her husband returned from California and they are now living in the County of Perth C. W.

The first place we called at after starting on Lake Michigan was Milwaukee. At Mackinaw I saw the largest salmon that I ever beheld it was brought to the boat on a wheelbarrow and as they wheeled it along the tail dragged on the ground, this may seem almost incredible or too extraordinary and improbable to admit of belief, but it is true, there were many others who saw it besides myself.

On the wharf at Milwaukee were some old

acquaintances from Canada who appeared as glad to see us as we were to see them, and enjoyed the time we were there in social conversation.

The first night we spent on board was one of some confusion to us until about midnight ; there was fiddling and dancing in one part, and the card table surrounded by old grey headed veterans and the unwary youths in another ; youths whose all perhaps was staked at that infamous game, I say all, for it is not wealth alone that is lost in this bewitching game but many a noble, promising youth, the pride and joy of his parents, and the hope of society has been totally wrecked both soul and body, by being drawn into the gambler's snares. The subtle artful adept will coil as it were around the unconscious and trusting man until he has him wholly in his power, and then game after game robs him of his treasure, and he thus exasperated rushes headlong into the sinks of degradation, ruin and disgrace. Many times through intemperance resorted to in his last days, dies a miserable and hopeless death.

This work may fall into the hands of some who

stand on a dangerous precipice, who would fall over the brink into utter ruin by one more slight mistep, if so, be advised to retrace all former steps and reform, venture no more on the edge of the precipice, retreat from it. Never be tempted under any consideration to again approach the dread abyss for if once thy frail bark is overbalanced, great and irreparable will be thy loss.

CHAPTER XXI.

All quiet—Boat leaks—Sarah Ann gets up—no satisfaction
—6 feet of water in hold—out of sight of land—meditation
—Straits of Mackinaw.

At about twelve o'clock this company retired for the night leaving a little quiet on board except the usual clattering of steamers. Sarah Ann was up about one o'clock with the babe, every thing seemed so unusually quiet she felt impressed with the feeling that something was wrong, and went upstairs; the engineer sat in his room reading in the bible; she felt that this was a signal of something wrong for he was a rough man; and enquired if "any thing was the matter;" he answered no, and told her she had better go back down stairs; he spoke calmly and unconcerned; but this did not satisfy her, she stepped along and looked down into the hold, and saw all hands busily engaged, the shavings

were flying but not a word spoken aloud ; she then went back to the cabin.

Next morning we learned that the vessel had sprung a leak and it was with great difficulty they succeeded in stopping it. The engineer told us when Sarah Ann was up there was then six feet of water in the hold and he was afraid if he told her what was the matter, she would alarm the rest of the passengers.

This morning we were out of sight of land, nothing but the blue and broad expanse of water could be seen on either side. It was very still and the waters calm ; I went on deck as the first beams of the rising sun were visible in the eastern horizon. The beauty of his rays reflected in the smooth and glassy surface of the broad expansive lake, the grandeur and greatness mingled with the solemnity which seem to shroud the scene, called forth all the powers of meditation and praise and I was led to consider the weakness and nothingness of man and his works compared with the mighty works of nature's God.

There we were on a fabric fashioned and formed by man riding over the far extended element of four hundred miles in length and 100 in breadth, and all feeling a degree of safety and and security, when at the same time He who spake all things into existence could have in a moment summoned us all before his tribunal. The language of my soul was with one formerly "What is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that thou visitest him?" "Great and marvelous are thy works and thy ways past finding out."

How much we find to admire and adore in beauties of creation; when the soul is led by the gentle spirit of the Lord and filled with a portion of His love, it can truly and sincerely glorify and praise the wisdom and beauty it beholds in the works of His holy hand.

We passed through the straits of Mackinaw on the following night and I had not the pleasure of beholding that scenery. The village of Mackinaw is situated on the eastern side of the Straits on an Island of the same name. It is a military post of the United States commanded

by a fort on a lofty bluff. Below this is the village near the shore consisting of many wooden houses, and Indian Tents. The red men assemble there once a year to receive the government annuity from the United States.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lake Huron District—River St. Clair—Lake St. Clair—
Detroit—Lake Erie—harbors—Navigation—advantages.

From Mackinaw we sailed in a southerly direction through Lake Huron which is about three hundred miles in length. The western or American shore does not present as fine a portion of country as the eastern or Canadian. The old Huron District is a very fertile and well watered tract of land. Geographers think that at no very distant period it has been overflowed with water. There are ridges of gravel and stone rolled together in the water till rounded, running from South west to North east, showing that the waters have passed off and left the land dry. They also speak of another peculiarity in this District; the large swamp on the highest land, which feeds the most of the rivers, it is according to their estimation five hundred feet above the level of the Lake. God-

erich is beautifully situated on a steep bank over one hundred feet high near the mouth of the Maitland River. It commands a beautiful view of the lake and river and has many good buildings. At the southern extremity of the lake the surplus water is thrown off by and through the River St. Clair for a distance of forty miles when they open into Lake St. Clair a small but beautiful body of water which is communicated with Lake Erie by the Detroit River on which is situated the town of Detroit. Opposite this town on the Canadian shore is Sandwich the most western town in Canada.

The water in the last mentioned Lake and River (St. Clair and Detroit) is extremely shallow and very clear.

After leaving Detroit we soon found ourselves in the broad expanse of Lake Erie's troubled waters. Government is expending considerable sums of money in building harbours on the Canadian shore, which will be of great benefit to the Country. Lake Erie is in the centre of an extensive inland communication, being open in all directions to important markets; connected with the Hudson on one

side renders a medium of communication with the Atlantic ; and with the Ohio on the other forms one with the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico. The Welland Canal on the Canadian side forms a channel through which a considerable portion of the produce of the Lake countries will pass. Through this channel vessels from Michigan, Huron, Erie or Ontario drawing nine feet of water may pass.

Navigation is considered the most dangerous on Lake Erie of any of the American lakes. It would seem, to look over the vessel's side at the swells, as if they would soon swallow up all floating crafts on their surface. Western Canada forms one of the finest and most interesting parts of the British American possessions, not only in climate but fertility of soil and navigable advantages. When some more of the low marshy ground shall be sufficiently drained to bring the land under cultivation it will be the garden of Canada. Many parts of it will compare with the prairie land in richness of soil, but the climate is colder and winters longer.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Competition at Buffalo—Boys start on foot—regret—take Johnson on the cars—Lewiston—threaten to put Johnson off—Secrete him—gets to Kingston—Toronto—Thunder shower—reach Brockville—Philip Wing's—home—weeds.

How unkind is want! his unfeeling grasp,
 Will sever natures ties however firm,
 Or tender. Want, keen want, will send,
 Upon the mercies of a harden'd world
 Those we love ; for it to mock and scorn.

When we arrived at Buffalo we found the competition was equally as strong as at Chicago and I tried hard to get tickets for all of us and our goods to Brockville with the money I had which was only two dollars; but this I could not do, I made out to get one for Saran Ann and myself and this was the best I was able to do. There remained no other alternative but to put the boys off and let them go home on foot. It was a great trial, to think of leaving those young boys behind us, so far, and go on

ourselves, after trying so many times the cold unfeeling hand of Charity. We both understood well the bitterness of such a fate, but solemn as it was, we bid them farewell before the cars were ready to start. Sarah Ann began to regret letting Johnson go; she thought John being older would get along better, but said if she had thought of it before they left, she should have kept him on the cars. But they had already gone and it was impossible to say when we should see them again. But at the first station east of Buffalo the train stopped for some minutes and there the boys fortunately came along, their coats on one arm and their shoes in the other hand. They thought they had a long journey before them and prepared to make the best of it.

We gladly hailed the opportunity and called Johnson on the cars, and told him to tell the purser on coming around that he had no money. He did so, the conductor looked at him from head to foot and passed on. We thus succeeded in getting him to Lewiston, where we took the boat. We told him to do the same as on the cars, tell the purser he had no money, this he did but

this one was not so easy as the other, he appeared quite rash and told Johnson he should put him ashore at the next wharf. This affected Sarah Ann a good deal, she being fully determined to keep him with her, and she said if he was put off, she would go to. But it is said "Necessity is the mother of contrivance" and so it proved in this case for as the boat was seen to be approaching a wharf she secreted him in a private room and kept him there until the boat had gone on and the purser passed around again and then she let him out. In this manner she succeeded in getting him to Kingston and there he landed and soon found acquaintances and relatives living out a few miles from the city.

Our hearts seemed relieved of a great burden when we saw him landed where he would meet with kindred friends; and the fear of his being sent off the boat entirely removed.

From Lewiston we crossed the Lake to Toronto which lies nearly opposite the mouth of the Niagara River. This is a prosperous place rising fast in importance, the streets are well paved and lighted with gas. In this harbour the vessel lay three or four hours, during which

time a more terrific thunder storm, I never saw, flash after flash succeeded by crackling peals of thunder rent the air and it seemed as if the very elements were contending for superiority.

The lightning struck in three different places in the city, but no person got injured that we heard of. I have often noticed how man with all his boasted skill and would be importance settles down in quiet at the approach of a thunder storm; when the elements arise in glory to their maker and utter forth their reverberant and doleful, yet mighty sounds of praise, man is hushed; his original greatness sinks into nothingness in his own estimation and he feels of himself that he can do nothing.

How often the stout hearted who (if we judge from appearance) would confront even death itself without a fear, who would rush madly into the very face of danger and death, and who would risk life and property if necessary in some great and hazardous undertaking that their names might sound loudly in the annals of time, how often these quell down in silence with all the pallor of fear depicted on their countenances at the approach of a storm whose lightnings play around them as if to mock their timidity.

From Toronto we proceeded down the Lake calling at the intermediate ports which all presented active and progressive scenery.

We soon found ourselves entering the River St. Lawrence over whose waters we sailed a little more than three months before with somewhat different feeling from those we experienced upon entering them again. The Lake of a Thousand Isles, the swiftly flowing current, the banks of the river, and above all the familiar town of Brockville soon appeared in view, where were friends and neighbors who carried us to the residence of our friend Philip Wings; his wife Phebe was a kind and excellent nurse and under her care and attention Sarah Ann and Erwin both recovered a good deal. They staid there two or three weeks and I began to get things together to keep house with again.

How natural and pleasant did this place look! our quiet little home, although the door was hid from view by the thrifty overgrown weeds which had been unmolested and undisturbed until they had attained a height which exceeded that of myself, yet there was that pleasantness



about this familiar spot, which had not designated any we had seen for the past season.

After mowing away the weeds I entered the house, there stood the stove and the chairs as we left them, ready to *welcome* us back.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Father gives us provisions—better table than in Iowa—one visitor—John A. Brewer came home—go at the blacksmith trade—buy the old homestead—go back to Iowa and buy land—Johnson Brewer Senr. moves to Bloomfield—Sell to John Chamberlain—we move to Bloomfield—work at the Carpenter's trade—buy a farm, upon it I still reside.

Father, according as he wrote, gave us quite a start towards living again; a waggon load of potatoes, some honey, meat, flour &c. And when we went to keeping house we were prepared to spread such a table as we had not been able to do while in the west; for we never had meat or potatoes when there, but for one meal. And such delicacies as milk, butter, tea, sugar, fruit or garden vegetables of any kind never decked our table. The reader will very naturally ask what we lived on; simply warm cakes mixed up with cold water and a little salt and baked in a frying pan, and West India Molasses, and once in a while some eggs, which as I have before stated were very cheap.

I was away from home a good deal of the me and then of course I fared well enough, but Sarah Ann was unwilling to leave home and therefore seldom ate anything but the above. She never had but one visitor while in Salem which pleased her well, for she was very unwilling any person should know our reduced circumstances, and would often say to me "if any person should come here what in the world would I fix for them to eat."

But now this fear did not trouble her, she was willing to go and receive company. About a month after we were settled in our home who should walk in one day but John A. Brewer whom we left at Buffalo. It was difficult to tell which was the most pleased, he or Sarah Ann. His father and mother being from home he stayed with us until the next spring in fourth month when they returned. Having brought my blacksmith tools home with me I concluded to go at my old trade and worked away at that and making potash for four years, and then bought the old homestead of father, and he went to Brockville and started himself in the grocery business. Father had had considerable bad luck

and lost a good deal of his property and had been obliged to sell a part of his farm previous to this time.

Two years after buying the old homestead I left my family at home and went back to Iowa and bought eighty acres of land which I still own, thinking I would some day move there again, as I am sensible it possesses advantages which Leeds never can. I also thought and was advised to buy believing it would be a profitable investment.

My Father-in-law, Johnson Brewer Senr. sold his lot in Leeds and moved to Bloomfield, Prince Edward County, C. W. The following fall after I bought land in Iowa, I sold out in Farmersville to John Chamberlain; we lived in the house until the next third month; not being able to persuade Sarah Ann to again go to the west to live, we moved to Bloomfield also, she preferring a residence near her parents.

The first year in Prince Edward I worked with my cousin Daniel Derbyshire at the Carpenter's trade and then bought me a farm upon which I still reside.

Although we have passed through many try-

ing scenes and witnessed many privations, we are now, through the mercies and blessings of God, in good comfortable circumstances, and I hope to learn herewith to be content.

William Abels, of whom mention is made several times in the foregoing part of this narrative staid in Iowa until the next year and then returned to Canada. In the spring of 1853 he went as companion with Johnson Brewer Senr. to the State of Ohio on a religious visit and formed an acquaintance with a smart and amiable woman whom he afterwards married. They moved to Canada for a time and then went to the Northern part of Iowa and settled, where they are still living.

My step-mother has passed from time into eternity. In the spring of 1863 she was called from works to rewards. She died in Greenbush, eight miles from Farmersville. My father is still living but very infirm, he has had two paralytic strokes and in all probability will not survive long. A few more rolling seasons will carry his frail bark into the eternal world. His hoary head loudly proclaims that he has nearly descended the hill of time. He is now living

with me a part of the time, and with his son and daughter the rest part. He is unable to walk around much, only a very short distance, and cannot wait on himself but little.

CHAPTER XXV.

A retrospect of the past—Resolutions for the future—Social visit to Iowa.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Isaiah LV. 7.

Notwithstanding the various scenes which we have encountered and the different vicissitudes of life we have passed through, we are still permitted to be sojourners on the Lord's footstool. When we take a retrospective view of our lives we can behold nothing profitable or useful in them, although we have never been so neglectful and regardless of the "one thing needful" as to wholly lose sight of the blessed principles of Divine Truth. Yet through unfaithfulness and disobedience we have witnessed many dark and forlorn seasons and have known the light of His Holy Countenance to be withdrawn.

and feel that we were indeed "on Mount Gilboa where was neither dew nor rain nor fields of offering." We also have to acknowledge that too much of our unworthy lives has been spent in vain, that many of the golden moments have been squandered in worldly and sinful pursuits; that our attention has been too easily turned to things of earth, and that there has not been that dedicated obedience and watching unto prayer that there should be, to withstand the deceitfulness of sin. There can be no true devotion to God till selfishness, that root of man's depravity and the throne of Satan is overthrown; till man no longer is his own idol; till he is no more desirous to give to himself that place and position which God alone has a right to possess. But when the soul through prayer and godly sorrow, through repentance not to be repented of, has gained this great victory over Satan and his host, and brought all his attributes into subjection, then in sincerity and praise can the soul look up to God in true and humble devotion. When this becomes our blessed experience surely old things have passed away and all things become new, and all of God. A new song is put into our mouth, even the song of praise.

Man it is said is as 'prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward.' The things of earth often affect the earthly nature in him, and through unwatchfulness he is suffered to be overtaken by the enemy, and perhaps for a season carried into captivity, but God in his infinite mercy leaves him not here ; he willeth not the death of any but that all should return repent and live ; turn unto him and he will have mercy, he will restore our former peace and enable us to again joy and rejoice in the God of our Salvation. Oh ! the need, the great need of always being on the watchtower. " If the goodman of the house had known what time the thief would come he would have watched." So it is now with the children of men, if they knew when they were to be overtaken by the enemy, they would surely watch more fervently and prayerfully that their faith fail not in the day of battle. But I doubt not but these things are suffered to entangle us to try our faith, and to refine us through fiery trials.

And now while we are in the middle walks of life, and a young and tender family growing up around us to watch our movements and catch each accent that falls from our lips, we

are desirous, and have through Divine assistance endeavored of late, to more fully devote ourselves to the service of God. We are endeavoring to live christian lives and set an example of piety before our children, that they seeing our good works may have cause to glorify their father in Heaven, although we may often err and fall into the paths of disobedience yet we humbly hope and fervently pray that our faith fail not and that through the mercies of God and the merits of his well beloved Son Jesus Christ who "came into the world to save sinners, of whom" we often feel "we are the chief," that we may be enabled to hold out unto the end and at last be permitted to enter "the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, which needeth not the light of the sun neither of the moon, for the glory of God and the lamb are the light thereof." And when the solemn enquiry is made "what hast thou done with the precious Lambs committed to thy charge," that we may be able to render an account which is well pleasing in the sight of God.

And now gentle readers, and dear Children our narrative is about ended, and I hope you

will feel enough interested in the plain and simple manner in which it is related to give it a careful perusal, and in order to appreciate as much as possible our positions I hope you have endeavored to fancy yourselves with us and as eye witnesses to the circumstances which will have a tendency to make a stronger impression on your minds than reading it merely as a tale that is told without any authenticity. The truth of this statement can be vouched for ; and I charitably hope will gain a sufficient share of your interest to call forth a recommendation to others.

I may also state that in summer of 1864 we again visited Iowa but in a more agreeable and pleasant manner than in the spring of 1850. We left our family at home and with the speed of steam soon reached the place of destination and visited our friends there.

I made enquiries for Jonathan Townsend, feeling it my duty to recompense him for his kindness to us while living there, but found he had gone to a brighter and better world to meet his reward which is far better than the paltry remunerations of this vale of tears.

Many of our friends were missing, some had removed farther West or South, and a number had been called away by death. The Town of Salem is beautifully laid out and much improved, as is also the surrounding country. There was considerable agitation manifested concerning the Guerrillas who it was reported were on their way there, but this was only a rumour and soon died away.

Johnson Brewer Junr. is living with his parents at Bloomfield and is a Carpenter by trade.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Few words of advice from Sarah Ann Derbyshire to her Children.

DEAR CHILDREN :—

When some of you are capable of reading these few lines the hand that writes them may be mouldering in the dust, but if the Lord should be pleased to prolong my life, I hope it will be my delight to instruct you in his fear, and to cultivate in your infant hearts reverence and gratitude to your Creator. Dear Children love the Bible, read it with attention and pray that God will enlighten your understandings that you may know and approve of the glorious truths which that precious book contains ; although mountains of opposition may arise before the view of your minds, and troubles may assail you on every hand, yet if you put your trust in God He will make a way for you

where there appears to be no way, and often you will find great encouragement in reading the Holy Scriptures.

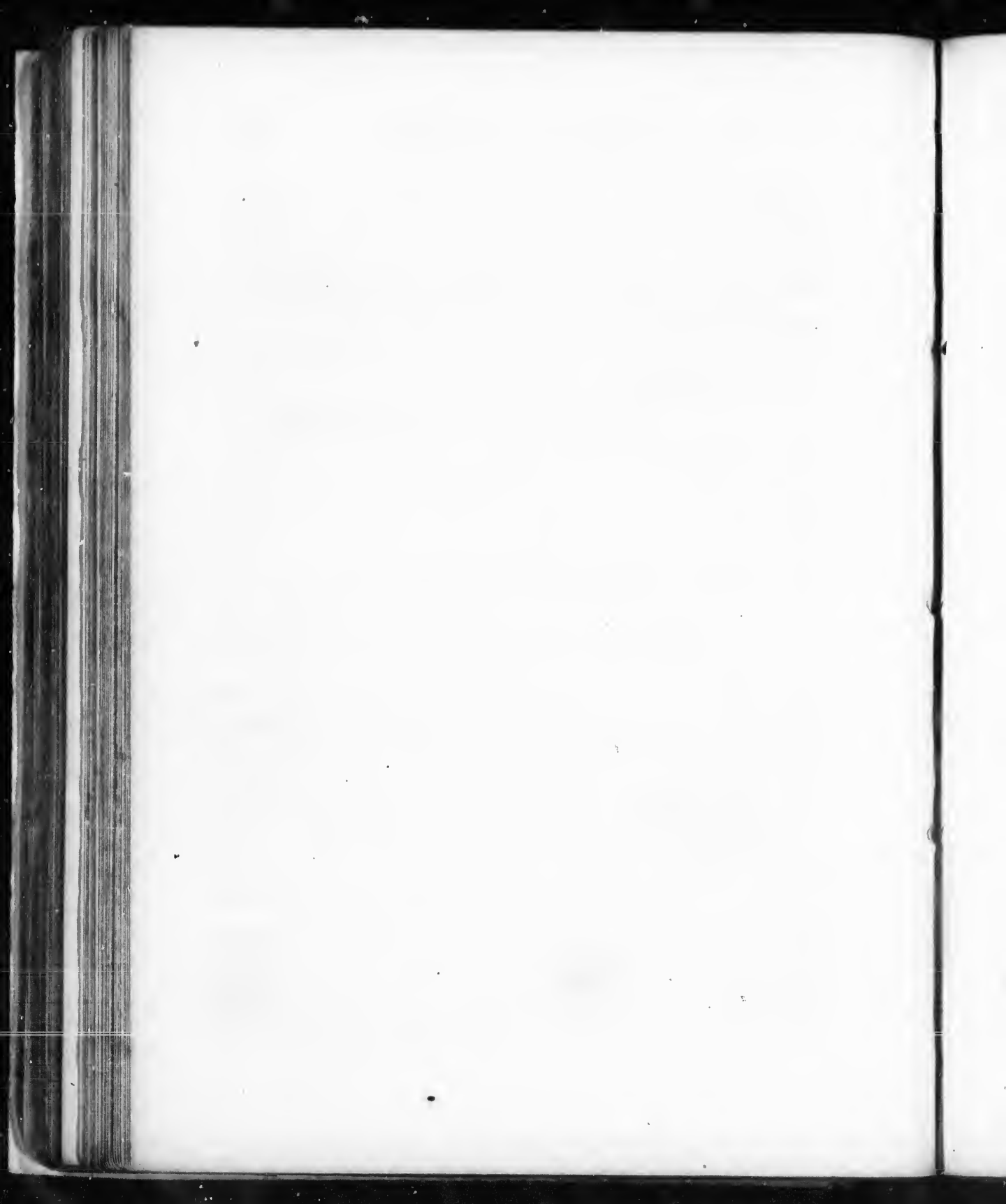
May your minds be turned oftener than the morning towards heaven and heavenly things, and not look too much on the vanities of this world, for surely to a devoted christian it seems like vanity. Read and you will find where Jesus Christ was crucified, he gave his life a sacrifice for you my dear children if you only believe in him. Oh! reject him not but give up yourselves a willing sacrifice to his service and you will find his ways to be ways of pleasantness and all his path peace, a peace which the world knows nothing of, which it can neither give nor take away; then dear children when you are brought upon a sick bed you will realize the worth of Christ as a Saviour, when pain takes possession of every nerve and paleness changes the fallen visage, to be able to say "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is surely a great attainment. And may strength be afforded you to submit your necks to the yoke of Christ, let him direct your steps in all things, look unto him as a little child does to its temporal parents

for help and instruction and as you are faithful on your part, the Lord will not fail to pour into your souls the "oil and the wine" of his Kingdom which will give you strength to persevere in well doing and the power of improving your Lords money, that "when he cometh he will receive his own with usury." And "you, adorning let it not be the plaiting of the hair, the wearing of gold or putting on of apparel, but a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God a pearl of great price. Thus dear Children you may grow up as helps one unto another in the great cause and be strength and ornaments to the society in which you belong, and be an honour to your profession. And also be careful in the choice of your associates, choose for your company not only those who have refined morals, but who reverence, fear and love God. And above all try to adopt the language of the Apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me in that day, and not me only but to all those that love his appearing."

And now dear Children be willing to accept this short advice as a tribute of a mother's love, and treasure it up in your hearts that the earnest and heartfelt prayer of her who feels deeply for your welfare in Zion may be answered.

In the bonds of parental and Christian love,
I remain your Mother,

SARAH ANN DERBYSHIRE.



AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE OF JOHN A. BREWER,
SON OF
JOHNSON AND ELIZA BRÉWER,
WHO DIED AT
PORT PAYTA,
ON THE
COAST OF PERU,
IN SOUTH AMERICA,
in the year 1858
UNDER THE CARE OF
THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE HISTORY OF THE

LIFE OF JOHN A. BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

“Forgive thou blessed the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this,
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here
And stayed thy progress to the seat of bliss.

No more confined to darksome realms of night,
No more a tenant wrapped in mortal clay.
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight
And trace thy progress to the realms of day.”

John A. Brewer was the oldest son of John son and Eliza Brewer. He was born at Kingston, County of Frontenac C. W. on 28th of eleventh month 1833. His juvenile years were perhaps no more remarkable than some other young persons, although of considerable interest to the serious minded.

He possessed a kind, affectionate and amiable

disposition, which rendered his daily walks in life more orderly and circumspect than many young persons, and endeared him to his associates in a very peculiar and affectionate manner. He was naturally of a lively and cheerful temperament and endowed with the faculty of making himself agreeable and beloved by old as well as young. He also at a very early age was thoughtful and religiously inclined, leaving behind him in the minds of his friends many expressions as well as acts which showed not only his reverence for the moral, virtuous and religious, but that the fear of the Lord was truly and deeply impressed on his young mind.

Very early in youth, whenever any circumstances occurred which rendered parental correction necessary, he ever manifested a great deal of tenderness and contrition, and would often say through sobs and tears "I want to be a good boy." Often when he and his brother and sister were gathered around their parents to receive words of instruction and tender counsel, the tears would be seen silently rolling down his cheeks. A more susceptible and tender mind or a more obedient son is seldom found ;

one who observed the paths of rectitude more strictly, or with a deeper sense of right and wrong than this interesting youth. And as he had the blessings of pious parents whose care and concern was to instruct their children in righteousness, I have every reason to believe he profited by their timely counsel and prized their gentle admonitions, as shower forth in the whole tenor of his short life.

Oh! what an inestimable blessing are pious parents! one of the choicest boons Heaven can bestow, when the young and tender mind can look up to those devoted ones in Zion and feel that they are indeed their earthly parents, and know they would fondly cite them to that God whose allseeing eye knows and sees them as they really are; who are ever ready to instruct their children in divine truths and lend a helping hand in the modification and improvement of their young, tender and susceptible hearts. What a contrast between these and the ungodly who never manifest to the tender lambs committed to their charge any concern for their spiritual welfare, who never cite them to the mercies and goodness of God, or endeavour to

plant in their young minds the seeds of good impressions, but who rather sow the spirit of discord, envy and strife, and cultivate the propensities for evil.

Oh! what a contrast? What a striking contrast between the precious and the vile? Oh that unconcerned parents would but seriously consider the effects which result from pious care! Parental piety is often speedily and directly rewarded, and the dear object for whom that care is extended is brought to a serious and solemn sense of duty, and thus the seeds of piety are early sown. In other instances instruction and prayers have for a season proved in vain, and the effects buried to all appearance beneath a barren and frozen soil, but after a time have sprung up and brought forth fruit abundantly. Young persons who have been blessed with pious parents, whose care and concern has been to instruct them in the fear of the Lord, cannot easily forget it, although they may for a time stifle convictions and run as they list, yet the realities of that eternal world which has often been set before them is not easily erased. However much they may slight religion, death and judge

ment still alarm them, they know they are wrong, conscience will not let them sin at ease, its warnings mar their pleasure and often check their career or renders them wretched when they fondly hope for delight; But when they are concerned to remember their Creator in the days of their youth^a as was the subject of this brief sketch, what a consolation to parents to see their efforts thus blessed.

CHAPTER II.

This young man possessed an unusual amount of ambition and resolution, no matter how dark or despairing things might look around him he never gave up to discouragements but his spirits seemed to be always buoyed up by a strong resolution of purpose seasoned with grace. He never was idle, but always busily engaged in some useful pursuit. His ambitious disposition overbalanced his physical strength, and by over exertions and excitement he injured his spine when in his twelfth or thirteenth year, while assisting a neighbour in getting in a load of hay before an approaching storm. After they had the load on the waggon the axletree broke and they were obliged to get another waggon and while pitching the load from one to the other and lifting hard he felt something give way in his back and side. From this injury he never recovered.

His parents seeing he would never be able to endure hard work gave him the advantages of an education, that he might be qualified for other stations of usefulness besides that of a tradesman or mechanic. His father was a carpenter and mechanic and thought of instructing him in the same employment, but after receiving this injury he never was able to do much but light work, he however gained a sufficient knowledge of the trade and being naturally ingenious as to be of much use to him afterwards as the sequel will show.

His parents as has been observed in the foregoing narrative were frequently gone from home on religious visits; and John's unwearied industry, care and frugality was a great help and advantage to them in gaining a livelihood. His parents care in temporal things seemed to be his care, their concern of mind his concern, their joy his delight; he shared in their feeling in almost every thing in a very unusual and remarkable manner for one so young in years, so much so as to endear him in the strongest possible manner to their hearts and to command the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Sure-

ly if there is a being on earth on whom the hosts of Heaven will look, and smile, it is an honest, upright, filial and devoted youth, whose heart is filled with everything good, noble and generous and whose soul is filled to overflowing with the love of God.

Another subject which is well worthy of remark is his strong temperance principles. Very few of maturer years, ever had the subject more at heart, or were more thoroughly established in the principles of temperance than this amiable man. He always felt in duty bound to bear a strong and faithful testimony against the opposite vice intemperance in word : and he deeply felt that it was the sin and shame of the land, that the vast amount of talents and virtue, character and life that are wrecked on this fatal sinful vice was incalculable, that the many and noble men which have fallen a prey to his grasp, the homes which are made desolate and the inmates tossed on the hands of want and disgrace was shameful, all, when considered by him, only roused him to a more firm resolution to touch not, taste not, handle not. And a short time before he went away he told his mother

that he had never drank a drop of liquor, of any kind, and did not know what it tasted like.

He was also very particular about the company he kept, he would never when quite small associate with wicked or profane children, he seemed always to manifest a disposition and deportment beyond anything low or mean, and his nature was such that it grieved him to see any wicked or profligate boys engaged in sinful entertainments, he could not enjoy himself with them and therefore would shun their company. But in the company of the steady, serious and religious and particularly the aged, he took great delight and would listen to their subject of conversation with deep interest.

His mind was very early impressed with religious experience which he maintained through his life while among us and from letters received in his absence we doubt not but they remained with him until the day of his death. Although his parting from all things here below was in a southern clime, we have no doubt but that same God who visited his tender mind in childhood was with him in the valley and shadow of death, enabling him to pass through fearing no evil, and

we trust he could say in his expiring moments,
"Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff comfort me,"

CHAPTER III.

This young man, the reader will remember, before he had attained the age of seventeen started with us for the west, and was associated with all the trials and privations which we had to undergo, both going to and returning from Iowa, until we reached Buffalo, where we through want of money to defray expenses were obliged to leave him to get home the best way he could.

Previous to our going to Iowa he had comparatively gained his health, his back had become a good deal stronger and he was able to perform considerable labour and worked with his father in the shop more or less; his parents fondly hoped he would regain his strength as he grew up.

I have mentioned before, the reasons of his going west with us, and also while there of his engaging with a man named Boyle to work in a grist mill, where he remained through the summer until we all returned in the fall. The work

in this establishment was no doubt too heavy for him; he complained after leaving there, more than formerly of his side and back. His spinal column was slightly curved and from this time onward while he remained with us this curve increased gradually as his health decreased.

From Buffalo he walked to Lewiston. He afterwards told us how keenly he felt his position when left alone penniless and friendless knowing of no alternative but to trudge along in the direction of home, without a friend or acquaintance near; and the buffeting of the needy, he had already sensibly felt, but yet while there was life there was hope and as he never gave up to despair under any circumstances, he prosecuted his journey with a degree of cheerfulness.

At Lewiston he sold his knife and with the proceeds got his dinner; he then went to the boat and made a bargain with the mate to work his passage to the Canadian shore, by telling him his condition and that he wished to get home. He felt that he was comparatively fortunate to get this opportunity, but when the purser came around he learned a different story. John informed him of the bargain with the mate, but

he appeared to disbelieve him telling him "as smart a looking young man as he was, would not be so far from home without money," and demanded his coat, which was a good one and worth three times the amount of the fare. John being young and easily disconcerted, pulled off his coat and gave it to him. No doubt the pursuer thought he had money and would redeem it before they reached Toronto.

He was now without a coat, his clothes were packed away with ours in the boxes and had gone on home, he had plenty of good clothes but had nothing with him.

At Toronto he went on out of the town, night coming, on he tried hard to get lodging in a private house but could not, the people appeared to be afraid of him, no doubt from his singular appearance: he had no coat and was bare-footed; his feet had become so sore and blistered from walking that he was unable to wear his shoes. In this suspicious garb, on a rainy night, entering houses and begging for lodging, none were willing to shelter him, and thus he travelled until about eleven o'clock, when he called at a small shanty where they allowed him to dry

and warm but would not keep him until morning, although he told them he did not ask for a bed, but if they would allow him to lie on the floor out of the storm ; this they refused to do. He travelled on a short distance and came to some cordwood piled along the roadside ; thinking it useless to try any more for shelter he began to draw out sticks of wood near the bottom until he had made a hole large enough to crawl into and under this singular cover and in this strange berth, he spent the remainder of the night, without coat or covering, save the cold chilly damp air.

Upon this same night his father woke from his midnight slumbers with an inexpressible feeling of regard and tenderness, mingled with intense anxiety for his son, although he at the time knew not but we were comfortably settled in Iowa, and had not been apprized of our prospects of leaving there ; but his feelings on this night for John he informed me could never be described, it seemed to him he must arise and go to his sons relief, and could hardly refrain from starting at a midnight hour, although at the time he knew not where to go, or where we were.

Early the next morning John started on enquiring for work, one man gave him a job of splitting rails; he had not had either supper or breakfast and being naturally slender and not very athletic, found this work entirely too laborious, and weak as he then was from hunger and fatigue he did not work long, the timber was very tough and he left the wedge drove into the log from which he was not able to extricate it, and went on enquiring for work at every house. He was at length employed by a widow woman, for two days to dig potatoes, she gave him twenty five cents a day. Not wanting him longer herself, she directed him to an English gentleman named Hibbard who hired him for four days to gather fruit. He seemed to have gained the confidence and esteem of this man and his family in a very particular manner, for at the expiration of the four days he engaged him for one month as overseer of his orchard, which shows a very particular confidence reposed in him during so short acquaintance, especially when we consider that he had a number of other servants in his employment, who had been with him some time, and that John was

also a particular favourite of the family; Hibbard's daughters would frequently ask him to go to church with them, he always excused himself on account of his dress but they were unwilling to hear this and repeatedly offered him their brother's clothes to wear if he would accept them, but these offers he always declined.

Hibbard had but one son, and he had left home through dissatisfaction of some kind and none of the family knew any thing about him or what had become of him, they felt deeply grieved on account of his leaving home so mysteriously and made a great deal of enquiry about him but had never been able to learn anything respecting him.

At the expiration of a month, this gentleman insisted on John's staying longer and offered him all the advantages of a son if he would remain with him, as he never expected to see his own son again. But he could not feel like doing this, his wages which he had earned he thought would take him home and therefore declined Hibbard's kind offers, and left; not however without repeated solicitations on their part to call on them again if he ever came that way.

They gave him an English Jacket that had formerly belonged to their son, made of corduroy with black velvet sleeves, this answered very well in the place of a coat.

In this costume he took the boat for Brockville and as he approached this old familiar town he felt he was so different, with his dirty clothes (for his had not been washed, having no change with him) and corduroy jacket, from what it was the previous spring that he felt ashamed to have any person see him, therefore from Brockville to Farmersville he went through wood and across field and kept out of sight of the road lest any persons would see him and recognize him.

CHAPTER IV.

It was difficult to say which was the most pleased he or Sarah Ann when he arrived. She had spent many anxious hours on his account and had heard nothing from him since we left him at Buffalo, but her suspense was now ended. He stayed with us through the winter and worked with me at the blacksmith trade until in fourth month when his parents Johnson and Eliza Brewer returned from their religious visit after an absence of eleven months. Through the summer he worked with Andrew Lambie at the Carpenter's trade and his back affected him so it was plainly to be seen he must let hard work alone. The following winter he went to school and prepared himself for entering a store which he did the next spring. He attained the situation of Clerk in the store of Arza Parish in Farmersville. He felt now that he was starting on the stage of life and took a more thorough and established stand in the cause of Temperance

than before, if possible, which he faithfully maintained.

I may here remark that previous to this time during the winter he worked with me at the blacksmith business, he with others was talking about different subjects when John referred to his journey to the west, and coming from Buffalo home, working for Hibbard and his giving him the English jacket which he then had on &c., when one of the company, a stranger to him stepped up and said, "I thought I knew that jacket," "it was once mine."

This was an opening for further conversation he seemed very much pleased to hear so directly from his parents, for it was Hibbard's son who thus spoke.

Finding John knew how he had left the paternal roof they entered into a long conversation. He talked freely but was resolved never to return. John expostulated with him and endeavored to persuade him to go back, told him how deeply he had grieved his parents and the anxiety they felt on his account and pleaded with him to go back and grieve them no more. But he thought he had been wronged by them and

showed no disposition to ever return. John then tried to persuade him to write at least and let know where he was, but this he did not want them to know. After a long conversation, they parted with but little satisfaction to John. Young Hibbard was employed as hostler at a Hotel in Farmersville, but I think under a fictitious name. He did not stay there long after this interview and whether he ever returned home I am unable to say, he did not however during the next eighteen months.

John felt it no more than his duty to write to Hibbard and tell him of the interview with his son; he did so and received an answer expressing a great deal of satisfaction in hearing from him and thanks for John's manifested interest in taking the trouble to inform them.

While clerk in Arza Parish's store he received another letter from Hibbard stating his lost son had not yet returned, and strongly invited him to come and live with him offering to do by him as he would if he were his own son.

John did not feel free to accept his kind invitation and wrote back informing him of his situation and declining his offer.

He remained with Arza Parish one year. Thinking he could do better in the grocery business he sold a lot which his father gave him in Farmersville and set up a grocery, in this business he remained about six months and sold out his stock on hand and went as clerk in Elizabeth Wright's Crockery store in Belleville, Hastings Co. C. W.

The work there was too heavy, that is lifting crates of crockery and heavy ware he injured his back seriously and his health other-ways was poor.

While there in answer to one of the many letters he received from his mother he wrote as follows :—

Belleville, Nov. 1st, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—

I am still in Belleville and I hope living as I should. God still holds out his hand towards me a sinner, but I often fear he will draw his benevolence to a close because I have not hearkened more unto Him, but I intend to serve him as much as lays in my power. Dear Mother thou wrote to me concerning reading novels, I assure thee, need not be any way uneasy about that because it is something I do not do. We are very strict about the construction of our characters &c. farewell.

I remain thy affectionate Son.

JOHN A. BREWER.

He continued to fail and was obliged to resign his clerkship. He employed physicians in Belleville but it appears from the following letter they were doing him no good.

Eight Month, 21st, 1856.

DEAR PARENTS :—

I am about starting for Buffalo to try what can be done for my side and back. There is a celebrated Dr Lewis in Buffalo I think can cure it, I have doctored with those Belleville men some time and am getting worse every day. Every day I exist I feel worse, when I get in Buffalo I will write and inform you of all the success.

Farewell in that love that never fadeth.

JOHN A. BREWER.

His parents did not feel satisfied to have him go to Buffalo, but encouraged and recommended him to go to Kingston for medical advice, according to their wishes he gave up the former and went to Kingston and consulted Dr Sampson, he recommended him to take a voyage on the salt water.

He next went to Dr Langtree who gave him considerable encouragement, and under his treatment his general health greatly improved, but his back was no better. It was so weak and lame that he could with difficulty straighten

up or some of the time walk about. He could not endure the thought of being idle and therefore was anxious to go to New York and try the Saratoga Springs there. His father strongly advised him to remain under Dr Langtree's treatment, but his back gaining none he become very anxious to go to New York, and accordingly started but did not go to the springs as he intended but went on to the city.

The Physician there advised him the same as Dr Sampson to try a sea voyage, as he informed his parents by a letter. He also stated that he had the offer of a situation as Book-keeper at forty dollars per month and that there was also a way open for him to go to sea, but he had not decided then, which he should do. In the same letter he says, :—

“I have my health a good deal better than when I was at Kingston. I intend to keep the best Company while here, it needs a great care to keep out of profane company. Do not give yourselves any uneasiness about me, I shall try and be a good boy, I intend while in this world to live in the the fear of God, so when I come to die I may enjoy his blessings, even life forever more. If I die in New York or in Canada it matters not so that we all meet ou. God in Heaven

Farewell, In that love; that is only felt between Parents and Children.

JOHN A. BREWER.

No. 80 East Broadway N. Y.

In two days after writing the former letter he wrote again that he had decided on going to sea and was going as Ship-Carpenter on a Whaling vessel.

CHAPTER V.

Being so anxious to regain his health and so strongly recommended to try a voyage on the salt water, he fondly hoped it would restore him ; he would thereby regain his health. He saw the Captain of the ship Courier in New York, he went to New Bedford in Massachusetts, and on the fourth of tenth month 1856 this vessel sailed out from New Bedford, which bore our dear brother away from us to end his earthly pilgrimage on the Southern Seas.

His parents were very much concerned about him, and when this intelligence reached them, we all had solemn forebodings that we had parted on earth to meet no more. None of us felt the separation so keenly as his parents, who had watched over his feeble health with intense anxiety for his recovery, who had spent sleepless hours consulting about his welfare and meditating on his condition, who could never feel con-

tented unless they heard frequently from him when away from home. But now, they felt that they must wait in suspense for months perhaps for years before any tidings could reach them concerning him; and furthermore they knew too well the effect his labour would have upon him and this only added to their gloom; but knowing their son's determination to do right, and do all things for the best was a great consolation and enabled them more freely to resign him into the hands of Best Wisdom and meekly and prayerfully await the result. Time rolled heavily along, weeks and months passed away but no word or letter arrived to calm their fears until in sixth month 1858 when the following satisfactory and welcome letter come to his parents.

Ship Courier, Port Tricahuana, S. A. March 25th, 1858.

DEAR PARENTS :—

With pen in hand I thought I would write you a few lines just to inform you that my health is some better than when I left you. I stopped in New Bedford, I was bound for sea to roam the blue waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. I shipped on board the Ship Courier, we sailed on the fourth of October 1856.

After being out some time I found that the Captain and his wife were friends of mine. The captain has three

who belonged to the Friends Society, he told me they were speakers in the meeting. I showed them my dear mother's likeness.

I have to do [the Carpenter work on board the ship. I will now inform you of my journey. After we bid farewell to New Bedford we set all sails ; the first night I could not sleep but very little on account of the ship rolling so heavy. I was sea sick for one day and thought myself very lucky indeed for getting off so well. We were out some three weeks when we arrived at Cape De Verde Islands ; we went ashore and bought a quantity of Oranges and Limes and two or three small pigs.

From there we took our way to the line' after we were there some days, the man at the mast head cries out, "there she blows" our Captain on the quarter deck, says "where away," "three points off our lee bow and about two miles off," The Captain asked him what it was, he replied "a sperm whale." Captain cries "get your boats ready." We lowered them down and got fast to two small whales, brought them along side, cut them in, and stowed them in on deck ; after we tried them out we stowed them down in the hold. We then bent our course to Cape Horn that awful stormy place. We had some heavy storms off the cape, so we had to take in all sails and have the ship to under fore storestorm staysail, and close reef topsails. Many a time has she rolled so that her bulwarks would go entirely under water. When you would go along the deck the first thing you would go down in the lee scuppers. After leaving Cape Horn we made our way to St. Carlos, that was our first port in South America. I found plenty of Spanish there, that language I knew little about, but I understand some of

the lingo at present, I will give you some of it when I get home if ever I do. We had liberty for three days in port and then had to load our wood and water and bought about 200 bushels of potatoes. We had a good supply for our cruise, that is six months from the time we come out of port until we go in again. Our ships crew consists of first and second mate, third and fourth mate, three boat steerers, men that strike the whale, Cooper and carpenter, Blacksmith and sailors making in all thirty three men besides the Captain and his wife and little boy.

After we left St. Carlus we had the good luck to take whales enough to make us five hundred barrels, we want two thousand before we return home, it may take some two years more. I should have wrote to you before but I have not had the opportunity. But I intend for the future to write often and you must do the same, you know it is hard work for me to write on board the ship when she is rolling to and fro.

We are at present on the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Chili ; we have been cruising along the coast of Peru and will return there soon. The Spanish on this side of land have some very peculiar ways, there are some very respectable people and some very much the opposite.

Dear Parents you must not worry yourselves about me, tell my Brother Johnson that I would very much like to see him, I hope he will take good care of number one. I am here on the wide sea to stop I cannot tell how long, but it will be as short as possible. I suppose you wonder many times at my conduct, no doubt of it, but for the future my trust shall be in my God who knows all things he knows my heart and every thought, I feel to praise him

for what he has done for me, he has saved me from many dangers. I want Alexander and Sarah Ann to be sure and write, also Johnson. Dear Parents do not delay in writing to me who loves you, whose mind is ever thinking of you. Be sure and write every six months and I will do the same. I cannot get letters oftener than every six months when the vessel comes into port, for we are out on the sea capturing the monster whale. If you were to see one you would be surprised to think of three or four men killing one so easy. I will try and give you a description of a sperm whale. He is about eighty feet long, his under jaw is about eighteen feet in length, we generally use it for canes, they have in this jaw, fifty large teeth, these teeth are about eight inches long, I think perhaps if they were to bite at a small object it would be of little use. They very often come in contact with the boat when they do you cannot call it a boat any longer, for they chew it all to pieces, the crew have to jump into the water and swim for another boat if there is one in sight, if not they have to lie in the water until a boat comes to their relief, some times they lay eight or ten hours and get pretty well chilled through by that time, I have not been over board yet, nor none of our crew. We have four boats on the cranes and two spare ones.

This whale lives principally on a fish called squid they are very large and tender, the whale gets very fat. His blubber is eighteen inches thick all good solid fat or rather oil. A whale of this description will make one hundred and twenty barrels of oil. I cannot tell you much more about the whale now, when I return I will be able to give you more information about these monsters.

I have visited the Island where Robinson Crusoe lived, I did not see the cave, but we expect to go there soon to get some wood and Peaches. I expect it will be quite a curiosity There are a great many goats on the Island.

P S.—I am washing to day, I have to wash my clothes in chamber-lye and rinse them in salt water, I get them pretty clean. I have to make my own bed, and live in the steerage and eat in the cabin. Our clothes are principally woolen Blue shirts and sometimes red ones, I cannot say much more about clothing. We have pleasant weather at present so we carry all sails. Remember and write as soon as this comes to hand, do not delay one moment and give me all the news, please give my love to all my relatives and friends, my dear brother and sister and brother-in-law, I love you you all tenderly, and long to clasp you to my bosom and plant a kiss on each forehead. Nothing but a good long letter from all, be sure and write. Direct your letters to

JOHN A BREWER.

Payta, Peru,
South America.

Ship Courier.

in care of Captain Hillman.

CHAPTER VI.

This letter gave us unspeakable satisfaction to know he was yet alive and we could not but feel hopeful that he might yet return, although this hope was accompanied with a doubt.

He said very little about his health and nothing about his back, but it is evident his general health had improved after going to sea or he could not have done the carpenter work on board. But it would seem that there was a doubt in his mind concerning the probability of returning, for when speaking of the Spanish Language he says, "I will give you some of it when I return if ever I do."

No doubt he plainly saw he was failing, and at times felt that he would never again behold his native land and the dear familiar faces whom he longed to greet, that ere the vessel had completed her tedious voyage he should be numbered no more with living. But his unusually cheerful disposition was a great stimulus to his

mind, and no doubt had a tendency on sea as well as land to enervate and arouse his spirits and check all gloomy and disponding thoughts. He would also refrain from writing anything which he thought would give his parents any uneasiness. But the former presentiments rested on our minds which we could only leave for time to fathom. We all wrote to him and forwarded as directed, desiring him to write every particular about his health, but to these we never received any reply. The first six months rolled away and no letter, the next six months come and went but no tidings until nearly three more years had passed away.

At each successive disappointment hope sank lower and lower and we began to be apprehensive that the vessel might be lost, for we felt if John was still living and unable to write his regard for his parents would cause him to get some person to write for him and let them know the reason of his silence.

In fifth month 1861 a way opened by which we could learn whether the owner of the Courier knew anything about her whereabouts. In conversation we learned that a friend of ours, Levi

Varney of Bloomfield had an acquaintance in New Bedford and we thought through this channel we might gain some information and requested him to write, and as a reply received the following.

New Bedford, 6th Month, 26th, 1861.

LEVI VARNEY,

RESPECTED FRIEND :—

Thy letter of the 14th inst. came to hand during my absence to yearly Meeting. The owners of the Courier cannot give any information in relation to John A Brewer, since sailing from home. The ship is expected within the next thirty days. On her arrival I will make due enquiries, learn all particulars and write thee again.

Respectfully thy friend,

CHARLES R. TUCKER.

To Levi Varney, Bloomfield.

With such anxiety as parents only can feel for their child, and we for a lost brother did we all wait for the homeward bound vessel to land at New Bedford, that our suspense might be lightened and we know the dreaded reality. In seventh month L. Varney received the following.

New Bedford, 7th Month, 16th, 1861.

RESPECTED FRIEND :—

When I acknowledged thy letter of the 14th of last month, I stated that upon the arrival of the

Ship Courier I would give such information as I might obtain in relation to John A. Brewer, Carpenter of said ship. The ship has come in and I have had an interview with Captain Coffin who I find is well spoken of. He informs me that John A. was a nice young man, but appeared out of health from the early part of the voyage, was apparently consumptive, and by a difficulty in his spine, he became much bowed over. On the ships arrival at Payta South America near the line in tenth month 1858, he was too feeble to continue the voyage and was discharged and left in the care of the American Consul at that place. Captain Coffin states that he settled with him at that time and paid him a small amount it being the balance due. The ship had not been successful and his earnings were proportionately small. He subsequently learned that the said John A. Brewer died on the thirteenth day after he was landed at that place. The above is what information I have been able to obtain.

I may state for the information of his family that seamen when discharged sick at Payta, have had very good care extended to them for a foreign Port.

Respectfully thy friend,

CHARLES R. TUCKER.

Our solemn forebodings proved but too true, his long continued silence was the silence of death. Our dear brother had passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns; while we poor frail mortals were hopefully looking for some message of love from him.

Who can describe those parents' feelings when

news entered their quiet dwelling and they knew that he whom they dearly loved, over whom they had watched in childhood, and instructed his infant heart in prayer, over whom they had spent many sleepless nights of anxiety and days of mental exercise for his welfare, to know he was no more. That the cold unfeeling hand of death had claimed this beloved offspring for his victim.

Oh! what were that mother's feeling when she reflected that her darling son was gone, that she could never again behold his smiling countenance, or hear the gentle tones of filial love drop from his lips, that she could never again greet that familiar face fraught with cheerfulness and pleasantness.

How solemn the thought! How heart rending the feeling! gone, gone, from sublunary pleasures, never more to meet on this side of the grave, gone from all that is near and dear on earth to try the realities of eternity.

When she remembered that he had laid his weary and afflicted body down on a far distant shore, and closed his eyes in death with none but strangers to behold him, none but strangers

to prepare for the last solemn rites, the tears would rise unbidden and gush from their fountains to relieve her almost breaking heart. She felt that his death bed however carefully it might have been watched by the thoughtful stranger, could not have been so gently smoothed as by a mother's hand, his sufferings never so carefully alleviated, or his wants so readily administered unto as if the watchful and attentive mother had been by his bedside to aid and assist.

That Father too, felt that his hopes were blighted, that the family circle was broken, that one link of the chain was gone never to be replaced. That that son who had been the pride of the past and the hope of the future was gone to return no more.

Those parents shed the bitter, the scalding tears which those only can shed who are bereaved who have had to consign affectionate friends to their mother earth.

But "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Feeling that strengthening influence of Him in whom they trusted, and who has promised to be present in "six troubles and in the seventh to not leave or forsake thee" felt wil-

ling to kiss the rod that smites and bow in humble subjection to him "who doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men" but for their good. Knowing at the same time how their dear son must have yearned for those he loved, for the dear familiar parental faces, when left to the cold unfeeling charge of strangers to breath away his life, perfectly conscious that his end was approaching, that he would soon enter the spirit world to try the realities of a never ending eternity.

His tender feelings must have been deeply wrought upon at this solemn time when he read our letters, when he perused the closely written sheets from his parent's hands, where they held forth the language of encouragement and counsel to persevere in well doing and live a life of consistent christian piety, that he might enjoy the full blessings of God.

They little thought when they thus addressed him it was for a dying hour, that it was to be a comfort and consolation to assist in waiting his spirit to the regions of bliss. But so it was. Best Wisdom had decreed it, and in this way only could they comfort or console him.

CHAPTER VII.

Eliza Brewer feeling anxious to know more of the particulars concerning her son wrote to the Captain for all the particular information he could give and he wrote her the following.

New Bedford, Aug. 10th 1861.

To MRS. ELIZA BREWER:—

Yours of the 25th of July reached me yesterday, and I take the first opportunity of answering your anxious inquiries.

In the first place I must inform you that your dear son endeared himself to us in a measure that is not common. You ask how long he was unable to perform duty while on board ship? So I give you a full account which I think will be more satisfactory. Your son slipped as Carpenter, and perhaps you do not know, but I do, that his capacity on ship board brings him in contact with the Captain much more than would be the case if he were a sailor, and being somewhat feeble and of an agreeable mind we soon become much interested in him. He began to fail when about one year from home but did not give up for quite a number of months, and think it was only three or four months that he was unfit for duty. He was not confined to his bed while on board, and he expressed to me that he should never reach home again.

At the time that I landed him he received a letter from you which gave him great satisfaction. The Consul whose care I placed him in was Fayette M. Ringold, Port of Payta coast of Peru. In one year after I landed him I called there and made all the enquiries I could concerning him. I found he lived about two weeks after he landed. His trouble was in the spine and towards the last part of his life an abscess formed and broke in his back. Whilst on board the ship he suffered but little pain. He often spoke of his home, and was very proud of his mother's ambrotype which he showed us, and after his death I tried to recover but without success.

Knowing that he would want what little wages was due, I paid him all that was his due which was but little as we had been quite unfortunate up to the time of his leaving.

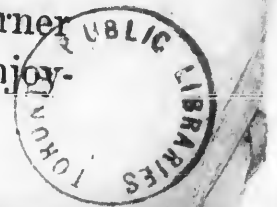
Believing I have answered all enquiries to the best of my knowledge I will close.

Mrs Coffin joins me in much respect.

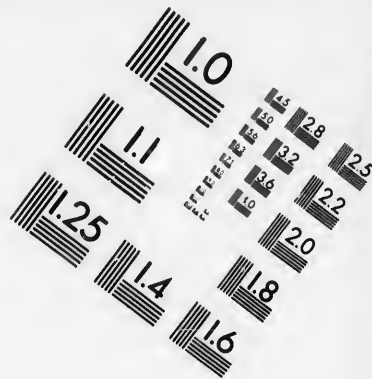
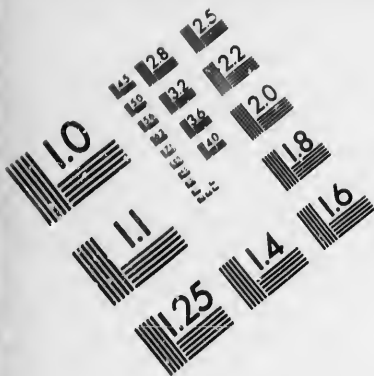
F. W. COFFIN.

late master of
Ship Courier.

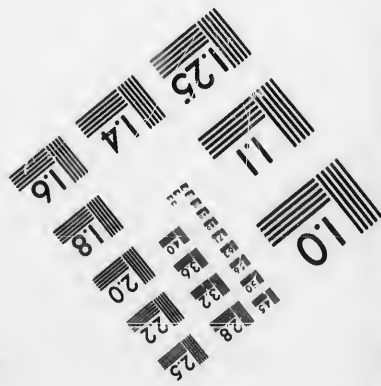
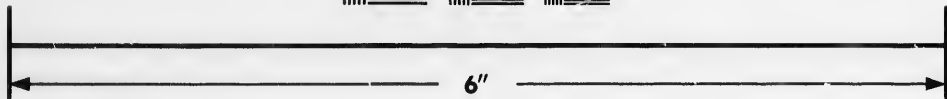
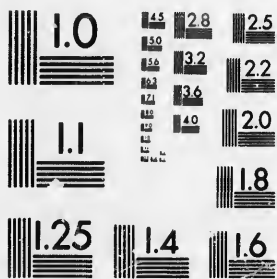
We have never been able to receive any further information respecting his death; but knowing his fervent desire while among us to live a christian life and walk humbly in the paths of duty; and believing this same ardent desire remained with him until his close; we doubt not he has been gathered into the Heavenly garner as a shock of Corn fully ripe, and is now enjoy-







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ing eternal felicity with the spirits of just men made perfect in the mansions of Everlasting Bliss.

And may you my young friends who were his associates and knew his gentle demeanor, be willing to follow him as far as he followed Christ and show forth the fruits of the spirit in a well ordered life and conversation that it may arise to your honor and praise when time with you shall be no more.

The following beautiful lines were written by an esteemed friend and presented to the mother of the deceased as a tribute to his memory and descriptive of his noble and generous nature.

**LINES ON THE
DEATH OF JOHN A. BREWER.**

BY JOSEPH BAKER.

Wake! my slumbering muse; thy rude harp once more tune,
To sad numbers thou ever art prone;
Pensive memories cluster like wild flowers strewn
Round the pathway of friends who have gone.
There are sweet thoughts of sadness, though strange this
may seem
To the worldly, unsanctified mind;
But where faith joins with hope, how refulgent the beam
That is kindled where love is enshrined.

Midst our circle of friends, who I trust are not few,
Moved a youth of fair promise and parts :
Early manhood, with grace, gently beamed o'er his brow,
While his kindness secured many hearts.

Ah! why didst thou leave, for a home on the seas,
The arms of those parents so dear,
They had watched o'er thy infancy, prayed oft for thee,
And hoped their last days thou wouldst cheer.

Like a canker concealed in the sweet blooming rose
Fell disease, how it oft revels there,
Amid beauty of form—mental graces, repose
The destroyer who seldom doth spare.

Didst thou fondly expect, on some far distant shore,
'Mid the isles of the western lea,
His darts to escape, and thy health to restore,
Roving wide o'er the fathomless sea.

Vain, delusive the hope, tho' to calm their fond fears,
Thou did'st send words of comfort and cheer ;
And thy fond parents trusted, and dried up their tears,
And still hoped thy returning was near.

With the changes of season, and changes of scene,
Three years in succession rolled on ;
Still hope ever strengthens as months intervene,
That they yet should embrace their dear son.

Now the homeward-bound bark, with her cargo complete,
Spread her sails to the favoring breeze ;
Hope now lightens all toil,—makes brave hearts bound to meet
Friend who'll soon greet them home from the seas.

The anchor is cast, the loved haven now gained,
Hardy cheeks wear a smile and a tear ;
As friend after friend grasps the bold sailor's hand,
And the wife or the parents appear.

But where! noble captain, 'mongst all thy brave crew,
I see no Canadian youth ;
He sailed on thy vessel, his health to renew,
I pray thou wouldst tell me in truth.

Yes, he sailed from this harbor to far distant seas,
Where we seek the Leviathan's oil ;
But the foe ever followed, and fatal disease
Soon secured this fair youth for his spoil.

By his gentle demeanor, our friendship he gained,
In our confidence daily he grew ;
Every heart filled with sorrow—our tears scarce restrained,
As we felt 'twas a final adieu.

In a Southern clime, on the Coast of Peru,
A brief home among strangers he found ;
We left him to die,—we our course to pursue,
He to slumber beneath a green mound.

Yes! he shuddered to think of a grave in the deep,
At his gentle entreaty we turned ;
And we sought out a friend, who a kind watch would keep,
While the taper of life dimly burned.

Oh! what wealth would he give, could a mother's loved voice,
Scotch his fears, point his way to the sky ;
Watch beside his death couch, bid his soul to rejoice,
In that Saviour who hears every sigh.

Could the hand smooth thy pillow, and wet thy parched tongue;
Wipe the cold sweat from off thy fair brow ;
Me thinks thy sad heart yet with hope would be strong,
And a soul-cheering joy thou would'st know.

Midst the wonders of nature, so wildly displayed,
As thou roamed o'er the storm-troubled deep ;
To the God of thy fathers, in heaven thou'st prayed,
He thy soul from all evil would keep.

Where the broad palm leaf on the steel-strewn shore,
In the odour-filled Southerly breeze ;
Has thy young heart been lifted, thy God to adore,
And his favor hast sought on thy knees.

When the fierce storm was howling, and dark was the night,
As thou watch'd on the bark's slippery deck ;
Oh ! what joy filled thy soul, as there rose to thy sight,
A lone star o'er the wanderer's track.

Yes, we trust it still led thee, a guide and a friend,
To brighten thy languishing days ;
All powerful to save, and in death to defend,
Till thy harp should be tuned to thy praise.

ined,

keep,

voice,

