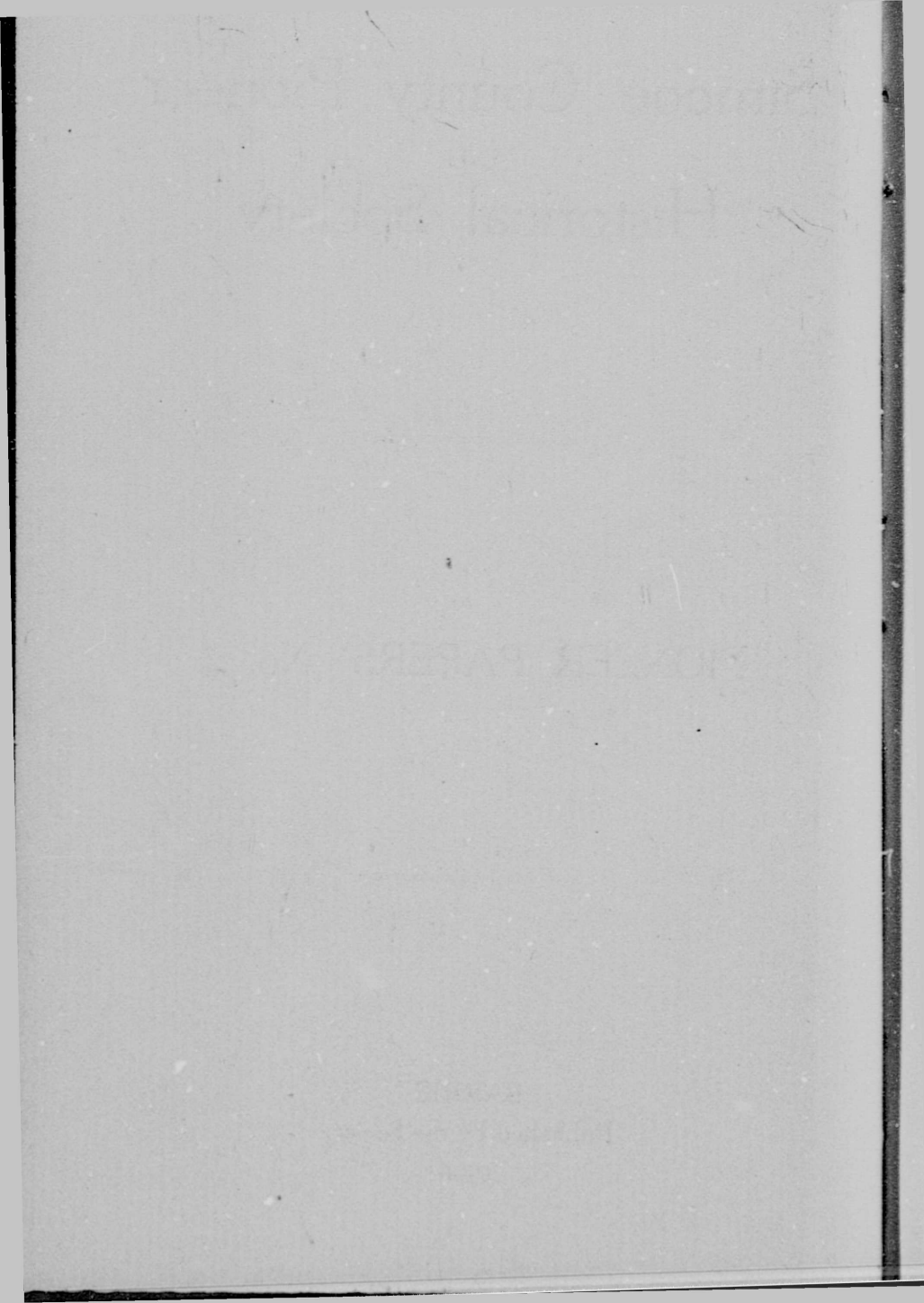
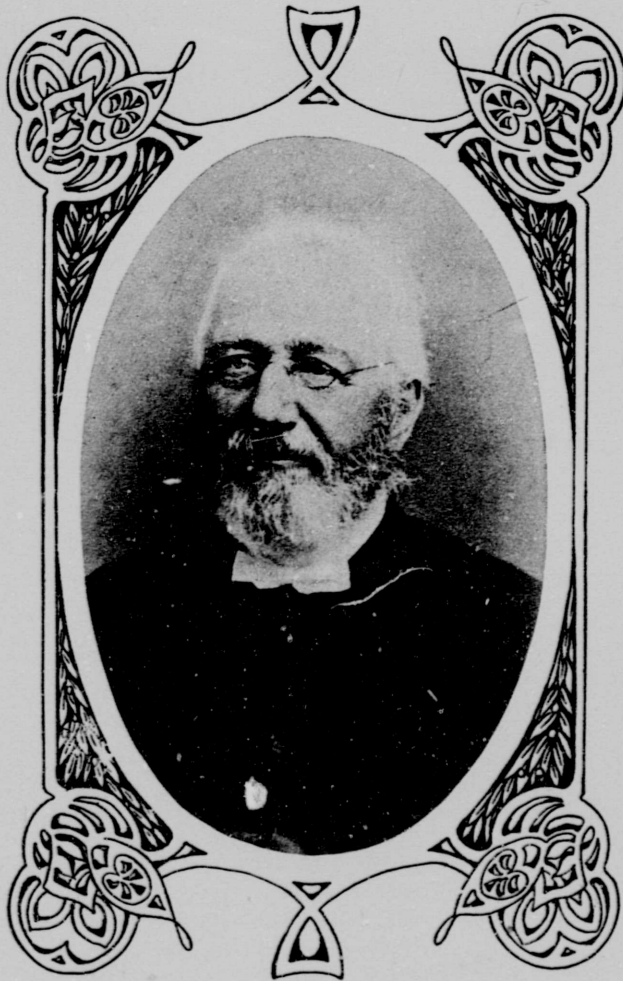


Simcoe County Pioneer
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Historical Society

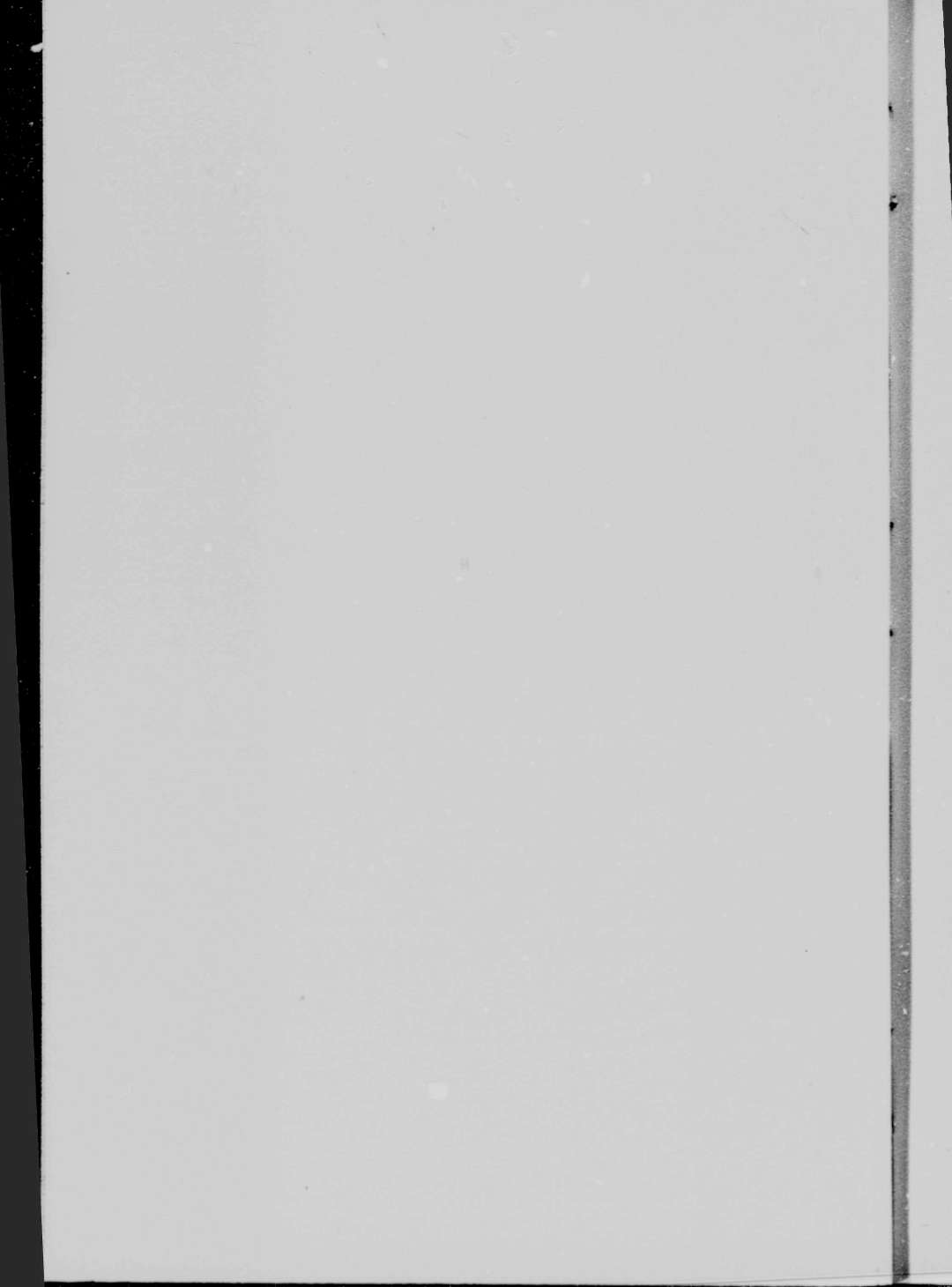
PIONEER PAPERS—No. 2

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The Rev. Thomas Williams



INTRODUCTION.

These interesting sketches of pioneer life in Simcoe County in the twenties and early thirties of the nineteenth century, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Williams, appeared in the ORILLIA PACKET some years ago—the first one in the issue of that journal for November 28th, 1890, and the rest at intervals for about a year. Mr. Williams was a native of London, England, and was a son of Richard Williams, who settled on lot 36 on the west, or Vespra, side of the Penetanguishene Road, near Craighurst, in the year 1822, when the subject of this sketch was not yet twelve years old. When Wellesley Richey was locating the original settlers of the Townships of Flos, Oro, Medonte, and Orillia, Thos. Williams was a member of his party, and he thus acquired a knowledge of the country when acting as "guide to the pioneers," whom he took to their allotments. He afterwards taught school at Orillia and Craighurst. One of his pupils at the latter place was the Rev. George McDougall, the pioneer Methodist missionary in the West. When he was nearly twenty-nine years of age he himself entered the Methodist ministry, in which he laboured indefatigably for fifty-five years, filling circuits from Amherstburg to Sault Ste. Marie. When between sixty and seventy, he was Superintendent of Methodist Missions on Lake Superior, and in his yacht and on land performed labours which might have overwhelmed a much younger man. On accepting superannuation he returned to Orillia, where he spent the evening of his life, vigorous and respected to the last. He passed away on the 1st of February, 1899, in his ninetieth year. Possessed of a remarkably good memory, Mr. Williams retained to the last vivid and accurate impressions of the pioneer days, and was fond of relating his youthful experiences. The reminiscences preserved in the following pages were, however, as far as known, the only ones he committed to writing.

On the 16th July, 1845, Mr. Williams married Deborah, second daughter of Robert Keays, of the Township of London. After spending upwards of fifty years of happy wedded life together, they passed away within a few days of one another, Mrs. Williams surviving her husband only four days. They had a family of ten children, of whom eight survived their parents.



Memories of a Pioneer

BY

THE REV. THOS. WILLIAMS

I.

The intention to fulfil my promise to write up some of my memories of the early times of this North Simcoe country has not been absent from my mind, though the writing has not made its appearance. A difficulty seemed to stand in the way—where should the beginning be made, and from what date should we start? That trouble was overcome and a happy suggestion made by the extract from the *Barrie EXAMINER* you gave your readers last week. That gatherer seems to be working backward, and in the article you gave us, had got back quite to the beginning and to the borders of the region of myth. How much farther in that direction he purposes to travel, we shall see. I am admonished that my memories must begin at the beginning and work forward. The point first noticed, and from whence the first work proceeded, seems to be the proper starting point to make intelligent work. To begin, then, I would say that settlement had been made south of Lake Simcoe, in North Gwillimbury, near and about Roache's Point, in the early years of this (19th) century, if not a little before. In the early summer of 1822 there were large clearings, well-cultivated farms, old-looking and full-bearing orchards, and many old weather-worn buildings; and I remember also meeting grown-up young people of both sexes who were born in the country. All the region north of the lake remained an unbroken wilderness—a real *TERRA INCOGNITA* to all the other settlements until the war of 1812, the fur-traders alone traversing it along the lines of Indian travel. The most frequented of these was the Portage, or carrying-place, from the head of Kempenfeldt Bay—where Barrie now stands—to a point where the waters of the Nottawasaga River would carry canoes and boats. This was the shortest, easiest, and most direct route, and most used communication between the

two lakes—Simcoe and Huron—being only a short nine miles between waters. It must have been used from very early times. There was one other route, with several carrying-places, and considered more difficult for large canoes or boats—the route by the Severn River into Lake Couchiching, through the Narrows, on to the Talbot River; up it as far as it would carry their canoes; then to Balsam Lake, the chain of lakes of the Trent, to Bay of Quinte, and on to Kingston. This was a sort of covered way, used to carry intelligence from the rear to the military and naval headquarters at Kingston. Two things, it is thought, led the authorities to take up and occupy the strategical points on the eastern part of Lake Huron. It was this occupation which gave the initiative to the first settlement of the country. The first of these things was the fact that it was most important to keep open communication with Mackinaw, the Sault Ste. Marie, to Lake Superior. The route by the St. Clair might be more easily closed, being nearer the centre of American power. The other thing was: our authorities had received intelligence that the Americans were preparing a force to attack the centre of our country from the narrowest point between Lakes Huron and Ontario. It was to meet both of these things, and to put obstacles in their way, that these strategic points were sought out and occupied. It was comparatively easy marching up Yonge-street and crossing Lake Simcoe. Then the work began. A road for waggons was made on the old Indian carrying-way, bridged and crosswayed. Storehouses of logs, with their floors of flatted logs, and strong doors, were built at each end of the Portage, with one or two dwellings for the caretakers and for general accommodation. Most of these constructions were standing and in use in 1824-25, when I was familiar with them. The storehouses at the Nottawasaga end were quite large, as large as farmers' good-sized log barns. At the Barrie end they were not so large. One of them stood in Barrie till 1838 or 1839. It took fire from some lime which Mr. Carney had stored in it. The dwellings at the Nottawasaga were a mile south of the storehouses, on the high, dry ground, the shores of the stream being low and swampy. There never was any fortification here, not even a stockade. When I first knew the present site of Barrie, in 1824, there were two pretty good houses of logs, with a good chimney of brick in the centre of each. They were in a line from the wharf and storehouses, between fifty and a hundred yards from the Bay. One house was very good, and was occupied by Mr. Alexander Walker and his men, who did the teaming on the Portage. A Mr. Edgar lived in this house up to the time that the town site of Barrie was surveyed, in 1834. I think it was burned a little before that time. The other house

was not in so good condition, the windows and floor being somewhat broken. It was, however, sometimes occupied by persons using the Portage as giving better shelter in a storm than tents. There had been other houses here. I could then have pointed out several foundations on which they once stood. One I remember in particular: one side wall of logs and part of both ends were still standing, and were used by Indians and others as firewood. I was told that the Indians had burned the others. At the time the work at the Portage was being carried on, another was begun, perhaps in conjunction with it. A small military post was established near the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, and, but for a grove of pretty tall pine trees, in full view of the bay of that name. Several strong log houses, loop-holed and stockaded, were constructed. Heavy guns, or artillery of any sort, were never there. The forts spoken of in the EXAMINER's articles, names and all, must have come into existence long since that period.* I could guarantee that the denizens of that time never heard of them. And the taking of the sleeping crew of certain American warships must also be classed among recent growths, for the reason that it was in itself a very unlikely thing, and that the people who were there more than sixty years ago, and were familiar with all the country's traditions, never heard of them. Of the names mentioned as authority something must be said. First, Mr. David Soules was a gentleman whose word would be taken for any statement he would see fit to make, wherever he was known. That he aided in building boats and other work of that time, that he saw manacled men led away as prisoners, there is no need to doubt. But the manacles would lead us to suppose they were not prisoners of war, but men taken in crime. Mr. David Soules, and his brother James, with their families, were the first settlers in the township of Innisfil. Francis Hewson, Esq., an Irish gentleman, settled on the south side of Big Bay Point, the Soules brothers a little to the west of it. In 1822 they had good cleared farms, comfortable log houses, stocks of cattle, and good barns. All round them an unbroken forest; and they dealt hospitality to the pioneers beyond them with a kind and liberal hand. Many of these found more than shelter under the hospitable roofs of these first pioneers. Of Mr. McWatt, it is only right to say that he came to the country a young man of good antecedents and education, in 1832, and that no one acquainted with him could suppose him capable of wishing to im-

*Mr. Williams here refers to an article in the Barrie EXAMINER of November 6th, 1896, giving a traditional account of the naval attack upon the post at Nottawasaga, by U. S. vessels, on August 13th, 1814, and the capture of two American schooners, "Tigress" and "Scorpion," by British forces near St. Joseph's Island, September 3rd and 6th.

pose an untrue tale on anybody, much less give it wide circulation by means of your much-read columns. It is clear that he did not originate the mythical in any of those wonderful stories. Some other fertile brain has been at work there, mixing up matters, if not inventing them. I will give in my next writing the traditions of some of these matters as they existed on the ground where they took place, back in "the 20s."

II.

It has occurred to me that just here I should try to give your readers some conception of what our country was like before its occupation for military purposes, or for settlement, in the period immediately before this occupation especially. Of one thing I am certain, that several points were occupied as trading posts, used for trade with the Indians, for their furs and peltries. One such trading post, if not two, was established near the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, a little up the river from the military post. How long before is more than I can venture to say; I am led to think for some years. In the very early times of the fur trade, the traders planted their posts along the front only. The Indians were encouraged to come long distances for the purposes of barter—once a year, in the summer. Those whose hunting grounds were less distant, twice a year—at the close of what the traders called their “fall and spring hunts.” The “fall hunt” began in September or October, and ended when the severe cold came on, a little before Christmas. Those who had not far to travel came out, and either put in the severe months near the trading post or passed on farther to the front, into the settlements, and there remained until the snow would begin to harden towards spring. Then having made themselves very light and long hand-sleighs, pack on their household goods and smaller children and hie away to their hunting grounds, for the “spring hunt” and to make sugar. The best time for trapping the marten was in connection with their sugar-making. The snow being hard, travelling was easy, and the fur in its prime condition. The best time for getting the otter was when the streams, frequented by them, began to have open places. The beaver and muskrat were caught later on. When the freshet came with its overflowing waters, the beaver left his winter quarters, on the smaller streams, came down with the flood to the larger waters; here the sexes would meet and nature’s purpose for the propagation of the species be served. While this excitement was on the beaver, they came to their meeting places in numbers, and were easily trapped and often shot, and their fur was in its best condition. The same thing applied to the muskrat and some other fur-bearing animals. It

was the harvest to the Indians, the trapper, and the fur trader. The streams at that time were running full of fine fish which supplied them with abundance of food. It would not be easy in the present condition of the country to form a full conception of the abundance of the fur-bearing animals, and especially in the Nottawasaga Valley, before the settlement or even in the early years of the settlement. I will give two facts to illustrate this condition, and they will at the same time serve to shew the importance of the fur trade at that period. A young man named Clark, the son of a military gentleman, settled on Yonge-street. He was commonly called "Nat Clark." He had come under fascination of the fur traders and Indian life, so as to become very unsteady in his habits and to live a not very good life. But Nat was a good trapper and a good trader. Meeting me one day he invited me (I was also a trapper) to join him in a marten hunt in the month of November, 1828, in the country between what is now Orillia and Barrie. He said, "The country has not been hunted over for years, and is full of marten. I intend doing it myself, but would like you for a partner." He went alone, and in three weeks came out with eighty marten skins, a fisher or two, and a fox—furs worth at that time \$100. The second case I give was in the fall of 1834. An Indian friend of mine called on us as he was going alone to his fall hunt and shewed me his equipment. His gun, an old-fashioned single-barrelled shot-gun, called a Chief-Piece, two small rather lively steel traps, his ammunition, powder, shot, bullets, caps, &c., about twenty-five pounds of flour, a piece of bacon, a small dish of butter (for Jonas had cultivated civilised habits and tastes) with a stock of tea and sugar, a load with his blankets of about fifty pounds. When he would reach the region of his operations he would construct a comfortable camp to which he would return after his work, from miles around, and in it pass his time when the weather was disagreeable or stormy, and his Sundays. He was a good Christian and strict Sabbatarian. In less than four weeks he came back carrying to us, in addition to his other load, the hindquarters of the last deer he had killed. He said he only killed deer when he needed meat, and for two skins to make his moccasins. He carried his furs to Toronto and sold them to Joseph Rogers for over \$150. I mention these two cases that your readers may form some true notion of the excitement and money in the fur trade in early times. These cases occurred just before the country began to be filled with settlers. What must have been the abundance of these animals in these forests and along these rivers and streams in the still earlier days, before the greed of the fur trader had urged the Indian to wage upon the beautiful animals an exterminating warfare? In the last days of the fur

trade in these parts and in other places, many people went into it, called by the old firms "private traders." So eager were these that they and the agents of the old firms would follow the Indian into his hunting ground to get the first sight of his furs and urge him to sell, carrying to him the cursed firewater. There can be no doubt but the Indian people of these countries would be far more numerous, and have far more stamina of mind and body to-day but for the fur trade and the men engaged in it. I never heard that any one of these men was ever suspected of being good men. Perhaps the Smith family, of Port Hope, and they operated in these parts, might be considered an exception. They had a good name, and this still lives. The others are scattered; also their wealth. They crazed the Indian with the firewater, took it to him everywhere, and when crazed they robbed him. They sent among the Indians bad men, who corrupted him and his family, and left him diseased in body as well as mind—a disease he could not help transmitting to following generations. It was thought, even long ago, that the money made in the fur trade with the Indians in this country was all blood-stained. In the foregoing I try to convey a conception of the transition period of our country between the old fur trade times and settlement.

III.

I have not seen in writing, nor heard in statement, a description of the Nottawasaga Portage, or carrying way, its importance, and the work done upon it in the early times. I will now try to give this, so as to produce some conception of it, as it appeared to me in the summer of 1824, as I put in between three and four months of that summer in work connected with it. It is my opinion, drawn from conversation with Indians, fur-traders and other people, and from personal observation of the surroundings, that this Portage was used by the Indians as a carrying way between waters from very early times; that the military authorities merely improved upon an old highway to suit their purposes connected with the war of 1812-15. The importance of the work may be judged of from the fact that an officer of the commissariat had his station at the Nottawasaga end of the road for some of the years of the war, and afterwards the name of one of these officers has come down to us, with some of the incidents of his life while there. These may be gathered up, with other things of like character, and given as addenda when we come towards the end of these "Memories." At the time of which I write the position of guard to the storehouses was filled by a corporal (from the detachment of soldiers serving then at Penetanguishene) who with his wife and family lived there, of whom something more shall be said in the personal addenda promised. The teaming work of the Portage was done by Alexander Walker, a border Scotchman. To me it seemed that he was the contractor with the commissariat and the fur-traders for the work. To assist him there was a negro man called Ben, and myself, a lad of fourteen years. This was the portage family, and we lived in the best of the government houses then standing. There were three strong waggons with racks on them, such as a man would make with an axe, a drawing knife and a couple of augers, with two loose planks for a bottom, and a yoke of strong oxen to each waggon. The load was twelve barrels of flour or their equivalent in weight of other matter. It was never expected that all three teams should be on the road on the same day. Each team with its teamster had two days in succession on the road, then a day of rest for the team, while

the driver had charge and care of the premises and goods, received and receipted goods if any came by boats, and did the hospitalities besides keeping busy chiming up the barrels for next day's load. The portage being only a short nine miles over, the storehouses ample and secure, it was easy to make the journey, deliver the goods, and return, while a good portion of the afternoon remained. Mostly we took our lunch with the corporal—the oxen had theirs in the rich grass which grew abundantly in the openings at that end of the road. In the fine summer weather and long days, it was not an unpleasant service. For two or three months the teams were on the road nearly every day, when the forenoon was not raining. Mr. Walker would never start in the rain, nor would he "hitch up" on Sunday. He could not be made to do it under the heaviest pressure from people in a hurry to get their goods over. He was careful to tell people he did not regard the religious obligation; did not, in fact, believe in it. It was on the ground of economy—man and beast needed rest; must have it or break down. It was as well to take this rest on Sunday. As to Ben and myself, we both thought we had religious scruples. Walker professed to respect them, and left us to do pretty much as we liked. We would find our own pleasures, not working more than we could help. The goods were brought to us over Lake Simcoe in small sailing vessels, one of which was owned and commanded by Eli Beaman, a half-brother of the Honourable Robinsons—Chief-Justice John B., Peter, and W. B., all of whom held offices which entitled them to be designated honourable. The other vessels were owned and commanded by other parties. I cannot now recollect the names; but, no matter. These vessels gave the settlers their only means of getting out to the front in the summer. The ice of the winter gave them good sleigh roads, and was much used. The land road through West Gwillimbury and Innisfil was not opened until some years after. I am writing of 1824 and before. Besides the supplies for the "Naval and Military Establishment" at Penetanguishere going by this Portage, there were two great fur-trading companies which took much of their goods by this route. The firm name of one was "P. & W. Robinson." Their monogram, or mark, was made like this—WR. The other company was called "Borland & Roe," and their mark was made in this way—gR. These large companies had absorbed most of the small traders, by employing them as branch-posts. About this time, and before, the Imperial authorities were carrying on a survey of the great upper lakes—Huron and Superior—under direction of Captain Bayfield, R.N., which survey extended over several years, and employed quite a large party of men. And just then, or the year afterwards,

Captain Franklin, R.N., afterwards Sir John Franklin, went this way to make his effort to reach the Pole by the land route. A lad of my acquaintance, as guide, took eighteen of his men, Canadian French voyageurs, up the Penetanguishene Road, to meet the party at Penetanguishene, the officers and goods going by the portage and water route. Other parties, not connected with either of the above, used the portage, some of them moving towards the north, others in the opposite direction. One party coming south took my attention particularly, the principal of which was an elderly gentleman, named Thompson,* who was said to have been a commissioner, in conjunction with an officer of Engineers of the United States army, who was with the party, after the commissioners had given over the Columbia River Territory (making now two States of their Union) to the Americans. I have heard that the British commissioners undervalued the territory because the salmon of the Pacific refused to take a fly. This party, passing us in 1824, it was said, had been agreeing upon, and marking out, particular points on the new boundary, made necessary by the surrender of territory. They travelled by their own beautiful bark canoes—two of them—one propelled by ten men, the other by eight, North West voyageurs. They had crossed the entire continent, from the Columbia River, as we saw them, and would go east from Lake Simcoe by the canoe route of the Trent and its chain of lakes to Kingston, and from thence by the Rideau to Montreal. I never in my life saw such complete outfit for comfort in travelling as with this party. Their tents, when set up, impressed me as luxurious—everything to contribute to comfort and taste in such a life. I was also much interested in the members of the party—the commissioner, his son and secretary, “the Colonel,” a long, lank American, but a very interesting gentleman, and their three servants, besides the eighteen canoe-men, or voyageurs. No party or doing of the whole season interested me so much.

*David Thompson, Geographer to the late North West Company, was engaged on this Commission, from 1816 to 1826(7), in surveying the Boundary Line on the part of Great Britain.

IV.

So far in my narrative of things on the old portage I have not mentioned the Indians, yet they were with us the whole season in greater or less numbers. They were far more numerous at that time than now in the whole country. Up to that time there had been no effort to civilise or to Christianise them, except in very rare and isolated cases, if we except the institution among the Mohawks on the Grand River, near Brantford, sustained by the New England Company, and in charge of the Anglican Church. In Lower Canada the Romanists had some very old missions. The Indians in these parts had received no attention in that direction. They were following the ways of their fathers in everything of that nature, only perhaps in some things influenced unconsciously and without design by the habits, doings, and spirit of the people who were filling up their country and crowding them out of sight. I am tempted here to give a brief sketch of their religion, as I learned of it from well-informed people among them. They had a firm belief in the supernatural. In all my acquaintance with them I never met a person who had any difficulty in crediting things outside of natural processes. In my familiarity with them, all through my pretty long life, I never knew them reject a tale on account of it being marvellous or wonderful. The more so it seemed to be, the more it took their attention and excited their awe. I have heard people maintain that the Indian has no religion while in his old condition. We often meet such a declaration floating in the literature of the present day, and seeming to be very much credited. It has, however, no foundation in fact, but rises very naturally out of the ignorance of the persons making it, and their cherished sentiment towards them, as they mostly belong to the class who adopt the motto that "the only good Indian is the dead one." Instead of being without a religion it might be said of them as it was said by an Apostle of the cultured men of Athens, "they were too superstitious;" too much disposed to give worship to a multitude of deities, while unable to form a conception of the true God and his claim on their love and devotion. To the mind of the Indian the whole world, as he conceives of it, is inhabited everywhere by beings not seen by man. Many of them have the

power and disposition to interfere with him in his life and doings. Some are feared as evil disposed. These he endeavours to make favourable by offerings and other services. Indeed the Indian cannot suffer from sickness and other ills to which life is subject, without seeing in them the agency of these spirits of evil. In his old condition he was in constant bondage to his fears of the interference of these invisible and capricious beings. But such a condition is not peculiar to the aborigines of this country. Such a state of things is found everywhere, in all countries outside of civilisation. It was a good thing when men, influenced by the spirit of Christ, took to the Indian the blessed Gospel, if it only saved him from the bondage of his old superstitions. After the above seeming digression, I must get back to what I am to say of the Indians and the portage. On some of the days, when it fell to my lot to be at home, I have often counted between twenty and thirty canoes coming stealthily up the north shore of the Bay—each canoe bearing an Indian family—and in a little, as many little blue smokes, under the spreading branches of the pine trees which stood somewhat wide apart where the houses of Barrie now stand, would tell where each family had erected its temporary dwelling. And here we would soon have a little village, with its village noises—the voices of men and women, children and dogs, each employed as their wont led them; some at work—the women especially; some smoking, or otherwise idling with the children, and often playing. The men who intended leaving soon would be turning up their canoes to dry out, so they would be lighter for the portage. I have seen some immediately set up a temporary workshop and go to work either to build or to repair a canoe. The women would soon erect a frame of poles, cut in the woods, on which they would begin weaving mats with the rushes and flags they had gathered and seasoned at the mouth of the Holland and other rivers they had come along. The old women would be preparing the inner bark of the basswood, by boiling it in wood ashes and washing and beating it, spin it into twine, to weave in with the flags and rushes in making the mats to furnish the wigwan for the winter. Some of them would only stay long enough to dry out and gum the canoe, then pursue their leisurely journey. Others of them would stay a few days. Seldom any of them stayed for a week. It seemed just long enough to finish the work they had in hand, then go, and others would come. They were seldom wholly absent more than a day or so at a time, coming and going in single families, or in groups of families. One reason I judged that they did not stay longer was that their natural supplies were never abundant in the vicinity. There were few berries and it was not a good place for fishing. I have

sometimes met them at their landing-place, and saw them throw out some fine fish speared on the journey—lake trout, suckers, and now and then a whitefish, caught on the lake or down the bay. There were places on the lakes and on the Nottawasaga River where fish could be got in quantities all through summer, and even through the ice in winter. To these places the Indians would resort when they wished to stay for a length of time, their corn and potato gardens being mostly near these places. The Indians never used the teams on the portage to aid in their carrying. They used it merely as a road to pack over their own goods and canoes. The Indian carrying his canoe was a sight worth seeing. In fixing for the carrying, he would lash a piece of light but strong flat timber across the middle of the canoe, so that the hinder part was slightly the heaviest when balanced on this crosspiece; then the two paddles would be lashed to the crosspiece and one of the thwarts, with their blades towards the stern, with space between them for the bearer's head. When ready for the start the canoe would be tilted up, often against a tree or some other support, with the bottom up, and the Indian would insert his head between the paddle blades, which would rest upon his shoulders, the crosspiece coming behind his neck. With his hands on the gunwales he would raise it to a horizontal position, then start on a smart walk or slight trot. In warm weather his costume would be the very lightest possible, consisting of three articles besides his moccasins. First a shirt of some printed cotton stuff, in bright colours, scarcely reaching below his buttocks; the cloth of modesty, or as he would call it, his "awn-si-awn," and his "metoss-sun," or leggings, coming just over the knee and gartered below it—a figure which would have delighted the sculptor or artist with its Apollo-like proportions. The Indians were at that time certainly factors in the interest of the portage, and contributed to its scenery the whole season. To me they were always an interesting people. I watched them and their doings with all the zest of a student. While here I picked up a smattering of their language, and being in the playing period of my life, their boys were my playfellows when I could find time for play; and hearty, good-natured players they were—never coarse or quarrelsome, very lithe and active, and hard to beat in the plays known to them. Once, or perhaps twice, in the course of that summer there was some drinking and drunkenness among them, but I cannot recall a single instance of such wrong-doing as would call for censure or punishment, while the example of the white people who associated with them could not be considered the best. I had the impression then, and was given to wondering very much over it, and it has been with me ever since, that, as a

people, the aborigines of our country were entitled to far more consideration than they ever received, either from the Government or the sentiment of the people who were coming into the possession of the beautiful country from which they have very nearly faded away.

V

In the last copy I sent you I had not completed my description of the portage and the people using it. One class of these have not yet been mentioned—the employees or assistants in the fur-trade. These were mostly French-Canadians, and were apparently of two classes. A number of them affected a little gentility, and were educated so as to be clerks and managers of the minor posts. The greater part were voyageurs, labourers, and servants of the first mentioned. I can recall several names—among them our late townsman, Mr. Athenies King, and Messrs. Rousseau, Prieur, Bapp, Corbiene, Doucette, and others. Some of these employees had been in the service of the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies. Some of them had come directly from the French settlements of Canada, west and east. It appeared as if the ability to speak French as well as Indian was a necessity of the service. I do not remember seeing a white woman among these people. I am quite sure that not one passed the portage that season in connection with trading people. Most of the men had Indian women as wives, or, as I might say of some of them, as concubines. With some, the poorer men mostly, they were wives. The relation seemed to be life-long; the men had sought the sanction of Christian marriage. With others the unions were temporary, and even changeable. There are some things which may be considered as tending to produce, if not in some measure accounting for, this loose condition of social morals. The country where the traders operated was unorganised territory—"Indian country"—beyond law. The men engaged in it did not seek homes there and never affected high morals. Besides, the Indian notion, in his old condition, of marital obligations did not take in the idea of a life-long union. The lack of agreement and choice was considered sufficient to limit it. It must, however, be said of the Indians that many couples among them finding strong mutual preference and affection growing towards each other, lived long and happily together into extreme old age. I have known several such. In all such cases it brings great respect to them from their own people, and they are pointed to as worthy examples to follow. With other families among them the history

was different. They made no objection to people contracting to live together for longer or shorter periods, unless the desertion of children followed. Even in that case the Indians cared for them. They grew up with their mother's people, and some coming to fill places of honour and influence as chiefs with them. When trade with the Indians grew slack and less remunerative, some of these men, of what might be considered the higher, if not the better, sort, seeking their living in other directions, did forsake the Indian women and their children, sought and took to them civilised wives in the settlements. Others, and the poorer men especially, remained attached to their families. With the breaking up of this trade these men scattered and found homes and a living elsewhere. Some went east to Lower Canada; others found means of a living in the settlements of English-speaking people, where we at this time find here and there a family bearing a French name, while the family are wholly English-speaking Protestants, but Canadian, and often among the most enterprising and well-doing of their neighbourhood, such as the Fleurys, Thibaudos, Lavignes, and others. Others of them are found in different settlements around the lakes, as far north and farther than Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior, where a few years since I found acquaintances of my early days. And yet others of them remained attached to the different Indian bands with whom they once traded, as fishermen and trappers, their families becoming fully identified with the Indians. They are to be found in all the bands, and are in many cases their best people. With an item or two more I must cease writing of the old portage and the bustling people who made use of it. It did to me seem a pity that all the life once seen there should pass beyond recall into the oblivion of the past. I have done my utmost to impress the present with the shadowy memories of some of the life of those early days. In the later years of "the Twenties," say 1827-8 or '9, the old portage was forsaken for a better, though longer, road; I think first from the site of our good town (Orillia) to Hogg Bay, afterwards to Coldwater as its northern terminus.

In my earlier writing of the portage I introduced my readers to the Corporal. I did not say much of him, only that he stood guard over the storehouses, with their contents, at the northern terminus of the road. I must give him a fuller introduction. He was a member of, and a non-commissioned officer in, the 76th Regiment of the Line, which was then occupying the old garrison at York, now Toronto, a portion of which regiment did duty at "The Naval and Military Establishment" at Penetanguishene. The Corporal's name was Jas. Cannon. He was a very fine, soldierly-looking man of easy and pleasant manners. He was

married and had several children—the eldest, as I remember, was say seven or eight years old. Mrs. Cannon, to me, seemed quite equal or above her order—an agreeable and intelligent person. At the time of which I am thinking and writing, nearly the close of the season of 1824, she had left her home for Penetanguishene, to await there her accouchement, under the care of the military doctor and nurse. The Corporal had been alone with his children some weeks. They had not even a servant of any kind, but the Corporal himself, who seemed very comfortable and cheerful with his children, saying Mrs. Cannon is better where she is than she could be here, and the time will pass along, only a few weeks until she is home again. It was thought and said that the Corporal's position was a good one for money making. He was allowed to keep a sort of canteen to sell liquor—at that time thought to be an indispensable article of every man's use—to keep and sell provisions and other goods. And as he was a steady man, with a good and tidy wife, and paid good attention to his business, it was sometimes said that during the more than two years he had occupied the place he had saved and laid up somewhere quite an amount of money. It was now late in the season, the latter end of September or the earlier days of October. The brightness of summer had gone; the clouds and rains of autumn were with us. Only some tardy trader now used the road; business was slack; Walker was away on some business, and Ben had left. It was Sunday morning and raining. I was alone and had been all night. Even the Indians had sought their fishing and hunting grounds. Just after eating my morning meal, I was surprised by the coming of a visitor, a young man, whose father and family lived only a short distance away, at Kempenfeldt. We shall call him Lawrence, for that was the name his family had given him. He had with him his shot gun and began his talk to me by saying, "I am going over to visit the Corporal. Mrs. Cannon is away and is not expected back for some time. He and the children are very lonely and I am going to keep them company for a few days—as long as it seems he cares for my company. If it does not stop raining I will stay with you to-day and go over to-morrow." I must say just here that Lawrence was always thought to be good at helping people to wile away time when there was nothing much to do, especially if he had his fiddle. Very few excelled him in the use of that instrument. But he did not bring it. I told him he should have done so, to amuse the children. He merely laughed a short laugh. The rain ceased after noon and he left me, to go over. It was not quite noon on Monday when he was back, a very woeful look on his face, and a sad story to tell. When he had reached the stony

hill, a little short of a mile of the Corporal's dwelling, he heard two shots, one quite near, the other much farther away. He heard no more and, never thinking of the Corporal, walked on, reached the house and found the children alone. Their father, they said, had taken his gun and gone out to shoot partridges and had not come back. "Very soon," said he, "I felt uneasy, and, picking up my gun, I turned back to where I heard the shot-firing, and listening all the way as I went. I remained there some time, firing shot after shot. Then came to the house and tried to cheer the children, and seeing them in their beds began firing again and kept it up till after midnight, and never heard an answering shot, and this morning again I fired several. I came away to give warning and see what can be done to find the man and care for the children." That was Lawrence's story. Word of the loss was sent to Penetanguishene. A search party was organised and sent out; many of the people settled within some eight or ten miles joined it. Many of the others, quite conscious how useless they would be in such a search, did not come near it. There was very much bustle, much going backward and forward by parties of men for a few days. The Corporal's stock of provisions and whiskey disappeared very fast. The searchers (?) were lying about beastly drunk at both ends of the road. A few days only were spent in the search, when the good Corporal was given up for lost. The family was removed to Penetanguishene by the military authorities there. Another non-commissioned officer, named Stratton, was sent to fill his place. It never came to me that any vestige of the Corporal was ever met with; if there has been, I have not known of them. Several singular and not very kind surmises were whispered to account for the disappearance. It was even suggested that Lawrence had an eye to the Corporal's money. Well, if he had, he never got it. That is most certain. It was a cruel suggestion, to say the least of it. Some surmised that he was never lost, but that he deserted, taking his money with him, and having made his arrangements with his wife, that she and her family would follow him. No one has ever confessed to have helped him, and desertion at that period and from that place without help would have been an impossibility. True, a sergeant with his guard of nine men deserted from Mackinaw to Penetanguishene in an open boat a little after that time. But they had an Indian guide, and this Indian ever afterwards boasted of his exploit. I never thought that the search was anything more with those who led it than a sham, a humbug. Knowing these parties years afterwards, when I had acquired some knowledge of wood-lore, I do not think they ever penetrated the woods two hundred yards from trodden paths.

They were not to be blamed, only for pretending to have searched, for they could not do it without incurring risk of losing themselves. There was a mystery about the disappearance of the Corporal, which I have never been able to solve.

VI.

It was in my plan to finish my memories of the Nottawasaga and its once famous portage with the story of the Corporal and his sudden and unaccountable disappearance. Certain other things have, however, stirred up thoughts which I am disposed to give just here. I will, then, if spared, resume the narrative of memories according to the original plan. First let me say to Mr. Soules, and to any other contributors to the history columns of the *Barrie EXAMINER*, that I have no rivalry or controversy with them, or either of them. A motive to make untrue or incorrect statements is very difficult to conceive of, as being with either of us. It would be difficult for us to describe things with which any two of us are personally familiar in the same terms or to give prominence to the same points. There would naturally be a difference in matters which come to us from others, unless we compared notes. Our descriptions of the same things must, of necessity, be different. I must just here venture to say that your intelligent correspondent, Panoptes, has given us the real history of the armed American schooners, their doings and capture. The account he quotes from reads like a bit of sober history, and very unlike an old sailor's yarn which has been told very often and lost something and gained something in every telling. That these vessels, or some others like them, did come to the Nottawasaga and leave their mark, I have personally some good evidence. In 1833 I was one of Mr. Hawkins's, a Government surveyor's, party in running the Sunnidale Road through from the river to Lake Huron. About the time of starting at this work, a person who was familiar with the whole country from an early day said to me:—"You will see the gap the Yankee war-vessels made in the grove of pines when they cannonaded the military post at the mouth of the river. If you could have a boat or canoe and go out into the bay about a quarter of a mile or more the gap, with trees cut off in the middle, will be seen very plainly. It can be seen from a long way out in the bay." Well, we were curious to see it and found it easily noticeable. It was not hard to find the charred ruins of the old blockhouse and the other buildings near it, and from that spot looking out into the bay the gap in the grove was

then plainly seen. That was about twenty years after the transaction. I crossed the bay in a steamer from Midland to Meaford in 1883 and I looked out for it with the ship's glass, but could not make it out. I supposed that even that strip of land had been denuded of its pines by the greedy lumbermen.

There was another story of gallant fighting in that country and about that time, which was quite rife among the old hands in my boyhood days, back in the "Twenties," which I have been waiting and watching for someone to revive, but it does not seem to come. Alas! the old men are gone long since, and the boys of that early day have followed them, white-headed and worn. They, too, are mostly with the majority—only a few left, soon to follow. Well, the story. To me it never looked like a myth, and as no one else has given it I will put it on record as it came to me from the old men of the old days. I have seen no writing in which it has been mentioned. My authority may be called tradition—old sailor yarns, if you like. It appears that when the small force occupying the blockhouse heard the thunder of the guns out in the bay, and saw the pine trees toppling over from the iron balls crashing through their branches and whizzing over their heads, like wise men, having insufficient means of defence, they made a hasty retreat up the river; and, being at the same time well-trained, judicious soldiers, they provided for their rear by putting on a strong guard, composed, it was said, of from fifteen to twenty soldiers of the "Glengarry Fencibles," some boatmen and camp-followers and some Indian allies, who did the scouting. These had orders to keep at a safe distance in advance of the pursuers, should the enemy land and pursue them, to put every possible obstacle in the way of the pursuit. The enemy did land and having manned several boats sent them up the river as quickly as they could. The rearguard were ahead of them, through the rapids, up through the lake (afterwards called Jack's Lake—not Jacques Lake, as the EXAMINER has it. It got its name long after that time from an old Indian—who called himself John Jack; the people called him "Old Jack"—who had a solitary home there through some years of the 30s.) This rearguard went on until the river struck the hard land, at the river's most eastern trend. The river was narrow here. On the east side the land rose in quite a ridge,* abruptly from the water. On the west side it was swampy, but timbered with black ash, water elm, &c.; and trees thrown from both sides would reach over the river. Here they could put obstructions. All that could be done before this time was for the Indian scouts to fire a few shots at long distances,

*At what is locally known as the "Big Dump," i. e. log-slide, 4th line, Flos.

from safe hiding places. And this they did every now and then all the way up, no doubt retarding their progress. The rearguard pushed up the river a little farther and made their camp, then came back to the narrow place and felled the trees into the river, cleared away the undergrowth to give good range to their muskets, and waited for the pursuers. About dusk they came along and got entangled in the branches of the fallen trees. While they were looking round quietly to discover what was next to be done, the guard, who had gathered every musket of the party to the one spot, taking deliberate aim, gave them a deadly volley, and another, and another. The enemy got out of the treetops and "put" down the river as soon as they could, taking their dead and wounded with them, as they had not landed nor left their boats. This was the last effort to penetrate the country from the north. The rearguard did not retreat farther. They remained a little time for orders. They soon learned from Indians that the armed vessels had taken themselves and men away. The Nottawasaga was in quiet and peace. The place on the river where the brush took place was known for years after as the "Glengarry Camp," and their repulsion of the Yankees was spoken of as the "Glengarry Fight." My informant, an old soldier, who lived many years among the old settlers south of Penetanguishene, was named Dukes, and claimed to have been one of this famous Glengarry rearguard. He estimated the pursuers in the boats sent back at five hundred men. That was scarcely probable from two small armed vessels. It was a gallant affair, and well worthy of British soldiers, and the more so from the fact that they had no orders to fight, only to obstruct the pursuers as they could, and to keep well in advance of them; and besides, the officer in charge was no higher than a sergeant. It ended the invasion of our country from that direction.

A LETTER.

Editor of the Barrie Examiner:

DEAR SIR,—You make frequent references to me and my “Memories” in the PACKET—not always pleasing to me because not always correct. I want to say one or two things to you in this way, which cannot be so well said in any other. First, when I began my series of memories in the PACKET, at the desire of several friends, I had no knowledge of your collections in history. This knowledge only came to me through your mention of me, quoted in the PACKET. Had I known of it, I should certainly have waited until you got through before giving mine to the public. To me, it would seem better to have written independently of each other without comment or correction until each had finished; then to compare notes, if thought needful. But go on your own way now, as you like. I will not be influenced by your gatherings, even where I traverse the same ground. Secondly, about finding the “decayed body.” I have this to say, that I was never far from that vicinity from 1824 to 1834. From 1834 to 1841 I lived in Barrie. During 1833 and until the fall of 1834 I lived at the old agency place at the bridge over the Nottawasaga River, on the Sunnidale Road, and was assistant to Mr. Richey in settling that country. The settlers called me “Guide.” No man had better opportunities of knowing all the events transpiring there in those years, and not many a better faculty of retaining the impression of those events. And I say that I never knew the man who saw a body taken to be the body of Corporal Cannon. Oh, yes! There were such stories, and about soldiers’ buttons being brought out by Indians. And there were dead bodies found—not just there, but not very far away; and then it was well known whose bodies these were. I was as familiar with the Indians frequenting these parts in those times as with my most intimate neighbours, and have talked with and questioned them, but never found the Indian who knew anything about this body—or the buttons. Somebody has got matters mixed. It is very hard to keep things from mixing up. Then the body you

mention in your copy for June 5th, 1890. That will be news to the old settlers. The body found by the roadmakers in July, 1833, was found about six miles out and west of "Root's" and was fully identified. It was that of Mr. Boothby, the surveyor's chain-bearer and student, deserted in the woods by those who should have cared for him. When found, he was merely covered with a heap of earth and left in silence. There was no other body at that time or that year. That man was not out two weeks until the roadmakers in their work came up to him where he lay. He was known to be lost and NEVER LOOKED FOR. It was in the interest of certain managers to have that thing kept quiet. But how things get mixed! Your informant has not a good faculty of separating chaff from wheat. You should wait until a few more of us old ones join the majority, then you will not be corrected; and it will do for history when better is not known. I have heard of Sam. Thompson's book as a wonderfully correct portraiture of people and things of the early settlement. I have not read the book. If the paragraph you quote is to be taken as a fair sample of the whole then, I say, he wanted to make a book and drew very largely on his imagination. There must be some people left who remember Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Root. To them, as well as to me, the description must appear as a coarse caricature. Did they ever call their shanty a tavern? Their's was the last habitation on the way to the settlements and they were a kind couple, settled there before the road was opened by Walker and Drurys in the spring of 1833 (not 1825, as you have it.) Perhaps Mr. Thompson was writing for the English market. Yours,

THOS. WILLIAMS.

Orillia, March 28th, 1891.

A LETTER.

Editor of the Packet :

SIR,—I have feared that my writing not appearing in your popular paper, may have given anxiety to some of your many readers, lest there should not be any more coming from the same source. Perhaps I should explain the why of the long silence. Once, for a short time, I was not in my usually vigorous health, and could not give attention to writing. It did not come easy to me ; I gave up trying, and you were so kind as to say you did "not wish my contributions to your paper to be burdensome to me." I have not since felt so strongly the obligation to put out effort, and have taken it easy when other things claimed my attention, such as making up my garden, attending to visitors, and visiting a little. I am glad and thankful that my health is very good, still I find that my mind cannot be spurred to effort as it could twenty years since. If spared I will recall my memories of the early times of this county, and put them on paper as fast as I can without much hurrying, and you and your readers shall have them as I put them into shape. This much I felt was due to you and to them after this rather long interval. You must have noticed the preface with which the EXAMINER historian introduces his readers to my Memory No. 6. It is not wholly to his mind, does not chime with his thoughts of how things should have been. If those people of Minesing could but dig out something a little different it would seem quite desirable, give a better account of the occupants of those mysterious graves, give a few more particulars of that Highland regiment—it might match better with later tradition. The people of Minesing are without doubt well qualified to give particulars and details of matters occurring there since "the fifties," when their settlement was made. I do not pretend to know anything of the affairs of the country taking place since the last of "the thirties," nor of the myths which have grown into currency of the earlier times since then. I come down no farther into modern times. To my notion there was no Highland regiment

doing duty in these parts until about 1830, when a company of the 79th Cameron Highlanders were stationed at Penetanguishene, the regimental headquarters being at Toronto. The regiment preceding them was the 71st, called Glasgow Highlanders; they wore the plaid but not the kilt, and could not be called Highland soldiers.* I remember both these regiments well, and was intimate with members of each of them. I think it will be pretty hard to show by the records, and there must be records somewhere, that any one Highland regiment served in Canada during the war of 1812-15. The nearest thing to it was the Glengarry Fencibles, as they were called, and they were a corps of what was then called "incorporated provincial militia," formed on a company of Highland militia raised in the Glengarry settlement in Eastern Ontario, added to by re-enlisted men from the regular army and other corps until they became a regiment bearing the title of Glengarry Fencibles, and right good, brave service did they do wherever they appeared during the war, whether in greater or smaller numbers. I cannot see why the EXAMINER should be troubled about the correctness of my memories, or their agreement with matters coming from his own sources. I am not careful to have them harmonise with anybody's notions of the way things should be stated. I simply give them as the impression made on my mind of what I saw, heard, and knew, and which I now find retained in my memory of the long ago which is fast passing beyond recall. I say nothing of recent things. Persons coming into the country twenty or more years after the time of which I write cannot correct my narratives, nor do the newer traditions correct the older. In almost every community there is a noted character, often a mere supposition, but sometimes a real person, spoken of as a sort of court of final appeal in regard to uncommon events. I am thinking of the oldest inhabitant—some person must occupy that honourable position. It strikes me that there are not many persons standing between that distinction and your humble servant—one or two at most, if any. The late Mr. Edward Luck, who resided a little north of Crown Hill, had claim to it in the last years of his life of the settlers north of Lake Simcoe, but he was called to close a good and honourable life a little over a year since. I remember him in 1822 as a young man when I was only a lad just entering upon my 'teens. In making enquiry for the old people, I have been told that an aged person named John Lawrence, sometimes calling himself "Doctor Lawrence," lives a little north of Barrie, at or near the little lake. If so, he is the oldest inhabitant, though perhaps about my equal in

*Highland Light Infantry. (71st Regiment.)

years. The Lawrence family were so comfortably settled when we arrived that they could and did give very free and kind hospitality to the incoming settlers. They preceded us by several years. I know of some others who may be inclined to dispute the honour with me; if they do I shall yield to their claim when proved. I have mentioned the above that even the EXAMINER may see how absurd it is to call upon later arrivals to correct my statements. As an illustration, I cannot see how my account of the Glengarry fight on the Nottawasaga River is going to chime with the sober details of real history found in the articles on "Bulger's Victory," which appeared in two numbers of your paper. I am not troubled about that; but must come to the conclusion that what came to me was merely an extended tradition woven upon some real events occurring at that time, and "dressed up a bit" by the imagination of those who "spun the yarn." I only professed to give it as I got it. I was careful to do that. It will be seen that up to this time I have (with the exception of my experience on the Portage) written mostly of things obtained from others. If I am spared to continue these memoirs I must come next to things observed by myself—mostly things and events being and occurring during "the twenties" and "the thirties," and then when I am through, let the EXAMINER or anybody else come out with a general review and criticism if they see fitting. To have it implied that my writings must be kept in tune with other writings, and other people's notions, is, to say the least, not just as it should be. So much, Mr. Editor, it seemed I should be permitted to say. Truly yours,

THOS. WILLIAMS.

The Cottage, 3rd June, 1891.

VII.

As near as I can now ascertain, the first real settlers—those who took land with a view of making homes and deriving their living from the land—came to the country in the year 1819. Some may have come in 1818, but I can find no proof of such coming. Our family came in 1822. The land was “taken up,” that is, ours was selected and a location ticket obtained from the Surveyor-General and Crown Lands Office, in the fall of 1821. When we did reach it and built our shanty, I can distinctly remember our neighbours (and the whole settlement for the first ten miles at least were neighbours). All knew each other and went in and out of each other's dwellings, and were interested in the affairs of each other; and most of them spoke of coming three years before. A few had been a shorter time. This applies to all the settlements along the Penetanguishene Road. At or in the vicinity of Penetanguishene there were some few families which were not of the military or naval forces stationed there. They were of the class which the soldiers there would have called civilians. Some might have been considered a sort of camp-followers, carrying on some sort of business or mechanic art, and deriving their living in that way from such works as were carried on in connection with the Naval and Military Establishment. One family of these, the Mundys, still remain in the neighbourhood. There was another name—the family was employed much in the same way—but I have lost the name and am not able to recall it. But these were not settlers in the true sense of the term. They were business people. The Mundys afterwards settled in the vicinity. The mother of the Mundy family was a noted person. She lived to be more than a centenarian. She was a native of Quebec; a French woman, and began her married life there. One of her sons became a noted lawyer and rose to the rank and position of Chief Justice of that Province. He called himself “Joseph Remi de St. Valliere.” The name of her first family was Valliere. In the first years of the century she married Asher Mundy, an American, as her second husband, who was for many years a well-known, quiet and respected man in the neighbourhood of Penetanguishene.

Their only son was Israel Mundy,* who, if he still survives, is a very aged man. When in my boyhood, among the first of my teens, I remember looking up to him as an amiable and good young man. This family, with perhaps some others drawn there with the military and naval works, were settled with them, quite ahead of the design of a general settlement of the country. If you were in that country, on the Gloucester Bay, east of Penetanguishene, towards the eastern extremity of that water, to the place called by the Indians Mah-je-dushk—corrupted by us to Matchedash—back in the twenties, you would see on the shore a sort of pillar-like erection—old chimneys. The place was called for many years "The Chimneys." I am not sure but it is so called now. Those chimneys marked what had been the dwelling place of a family named Cowan. The head of the family was a Scotchman, who had taken to himself an Indian wife, and lived in that spot many years and brought up a family of several sons and one daughter, who died early and unmarried. Mr. Cowan must have been a man of means and position. I judge this from the fact that his family were all educated and considered respectable people. Only one of the sons joined himself to the Indians by marriage. The name I think will be found now among those living on the Christian or Beausoliel Island. One of the Cowans was married to a daughter of Mrs. Mundy. A son of theirs, William Cowan, was one of my early associates, though some three or four years my senior; and his sister was a Mrs. Dickenson. This would show that the Cowans were early settlers, as the time of which I write was not later than 1826. Mr. Dickenson was foreman in Lount's axe factory for several years after that time. The Cowan sons died or went away; only my friend, W. Cowan, and those among the Indians, remained of the name in the country. When I was last at "The Chimneys," I think in 1826, besides the chimneys and old house foundations, there were some old broken, abused-looking apple trees and plum trees, marking the place as once a civilised home. It comes to my mind that a country is of little consequence apart from the people who occupy it and find their homes in it, and whose children grow up to man and womanhood in it. Influenced by such a thought, I find my memory recalling one or two other families of civilised people, who made a home and found business in the eastern part of the Georgian Bay, either at Penetanguishene, in its vicinity, or not very far distant from it, in the earlier years of the present century, before the fixing on the point of occupation as a military and naval post. A French family, named De La Morandiere, the members of which still live and fill

*He died in December, 1888.

respectable positions. The head of this family is said to have been a French noble, who betook himself as early as the time of the French regime to a life in the wilds of Canada and amongst the Indians. The old gentleman was gone long before my earliest recollection. A son of the family is carrying on business at Killarney, Manitoulin Island. A daughter, a Madame Rousseau, and her brother, Alexis, I remember meeting early in the twenties. She was the wife of the Mr. Rousseau after whom the Lake Rousseau is called, and the last I heard of her she was living a widow on St. Joseph Island. The younger son, Fred. de Lamorandiere, lives at Cape Croker, and is secretary to the Indians residing there and postmaster of Cape Croker post-office. A family named Smith were very extensive and wealthy traders and occupied a post at or near Penetanguishene. Mr. Smith died shortly before my coming to the country, and left, it was said, large wealth to his two elder sons, Cyrus and Sidney Smith, who, it was said, were not long in getting through it. I think they both died somewhere in the thirties. There will be people still living on both sides of Lake Simcoe who will remember these men. They were for the time in which they lived well educated and, when themselves, very genteel men. The late Samuel Richardson, Esq., of Barrie, said to me shortly after Sidney's death, "There was a time when I could have taken a wager that, meet Sidney Smith out alone at any time, you would not find him without a book, and no common book either. If English, an English classic—Milton, Shakespeare, or Addison—or one of the Latin classics." But they had formed habits which carried them to an early grave. The late Sheriff Walker Smith, of Barrie, was a younger branch of the same family, and there were other brothers equally respectable.

VIII.

While looking over the Memories already put upon paper, it strikes me that I have not found the right plan of beginning. With the exception of what I wrote of the Portage and its associations, I seem to have been conjuring up the shadows of things existing before what might be called more the settlement of the country. It came to me that the question might arise, What of the country prior to the settlement? I have given attention to this as far as I had knowledge—not very far back, it is true, into the misty traditions of the past. It is now pretty generally conceded by our students of Canadian history that less than two centuries since this part of the country was occupied by a very interesting aboriginal people in pretty considerable numbers, who did not live altogether by the chase, but in their own way cultivated the soil; of that early day, however, these Memories have no intelligence. The occupation of strategic points on Lake Huron by the naval and military authorities had certainly something to do with the settlement of the country lying between that lake and Simcoe. The settlements from the front had reached the south shores of the latter lake some years before the war of 1812-15, but pushed no farther northward. The people of these settlements were mostly from the States, old American settlers in origin, some of them United Empire Loyalists, and others whose affection for British institutions was perhaps unconfessed during the existence of war, but lingered in such a way that they were not comfortable in the land of the Stars and Stripes, but prompted to seek homes under the Union Jack. Canada owes much to this people, of whom I shall have something to say farther on. The settlers south of the lake were, many of them, employed by the military in work connected with the occupation of the points farther north, opening roads, building, teaming, and other work, but what might be thought strange, they were not in a single instance among the first of the settlers, if we except the brothers James and David Soules, who located themselves early on the south side of Kempenfeldt Bay and near its eastern entrance. In most cases in our province, and perhaps in other countries, settlements are pushed back and back, as pieces of good land and desirable locations are

discovered ; continuously farther, and yet farther, into the wilderness until some barrier is reached. In this case the lake became to these people an impassable barrier, seeming to forbid these people's farther progress. In 1822, when our family came, and we lingered awhile with these people, we encountered strong prejudices against, and almost frightful descriptions of, the country to which we were proceeding. "Why should you go to that country?" said a good man, among others. "You can certainly have no conception of its character." "The snow does not all go away there until in July." "They have six or seven months of dead winter, and then four months of cold weather." "You will not be able to live there." If we were now called upon to give a description of the countries bordering on Hudson Bay, it was such a description that we listened to of the country in which we were seeking to make a home. Such were some of the discouragements the hardy pioneers of that early day were called upon to face in addition to the real hardships, which were indeed not few in number. I can think of only one thing which may have led to the forming of these prejudices, for they seemed to be real and felt. The work they did for the military was mostly, if not always, in the winter, and midwinter at that, for the lake seldom freezes over so as to make safe teaming until the New Year, and a tradition came to me that the winters of the years of that war time were exceptionally severe, the snow falling to an unusual depth and remaining long in the spring. One result of the notions they imbibed was that the country was not desired by them as a place for settlement. The people who did come were all from a distance—from different parts of the old countries, and from wanderings in other countries.

At first the government put before the world what seemed to them pretty strong inducements to settlers—each family was to have a two-hundred-acre lot as a homestead ; each son of the family having reached man's estate a half lot, or one hundred acres. This policy prevailed for two or three years at most ; the first families coming availed themselves of it ; that would have been during the years 1818 and '19, perhaps into '20. In 1821, when my father and others made application for land, the policy had become straitened and narrowed ; one hundred acres was the limit, and no recognition of the sons of the family, and what seemed very great difficulties were put in the way of intending settlers in getting the lands, whether by grants as British subjects seeking to locate themselves as settlers in a British province, or as purchasers. The land was nominally valued at one dollar per acre, to be paid for in four succeeding annual instalments, or cash at the time of purchase without discount, the patent to issue in

two years on proof of settlement duties being performed. In my boyhood I have listened to many sad tales by the old settlers of their difficulties in getting their land, the weariness and humiliation of their attendance upon the officers connected with the location of homes in the unclaimed domain of the province. First, there was to be a petition to Governor-in-Council, presenting the applicant's claim, his antecedents, his present purposes, etc., etc. This would go before the Executive Council, which was presided over by the Governor, and its members were the magnates of the land—clerical, military, and civil—and it was supposed to meet once a week. This it might do or it might not, as the whim or convenience of some of its leading members would determine. The petitioner must then wait, spend time and money, or go away and come again; this is if his means, patience, and loyalty did not wear away in the meantime. If the prayer of the petition was granted, a document was given which he must carry to the office of the Honourable Commissioner of Crown Lands, from thence one to the Surveyor-General's office, until location ticket was obtained. I may say here that there arose men who acted with and for the intending settler as agents, or "go-betweens," among whom was the late Andrew Mercer, whose accumulated wealth was such a God-send to our Ontario government a few years since. With the aid of such men, and some by securing the interference of men of position, succeeded, after much effort, in their quest. How many failed and gave up it would be hard to say. Some I know did so and left in disgust, and we lost sight of them altogether. It is quite likely many went to aid in the population of the great country to the south of us. Their loyalty to British institutions was not sufficiently sturdy to pass unhurt through so severe an ordeal. It was in these years, and while this policy prevailed, and before the days of assisted emigration had come, while every intending settler was prompted by his own spirit of enterprise, that the newspaper called the COLONIAL ADVOCATE, published and edited by the famous William Lyon Mackenzie, made its appearance. It was early in the thirties; I can remember well the excitement it stirred up among its settler and farmer readers. The means it used was a reiteration and rehash of these old grievances. Every man and every family carried bitter memories of unsympathising and harsh treatment. These old sores were easily rubbed into painfulness. Furnishing, as they did, irritating matter for Mackenzie's paper, they had much to do in bringing about the rebellion of the latter years of the thirties. It was well for the country that a more liberal land policy had met the larger emigration which began with the first of the thirties, for that filled the country with a people who had never felt the

troubles of the earlier pioneers, and could not be made uncomfortable by unpleasant remembrances of them. In my next paper I will give my impressions of the cause which led to the narrow and hard land policy complained of in this paper.

IX.

In my last I promised that in this I would consider the question why those to whom were committed the management of the country put such difficulties in the way of intending settlers coming at their land. Along with this is to be considered also the fact that the immigrants of that period were a superior class—people who were inspired by an ambition to become the owners of land in order that themselves and children should reach a more independent condition. They were possessed of more or less means, had experience in business of some kind, or in farming; quite a large proportion of them had put in a few years in the States, and not finding things there quite to their mind, had come to seek a home under the Old Flag. They asked nothing from the government but the land, and sometimes, not often, a little aid in opening up a path to it. The people were of a class generally who might be expected to make good and enterprising settlers. Assisted migrations had not begun to send people to our country, if we except two instances—first, the somewhat turbulent Paisley weavers, who were brought out and settled in several townships of the county of Lanark in the years 1819 and 1821; and second, the Irish settlers who came out a few years later under the care of the late Honourable Peter Robinson, and were placed in some townships back of Peterborough. But both of these cases had their origin and support from the Home Government—not from the Provincial—and are really no exception to the policy prevailing in the province. They were told to accept these people and provide for them, and they must needs obey. I will now call attention to some facts which will throw light upon the narrow land policy complained of. First, French Canada had been settled by Seigniors, to whom alone the land was allotted in large tracts of several thousand acres, who brought with them from France their dependants, an illiterate peasant class. This was the form of society in France at that time, nursed into that form for centuries by a despotic government, the nobles, who were very numerous, and a powerful Church. It was quite natural, as they knew no other form of society, that they should seek to make a new France in the new world. To these peasants,

or habitants, they assigned homesteads, at a small price, but bound the habitant to themselves and to the estate by placing restrictions on his disposition of the land, holding him to certain service, requiring small periodical payments either in the fruit of the soil or in money, as rent. The land was also burdened with tithes for the maintenance of the clergy, and was subject to imposts for the construction of ecclesiastical buildings. This was the form of society prevailing in Eastern Canada when Western Canada began to be settled. This was the form which was nursed in all European countries from feudal times down to the times of great wars of Europe, which were either brought about by the system, the jealousies of despotic rulers of each other, or by Providence to uproot this system of semi-slavery. The Protestantism springing up in Europe three centuries since was no doubt a potent factor in its destruction, and yet there have been, and may still be, persons who are not French or Romanist, who sigh for such a form of society as being nearer paradise than anything else found in this world, and would gladly see it prevail. It has been suspected that those who influenced the narrow land policy of which we complain, would have produced it in Western Canada, could they have got the power from Britain and the material to work with. In the earlier thirties the writer had access to the government maps of all the townships in the county of Simcoe, and to some other maps of townships in other parts of the province. These maps, I might say, were disfigured with peculiar marks, which indicated the allotment of land in them to certain purposes and persons—indeed a very large proportion of the land was shut away altogether from the use of actual settlers. There was first the Crown reserves—one-seventh of all the lands; these had a mark on them like a blur made with the end of a finger dipped in pale red ink. These were sold or granted about that time to the Canada Company, and were open for settlement by purchase. Then there was another seventh of the land, with a dusky blur on them, made as if with a finger-tip dipped in common black ink. These were the clergy reserves, and at that time might be leased, but not bought. Besides the above, there were in all the townships lots with the letter D written upon them, some in single two-hundred-acre lots, and sometimes in blocks of several hundred or a thousand acres. These, we were told, belonged to certain great estates of favoured persons in different parts of the country and deeded to them; and they were always the best lands, but they were “ta-boo” to the settler. There was not generally in that day enough land accessible to the actual settlers to make closely inhabited neighbourhoods. This tended to increase the hardships they had to meet, while their labours were every year

adding value to these lands. It was suspected that these large grants of the best lands (for in no case were they purchased from the Crown) were given to favourites, that by-and-by, when the other lands were settled on, the owners of the estates might find themselves occupying an elevated position, and that the foundation of a social order might be laid differing from what had been planted by the United Empire Loyalists, their descendants, and other people, in the earlier settlements of the Upper Province. Society in these had taken a decidedly democratic shape wherever formed. In the extreme west, now the counties of Essex and Kent, the shores of Lake Erie, the Niagara frontier, along the shores of Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte country, along the St. Lawrence River and some distance up the Ottawa, settlements had been formed in considerable strength, and were giving character to the country. The large estates spoken of paid no taxes, contributed nothing to the progress of the country, but greatly retarded it in all instances. It was a great step in advance when our legislatures gave our townships and counties municipal powers enabling them to tax all lands for public improvement. This brought these lands into the market, and put settlers on them, and contributed very much to a change for the better over all the province. After the more liberal land policy which came in with the larger immigration in the early thirties had got well into operation, some things occurred which, now looking back upon, impress me to confirm the suspicion that the form which society was taking throughout the country did not give unalloyed satisfaction to those who filled high places in our provincial government. That the idea of giving to Canadian society an aristocratic form was given up with great reluctance—if it was even then wholly given up. Certain things were constantly operating against it. First, instructions coming from the Home Government to receive the incoming settlers with all needed encouragement. There is proof that such admonitions were received by the provincial authorities. And secondly, the settlements already planted had taken an altogether different form, and it would seem that no power could prevent them becoming models for all the future unless they should be wholly plucked up and planted over again, which nothing but a sweeping war could accomplish. But the form society did take—whether the best or otherwise, I do not now stop to say—we owe to the United Empire Loyalists and the people who came in with and after them for several years from the now-republicanised old colonies, who acted from inborn preference to what was British and monarchical.

X.

I will now mention some things which would seem to justify my suspicion that in the high places of our province there existed a strong desire to give society a form very different from that which it was evidently taking, and that this idea was only given up when it was seen to be utterly impracticable ; and the desire so to shape society was the chief cause of the troubles met by the ordinary settler in his endeavour to locate himself upon lands, unless that settler was a man of wealth and position, or a dependent on such men. Men of means or position were always received with open arms ; the entire Crown domain was readily opened for their inspection and choice. In the first of the thirties, as has already been mentioned, emigrants in considerable numbers began leaving the old countries and seeking our shores. I cannot now say who were the principal agents in promoting this increased emigration, nor can I venture to specify with exactness the causes which led to it. Different things may have contributed to produce it. There prevailed in the old countries at that time quite a spirit of discontent among the labouring classes generally ; what was called the Chartist agitations were rife at the time, and the idea of emigration to new countries presented itself as a remedy for the prevailing evils. At that time, or a little before, the Canada Company was formed in England, to whom the government sold a large tract of the finest forest land in North America of nearly two millions of acres ; what was then called the Huron Tract, together with all of what was called the Crown Reserves—one-seventh of the land in all the older surveyed townships throughout the entire province, and it was said for a very small consideration in money. This corporation must needs sell their lands, and encourage the emigration of actual settlers. I can well remember that the emigrants of that time were mostly well furnished with the literature and maps of the country put into circulation by the Canada Company. I desire that my readers may remember that this company had a British and not a Canadian origin, and that the impulse it may have given with other agencies to the settlement of the country, had its inspiration from the old country rather than from the authorities of the province. Their action was

simply a yielding to necessity. Part of their action to this end was to place agents in several parts of the province where any considerable quantities of unlocated lands remained. These agents opened offices, where the settlers could obtain information and other aid to find and choose their location. The first agent north of Lake Simcoe was the late Colonel E. G. O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, for the townships of Oro and South Orillia. This was in the year 1831, when many of the older families of Oro went upon their lands. Mr. O'Brien did not long retain the agency, and was succeeded by Wellesley Richey, who had experience in such work, having been an Aide de-Camp to the Honourable Peter Robinson, in placing settlers in townships northward of Peterboro'. Mr. Richey's office was located on the lake shore near the now village of Hawkestone during 1831 until the spring of 1832, when he was instructed to remove to a position more convenient to the vacant lands north and east. He located his office at the east end of Bass Lake, near the Coldwater road. It was in connection with this removal that the writer became connected with the agency as one of the aides to the principal. By the settlers he was called a "guide." This agency embraced all the vacant lands in the northern part of Oro, all of Medonte, and the two Orillias. In the spring of 1833 we were again instructed to remove; this time to the Nottawasaga River, to where the boundary line between the townships of Vespra and Essa crosses the river. The government had early that spring caused a block of land still in their hands, at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, to be laid out by their surveyor, William Hawkins, as the town of Barrie, and the same surveyor to lay out a line of road from this plot to the river, a distance of eleven miles, and there to lay out another town plot, which never became a town or scarcely a hamlet, and from thence to survey a road through the township of Sunnidale to Lake Huron. It was at the Nottawasaga River that our agency was to be located as soon as we could get there and suitable buildings could be erected. In the meantime the opening and making of a rough waggon road between the Barrie townplot and the river was contracted for by Alexander Walker and the Drury brothers, uncle and father of the Honourable C. Drury, of Crown Hill, and a large body of men put to work upon it. This agency had to deal with the still vacant lands of the old surveyed townships of Vespra, Essa, and Tossorontio, and the newly-surveyed townships of Sunnidale and Nottawasaga. These latter townships were not encumbered with deeded lands or reserves of any kind. All the land in them was open for location and purchase by anyone who met the conditions of grant or of sale.

I have written the foregoing in relation to the large emigration

to the country and the way it was met by our authorities, not because it comes in here as its proper place in these memories, for I have yet to give some details of events remembered of an earlier settlement, that of the Penetanguishene road, made in the last years of the second and the first of the third decade of our century. In that connection we shall find that many interesting things occurred quite worthy of our memory and record. I have written what has just passed under my pen in this place, as it gives me here some incidents which serve to strengthen my conviction that in meeting the immigrants now coming in with a more liberal land policy, our authorities acted more from compulsion of some sort than from choice, as the most desirable thing to do. Two things which serve to press this conviction on me will now be given; afterwards, if spared, I hope to pass back over the events and incidents of the earlier settlements. I might say the people who came to this country at that time could be considered as of three different classes.

First, those who would call themselves gentry. They were composed in great part of old officers (not old men) of the army and navy, the naval officers all having their half-pay; the army officers in most cases had commuted their half-pay for ready money. That was their misfortune, for the money soon slipped away from them. Those who retained their half-pay were in much the best condition. There was also with them quite a mixture of what might be called private gentry, some professional and some mercantile. There was not much trouble with these latter, they slipped into places in the towns and villages. We had no cities at that time. The army and navy men and their families were of good material, quite respectable generally, and would have been desirable settlers if they had brought with them a better knowledge of economy in living, and a determination to knuckle down to their changed condition. These people were, all of them, in some way enjoined to call upon the Governor, and to them he dispensed large hospitality. Every mark of consideration and kindness was shown them by him. Their talk was full of it when they came to the agency, and none of them came to the agent without strong letters commending them to our utmost attention and care, and we always gave it to them. The agent not only fed them, but if he judged their tastes led that way, they were wine and brandied to their heart's content, and every aid given them to select their lands, a thing which they knew nothing of themselves.

The next class of settlers were mostly thrifty but poorer people, paying their own way and having more or less means. Very many of these had been in the army, some few in the navy, and a very large proportion of them had sold out their pensions; the

smallest number retained them, greatly to their comfort. There were with these some who had been small farmers, farm labourers, and some mechanics. These paid their own way, and as to the others they had more or less means to begin with. That which I wanted to say just here was that this last class met no hospitality at headquarters besides what they paid for themselves, nor did they seek any. They brought no letters of introduction, and had given to them simply the aid needed to find their land and settle on it, which they did, and if they are not here to-day, after more than fifty years, their descendants are. The children of the first class mentioned are not so numerous, yet we have some of them with us, and filling good places, quite satisfied with society and racy of the soil. Of the second class mentioned I must give an anecdote illustrative of their progress, and leave the third class of settlers to be treated of in connection with the five acre allotments alluded to in the BARRIE EXAMINER as topic of my next paper. Some thirteen years since I met a gentleman on one of the Lake Huron steamers who was introduced to me as the Honourable John Northwood, of Chatham, Ontario, one of the Senators of our Dominion. I remarked to him, "I have a memory for names, Mr. Northwood, and I never met your name but once in my life, and I will tell you the circumstances. I held a position as assistant to a government agent, settling emigrants on lands in 1832 north of Lake Simcoe. There came to us, among many others, a person of your name—Northwood, a very fine-looking, middle-aged man, I think from the West of Ireland. He had been a sergeant in the army, was a pensioner then, and was entitled to draw two hundred acres of land. I was quite taken with the man, and thought him a very desirable settler, and after taking him to our best vacant land and asking him to choose so I could enter his name, he shook his head in great discouragement and said:—'The trees, the trees; I never saw the likes of them. Oh, the trees, the trees, if they had been stones I would know what to do with them.'" "That was my father," said the Mr. Northwood, his son, then said to be a millionaire and an Honourable Senator.

A MEMORY OF 1832.

Certain events recently occurring have put my memory into a condition of action, and as you and your readers seem to take it that what I recall is of sufficient worth to have a place in your columns, it has come to me that I should now pen these that are coming up, though not in the order I intended to follow. But I may get back to that. In the summer of 1832, while I was connected with the Government agency for settling this county, the headquarters of which was on the Coldwater road, at the east end of Bass Lake, it was my wont often to attend the Sunday morning religious services held in connection with the Indian Mission, then occupying the site of our town. These, with the schools, were conducted in a frame schoolhouse, standing near the corner of what is now Peter and Coldwater streets, on what is now the grounds of the Anglican church. When my duties permitted, and the weather was favourable, Sunday morning found me taking this, to me, pleasant three-mile walk. First, at half-past nine A.M., came the Sunday-school. This was conducted by the two mission teachers, Mr. P. H. Swartz and Miss Brinke, and the pastor, the late Rev. Gilbert Miller, who only deceased a few years since at Picton. (Here, too, I met with some young men just entering upon their ministry, some of them going on a little farther, and some of them staying for a time to aid Mr. Miller, whose health was not strong at the time. Among these young men beginning their life work was the late Dr. Samuel Rose, the Revs. John Baxter and Edwy M. Ryerson and James Currie. These all have, some years since, gone to meet their reward. They were all worthy men; and though I have associated with them in common work and ministry since, I find pleasure now in remembering that I met them here in that early day.) At a little before eleven o'clock the Sunday-school would be dismissed. Mr. Swartz, or the interpreter, Benjamin Crane, or some strong lunged Indian would take a long tin horn and produce from it trumpet-like sounds, which would seem to echo in all directions. Then look! There would be a stir at the door of every Indian house as the people (Indians) began to move towards the central schoolhouse to take part in the holy worship. There were at the same time some

families of white people living on the reserve (as it was then called), besides the members of the Mission. The Government had an agent, who acted for the Indians in business matters, and as instructor, who was supposed to give instruction and aid to them in their efforts to reach a civilized condition. And sometimes there was a doctor. These all, I think, had their support and pay from the Indian annuity funds, but they were considered as Government officers. Besides these there were persons engaged in trade, and others in the business of forwarding goods and emigrants, and teaming goods over the Coldwater road portage, and the emigrants coming and going made a small community of white people. I do not at this day remember meeting representatives of these families uniting with the mission people and the Indians in their worship on the Sabbath. True, these services were designed and maintained mostly for the Indians, and the greater part of them was in their language; still, the reading of Scripture and the preaching was first in English, then interpreted. Some of the prayers were in English. Persons of a religious spirit might find some good and helpful influence in them, though in the absence of that they would seem tedious and uninteresting. Once I remember that say a score or more of these people were gathered at a Sunday afternoon service, designed especially for them, when the Rev. John Baxter officiated and preached. I think I may venture to say that the prevailing disposition was not religious, and not in sympathy with missions and Indians. A strong and undisguised feeling among them was a desire to have the Indians "out of that." If those who represented religion were other than Methodists I am not very sure it would have been better or different, but the others had not yet come, and not until some time later on. It was to enter upon mission work in this field, and with these influences round her, that the late Mrs. Moffatt, then Miss Manwaring, fifty-nine years ago in her tedious canoe voyage, came here to work for the world's good. The season of 1832 had nearly ended, the first or second Sunday in November had come, and I was on the road taking my Sunday morning walk of three miles to attend the mission services. I got in early and found my friend, Mr. Swartz, alone in the schoolhouse. It was yet twenty minutes before the Sunday-school would begin. I was glad of this, for I could spend that time in pleasant conversation with the teacher, for we had become attached to each other. He began by saying, "I cannot tell you how glad I am that you have come this morning, for I am to leave here this week. Miss Brinke (the lady teacher) has already left. The teachers are both to leave and others to come. A Miss Manwaring succeeds Miss Brinke. She has not yet come, but is on the way and is expected soon. My successor is already here.

He is a Mr. Hannibal Mulkins. He desired me to keep charge of the school to-day. He will assume his duties in the school to-morrow. I am looking for him to be here any moment, and shall be glad to make you acquainted, and hope your associations may be as pleasant as ours have been." At that moment the door opened. Mr. Mulkins came in and we were introduced. If I had been gifted with that prophetic foresight which would have given me an inkling of the prominent figure he was to become in after years, and the conspicuous position he was to reach, I should without doubt have studied him more closely. As it was he did not prepossess me favourably. I was not drawn to him. He was youthful in appearance. I should take it that he had not then reached twenty years. There was something in his "make up" which gave me the impression that he had come through some hard times. We did not form an intimacy. I went away with the agency to settle other places, and I think his stay at the mission was not a long one. I have heard that he very soon gave token of possessing more than common ability in the direction of preaching, and was taken to where he could improve in this by study and exercise. Four years afterwards, in 1836, I met him and heard him preach. His improvement was very marked. He was a fine-looking young man, a preacher of great pulpit power and pleasing manner. In 1840 he withdrew from the Methodist church and received orders in the Anglican church at the hands of the late Bishop Strachan. I have no call to follow his history further.

T. W.

ANOTHER MEMORY OF 1832.

It was fully a month, or more, before the time spoken of in the "Memory" you gave your readers more than a week since, when the Agency at Bass Lake was visited by a very interesting company, looking at the country with a view to settlement. Whether we look at the men as they were at the time, or what they became to the country in after years, some of them at least, we were certainly not visited by a more important party in the whole season. When I mention the names, and a little of what I remember of each, this will be readily acknowledged. They were emigrants from Ireland, from the city of Dublin. They were what we might well venture to call Irish gentlemen, and as it has been sometimes said that Irish gentlemen were the best of their class in culture and manners, the demeanour of these persons would go far to confirm that impression in those who met them. They were five in number. First, two clergymen, who had been ministers of the English Church in Ireland. The elder of the two was the Rev. Chas. Crosby Brough. If he had not reached middle age then he was certainly getting up towards it. He was tall and a well formed person, and would attract attention for a good appearance in any company. I think he professed to be retiring from the active work of his profession on account of throat ailment. He selected land in the tenth concession of Oro, near what is now called Jarratt's Corners, got his shanty put up there, made a pretty good clearing, then removed to a part of the Township farther south. I could not say how many years he remained in these parts. I do not think very long. The Bishop of Toronto called him again into professional life and work. Though earnestly engaged in business, while living in this vicinity, farming and milling, and took no mission, he was ready to do the work of a gospel minister to some considerable distance from his home, as people would call for his services. He was a plain, practical, and powerful preacher. At one of these rural services he felt it his duty to caution the people not to go after the Methodists, who were the only religious organization actively at work here. At the close of this service an old gentleman, stepping up to the preacher, said to him, "I thank you, sir, for coming to us in our

destitution, and for your excellent discourse. I fear you will not consider it complimentary, but I must say had I not known otherwise, I should take you for a Methodist from your style, matter, and manner." He seemed a little taken aback at the old man's remarks, but shaking his hand cordially, expressed his pleasure. He was certainly useful in the country, giving baptism to such children as people would bring to him, and marrying the young people of all creeds, who desired to enter that relation. He was first given a mission on Manitoulin Island. A few years afterwards we find him doing extensive mission work in the vicinity of London. A very well known and much respected clergyman for many years was Archdeacon Brough. The other and younger man was the Rev. Dominick Blake, uncle to our noted men of that name. I might say here that Mr. Brough stood in the same relation to them, for Mrs. Brough was a Blake. The Rev. Mr. Blake did not choose to settle in these parts. We find him with others of the party settled in the Township of Adelaide, west of London. A few years after he received the appointment of Rector of Thornhill, on Yonge-street, and there passed his life. The next to be named was Mr. Hume Blake. To me he seemed the most youthful of the party, though I believe then a family man. A very fine looking person—might be called handsome in figure and delicate in complexion. I have been told that in Ireland he followed the profession of a surgeon. In this country he took up the profession of law, and is soon heard of as one of the leading lawyers of Toronto, and was the first appointed Chancellor when our Chancery court was instituted.

The next to name of the party called himself by his signature—Skeffington Connor. His profession in the old country was that of law. It was said to me that he had been a Counsellor, and that he was allied to the other members of the party by marriage. He did settle in these parts, choosing his location in North Orillia, where is now the village of Marchmont. He had the misfortune, after some little time, to have his dwelling burned. Then he left these parts, apparently discouraged, and did not return. It was not, however, many years until we find him a noted lawyer in Toronto, and mixing very much in public affairs. In the meantime he had obtained the degree of LL. D., and was spoken of as Doctor Connor. I cannot give from memory all the offices and honours to which he attained, as I have no record to which to refer. Some of your readers could do this more correctly than I am able to do. I simply know that when last I heard him spoken of he was the Honourable Justice Connor.

The last to be named in this party was to me the most interesting person of all. He took my attention as none of the

others did. I was led to this, I have no doubt, by the deference paid to him by every member of the party, including the clergymen. He was, I think, fully of middle age, if not a little over it. I think I had a little before been reading a translation of the French classic, *Telemaque*, so to me he seemed to hold the place of Mentor to his party. When the gentlemen spoke to him they addressed him as Doctor, when spoken of among themselves it was the governor, but to other persons it was the Doctor, or Dr. Robinson, and always in the most respectful way. When we stopped to eat our lunch or other meals, it was he who said grace or asked the divine blessing, and when we were ready to get upon our shake-down in camp or elsewhere for the night, he would extend his hand into some hidden pocket and bring out a small copy of the Bible or New Testament, and begin reading without an introductory word, intermingling the reading with short comments very appropriate to impress the lesson, all, including the clergymen, when present, giving most respectful attention; concluding a service occupying about ten minutes with an exactly suitable extempore prayer, commending us all to the gracious care of our Heavenly Father. The Doctor drew out more of my respectful attention than any other member of this very interesting party, and as he did not remain in the country, and I did not hear of him afterwards, it remained in my mind as a puzzle for years as to what he was himself, and in what relation he stood to the other members of his company. This was only made plain to me a short time since, when I learned that he was the honoured father of our respected townsman, A. G. Robinson, Esq., and that he stood in very close blood and social relation with every other member of his company, and that the clergymen deferred to him as he was himself a clergyman, though not then engaged in clerical duties, and that he was really the Mentor of his company.

I must give an incident in which the Rev. Mr. Brough acted an interesting part, and with that end this Memory. It must not be forgotten that, at the time of which I write, the Indians owned and occupied the site of our town. It was their village, and the white people were either persons privileged to live here or intruders. While at our agency the Rev. Mr. Brough met some of the Indians of the mission, and was much interested in them. He made some efforts to ascertain how far they were indeed Christianized. In these attempts at conversation I sometimes acted as interpreter, as I had a little of their language. These interviews were not satisfactory to Mr. Brough, nor myself, as I wished them to be. The Indian never reveals his inner self to persons who have not first gained his confidence. Mr. Brough did not get much out of them. I recommended him to visit the mission, to call on the

missionary, and attend some of their religious services. He could get more in that way than in the way we were trying. To this he consented, and made the appointment for the next Sunday morning. When the morning came I found that he had engaged my fellow assistant, Mr. Edward Waring, to accompany us. They were on the road for the three mile walk before I was quite ready. I overtook them before reaching the village. I might say here that Mr. Waring was a well educated young Irishman, who retained much of the brusque manner and brogue attributed to Irishmen who see the light first in the South of Ireland, and when his words did not come readily to express all his feelings, he would mix them with some terms, used much more commonly then than at the present time, called sometimes profanity. The invitation to accompany us was kindly intended by Mr. Brough as an effort towards reforming Edward. When we reached the place of meeting the Sunday-school was about beginning. I introduced the Rev. Mr. Brough to Mr. Swartz, the teacher, mentioning why Mr. Brough was there. I expected that Mr. Swartz would introduce Mr. Brough to the missionary, Mr. Miller, when he arrived, which he did not do, but that gentleman entered the pulpit at once and proceeded with the services, not noticing the strangers present, which made me feel a little awkward and out of place.

There were no white persons there besides the mission people and the visitors. The service was for the Indians. The hymns and singing were in their language. The minister's prayer was in English. The Scriptures were read in both languages. The sermon was first in English, then interpreted by Mr. Crane, an Indian lay preacher, into their language. The whole took up about an hour and a half. The theme of the discourse was a practical one on various Christian duties. How Christians should conduct themselves towards each other and the world around them. I do not recall the text. The subject I remember well. I was pleased with it. I expected Mr. Brough to be pleased. Mr. Waring, at the door when we were starting for home, excused himself, saying, "I will overtake you before you reach home." Mr. Brough then said to me: "I fear Mr. Waring did not like the lecture I gave him this morning on his use of improper language, and he is now leaving us to go without him." I was in quite a hurry to hear Mr. Brough's judgment of the services, particularly of the sermon, as we Methodists count much on the sermon. He began by saying he did not like it at all. "Why," said he, "the man did not preach any gospel; he never once told them that they were sinners, and never once offered them a Saviour. It was just duties—what they should do. He could never make Christians of them in that way." I made the best defence I could for my

minister. I am sure it was not a strong one, for just then Edward overtook us. Mr. Brough, turning to him, said, "I was telling Mr. W— that I did not like the sermon." Then he repeated what he had said to me. Edward made answer: "Well now! I thought it was just the thing suitable for them. Why, sure, you wouldn't have the man to be after telling them the same things every Sunday, would you?" The parson could make no answer to that. The Irishman's ready wit was better than argument.

T. W.

YET ANOTHER MEMORY OF 1832.

I think it was on the morning of the 9th of November, 1832, that Mr. Richey directed my attention to an open letter lying on the desk, asking me to read it, and say what could be done. It was a letter from the late Captain Wood, who, with his family, was living at the time in one of the Indians' houses, but who had selected land near the shore of lake Couchiching, in the seventh concession of North Orillia. The Captain, calling himself an "indigent settler," was making a demand to have a shanty built on his land, as he said he was not sure the Indian would not turn him out of his house before winter was over. It was better to get upon his own land. The work of the shanty building party was thought to be over for the season. The men were separated, and at other work. The party consisted of ten men, including their boss, or foreman, who went into the woods and built shanties without the aid of a team to draw the logs. The boss was a man named Douglass, a Scotchman, and an energetic fellow. He settled somewhere in Medonte. I understand that both he and his wife have been dead for many years. Some of their family remain; I have, however, never met with them. The Agent suggested, "If you can find Douglass, he will gather up a party." I found Douglass, and he found his party of axemen. We were to start for the work by the break of day, on the morning of the tenth of November.

In the meantime it had been quite cold; we had a touch of early winter. The smaller lakes were frozen over. I had learned from an Indian that Couchiching had frozen, so that it would be safe to walk down the shore to the place I wished to reach. We, the eleven men of us, took the ice and walked down, the men carrying their provisions and camping necessaries for two days. I directed the men not to gather into groups, but to keep some distance apart, which they did orderly enough until we nearly reached our destination. When I judged we were near the place, I took out my map and spread it on the ice to compare the shores with the map. While I was intent on this work the men forgot my caution, and gathered round me. All at once I felt the ice bending; I picked up the map and ran out between the men,

crying, "Scatter for your lives, the ice is bending." They were not slow to do this, and it certainly saved us a cold bath at least, for after we left the place the water came up over more than an acre of space, though the ice was not broken, merely bent and cracked. Going on shore I directed the men to make a fire, prepare their dinner and camp, while I traced the Townline so as to prove my position. Then I would select the place to build. This was my duty always, and to stay with the men until the foundation was laid and one or two rounds of logs laid on; then I might leave them to finish it. A little singular: my eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. A. T. Reed, own, and they with their family occupy and toil on the farm on which is the site of that shanty, and there, in one of their fields, are some stones and burnt earth, marking the place of the "back wall," against which was burnt in it the huge log fires of the early day.

It appeared to me that I could not close this Memory better than by attempting to give a description of an average shanty, such as were built for the early settlers of this country, and by them, and in which they were glad to find shelter—in which some of them soon learned to make a very cosy home. They were built of round logs, generally from eight, ten, or twelve inches in diameter, and were in size from twelve feet by fourteen feet. This was considered a small-sized shanty. Others were fourteen feet in width by sixteen or eighteen feet in length; these were considered large-sized shanties, and where the people had no teams to haul the logs they were not easily built so large. The covering was basswood scoops, or trauves. That is, basswood trees of a foot in diameter, or a little more, were cut into lengths a little longer than the width of the shanty, then split in half, then hollowed out by the men with their axes until a substance of about two inches thick was left of the outside of the half log, the heart all taken out. The other half served in the same way, until enough of these hollowed half-logs were made; then they were put on, the bottom tier with bark down, the edges up. Then the others were put with hollow over the two edges of the lower trauves, like tiles, until the whole was so covered. When these scoops or trauves were carefully made and put on there was a pretty good roof, which would keep out rain or wet, and when well and carefully chinked with blocks of wood and clay, and caulked with moss, they were warm, and though they could never be made into a handsome dwelling, with skill, care and some taste, they were often made very cosy, very comfortable in the inside. The Agency shanty builders would cut out the space for a door, then leave it to the owner to hew inside as he liked, put in door, window and floor if he could—and was able, or live without them if he chose.

I have put in a good many evenings and nights with great comfort and pleasure in such dwellings. They, or something like them, were the dwellings of all our early settlers. The best Canadian families began their history in log cabins, or log scooped-roofed shanties.

It has occurred to me that possibly there may be somewhere in our county a tolerably well-preserved specimen of the old shanty, and if it could be found someone who is able should send a photographer to take the picture, or this new "Pioneer and History" Society should undertake that very necessary duty, so that the experiences of those early times may not be so soon forgotten.

T.W.

XI.

Before passing backward to take up the mention of some incidents of the early settlement of the Penetanguishene Road, it struck me, on reflection, that some things should be written just here to put a sort of finish on what last appeared in your columns. I will do this in the form of notes, or addenda, or appendix. Call them what they are most like.

First.—I would not have it implied that I saw anything wrong, or out of the strictest propriety, in the large exercise of hospitality towards the people of his own class, coming to the country, on the part of the Governor of the Province. It was, indeed, much to his honour, and very good to the people so favoured, an evidence of the kindness of his heart and nothing out of keeping with his position. I would also say here that I cannot recall an instance of any gentleman abusing this kindness in a way to bring upon himself the application of the term "sponge." I would further say that I do not put in a claim that the more numerous common people should have had like hospitality extended to them. This would have been altogether impossible, and it would not have been agreeable to them, for there is in the great commonality of British people a deep love of independence, and as strong a dislike for being patronized in any way. Such hospitality was not thought of, nor desired. The only thing in this place which justifies the mention of it was the fact that these gentlemen carried letters to the Agent, enjoining the same attention to them by him. During the years 1833-34 it fell upon me to do the hospitalities in the absence of the Agent. The letters were then handed to me without hesitation, and in all cases I endeavoured to carry out the instructions. The question has arisen since: could, or would, the Governor have given these instructions to an officer on salary, never large in those times, if there was not a way of making a charge for their cost on the public purse? In such a case there would not be a fair distribution of what belonged to one class as much as to the other. The common people got no share of this. That fact is the only thing which at all justifies the mention of it.

Second.—In the latter part of the season of 1833, letters came

to the Agent from the office of the Governor's Secretary, informing him that a very large number of poor people, a peasant class, were on their way to the country, or would soon be on the way. They were mostly from estates in the Highlands of Scotland. That the landlords were putting them away from these estates so as to enlarge and extend the pasturages for sheep, deer parks, &c., and in order that much of the land, now yielding no profit, might be planted to forest. That quite a number of the same class of people were coming from one of the provinces of the Kingdom of Hanover, over which kingdom our British king, William IV., was still sovereign. These, too, must be provided for. Along with this information there was mentioned a scheme to only allot to these poor, dependent people five acres of land to each male, head of a family, and to reserve a block of land in rear of them for the young men, for a short time at least, until they grew to man's estate. This was the Governor's scheme, and the opinion of the Agent was asked as to the practical character of the plan, and whether he would undertake to work it out. I can well remember when this correspondence came. The Agent strongly disapproved of the scheme. It was "absurd," "ridiculous," stronger language even than that, some swearing. If they at headquarters could have sent their ears along with their letters it would have cost the Agent his appointment, for his language was far from complimentary to their sanity and intelligence. The trouble was to prepare a respectful reply which would not offend. The reply was that in his opinion it would fail in the practical effort to work it out; that it was not possible for these people so to cultivate five acres of bush land as to obtain a living from them.

The answer given did not satisfy the devisors of the five-acre scheme—it only seemed to irritate them. Orders were immediately sent to select a block of middling good land of about four hundred acres, as near to the present residence of the Agent as such a block could be found, send the name of a qualified surveyor, and the commission would at once be issued to sub-divide this block into five-acre lots. This was immediately done. The land was selected in the township of Sunnidale, on the west side of the Sunnidale road, at or near Brentwood of the present day, surveyed by Mr. Robert Ross, a Provincial surveyor just then settling in Barrie, and opened for settlement. A few families, mostly Highland Scotch—a good class of settlers—took up lots and built their shanties. Never more than half a score of families altogether settled upon this first five-acre block. As an experiment, it was a failure. Most of those who did settle on them looked upon them as a sort of half-way house, in which they could and did wait for something better in the future, and farther on, when the roads

were opened out. Some families coming just then took discouragement at the small quantity of land offered them, did not stay, but sought their location elsewhere. There were not many who did so, for at the same time land could be purchased, and many of these people who brought with them a few sovereigns did purchase. Some who were too poor to purchase, and could not go back for the same reason, were glad to remain, have their shanty built, and wait. There were other ties. Many families were neighbours in the old land and in many instances of kin to each other, and these ties are strong among the Scottish people and bind them together—called clannishness by those who do not know better—a very commendable feeling wherever it prevails. The descendants of these people are to be found to-day among the most comfortably circumstanced and prominent persons in the beautiful country beyond, which they helped to open up, and if any of the pioneers survive, and surely some do, they will only look back with pride to the early days and what they endured in them. I do not think the five-acre scheme in the first instance brought more privation and suffering to those settlers who accepted it than they would have met in settlement in any other way. It must have saved them inconveniences, for neighbours were by this means nearer to help each other. As a provision for families it was inadequate. As a plan to produce in the country an inferior and peasant class of people, which was certainly the design of its promoters, it does not display either wisdom or goodness. But as we shall see, the experiment was to be pursued in another place, and on a larger scale.

Memories—A New Series

Your readers will mostly know that the military road, called the Penetanguishene road, was the base of the first real settlement of the country north of Lake Simcoe. This road was designed to be a continuation north of the then already famous Yonge-street road, leading from York, the then capital of Upper Canada, to the Holland Landing, the southernmost point of the navigation of Lake Simcoe. About the year 1813 or '14 a Provincial surveyor, named Birdsall, was instructed by the authorities to run out a line from a point on Kempenfeldt Bay, Lake Simcoe, to a suitable point on the beautiful inlet of Penetanguishene. This line was to be a military road, but he was to lay out on both sides farm lots of one-quarter of a mile in width, and to limit the rear of these lots by parallel lines on the east and on the west, one mile and a quarter distant, making two hundred-acre farm lots, and numbering them towards the north. These lots numbered to upwards of 120. As these writings are memories, and I have no desire that they should be considered in any other character, I may say that it was my pleasure to meet the gentleman who did that surveying in the year 1836, near his place of dwelling, in the Township of Toronto, not far from the village of Churchville. He was then an elderly man, styled Major Birdsall, a much respected and influential magistrate. The centre line run by Mr. Birdsall has been pronounced by competent judges, who have observed its directness, one of the best, if not the most correct, lines run by compass for so long a distance through a wild, densely-timbered country, in the entire Province. The form and measurement of the lots on this line was the same as prevailed generally in the Province before that time, and as found in all the older settlements, and called to distinguish it from later forms, "The Old Survey." Very soon—the same autumn and winter—men were at work opening up, bridging and crosswaying this road to Penetanguishene, but intended only as a winter road for the passage of sleighs. It was some years afterwards before any vehicle with wheels attempted to pass upon it. As late as 1824-25 the settlers who needed any teaming done did it with sleighs, or wooden-runnered "jumpers," as they called them, drawn by oxen. The road was made along the centre line,

except where the makers thought it needful to deviate to avoid small lakes, swampy land, or steep hills, and for these purposes there were some pretty wide deviations, both east and west. This road was the base on which the first settlement was formed. I am not quite certain of the date of the sitting down of the first settlers. Our family came in 1822, but most of our neighbours said they came in three years before. That would take us back to 1819. I think this would apply generally to the first ten miles of the south end of the road. But there were some families settled at the north end within seven or eight miles of the Naval and Military establishment at Penetanguishene, generally spoken of as "The Establishment" by the settlers, traders and others, at that time, and for some years afterwards. With my father I visited this establishment in August of 1822, and took in the impression that the clearings and buildings of the settlers at that end of the road had the appearance of being older than the same things at the south end. I got the notion that they might have been in earlier by a year or two, but not more. The road, if we do not mention the bridges over streams and some short pieces of crossway, was not much more than a trail through the woods, north of the first twelve miles, a very hard road to travel, used as a road in summer only by persons on foot or horseback, and very little of the latter, for less than half-a-dozen would number all the horses in the settlement, taking in both ends. Cattle would also be driven up the road as beef supply for the establishment, and for the use of settlers. The road was also used when the soldiers of the garrison were relieved, one corps or regiment for another. I remember when a company of the 79th Regiment was marching up to relieve a company of the 71st Regiment, that two men of the former died upon the road from hard travel, great heat of the weather, mosquitoes, and bad beer they had been drinking made and sold to them by one of the settlers. The officer commanding was court-marshalled and censured severely when it was found that he had not appointed a rear guard to look after stragglers. When the ice on Lake Simcoe would become strong enough to carry teams, say from the middle of January until after the middle of March, there would be some lively times on the road teaming supplies with sleighs to the establishment, to the fur traders and the settlers. The only access to the settlement from the front was by Lake Simcoe—in the summer by small sailing vessels and row boats, and in the winter over the ice. There was no land road until 1826 or '27. A mere track, or trail, was run through Innisfil about that time, and settlers began to come in upon it. All the supplies needed by the people, except what grew on their new farms, had to be brought either by boat or teamed over the ice in

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

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

"Indigent Settlers" in documents issued by Government. But more of this when I come to individualise the families of which the settlement was composed. It is not at all likely that any of them knew what to provide, nor had they a conception of what they would have to do or endure to carry out the enterprise they had entered into. Many of them brought full chests of raiment, but it was mostly unsuitable to the country and climate. Only to think of having garments made of moleskin, corduroy, and broadcloth in a Canadian winter, with snow three feet in depth, and shoes with thick soles driven full of hob-nails. The Irishman's frieze was a better clothing. I remember hearing one man say he had brought out stockings—yes, stockings—to last him and his boys five years, but they were not suitable, and involved suffering, and did not last the "five years." And how to have them succeeded by more suitable raiment was very often a most serious question, the only answer to which, in many thrifty cases, was patch upon patch. Then in their food certain things which are always considered essential to the civilised man's table were always scarce, sometimes short, and for long spaces altogether absent. Every pound of flour was brought distances from fifty to seventy miles until the later part of 1826. With perhaps every family there were scarce times, with some longer or shorter periods of "no bread." Tea and coffee, unless made of herbs or roasted grain, was a luxury only indulged in by adults, and not by all of them. Tea was never less—often much more—than \$1 the pound. I will finish this Memory by giving it as my opinion that had it not been for the Naval and Military Establishment at Penetanguishene, which was maintained until 1831, and in which quite an amount of money was expended from year to year, giving good markets and good prices for many things produced by the settlers, the settlement would of necessity have been a failure. Several of the first went away discouraged, others would have followed until none were left. But I think none of the families which held on and persevered have any regrets on that account. In some of my future papers I will describe a dinner at which I took part—a feast in those times, when bread and tea were scarce.

Addendum.

Editor of the Packet :

SIR,—In fulfilment of my promise I will recall the memory of some incidents in the life of the late Rev. Dr. Rose, and will begin with my earliest recollections. During the later years of the second decade the township of Innisfil began to fill up with settlers. They were generally a good class of people. Many of them, perhaps the greater part, had been previously settled in some older part of our Province. Some were directly from the old countries—England, Scotland, and Ireland. Protestants were by far the most numerous, and they were in their religious holdings about equally divided among the leading denominations of our Protestant Christianity. One family of Scottish origin claimed affinity to what was then, and is still, one of the smallest religious bodies in our country—the Congregationalists. They were godly, good-living people, though thought by some of their neighbours to be narrow, somewhat exclusive in their recognition of others as brethren in Christ. They seemed to hold so strongly to certain views of religious truth and practice as to suggest to broader minds the idea of bigotry. They were, however, held in esteem and trusted as leading pure lives, by all who were well acquainted with them. I have been told that from the first of their settlement the old gentleman—Mr. Climie—was not only in the habit of maintaining family worship, but that on Sundays his neighbours were invited to join them—in his house, in a more public acknowledgment of Divine things—in a large service of praise and prayer, the reading and expounding of Holy Scripture. I know that a few years afterwards there was in the neighbourhood a regularly constituted Congregationalist church, of which Mr. Climie was the chosen pastor, and it was there for several years. But I am writing of the earlier years. Two of the sons of this family had acquired skill in mason work. They could lay stone and brick, and what is more, they could build chimneys which carried their smoke upwards and did not spread it through the house—a great thing in those days, when cooking stoves had not become general. They were patronised

extensively in the older settlements to the east and south of their home. While at this work they met with a religious people holding and teaching doctrines and practices altogether new to them. The people called themselves "Christians," as if they, and they only, had claim to the name believers were given "first in Antioch." People mostly spoke of them as Chrystians, as if spelt with a very long "i" or "y." They were a kind of Unitarian Baptists, holding strongly to baptism by immersion, and denying the Deity of the Blessed Lord. At least this was their teaching at the time of which I am writing. In their worship—the singing, prayers, and preaching—they carried a great appearance of earnestness; seemed to cultivate the emotional in their manner. Our young friends were brought to a good degree under the influence of these people, so much so as to give some fear to the mind of their godly and orthodox father. It was at this time Samuel Rose, a licensed probationer for the ministry of the Methodist Church, had assigned to him a mission to the settlements in the townships west of Yonge-street. In the Record his station is called "Albion." His work, however, extended into all the adjoining townships. The fame of his work must have reached Innisfil, for our friend, Mr. Climie, thinking that Methodist teaching would not be as harmful as some others—it was certainly orthodox—set out in quest of the missionary and found him. After hearing him preach, he sought and obtained an interview. Relating to him his troubles and anxieties, he put to him the question, "Will you undertake to preach a discourse on the great Christian doctrine of the Trinity in unity, and especially to maintain the Godhead, the Deity, of the Blessed Christ?" Mr. Rose answered at once that he could and would, that his attention had been specially directed to that subject lately. An appointment was made and Mr. Climie hastened home to prepare his family and neighbours for the visit of the man of God. The time was not long in coming round. The preacher was on hand and, like Cornelius, Mr. Climie had filled his house with friends and neighbours. The service was held. The preaching must have given satisfaction—to the old gentleman especially—for before the meeting was closed with a last song of praise, he rose up and, grasping the preacher by the hand, he thanked him heartily in his own behalf and for all present for his discourse; for his able presentation of those grand foundation truths of our blessed religion. What the after effect was I am not able to say. I know, however, that Mr. Climie and his family persevered in their good course. Some years afterwards I spent a pleasant Sabbath with them, worshipping in a snug log meeting-house. The eldest son of the family entered the ministry, lived and laboured an honoured and useful minister of the Congregational body. It might be

thought by some persons that Mr. Rose was a little venturesome, if nothing worse, for a man so young and with so little experience to undertake so great a work as the exposition and defence of this great Christian mystery—the Trinity in unity, the Deity of the Blessed Christ. Many older, well equipped men would have shrunk from the undertaking. But here we see his sense of duty, his admirable courage. "He was sent for the defence of the gospel;" felt and acted from this conviction. The spirit of that time was different from the present. Preaching was more doctrinal; more exposition and argument on doctrinal matters than now. Even young men were expected to be up in all matters of religious controversy. Back in "the forties" the Methodist Church used means to keep up her people's interest in missions which she uses no longer. Then the method was to have deputations of two or more leading ministers to traverse large sections of country, preach as far as they could in the churches on Sunday, and hold platform meetings through the week. These deputations made some long journeys and were out for some weeks in succession. It was quite a tax on some of our leading men. Mr. Rose had been engaged in that way, and returning towards home he called for a visit and a mid-day rest with a friend in one of the villages. When the time came for resuming the journey his host and he were passing behind a horse in one of the stalls, which threw out its heels and struck Mr. Rose in the side of his head and sent him staggering over the floor, and falling into a condition of unconsciousness, from which he was revived with some difficulty. When he was becoming conscious the doctor was giving him something in a teaspoon, and he asked, "What are you giving me?" "Brandy." He paused a little as if thinking, then asked, "Is it necessary to save my life that I should take brandy?" The doctor said he thought it was. "Well," said Mr. Rose, "as long as you think so, give it me, and when you think I can live without it, give me no more, for I am pledged total abstainer." It is thought that this valuable life would then have been cut short but for the fact that the horse's foot was filled with dung. One of the caulks made a slight abrasion on his temple and another made a mark on his neck. I had the fact from the doctor who attended him. He concluded his story by remarking, "You might trust a man who remembers his pledge like that."

THOS. WILLIAMS.

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