

OUR FOREST HOME

STEWART



MRS. STEWART.
Aged 72 years.

OUR FOREST HOME

BEING

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

FRANCES STEWART

COMPILED AND EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER

E. S. DUNLOP.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

Knowing how precious my mother's journals and letters are, and that they are now scattered among various members of the family in Canada and Ireland, I have corresponded with those more distant and collected from those who are near, and have been able to compile the present volume as a means of preserving from gradual extinction what cannot help being of great interest and use to her descendants for many coming generations. Her friend, Miss Beaufort, was requested by some of her friends to do something of this kind, as I find from the following extract dated in 1833 :—

"Some friends are most anxious to have a collection of your letters printed, with a little history of you between, to connect them together. But I am not at all inclined to do so ; the letters would be spoiled by cutting and carving, and omitting the tender expressions which are so delightful to us. I feel jealous that outside people should see them." Such were the words of an accomplished authoress many years ago. And it has now devolved on me to do in an imperfect manner what she did not like to do.

My first idea was that this volume should only be for members of our own family, but so many incidents and events of great public interest are recorded by my mother relating to the early days of the town and country about Peterboro, that I have been persuaded to give it to the public. The many little incidents and observations relating to her own children and household details cannot be expected to interest those outside the family. But as they are fondly looked back to by the older members of the family, who remember the happy days of their childhood, and as the book was originally intended *only* for the family, it is hoped that these things will be looked upon with a lenient eye. My mother was impressed with the belief in an over-ruling Providence, and the whole tone of her letters is of submission and thankfulness, as her life was in simple trust in Him.

I also wish to say that thanks are due, and are gratefully offered, to my mother's correspondents, who so long preserved these letters. Also to my friend, Mr. Arnold Haultain, who has generously given his time to overlooking all matters connected with the publication of the work.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

So many requests have been made from time to time for a second edition of "OUR FOREST HOME" that my aunt has decided to comply with the demand ; the more willingly because, in the meantime, other letters of great interest have been sent to her from Ireland. However, feeling herself unable to undertake the necessary labor alone, she handed the work over to me, but every change has been made, every additional letter inserted, subject to her oversight and approval.

Several photographs, copies of some old sketches of Peterborough and a short history of the town have also been added in this edition, thus making it even more interesting than the first one for the descendants (now scattered far and wide in every quarter of the globe) of those early settlers whose experiences were in many ways similar to those so graphically described in these letters of my grandmother's.

FRANCES BROWN.

Montreal.



OLD LETTERS.

OLD LETTERS.

“ Old letters ! Oh, then spare them—
They are priceless for their age !
I love—oh, how I love to see
Each yellow, time-stained page !
They tell of joys that are no more,
Of hopes that long have fled ;
Old letters ! Oh, then spare them—
They are sacred to the dead !

“ They tell of times—of happy times
In years long, *long* gone by ;
Of dear ones who have ceased to live
But in the memory ;
They picture many a bright, bright scene,
In sunny days of yore ;
Old letters ! Oh, then spare them !
They are a priceless store.

“ Oh, ye are now the only links
That bind us to the past ;
Sweet, sweet memorials of the days
Too happy far to last.
The tear-drop fills again the eye,
Whence tears had almost fled ;
Old letters ! Ye are precious—
Ye are sacred to the dead.”

—A *Clipping from an old Scrap-Book.*

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MR. STEWART,
From a portrait painted before leaving Ireland.

OUR FOREST HOME

PART I.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

ON the 1st of June, 1822, the ship *George* sailed from 1822.
the city of Belfast for Quebec, having on board two families with their servants and all imaginable requisites in the way of tools and implements, household furniture, etc., etc. for a settlement in the far-off backwoods of Upper Canada. The heads of these two families, Mr. Stewart and his brother-in-law Mr. Reid, had been junior partners in a wealthy manufacturing firm in the County of Antrim, Ireland, which, through the mismanagement and extravagance of the principal partner, together with other causes impossible to foresee, failed. Mr. Stewart, with his family, resolved to emigrate, thinking that the little which had been saved from their wrecked fortune would be sufficient to establish them comfortably in the New World, little knowing how much would be necessary to effect such a settlement. Mr. Stewart, the beloved and honoured father and grandfather of those for whom this little volume is prepared, was of an uncommonly lively and energetic disposition, genial, af-

1822. fable and highly honourable. Unfortunately his health was not very robust, having met with a serious fall in his youth which resulted in a life-long lameness, obliging him always to walk with a stick, a great hindrance to activity. Under these circumstances most men would have shrunk from the hardships and privations of a backwoods life, but the desire of making a new and independent home outweighed both these difficulties and the arguments and entreaties of friends, and to Canada he came, with his wife and little family.

Mrs. Stewart had been brought up in all the refinements of high cultivation. Miss Beaufort and Miss Edgeworth were her early and true friends, their loving intercourse extending through life. Miss Edgeworth at this time exerted her influence with some members of the Government and thus gained many advantages for our colonists which they would not otherwise have enjoyed, and which went far towards mitigating the hardships to which they voluntarily subjected themselves.

My mother kept a regular journal during the long voyage across the Atlantic, from which I will now give a few extracts, showing how cheerfully she looked upon all her surroundings, always trying to bring out the brightest side :—

June 1st “ SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1822.—Our family, accompanied by some of the Reids and our dear sister Mrs. Mitchell, left White Abbey in the barge ; our kind friend Mr. Quin was also with us. We soon reached the brig *George* which lay at anchor nearly

opposite White Abbey, and which was to convey us to 1822.
Quebec. About two hours after we had come on board Captain Thompson arrived, and gave orders for sailing immediately. This gave us some uneasiness, as, not expecting to sail till next day, Mr. Reid had gone to Belfast and had not yet returned. At one o'clock we set sail. It was a charming day. The Cave Hill and the shore on both sides of the Lough looked more lovely than ever. After we had proceeded beyond Carrickfergus we saw Mr. Quin's boat following and gaining on us rapidly; this set our minds at ease about Mr. Reid, but a sad trial awaited us, for the boat which brought him was to convey back our dear friends the Mitchells, Alexander Wilson and Mr. Quin, as well as several others who had accompanied us so far on our voyage.

"JUNE 2, SUNDAY.—A fine day. After breakfast, June 2nd not feeling sick, I went on deck. I saw the fine northern coast of dear Ireland in beautiful blue distance, and the island of Rathlin; but I was soon obliged to shut my eyes as the motion of the vessel, though very smooth, gave me violent pain in them and made my head giddy. We all went to bed about nine. In the middle of the night a great swell came on, and such a roll that I could scarcely keep from tumbling over my little bedfellow Bessie. About two o'clock in the morning the carpenter came into the cabin to put in the deadlights. Just then the vessel gave such a lurch that all our trunks, boxes and baskets came sliding down to the lee-side of the ship. Towards morning the swell abated a little and I went on deck to see the last of dear Ireland. It was a dull, grey

1822. morning, but I watched as long as I could see a glimpse of land." (It was the last for ever.)
- July 1st "JULY 1ST, 1822.—We are now on the great Bank of Newfoundland and have just dined heartily off a most excellent cod which T——" (my father) "caught yesterday evening. We have hitherto had a most prosperous and even a pleasant passage. I have not been in the least ill, though we have had some very sickening nights. For the first fortnight we got on very fast indeed and hoped to have reached Quebec by this time ; but for the last ten days we have had a great deal of calm weather and when there was any wind it was not quite favourable. By tacking constantly we have arrived so far. We have much reason to be thankful that we have had such a voyage, with so little sickness.

"We are as comfortably settled in this vessel as such a number could be in so confined a spot. We have one very large cabin in which all the Reids sleep. Mr. R. and T——swing in the middle in cots. In this cabin we eat, and in bad weather we sit there. I have the little state cabin for my party ; there are two good and very wide berths in it in one of which I sleep with my nursling. My two little girls A. and E. with my maid have the other. I am very comfortable here and quite independent ; and though I have only just room to stand up and dress myself, I am much happier than if we were all together. It is very nice to have this cabin to which I may retire whenever I like. When the weather is fine I sit on deck all day, except at meal times. For the last week the weather has been foggy, damp and

cold. On Midsummer day the thermometer was 1822.
only 42° at noon. This sort of weather is very common here and is disheartening just now, as I am in a state of feverish impatience which I cannot conquer to get to the end of our voyage and settled in our own log-house. We have no passengers whose society could be the least pleasant to us. The captain is just what you might expect to find one who was raised from the position of a common sailor. He is rough, but anxious to pay us every attention in his power and very good to the children. We are beginning to rock so much that I must stop writing. Though not sick I have had some bad headaches and am sometimes stupefied and unable to fix my eyes on anything.

“JULY 10TH.—Ten days have passed since I last July 10th wrote and as yet we have made very little progress. However, for two days we were cheered by being within sight of land, a delightful rest for our eyes after having seen nothing but the boundless ocean for thirty-three days. This land was the southern, or south-eastern part of Newfoundland. On Monday we were between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape North in the island of Cape Breton. To-day we have been for the most part out of sight of land, but now and then had a very indistinct view of Anticosti a large island 130 miles long and 30 miles wide covered with stunted trees, but uninhabited. We have several times seen whales at a distance spouting their *jets d'eau* into the air, but they have not been very near and we could only distinguish the immense bodies of the creatures ; but we have often seen a

1822. smaller species which come closer to us and spout in the same way. In the middle of the Atlantic we were accompanied by little birds called 'Mother Carey's chickens,' very pretty little creatures of the swallow tribe, but web-footed. When we were about half-way across a poor little house-swallow flew into the rigging and was caught. We have seen numbers of a species of puffin I believe, called sheerwaters because they skim on the surface of the water and seem to cut through the waves. About a week ago a little bird was found in one of the boats and I took it to nurse, as it proved to be a land bird and we were not near land at the time. It is quite like our grey linnet, but the bill is very long and crosses over at the point like the crossbill. I have kept it in a basket. It is going on very well and is so tame now that it eats out of our hands and sits on our heads ; it is a dear little thing, but does not attempt any song. We are now in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and the weather is extremely cold. The water, from the time we entered the Gulf, had a brown colour, quite different from the fine dark-blue of the Atlantic.

July 13th "JULY 13TH.—When we went up on deck, after having prayers in the cabin we learned that we had had a narrow escape in the night from being run down by a large vessel in the dense fog. This evening we took a pilot on board ; the weather was most beautiful and everything seemed to promise a prosperous voyage to Quebec. Our pilot says that we have not yet come to Bic Island ; Captain Thompson says that, according to his calculations, we have passed it.

“SUNDAY, JULY 14. A fine warm morning, but the fog so thick that we could not see land on either side. Captain T—— wished the pilot to anchor until he could ascertain our whereabouts as there are many islands in this part of the river and the navigation requires some skill. The pilot assured him there was no danger as he was certain we had not yet passed Bic. But a few hours proved he was wrong, for about half-past twelve when we were all assembled in the cabin we felt a dreadful shock and a strange and horrible sensation, as if every piece of timber in the side of the vessel was being torn out. We ran up as fast as possible and found the ship had struck a rock and was fast on it. As the tide was now ebbing nothing could be ascertained as to the extent of the damage, nor could the vessel be removed until the tide flowed again. In the meantime all was a scene of confusion and terror; the passengers in the hold became very clamorous and the captain with difficulty prevailed upon them to remain in the vessel until he could discover whether there was much danger. About one o'clock in the afternoon the fog cleared off, and we found we were lying close to a small bare island with large trees on it, and reefs of rock stretching from it like the rays of a star-fish. Our ship had got in between two of these reefs in a most extraordinary way and was stuck fast upon a third. As the water became shallow we could plainly see the rock under her. The pilot now pronounced this to be *Red Island* and said that we must have passed Bic long before. Captain Thompson, Mr. Reid and some others went off in the smallest boat to see what could be done in case the

1822.
July 14th

1822. ship should prove to be much injured. They soon returned, accompanied by four men in a canoe who were all Canadians and spoke only French, but I could not understand it, it was quite different from the French to which I have been accustomed. These men are dark-complexioned, with brown eyes and long noses, rather handsome ; they wore *mocassins*, a kind of shoe made of deer-skin without any sole and tied round the ankle. When our passengers found land so near they wanted to swim or wade to the shore, but the Captain prevailed on them to wait a little longer and promised that in case of danger all should be safely landed on the island. We continued in a state of suspense until the rising tide enabled the ship to move a little, when she was towed round the reef of rocks, found still sea-worthy, and we set sail again and at low water anchored at Green Island.

July 15th " MONDAY JULY 15.—We liked to see all we could on land, and accordingly the small boat was prepared for a party to go to the southern shore. Mr. Reid, T—, and myself, with some others, set out and soon had our feet once more on dry land. The ground along the shore was covered with white clover and blue irises which looked charmingly gay and glowing to our eyes, so long accustomed to the sameness of the ocean view. We saw some Indian huts, or wigwams, near us, and went to them. The Indians looked at us inquisitively, but seemed to wish to keep at a distance. The men were employed in making brooms ; the women, or squaws, in making baskets. They use little hammocks for their infants.

" JULY 16.—We anchored again at low water, thus giving the passengers another opportunity for going ashore. A large party set off in the long-boat to visit Hare Island which is long in shape and well wooded, about ninety miles from Quebec, and has its name from the hares which are said to abound on it ; however, none of our party saw any. I did not go this time as Mrs. Reid and I together cannot leave the children. While they were away the tide rose and a breeze sprang up, so the captain set sail, but as he was obliged to tack every five or ten minutes he knew they could overtake us. However, as it required great exertion to steer the boat against the current which is very strong here, they were not able to reach us till nearly evening, when we anchored again. The scenery in this part of the St. Lawrence River, and indeed all along it, is very beautiful ; the rich verdure of the wooded islands forms a fine contrast to the dark mountains which rise behind, covered to their summits with gloomy forests. Along the southern shore there is a broad strip of cleared land, with houses and pretty villages, but the opposite side seems quite uncultivated, with fine ranges of rugged hills.

" WEDNESDAY, JULY 17.—At the time of anchoring a party from the *George* went to the pretty village of Kamouraska where they procured some loaves of bread and jars of milk which were most refreshing to us poor voyagers. Our passage to Quebec is very tedious from being obliged to wait every day for the tide to carry us, as the wind is contrary. We saw in the distance the beautiful and famous Falls of Montmorencie which I should have enjoyed visiting, but

1822. the captain would not allow us to stop as the tide just then favoured our advance to Quebec. The Falls of Montmorencie are much visited in winter on account of the beautiful cone of ice which forms at the foot of the rocks from the foam and spray freezing in their descent. It is about fifty yards high."

On the 21st of July the ship arrived at Quebec in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm, the wind caused all the vessels in the harbour to knock and crash against each other. My father had letters to the Bishop of Quebec, then the only Protestant Bishop in Canada, and a most hearty welcome was extended from him and his extremely kind and hospitable family. A pleasant week was spent here, which was improved by gaining valuable information about the country, its inhabitants and state of society, and visiting the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood.

July 21st On July 26 the voyage was continued to Montreal, where they remained some days to procure provisions and other necessaries for their farther journey. It may be of interest to state here that the ship *George*, in which so many happy hours had been spent, was lost on her return voyage, all hands however being saved. When leaving Montreal my father and mother were driven to Lachine by a Mr. Sweeney, formerly of Belfast, a kind and obliging friend. The rest of the family with the servants and luggage, followed in carts and waggons. They were warned of the trials to be expected on the western voyage, but my mother says in one of her letters: "We met with no hardships, and but few difficulties."

“ AUGUST 1ST.—The sun was very overpowering and the sailors would not permit us to keep up our umbrellas as they both prevented them seeing and collected the wind, so we had no shelter. It happened fortunately that for the remainder of the eight days’ voyage to Kingston the sun was hidden by clouds.” The first night of this voyage they stopped at an inn, but between the heat and visitations of troublesome insects could not sleep. The remainder of the trip was better, for my mother goes on to say : “Our days are passed in a monotonous manner, only stopping for the boatmen to eat, which they do often ; their food is raw pork and hard biscuit which they enjoy much ; they drink quantities of the lake water. In the morning before setting out they always had hot pea-soup. Occasionally when they stopped we contrived to replenish our store of bread and milk ; we had cold meat, and some shrub mixed with milk and water made a cool, refreshing drink. We were in many farm-houses, some large, some small, but all with the appearance of comfort and plenty. The people always had enough bread to spare two or three loaves for us, and we usually had six or seven quarts of milk at a time. The houses were invariably clean to a nicety and well supplied with plain, good furniture ; the beds were excellent, with white sheets folded over the bolster. But these houses belonged to *established emigrants* who had been here four or five years. The Irish were always anxious to know ‘where we came from,’ and asked many questions about ‘home.’ I met a poor woman, who had come from County Cavan two years before ;

1822.
Aug. 1st

1822. she had a nice little house, though not so clean and comfortable as those of the older settlers. Most of the farmers in the townships through which we passed were English or Scotch people ; a few were Americans. One evening, when we had stopped rather late, we found a house a few fields back from the river where we asked leave to sleep in the barn, as it was larger than the house and full of sweet, new hay, on which we laid our mattresses and blankets and slept well. The next day we came to a very nice looking cottage with green outside shutters which are very common here ; we were shown round to the back door and into the kitchen, where there was a charming fire, no unwelcome sight, as it was cold and frosty ; the family were all seated around it—the mistress of the house, a respectable, elderly-looking woman, her daughter-in-law and several fine, chubby grandchildren who looked as if they had every comfort of this life richly to enjoy. They were very hospitable and gave us the choice of four rooms, or all of them if we wished. So we went to bed and would have been very comfortable but for the cold. We rose about five o'clock and went into the kitchen where we found an old, stout-looking man warming himself by the fire ; he was the master of the house and had just returned from Kingston, sixty miles off. He had travelled all night and spoke of it as a thing which happened so often that he thought nothing of it.

“The next evening it was nearly dark before the boatmen would stop ; it was very cold, and I thought to myself that here we would have to sleep on the cold rocks, for no house had we seen for miles, nothing but

woods, rocks and rocky islands. We had come to a part of the river called 'Mille Isles,' where the scenery is most sublime and magnificent. The grandeur of the high, rocky banks, where no sound but the cry of a distant eagle broke the solemn stillness, gave one a feeling of an intense awe and a strong realization of the power and glory of God. After going on for some time we came to a more cultivated, at least a more cleared, part of the country, and thought we saw smoke. In this we were not disappointed, but when we came to the house we found it inhabited by an Indian family who had no furniture nor comfort of any kind, neither door nor window in the building. They could neither understand us, nor we them, so we stood in dismay considering what we should do. At last we espied a man coming towards us ; he had seen our boats and kindly came to offer us lodgings and assistance. This, you may think, we gladly accepted and followed him about a quarter of a mile towards the forest, and there, in a nook amidst woods and rocks, we saw two cottages, snug and tidy, in one of which our good-natured guide lived, and in the other his old father and mother whom we went to visit. The old man has been here thirty-five years ; he makes cider and cultivates a nice little garden in which he takes great delight. In his son's house we found all the hospitality which we had been led to expect from his first kindness to us. His wife, a young Englishwoman, without asking any questions, made a great potful of 'suppone,' or Indian cornmeal stirabout, and laid out a nice tidy table for our children's supper. Her cows had not come in from pasture, so she had

1822. not much milk, but when one of my little ones asked for more she emptied the cream which she had laid by for her own tea into the child's dish. I never saw more good-natured people, nor such a sweet, retired spot as their home is. I felt quite sorry to leave next morning.

Aug. 8th "AUGUST 8TH.—On Thursday night about eleven o'clock we reached Kingston ; it was so late we could not find any house open to procure lodging, so we spread our mattresses on the top of our chests, wrapped ourselves in blankets, and slept in the boats ; and although the dew was so heavy that our pillows were perfectly wet except just where our heads had been, none of us took cold. What reasons we have to be grateful, for nothing but prosperity has attended us since we entered this country."

They had been eight days coming from Montreal to Kingston, one hundred and ninety-eight miles. A few days rest at the latter place was most acceptable after the exposure and hardships of ascending the St. Lawrence in these open boats, or *batteaux* as they are called by the French people. Under the hot sun by day ; exposed to the dews of the night ; coarse fare, and no means of proper cooking ; the necessity of listening to the rough language of their boatmen who were often drunk—all these trials were either ignored altogether, or passed over without a word at the time, but afterwards we often spoke of them when looking back.

On the 12th they again sailed. This time for the capital of Upper Canada, where they arrived on the 14th. York, as it was then called, is thus described

by my mother : "The town or village of York looked pretty from the lake as we sailed up in a schooner, but on our landing we found it not a pleasant place, as it is sunk down in a little amphitheatre cut out of the great bleak forest. The lake in front is full of rushes which have been cut and left to decay in the shallow water, causing it to be very unhealthy. It is not a healthy town (fever and ague are common), and it is said to be much fallen off within the last two years ; a deadness hangs over everything. Kingston is much preferred as a place of residence."

At this time Colonel Foster, Adjutant-General to Sir Peregrine Maitland and a connection by marriage of my mother's, was living about two miles out of the town at the garrison barracks. As soon as possible my father and mother walked out to announce their arrival. They found Colonel Foster working in his garden and most delighted to welcome them. He told them that there were two empty houses in the barracks which would be much more comfortable and healthy than the one in town and offered the use of them after asking the consent of Sir Peregrine who was then at Niagara. As soon as the answer arrived, which was in a few days, we removed to these pleasant quarters about which my mother says : "We are in the nicest and tidiest house in the village and we have it all to ourselves. The Fosters are most friendly and think of everything to add to our comfort. They have lent us four chairs, a table for our parlour, and two bedsteads, besides having a store of firewood laid by our door, also two puncheons of soft water for washing. These little attentions make almost more im-

1822. pression than great ones, as the knowledge of how to procure these necessities is a difficulty. Colonel Foster comes to the village every day to talk with T—— and accompany him to all the different offices and people who have to be visited to obtain information. And if Mrs. Foster had been my sister she could not have been more uniformly kind.

“The little house consists of four rooms, with a passage through the middle. We have a magnificent sofa made by laying the frame of T——’s cot on two trunks and covering all over with a large window curtain which was once festooned in the drawing-room at White House ; another frame covered by another curtain forms the back of the sofa.

“We were advised to apply for a grant of land instead of purchasing a farm ; a petition therefore was laid before the Executive Council asking for twelve hundred acres for each of the gentlemen. It was read at the Council and the next day Mr. Stewart received this satisfactory reply : ‘Colonel Foster to-day called upon Major Hilliar, Secretary to Gen. Maitland, your business being the subject of conversation, Major Hilliar said that the Governor was so anxious to give you every advantage that he would, without reserve, grant everything you may ask within the bounds of reason.’ This is great encouragement. Besides the land, we were given permission to choose the situation in any part of the Province we please, and the Township of Douro was advised, as an unbroken place, to draw our large grant.”

As the autumn was advancing and it was necessary to become permanently settled before winter, my father

and Mr. Reid set out on the 9th September to drive to Douro and view their new possessions ; they returned within two weeks and reported most favourably : "Beyond all expectations, and in every point equal to our wishes. The land is excellent and the country beautiful ; the Otonabee, a broad, rapid river, runs along one side of the township. The air is very pure as the ground is constantly rising back from the river whose rapid course increases the purity. The trees are very fine, one maple being eighteen feet in circumference."

Unfortunately during this first visit to the backwoods my father caught that pest of the new settlers, lake fever. When they got back to Cobourg, he was obliged to take to his bed, but received every kindness and attention from the gentlemen living there, particularly the Rev. Mr. McAuley, the English Church clergyman, to whose house he was removed when so ill. He wrote to my mother giving her an account of his explorations but omitting any mention of his illness, or at least making very light of it and giving directions for the family to join him as soon as possible. Accordingly on the 28th September they took leave of their kind friends at York. The captain of the schooner in which they embarked at York they found to be a rough, surly, vulgar wretch, who gave them a good deal of annoyance. The cabin they occupied opened into his and he amused himself by locking the door between and would only open it when he chose ; he would not permit them to have their dinner until he had finished his own and would then draw his table across the door and sit on it kicking his feet

1822. against it, until our dinner was quite spoiled. At length his conduct grew so unbearable that my mother resolved upon a plan. She called out to him asking if he knew Mr. Bethune or Mr. Henry in Cobourg (as my father had mentioned these gentlemen's names). He answered, "Yes." She then told him that, upon their arrival at Cobourg, she would report his conduct to them. This had the desired effect as he immediately descended to the most cringing humility, supplied them with everything they required, and was civil and attentive during the remainder of the passage. This was very fortunate, as towards evening a great storm came on and prevented them landing at Cobourg. When we arose next morning fancy my mother's disappointment on looking out to find we were back again at York which we had so lately left. The harbour at Cobourg was not sheltered enough to venture in during the storm ; when the weather moderated next day we landed. As the vessel was nearing the wharf we strained our eyes amongst the people who were standing there to see my father. My mother did not like to get off the vessel till she saw some one to help her little children. However, she went off holding the two eldest children by the hands, and the maid carrying the baby. She saw a light waggon coming towards them in which was a bed with a pale sick looking man lying on it. She was just passing the waggon when she heard a feeble voice saying, "Mrs. Stewart come here," and, on reaching the waggon, there she saw my father lying on his back so weak he could hardly hold out his hand to her. A feeling of loneliness crept over her, being in a strange place with her husband too ill

to stand or to talk to her. Mr. McAuley took us all home with him until we could move into our house, which we soon did, as one had been prepared for us by a gentleman who owned it, but it was in a very unfinished state. It looked well on the outside but there were no doors to the rooms ; we used blanket substitutes. There was only one fireplace in the house and that in the kitchen. The situation was very much exposed, being on the lake shore, and, as we had several nights of severe frost and high wind and snow it was no wonder some of us were ill. Anna, my eldest sister, took the fever just, as my father began to recover, and the servant fell, while carrying a tub of water, on the icy steps and broke some of her ribs. So my mother had her hands full. As the maid was laid up for some time, she had to cook and, never having done so before, she was obliged to refer to her cookery-book for directions. Mrs. Henry and several other ladies very kindly came to her assistance and taught her how to make bread, yeast, and soap, etc. My uncle Mr. Reid, started for Douro with a number of workmen to build log houses and clear land ; it was expected all would be ready in the course of two months. The distance between the Pioneers and the families in Cobourg was very disheartening ; no way of hearing from each other should accidents or sickness occur, as the latter did indeed, Mrs. Reid losing a little infant only a few days old.

As soon as my father recovered enough to travel he set out for Douro with supplies, and the journey can best be told by his own words in a letter to his mother dated December 15th.

Dec. 15th

1822. "I was waiting till I had seen our lands before I wrote to you. I went up there some time ago with provisions and warm clothing to Mr. Reid and the party who have been working at the building of houses and clearing of land, The township in which we have got land is called Douro and is just thirty-six miles due north of this place. I will give you a short description of my little journey up there. I took M—R— with me and Wm. McCormack. I hired a yoke of oxen and a cart to carry us and our luggage to Rice Lake, so called from the great quantity of rice that grows in it, which is very nice for soup, etc. We had a rough ride of it as the road is very bad through the woods. We got to the ferry house at dark and the next morning the boat with our luggage and ourselves was ready to start about noon. We went right across the beautiful Rice Lake. All it wants to equal Killarney is the mountains. There are some beautiful islands covered with woods, and long points running out into the lake which is twenty-five miles long and about three wide. After rowing about three-quarters of an hour we entered the fine and noble river Otonabee. To describe it is beyond my pen ; but you may conceive a deep and slow-running stream about three times as wide as the Liffey bordered at both sides to the water's edge with large trees, and the banks in general rising from the water to a considerable height, except here and there where you can see a few acres cleared away and a neat log house built. Almost all these houses are inhabited by naval or military officers.

"As it was very late when we started from the ferry house we were not able to go more than fifteen miles

before night. Then bad weather came on and as I 1822.
wished to keep my baggage dry we stopped at a good
place to shelter the boat and build a shanty for the
night. Fortunately we came to a place where some
boards were laid up on the bank, so we pushed for the
shore. Our party consisted of five men, besides M—
and myself. Every man to his post. Two were em-
ployed in securing the luggage and boat, one to make
a fire, and two to cut down trees for our shanty and
firewood; M— and I under a tree to keep ourselves
dry and to look on. In ten minutes exactly we were in
our new house for the night, well sheltered from the
rain and wind, with a fire that would have roasted the
largest ox in the County of Meath. Dry boards to
sleep on. Each one had a blanket with him. The
rain now began to come down in torrents. Yet so
great is the love of gain with the Indians and Ameri-
cans, (for our boatmen were Kannucks, not British-
Americans), that when a canoe came from the other
side of the river (where there was an Indian encamp-
ment) with two Indians who wished to trade with us
and offered guns for whiskey, tobacco or bread, our
captain, in spite of the storm, went over with
them to see what they had, with a charge from me
to bring back some venison if they had any to sell.
In about half an hour he returned with two Indians,
a few skins and a large piece of venison that had
been killed that morning. I bought the skin of
the deer and the horns; for the venison, skin and
horns I gave two quarts of whiskey which was worth
fourteen pence, only seven pence a quart. So, now to
cook our supper we went next. One of the Indians

1822. named Peter, who spoke very good English, was our cook. He took the venison, cut it with his knife and put salt into it, then took a stake, made it sharp at one end, ran it through for a spit, then stuck the other end into the ground near the pin to roast it well, turning it often. When it was done we all sat down in a row near the fire. A long board laid along our knees for a table. Our captain carved the meat, and seven people never ate a heartier meal. Our Indian cook preferred a piece of bread and some whiskey to venison. During our meal we were amused by his telling us about his exploits in hunting. When we had eaten and drunk as much as we wanted we were entertained by the stories of an old Dutch smuggler who was one of our boatmen. We then went to sleep and slept very soundly until about two o'clock when I was awakened by the Indians singing at the other side of the river. This was caused by the whiskey. Our old friend the cook sat up all night to keep up the fire. About nine we got ready for a start and arrived at the end of our voyage at about one. The landing place is at the flour and saw mill. We landed our baggage and then went across the river in another boat to our township. Here, fortunately, Mr. Reid had sent a cart for some boards, so we put our things on it and away we went through the woods about two miles and a half in a line with the river. We at last arrived at the spot where Mr. Reid and our party were at work ; he did not expect us and was much surprised. They were then busy building my house which is 40 x 28. The situation is beautiful, on a rising bank above the river which runs

with great rapidity and is very wide with heavy timber on both sides. The trees are very large, principally maple, elm, beech, cedar and what you call arbor vite, but we call hemlock. . . . Mr. Reid's house is about three quarters of a mile higher up the river. I stayed with him two days and during this time my house was built. The day I went there they were only laying the foundation. We all slept in a shanty with a large fire in front, no door, and here, in addition to Mr. Reid and the working party which consisted of twenty-four men, were stowed away a huge boiler full of pea-soup and pork, another with potatoes, a cask of whiskey and a pile of bread." 1822.

Time would have passed slowly during their stay in Cobourg but for the kindness of their friends there.

My mother says—"Mr. Henry is most entertaining and friendly, showing such kindness in many ways. They live scarcely a mile from us, and own one of the largest flour mills in Canada. Mr. Henry was for twenty-five years in the North-West fur trade. During that time he never came home, and endured all sorts of hardships ; one winter when provisions fell short he and his companions were obliged to cut up leather aprons and their shoes to keep off starvation. Mrs. Henry is pleasing, improves very much on acquaintance, and seems greatly attached to her husband who is much older than she is. Her mother, Mrs. Bethune, a fine merry old lady, lives in a little cottage just opposite their house. They are teaching me to make yeast and how to bake bread. Some time ago we drank tea with Mrs. Bethune ; her cottage is worth going to see, so nicely furnished and fitted up in Eng-

1822. lish style. Her's is the only house, except that of the Bishop of Quebec, in which I have seen a tea-urn. She has been living here five years and has a grand-daughter and two sons with her. The eldest son is proprietor of the largest store in the village and supplies us with all our provisions ; he will send supplies to Douro also when we are there. We are happy in having such a friend. There are several captains of the navy in this neighbourhood ; Captain and Mrs. Boswell are very pleasing and kind. We have accepted many invitations to social tea-drinkings where dancing was enjoyed after tea. The chests in which my furs and winter dresses are packed had been sent to Douro when I was ill in October. I managed however to make a good turn-out with what I have, and neither T— nor I feel the cold much. Sleighing is very enjoyable in the clear frosty nights." At this time Mrs. Reid, with the remainder of her family, joined her husband and sons in Douro. Our house not being yet ready we remained in Cobourg where my father and mother were long remembered and loved after their departure.

"The Cobourg ladies dress in a very smart suitable style. They think nothing of giving fifty or a hundred guineas for a fur muff or tippet. Indeed, fur is much used. The sleighs are delightfully lined with it and so comfortable. On the evening of January 5th, Mr. Henry called and took us to return some visits. We went first to the Coverts, who are very decidedly English ; then to Capt. Boswell's where we remained for tea ; two other English families were here, the Faulkners and the Sowdens from Bath. Mrs. Faulkner

delicate ; Mr. F. very pleasant, with plenty of conversation. They came to Cobourg a year and a half ago, and now have the nicest farm here, with every comfort. One evening Mr. Faulkner gave us and the children a drive to the village of Port Hope, nine miles off. The stars were most brilliant ; Orion in great glory, brighter than I ever saw him at home. The people here have a *book society* among themselves. Each member pays four dollars per annum. The Rev. Mr. McAulay has lent us some books, a few old indeed, but as we read them again they bring to mind many things which happened when we read them first ; it is a melancholy pleasure. The children are very good and healthy, A. M. being quite a companion ; though so young she shows a great taste for natural history, and is fond of asking questions and acquiring information ; E. has a more lively disposition, fond of fun and drollery, being wild and mischievous ; Bessy, the baby, a little more than a year old, gentle and amiable."

While my mother wrote thus cheerfully to her friends, making light of all her privations, she really had few comforts, everything they could do without being up at Douro. Her only real trouble seems to have been the slowness of communication with friends *at home* ; it being often two months before letters reached them.

Feb. 10, 1823.—“The time has now come to remove to Douro. Mr. Bethune has provided us with teams ; we feel much parting with our kind friends. We are taking one maid and one man-servant with us.” Later she writes : “Our journey lay through the

1823.

Feb. 10th

1823. townships of Hope, Cavan, and Monaghan, at this time thinly settled ; starting as early as we could we made but little progress the first day. On the second we travelled nine miles without seeing a house or clearing. This day the horses were urged on and at ten o'clock on the evening of the 12th we arrived at Scott's Mill ; the only house on the plains. The Little Lake which we were to cross was frozen over, but not being considered safe yet for teams we were obliged to walk across, our children and baggage being carried by our servants and some men who kindly assisted. Our friends had sent an ox-sleigh to the edge of the lake to meet us.

“ The snow was about two feet deep, and late in the night when we were in the dark forests it began to snow again. The progress was much more difficult than I ever expected ; the sleigh being heavily loaded I was obliged to walk. Our lantern, unfortunately, became filled with snow and the candle so wet that it could not be re-lit with the tinder-box. At last a light appeared and we soon reached our log house. The light proceeded from a large wood-fire which rejoiced our hearts. We found our house in a very unfinished state ; the door had not yet been hung nor any partitions erected. Where the chimney was to be was a large opening in the roof ; the intense frost had stopped the mason-work when about half completed. Finding things thus rather puzzled us, not knowing where to lay our children at this late hour of a weary day, the floor being coated with ice and mortar. However we soon discovered some shavings in a corner, these we spread on the ice, on them laid our mattresses-

ses and cheerfully and thankfully lay down to rest after a supper of tea, bread and butter, and pork. Being very weary we slept soundly and on waking up in the morning I saw the stars looking down through the aperture left for the chimney." 1823.

Another, and more complete account of this memorable journey is to be found in a letter to Miss Noble dated Feb'y. 24th, 1823.

"On Monday morning, Feb. 10th., at half past nine o'clock, we left Cobourg. T. and I on one seat with Ellie stuck between us ; Betty (the maid), Anna and Bessy sat before us and Mr. Parker our charioteer in front of all. We had besides, three blankets to roll about our feet and knees ; a great many coats and cloaks ; a bag of bread and a basket of cold meat, so we were pretty tightly packed. We had another sleigh full of luggage of all sorts, bedding, trunks, tubs, hampers, and on the top were two baskets of live stock, in one a goose and gander, in the other a pullet and two kittens ; our servant boy sat to take care of them with Cartouche and Douro (another dog) beside him. We formed a very ludicrous cavalcade I assure you. We went twenty miles that day and had a very pleasant drive passing through miles and miles of forest.

I was delighted with this new scene. Every now and then we came to small clearings with log houses and generally a good stock of cattle and poultry near them. At four o'clock we reached "Page's tavern," where we meant to pass the night ; there was one very nice bed-room but as it had no fire-place we preferred

1823. sleeping on the sitting room floor where we spread our mattresses, blankets, coats and cloaks and spent a very comfortable night.

The next morning soon after daylight we breakfasted and set out again. Eighteen miles farther to go ; all our road through thick woods ; indeed the "road" scarcely deserved that name, for it was merely a track through the snow where one or two sleighs had lately passed.

We turned and re-turned through bushes and between trees, often having showers of snow fall upon us from laden branches which our heads had touched. The boughs of the beautiful hemlock trees were loaded with snow and often bent so low that we were obliged to almost lie down in order to pass under them. Two or three times we had to stop that a pass might be cut for our sleighs where trees had fallen across the road. This day we drove nine miles through woods without seeing any habitation except some Indian huts.

When we had travelled about fourteen miles from "Page's Inn," we reached "Scott's Mills," but found that we could not cross the river as we had expected, the ice having given way. Scott's boat could not ply as there was a broad border of thin ice on each side of the river ; so we sent a man across on foot to tell Mr. Reid to send his oxen and sleigh to the opposite side of the river, two miles lower down, and we determined to walk across at a place called the "Little Lake."

This delay was a great disappointment to us besides giving much trouble, but this day was to end all our travels, and that thought gave us spirit to proceed with vigor. We walked to the "Little

Lake" and across it through deep snow. Mr. Reid carried Ellen and Mrs. Reid had Bessie. The workmen carried our beds, baggage and provisions ; everything else we left at Scott's Mills. When we crossed the lake we found the patient oxen waiting ; our luggage and ourselves we packed into the sleigh, and we proceeded in the shades of evening to Douro ; drove nearly five miles through woods, and at last heard voices crying out "Here they come !" "Here they are !" and all the little Reids came out to meet us. We soon saw our Log House, the windows of which were illuminated by the glow of the charming fires which Maria and the children had prepared for us ; and even had there been no fire we must have been warmed by the joy every one showed at seeing us here. It was indeed delightful to be received so affectionately.

Our house was in a very unfinished state, the doors "laid to," not hung ; and worse than this the upper part of the chimney was built with boards, as the frost made it impossible to go on with the mason-work. But we are now safe, for T— had it built up with stone last week.

The first day we found the house rather cold, but every day since we have made it more and more comfortable. We have a great large, light kitchen, with a huge fire-place eight feet long. Our other room is smaller and within it is a little store room and a room for the children. Our books fill up one entire side of the sitting room and give it a very comfortable look. We have fine windows to let in the bright sunshine and from which to look upon the river, here nearly twice

1823. as broad as the Boyne. It rushes past with a great noise and never freezes over at this point as the current is so strong.

The Reids never passed a winter till this one without colds or some illness and they almost live in the open air."

Mr Reid and his family were settled about half a mile to the north ; their shanty was open in front and the fire outside, but they were much annoyed by the smoke and sparks blowing in and sometimes at night setting fire to the bedding. My father at once set about getting more comfort and employed a man to come and help him ; being very ingenious he did much himself. A bedstead, rough it is true, but strong was made, doors were hung, and rough boards brought across the lake were laid overhead for a ceiling. The crevices between the logs were carefully filled with moss gathered from the woods and fastened in with mortar. I will again return to the letters of my dear mother at this time.

"As the spring opened I was delighted with the beauty and novelty of the scene around us. Our clearing is pretty well open to the river ; a few large pines and cedars remain standing, and add much to the loveliness. The river rushes along with great speed and noise carrying down large masses of ice from the lakes above."

April 5th 5th April, 1823.—"We are better pleased with our new estate here. The buds are all swelling now and of late I have heard one or two new birds, but they remain so high up in the trees that I have not been able to see what they are like. I have not heard a *sing-*

ing bird yet ; they have either a wild whistling sort of note, or else a mere chirp. 1823.

We have numbers of dear little tom-tits and a few sparrows and crows ; these I used to despise at home, here I delight in them for they are like old acquaintances. I have been surprised at the nice green herbage that is under the snow wherever it has been deep enough to preserve the plants from the frost. A. M. every day fetches me handfuls of little plants. They are almost all new to me and I am very impatient for the appearance of their flowers.

There are several beautiful lichens and mosses besides some pretty ferns. The depth of snow has delayed us very much in clearing our land, but next week we are to have five men to cut down trees. "Choppers" they are called here. It is quite a sublime sight when a great hemlock nearly a hundred feet in height begins to shake its dark head, then to fall, slowly at first, then as it comes lower increasing in rapidity, tearing branches off its neighbours and shaking all the trees around ; coming down at last with such a crash that the whole forest re-echoes the sound.

I should have liked very much to have been here at the building of our houses because they are larger than log-houses usually are, and the logs are very large. Those which form the foundation are of cedar which is a very heavy and lasting wood, and will, I think, keep it perfectly firm and steady as long as we shall want it. In a few years T. intends to build a good stone house for we have plenty of excellent lime-stone on our land. T. is going to manufacture potash ; the process is simple and as it sells well he thinks it will pay the ex-

1823. pense of clearing the land. One must pay high for labour. The common wages for a chopper are twelve dollars a month.

We have no great variety in our food as pease-soup and boiled pork make our dinner every day. We have no potatoes yet, as all we can procure are kept for planting. At first it seemed odd to dine without them, but boiled pease, pea-soup, bread and sometimes turnips do very well. We have excellent bread, and in this respect are much better off than many people at first setting up in the woods, for I have heard of two or three families in our own class, who, for the first six months had no food of any kind except salt pork for breakfast, dinner and tea, without even bread. We have excellent milk, and plenty of it.

"The arrowroot is a great comfort for Bessie, and I brought barley and rice here from Cobourg so we are very well off, and I never saw three more healthy children than ours. Indeed we all enjoy excellent health; I don't know when I had a headache. The air has a delightful smell and puts me in mind of dear Allens-town. Oh, if I had a few of my friends here it would be perfect happiness.

I think A. M. is improving fast. She has a great deal of observation and a very inquiring mind. She knows the maple, basswood and beech trees without their leaves, and can even tell the name of the wood by the appearance of the chips. But with all this interest and pleasure we have one great want here, that of a church. It is dreadful to be without a place of worship.

There is a most skilful doctor who lives about fourteen miles off. He visits every family in the neighborhood once a fortnight, and appoints places where he can receive messages. Our names are down on his list; every one he visits in this manner pays him *three dollars a year!* He is a Scotchman, young but clever. 1823.

May 7th, 1823 :“ The house is still in a very unfinished state. The boards for flooring were laid down in their rough state to season so that they are now quite loose; and, from the heat of the fire in the winter and that of the sun now they have separated from each other, in some places an inch. But they are not to be laid properly till our cellar is made in the autumn; there is to be a well in the cellar too. May 7th

When this is done we will paper and carpet our little sitting room which at present serves as our bedroom. I wish I could send you a plan of the room in which we eat, sit and sleep. I will try, and perhaps you may be able to form some idea of it. The size of the room is 17 x 15ft.

No. 1 is the door from the hall that is to be, but which is at present the kitchen. 2 is the chimney. 3 & 4 are book shelves which fill all that side of the room except the doorway, (II) leading to our tiny store-room. Under the shelves, 3, we have a sofa made of the cots which the children occupy at nights. It is covered with crimson calico and looks very nice.

At 4 there is another sofa made of a long box with a cot mattress upon it. In the shelves just over this seat are the encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases and

ren's dressing things ; all are concealed by the curtain 1823.
except when in use.

At No. 8 is a broad board supported by feet which you may call either a table or a shelf ; here I keep my work-basket and boxes which you know are not a few. No. 9 is the bedstead which is boarded up at the foot, thus looking more like a closet than a bed ; I have hung sheets all around the inside to hide the boards and logs and it looks very neat ; on the outside are curtains.

No. 10 is a window looking west at which stands a large table.

The wall between the window and the door is covered with maps.

All our dressing apparatus is carefully put away after being used, the bed made and the room swept and thoroughly aired before breakfast. I open the windows after every meal. I assure you the room has no appearance of being so complete a dormitory. There is a cord fastened to the foot of my bed over no. 8, the other end I can hook to my book shelves at no. 4 and draw a curtain across, making a nice little dressing room when needed ; the dotted line represents the cord.

We breakfast at seven, dine at noon, have tea at eight and to bed at ten or eleven. On Sundays we are always an hour earlier and have prayers in the kitchen morning and evening.

May 23rd, 1823. To Miss Nangle.—“Your charming May 23rd letter of the beginning of December reached me on the 9th March, so you see how much longer letters are coming to me than are mine going to you. Indeed I

1823. am always in a fever for the arrival of mails. The continued good accounts of the dear invalid are most heart-rejoicing and the greatest relief to my spirits which are sometimes a little inclined to droop in spite of all my efforts to employ my thoughts, but I know how wrong it is to murmur when I think of the great mercies and blessings I enjoy ; and though I am indeed far, far from my oldest and dearest friends perhaps God in his mercy may allow us to meet again. One may and must hope, and there is nothing wrong in encouraging it when we recollect at the same time that the All-wise God may see fit to disappoint the fondest desire.

My last letter was despatched on 11th April, since which time nothing very remarkable has occurred in our colony except that Mr. Reid went to York to complete the business of our grant which could not be done until this township was surveyed. The survey was only finished about three weeks ago, when, one very wet day I saw two men walk past my window ; one had a blanket about his shoulders, a pair of snowshoes in his hands and a small fur cap on. The other was dressed in ragged sailor's clothes. I took the foremost for an Indian as they generally wear blankets about them but to our surprise we found this was Mr Bird-sall, a very smart young Englishman who is the surveyor of the township in this district, and his assistant ; they had five other men with them as chain-bearers etc. I found that they had all been living in the woods for the months of March and April which accounted for the ragged and weatherbeaten appearance of the whole party. After another week's work the survey

was finished and then it became necessary for one of our gentlemen to go to York to protect our claims and secure our acres. The roads were in such a state that no waggon could go. 1823.

Mr. Reid therefore went on foot from here to Cobourg where, as the ice prevented any boating, he hired a horse and rode to York accompanied by Squire Burnham. Mr. Reid succeeded in everything according to his wishes. On his way home he met with a little adventure which I must tell you. About twelve miles from this he turned up a wrong road, a mistake easily made in the dense forest, and walked on eight miles before coming to a house where he at last learned his mistake ; it was then late in the evening but he was so vexed at his loss of time that he immediately turned back without waiting to rest or eat, although he had tasted no food since an early breakfast. Darkness came on before he could reach a habitation and at last, when he could no longer see, he lay down under a large cedar tree and notwithstanding cold and hunger fell asleep, tired out with his walk of forty-five miles in one day. He was awakened once or twice with violent shivering as he had no great-coat and it was a cold, frosty night. He arrived here about ten o'clock next morning very much fatigued and weak from hunger, having been too impatient to stop at any of the houses he had passed since daylight, and not having eaten anything for twenty-six hours. Wonderful to relate he has not suffered in the least degree from this experience of cold, fatigue and hunger. When I had given him hot coffee and bread and butter he forgot all his cares and told us his news. He is

1823. very cheerful and very kind, and comes here whenever we want an extra hand.

There is a charming Mrs. Rubidge, wife of a lieutenant in the Navy, who lives within six miles of us, but there is a swamp two miles broad between, across which there is no road, and by water it is eighteen miles to go to call upon her. I regret we have never yet met Colonel Talbot ; I understand he is going to live in England again.

June June 1823 :—" My time is very completely filled up here so that I never feel the want of visitors, though I do not like giving up society too much. I have numberless things to attend to and a great and never ending store of needlework going on, but I make a little time every day for reading that my mind may be employed while my fingers are the same. I often wish for a pianoforte ; in the evenings I have some spare time and I often look over my old music books now piled in a corner ; but I hope in a few years I shall be able to have this delightful amusement again."

June 1823 :—" T. works very hard. He is up at a little past five, comes in to breakfast at seven, works again till twelve when we dine, afterwards he rests till about two, then works again till about eight o'clock when I summon him to tea or coffee. He sometimes wonders at how much he can do ; he says he has not felt so strong since he was first lame. Indeed we have great reason for gratitude to God, for we are all remarkably healthy. We are very cheerful too though I cannot say that much " merriment " has crept into our circle yet. T. has made one deal table, three stools,

and a rough sort of bedstead. I shall feel very grand 1823.
when we can get a dozen chairs."

July 1823 :—"This place is so lonely that in spite July
of all my efforts to keep them off, clouds of dismal
thoughts fly and lower over me. I have not seen a
woman except those in our party for over five months,
and only three times any one in the shape of a com-
panion."

"Our friend Mr. Faulkner paid us one visit and I am
in hopes of seeing him again. He is a very pleasing,
agreeable, well informed man, whose conversation im-
proves as well as pleases. But alas ! till sleighing
comes we cannot hope to see this friend or anyone,
for we have no roads fit for waggons, and boating is
too tedious for the ladies of this housekeeping country.

Every hour of the day I feel gratitude to my dear
Harriet who gave me tastes which in a great measure
make me independent of society.

"Our crops look very flourishing and indeed it does
astonish me when I think that three months ago
the forest trees were growing where now we have
potatoes, Indian corn and all sorts of vegetables in
luxuriant blossom."

In August, she says :—"We are going on here August
with smiling prospects, every day doing something
to add to our comfort. T—— has determined to have
our cellar finished this autumn and has already com-
menced to excavate a place about five feet deep under
the house in which to keep our potatoes. He will
partition upstairs, and altogether the house will be
much warmer. The chimney is quite safe since a free
circulation of air is secured by clearing away the trees

1823. near the house. We are looking forward to a more comfortable winter. The Reids' house is probably completed now, so many grown up enough to be of material assistance is a great help. Mr. Reid was ill for some time with ague. All new-comers are subject to this fever which is considered simple and easily cured. Seven of the Reids dined and drank tea with us last Sunday. We observe that holy day in the following manner :—The Reids come about eleven in the morning, T—— reads the lessons for the day and Mr. R. the prayers. Bad weather never prevents as many of them as can do so coming." Those far away years can be so plainly recalled ; on the Saturday evenings Uncle Reid always came to talk over the past with my parents, or to plan for the future.

"T——'s health is very good. At the beginning of the summer I was very thin and weak from the heat. My occupations in this country are not of a kind to interest the *mind*, and, alas for my perverseness, I am fonder than ever before of reading—the greatest indulgence I can give myself is to devote half an hour to a book or writing home. There are so many calls on my time—the superintending of the household, the care of the three children, and the everlasting, always-increasing piles of needlework. This last I sometimes think I can never hope to get through ; a year of wear and tear and no shops from which to procure anything obliges me to plan most carefully. I continue, however, to read a chapter or two in 'Mant's Bible' with the notes every day, and am also enjoying the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' and looking forward to refresh my memory by the perusal of

'Bigland's Letters on English History' And though 1823.
I can read but very little at a time, yet even these scraps give me something to think about as I sit at my little south window plying my needle. As T—— is out almost all day I have abundant time for thinking, and constantly in spite of every effort my mind *will* turn to 'home' and former times, and occasionally take a far stretch forward. In this silent solitude you cannot fancy what a feast the dear home-letters afford me. Our posts occur so seldom that I generally receive letters from Ireland and England all together. These letters come to Mr. Bethune's care and when opportunity offers he sends them to us. Papers, though old, are a great treat. A.M. is a great comfort to me every day ; she is so thoughtful and takes little Bessy to the 'old shanty' where it is cool and shady and where they all three play for hours at a time. I am never anxious as they cannot meet with any danger there. After A. M. has said her lessons and done a little sewing she turns nurse ; when I am engaged she is very considerate, and remembers everything so well. She and E. can now put on their own clothes and she ties E.'s. I lace A.'s corsets and tie her frock and she washes and dresses little Bessy who is the sweetest little engaging lump of soft white velvet that you ever saw. She is very gentle, animated, and playful." An anecdote here comes to my own mind. When coming to Douro we were given a pair of cats, our friends knowing how we would be tormented with mice. One was called Adam, the other Eve, on account of their being the first cats in this part of the Province. About this time Mrs. Eve had a nice little family of kittens,

1823. which interested everyone who saw them. Their basket stood on a chest in the parlour to be out of the way. Little Bessy's delight was to be held up to look at these beauties, so soft and fat. We were all told not to disturb or handle them but one day Bessie climbed up and was discovered cuddled down in the basket. She was in great delight, but it was soon over, as disobedience, even in one so young, had to be punished.

“Early in the spring the land in front of the log house was cleared as much as possible to make room for a flower and vegetable garden. T—— had hired some Highlanders who had settled in the township of Otonabee to do the work of chopping, piling wood into heaps, and burning. It was all a hurried time; however, we have some good potatoes, turnips, and oats to repay us. All grow well on the new ground. My flowers are very fine; holly-hocks grown from seed I brought with me; mignonette which fills the air with sweetness; a grove of fine bright sunflowers; and scarlet-runners at one side of the house. I assure you it looks quite gay. The river in front of the house is most beautiful and so swift, too much so to allow of fishing, but further up in the eddies we catch excellent bass. The Indians, coming in their canoes, bring also fish and venison which they exchange for pork or flour. Our workmen shoot numbers of partridges which, unaccustomed to any disturbance, come quite close to them when at their work. Wild ducks are also plentiful from the same reason. No one but the wild Indian has ever invaded their haunts.” My mother was in great delight with the variety and exquisite

colouring of the wild flowers; the brilliant cardinal flower which grew on the river-bank was such a treasure that she pressed the first one gathered and sent it *home*. 1823.

“The first year in the ‘bush’ (a name given to the woods in general by settlers) has passed away with only a very rough beginning of the house and that not nearly finished. There are a few families scattered in the neighbouring townships of Smith, Monaghan, and Otonabee; with the exception of Lieut. Rubidge and a few miners from England, all are farmers. The Scotch farmers are a great help and comfort to us; one of our young men, Donald McIntyre, is so considerate; often when his day’s work is done he comes in and grinds the wheat into flour for the next day’s bread. Feeding these workmen makes a great inroad in our stock of provisions. If we had a boat it would be easier to manage as there is a grist mill across the river.”

Our first autumn in Canada had now arrived and with it came a most severe and unexpected trial. The little household pet Bessy was seized with dysentery from eating some raw Indian corn. My mother writes:—“I was quite ignorant of the treatment of this disease and there was no doctor within reach, the nearest, Dr. Hutchison, living eighteen miles away in Cavan. We had as yet no canoes on the river and were dependent upon a chance visit of the Indians for a passage to the other side; but now in our deep need our faithful Highlander Donald, seeing how very ill our darling was, volun-

1823. teered to swim the rapid stream and walk through the woods to the doctor, saying that if I wrote the particulars he would bring the necessary medicine. He started early in the morning of a cold October day and returned about midnight with some powders and a message that the doctor would come the following day. I gave the medicine but no improvement followed ; the day passed in great anxiety for Dr. H. did not come. But to our relief on the third day he arrived ; he left home at the time appointed but lost his way in the woods for some time, hence the delay. When he saw our darling she was sleeping ; he left medicine but would not have her disturbed, giving us hope of a turn for the better. The next day she appeared more lively but would not eat the arrowroot or sago which I prepared for her. She cried for *bread*, and of this we had none, not having been able to procure flour for some time for any money. It was a bitter trial, not having the thing for which she seemed to crave. The next day she fell into a stupor and about midnight the little angel spirit passed away to the immortal land. It pleased the Almighty to call our beloved child to Himself. Oh, gracious and almighty Father grant me thy grace to resign my darling infant to Thee. Thou gavest and thou has seen fit to take her. Oh God, thy will be done. Let not my turbulent heart rise, for Thou knowest best what is merciful. 'Ye have sorrow *now*, but I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you.' What comfort in these words."

My dear father's letter, written to his mother at this time, shows still further how meekly this deep trial

was borne : " Our dear little Bessy departed this life 1823.
on Monday morning, October 20th, after a short illness
of thirteen days. The little darling had the habit of
eating anything she could pick up, all kinds of seeds,
etc. She was the picture of good health, hardy, and
strong as a little pony. She was the most endearing
little thing I ever saw ; had she been spared I fear I
should have spoiled her. Now she is relieved from all ;
how she suffered I cannot express ; all felt for the dar-
ling child. My dear Fanny and I are both convinced
it is for the best. The Almighty sent this trial to be
of use to us. May He in his mercy make it so through
our blessed Redeemer."

Preparations had now to be made for the burial of
our darling. Mr. and Mrs. Reid helped as far as
possible. A little pine coffin was made and painted
black, and the baby endeared to all by her winning
ways during the long, tiresome journeys, was laid away
in this strange, sad manner, amid bitter tears. The
spot chosen for this first grave was on Hemlock Brae,
a rising ground shaded by the mighty trees which gave
its name, whose dark sombre branches seemed to wave
for a long time in unison with our sorrow. Both
families, with the servants and hired men, assembled
that day in mournful silence, and slowly, two by two,
wound through the woods toward the place where the
little grave was ready ; the faithful Donald being one
of the four who carried the tiny coffin. The touching
burial service of the Church of England was read by
Mr. Reid in broken sentences, and as the tender dust
was returned to the earth from whence it came a deep
sob burst from all, breaking the solemn silence which

1823. reigned. No hallowed spot was ever dedicated with more heartfelt prayers than that where little Bessy was laid, nor could any marble monument equal in grandeur those mighty hemlocks, whose huge dark trunks towered upward carrying the eye and thought away to the clear vault of heaven. The following lines were written some time after by a friend from Ireland when visiting us :—

ELEGY ON LITTLE BESSY STEWART.

No marble marks thy lowly grave,
No stone thy modest tomb,
But hemlock wild o'er thee doth wave,
With branch of sombre gloom.

Soft is thy slumber, infant child,
And still thy tranquil sleep ;
Unheard by thee the tempest wild
That o'er thy tomb may sweep.

What though the soil unhallowed be,
That marks thy sad decay,
Thy sleep is soft beneath these trees,
On shady " Hemlock Brae."

Stranger, if there thou chance to stray,
To Bessy's tomb draw near,
Awhile thy wondering footsteps stay,
Nor check the rising tear,

S. R. BELLINGHAM.

This event sent a shock through the little community, none knowing who might be next called. My darling parents had borne up bravely ; my mother especially, though very unequal to it being ill herself. The want of all conveniences of civilization was sorely felt. My father at this time planned to have a church erected on the site of little Bessy's grave and was fully sympathized with by his friends at home who aided materially one gentleman who was visiting our

house at this time left a packet when he was leaving, 1823. which, on being opened, was found to contain twenty-five pounds, "to be devoted to any public work in the Stewart settlement." This was placed in the bank at Cobourg till such time as it could be used and was afterwards given with other money towards building St. John's Church. On December 13th, 1823 another event of great interest occurred : a little daughter was born, as it almost seemed, to replace the precious baby just gone home. This dear child was the first white baby born in Douro, and at once received the name of Bessy. Again the difficulty of procuring a doctor and nurse had to be surmounted. And again the faithful Donald came to our help. He walked nine miles down to Otonabee where his mother lived and she walked back with him. She was a small woman and when they came to the fallen trees which occasionally barred the road Donald would lift her on the log till he climbed over and then lift her down on the other side. She was very tired and faint when they came in but we were only too thankful to have her. As late as the year 1867 my mother writes of this time : "So soon after our sad trial our darling was replaced by another dear little daughter who still lives and is a comfort and blessing to her aged mother."

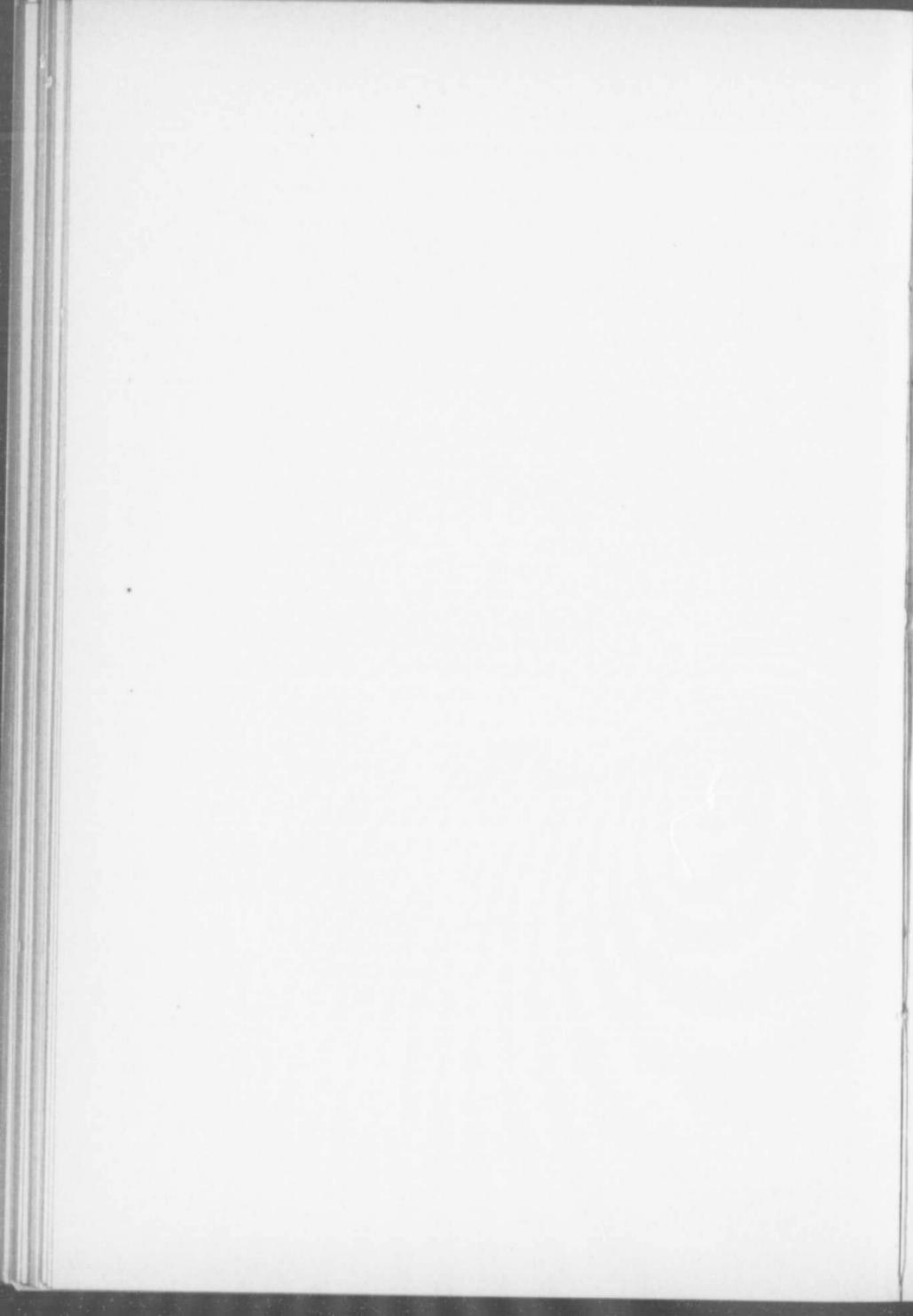
On the 5th of November, 1823 my mother received Nov. 5th the first *box* from Ireland. These boxes were the great annual event for many years. "That wonderfully stuffed box has at last arrived without having been opened, without one article of its many valuable contents having being shaken out of the little nest where your dear hands had placed it, and without any injury

1823. from wet, which so often penetrates into the best packed boxes ; all came safe and sound on Wednesday last, and you cannot conceive the mixture of pain and pleasure which both Mr. Stewart and myself felt on unpacking it." . . . Later on in the same letter she describes the great wood-fires of the times as follows :—"Our kitchen chimney is nearly eight feet wide and our other chimney is nearly four feet. In the kitchen we seldom use logs long enough to fill the fire-place, but in this room we have them nearly four feet long ; and now I will describe the fires. We first put on a *back log* which is about a foot or eighteen inches in diameter and long enough to fill up the back part of the fireplace. Then we put in the dogs which you have seen I am sure in old houses, and on the dogs we lay smaller split sticks about five or six inches thick and the same length as the back log, then pile on chips and pieces of pine till we have it at high as we require, and you cannot think what a lovely pile it is, nor how cheerful it makes our little rooms in the evenings and mornings. Every evening before tea and every morning after breakfast we have a fresh back-log put on by one of the men and then we need only add smaller sticks to keep up a good fire. And in the morning we have only to take the kindled pieces out of the ashes, scrape the charred wood off the back log, put on fresh sticks and some chips, and in a few minutes we have a delightful fire which gives quite light enough all over the room for dressing, sweeping, sitting and laying the breakfast table. . . I could not help being amused at your asking why we

burnt the timber of the clearing and did not keep it 1823.
for firewood ! We have as much wood for burning as
we can use, or could use in thirty years, and we have
only to draw it to the back door where it is cut up."

"It is six weeks since we have had any news from
Cobourg and I am sure there are letters there but the
frost is too hard to allow boats to ply and not hard
enough for sleighs."





PART II.

THE events just mentioned caused the little settle- 1823.
ment a shock, as they realized the distance which separated them from a doctor, clergyman or neighbour, and the difficulty of procuring the necessaries of life.

When flour was lacking, wheat was boiled for food ; Indian corn was boiled also as a substitute for rice ; the hemlock twigs boiled for tea. Sugar made from the sap of the maple added greatly to our luxuries. My father had brought a hand-mill from Ireland which was set up in the kitchen. Being then a child, I can well remember the men coming home after their work to grind the wheat into flour, or rather meal, for the next day's bread (and black and bad it was), the large log fire blazing in the fireplace giving light for their work. They often brought home pine knots as the turpentine in them made a bright blaze and extra light for their work.

The difficulties of travelling between Cobourg and Douro were very great. After the surveyor ran a line for a road the trees were blazed by an axeman knocking off a piece of the bark thus leaving a white mark ; then the trees were cut down to leave an opening for an ox team to get through the woods. More than this had seldom been done as no settlers lived

1823. near to do more work. This so-called road was nearly impassable in summer but in winter the travelling was much easier as the snow filled the rough places though even then the progress was slow enough as is shown by the following letter from my mother to Miss Beaufort :—

“Mr. Stewart had occasion lately to visit Cobourg and his lameness made the trip a great undertaking never to be forgotten. He started on this tedious journey, going through Otonabee packed up in a rough ox-sleigh box with a man driving. Saturday morning they went nine miles, that night slept at the kind Highlander’s, husband to my ‘femme sage’ whom Donald brought to me ; this was within two miles of Mr. Rubidge’s. Sunday Mr. Stewart went there and spent the day and night. He liked Mr. and Mrs. Rubidge very much.” (Their information and great hospitality began a friendship which lasted throughout their lives.) “On Monday Mr. Stewart started for Cobourg across Rice Lake. The team was taken back by Donald to his father’s as when Mr. Stewart arrived in Cobourg he found his business would delay him. However, when returning, Mr. Henry kindly sent him to Rice Lake in his horse sleigh to await the coming of the ox team. There was no inn nor stopping place near but this being the appointed rendezvous he waited and walked about for some time, then thought he would go back a part of the way across the lake to look and listen if they were coming. When he had proceeded some distance from the shore one of those sudden snow-storms which you have sometimes heard about came, accompanied by high wind. Mr. Stewart could not see

the land on any side, nor could he hear any sound to direct which way to go. Surrounded by an atmosphere of snow, the wind intensely cold, he tied down the ears of his fur cap, buttoned his greatcoat tight round him and tried to gain an island which he thought must be near. At last he became very uneasy, not knowing where he was nor how to find his way back and finding himself getting very cold. In this anxious situation he was considering what to do when he thought he heard a shout ; lifting up his cap he distinctly heard a human voice calling. He answered, and soon afterwards a man came and told him Major Anderson had seen him wandering about and, thinking he had missed his way, sent his man off immediately, who brought Mr. Stewart to Major Anderson's house. The major said he would certainly have perished if he had remained much longer. Mr. Stewart soon saw his own equipage arrive and proceeded to Mr. Rubidge's, where he slept, returning home the next day safe, heartily tired of his ox-sleigh and the new road through the dense forest. These bush roads do not deserve the name of road, trees fall continually intercepting the track. When any of the settlers leave home they carry an axe or saw and rope in case of finding such a stoppage and in order that they may be prepared for any accident."

In the midst of my mother's troubles her servants (Betty, a young girl whose mother gave her into their charge before leaving Ireland, and a boy named John Delaney) left her. Betty became discontented, got it into her head to return to Ireland, and so went away leaving my mother without assistance in her solitude.

1823. In this extremity one of the Reids kindly came to her assistance and Mrs. Reid sent her servant to do the heavy work. However, in a few weeks John Delaney returned much improved in temper and worked more cheerfully than he had done before.

As no suitable servants could be heard of my mother wrote home to have two sent out ; a request which met a willing response. In the same letter my mother also mentioned the great want of wearing apparel and arrangements were made to send out a chest of useful material every year. These consignments were various and wonderful ; among the contents being cloth for men's clothing, material for winter and summer dresses, linen, flannel, boots, shoes, stockings and many gifts from loving friends. The greatest pleasure was derived from the books—a wonderful comfort—not only enjoyed by us but by many of our friends in Cobourg who borrowed and were glad to get our treasures. My mother's connection with the Edgeworths, Beauforts and Wallers ensured a good supply of most entertaining, useful and amusing reading. Miss Edgeworth yearly sent her new novels as gifts. Letters and newspapers were transmitted once a month through the Colonial Office, free of charge, owing to Miss Edgeworth's interest with Lord Bathurst the Colonial Secretary. It would be impossible in these times to form an idea of the pleasure these yearly boxes were to the whole settlement.

My father was in hopes of inducing some of his friends at this time to come out from Ireland and settle at once, as the Government had granted to him and Mr. Reid the right for five years of colonizing the

township of Douro upon the same terms as they had 1823.
obtained their land, that is, by paying a small sum
down per acre and performing the settlement duties.
An extract from a letter written by my father on this
subject shows how he urged them, as he did many
others, to come.

“ If you have any intention of coming out I would
advise you to make all the haste you can as we cannot
keep the township more than two years longer for our
friends, though to be sure there will always be plenty
of land to be had but you will not be able to choose
as much as you would like perhaps, in this neighbour-
hood. As for myself, I had no idea that I could work
as well as I can. I very seldom use my stick ; the only
thing the matter with me is that I am very tired every
night ; my appetite is much better and is easily satis-
fied with bread, potatoes and pork. Mr. Reid and I
expect this year to have ten or twelve acres of wheat
and as many of corn and potatoes. To-day I was busy
sowing wheat ; it is the first that has been sown in
Douro, and I did it all myself.”

“ There is also some advice to give you as to travel-
ling expenses and cost of food, dry-goods, etc., in
this new country. The passage in the steamboat from
Quebec to Montreal is very pleasant ; the price in the
cabin is £3 for each adult or for three children under
fourteen years. This includes meals and there is no
charge for luggage. From Montreal to Kingston the
bateaux are the cheapest ; luggage is charged at the
rate of 5s. per cwt., but the price for passengers varies.

As to the expense of building a log house ; we con-
tracted with two Americans to build ours for \$40.00.

1823. They were to cut down and prepare the timber, I provided only boards for flooring and sashes for windows; the shingles were made by the contractors. This house is forty feet long by twenty feet wide. Weather and all things permitting a house is habitable in a month or less.

As to food :—In Cobourg we paid for beef or mutton from two and a half to three-pence a pound ; for potatoes nine-pence a bushel ; butter seven and a half pence a pound, and milk two-pence a quart. We bought a milch cow for three pounds. All drygoods and shoes are bad and dear.”

1824.
April 5th

April 5th, 1824.—The great need of church and clergyman is expressed in a letter from my mother to her sister.

“Thank all our friends for their active exertions about our church which I do hope and trust we shall have soon. We also have hope that a clergyman will be sent to us. I have written again to Mrs. Mountain mentioning the very bad state of religion in our neighboring townships and urging the necessity there is for a clergyman where our children are growing up, and requesting her to influence the Bishop (Bishop Mountain of Quebec) for us. Oh, we must have someone, for what are riches or comforts or independence if our children are brought up in ignorance or lukewarmness about what ought to be our first and dearest object in life.

We have not yet been able to have our infant baptized. Twice Mr. McAulay has promised to come but has each time been prevented by a change of weather. We are much shut up for want of good roads but next

winter the new one through Otonabee to Rice Lake will be really finished and we shall have more intercourse with our friends at the 'front.' 1824.

May 1824 :—"The Reids and ourselves are still the only European inhabitants of this township. All behind us are wild forests untracked by civilized feet hitherto, except for the surveyors who were here last spring; but I understand that a tide of settlers is to set in next autumn. Being so far back as we are has great disadvantages and we have felt many of them. The want of a place of worship and a clergyman is the greatest.

Thank all our kind and dear friends for their zealous activity in collecting subscriptions. T—— has fixed on a very pretty situation for the church, near the river where there is a sloping bank which can soon be cleared. I received such a kind and very affectionate letter from Mrs. Mountain in which she expressed strongly the interest she and the Bishop felt for us, and promised to provide us with a clergyman as soon as possible.

Mr. Thompson, the clergyman of Cavan township, preaches occasionally about five miles from here. He comes every month that has five Sundays in it; but I have never yet been able to find out the hour in time to be present. Our poor child is still unbaptized. If I could leave home I would take her to Cobourg but that is impossible just now.

I am still without a maid. For some time Mrs. Reid lent me one of her daughters but they are all required at home now so that for three weeks I have been working away at everything my own self. T—— gives me

1824. what help he can and A. M. and E. are very useful. But these are hardships to which every new settler is liable and we are under the care of that great and good God who is able to support us under every trial. His arm has kept us from sinking. Do not call it heroism, my dear partial friends ; it is not our merit indeed, for we are weak in ourselves.

This winter we have gone through what at home would have half killed us. We were nearly five months without a drop of milk. The children living on salt meat and potatoes for dinner ; their breakfast and supper being very weak tea and bread. Sometimes I give them boiled rice or barley, but not very often. I drink nothing but tea for I cannot touch 'punch' which is our only other beverage.

Now I am doing work to which I never was accustomed ; cooking, washing, nursing, house-cleaning, etc., and I am able for all.

During all this time the children have continued fat, strong, and healthy. I am very awkward about some parts of the housework so that at times I find myself very much hurried, yet it is not nearly so hard as I expected, nor have I suffered in any way from it."

May 1824:—"How truly thankful we are to all those who have exerted themselves about our church ; it will indeed be a great comfort and, I hope, the means of making many people Sabbath-keepers who are now awfully the contrary. A man on the opposite side of the river has, this spring, made a large clearing nearly opposite Mr. Reid's and his axe goes every Sunday as well as on the week days. The people in that township constantly attend to every day business on Sun-

days ; baking, mending shoes, burning logs and chopping, or else shooting and fishing. 1824.

When we have a good active clergyman to advise them and a church for them to come to I hope matters may improve.

T—— had rather an amusing experience lately. He went to Rice Lake in a canoe ; when returning he and his companions were joined by a large party of voyagers and they all spent one night in the woods, sleeping under fir trees. During the night one of the party (a little Scotchman) roused all the others by crying that a wild beast was near, at the same time seizing his gun. Immediately every one jumped up, one catching up a stick, another a blazing brand from the fire, a third a gun, and all ran in pursuit of this dreadful wild beast, which soon turned out to be a large dog that was wandering about the woods.

You may guess how all the 'old stagers' laughed at the poor little Scotchman who was but lately come to the country. We have never seen a bear here, though four were tracked in our neighbourhood last winter, and wolves are, I am sorry to say, coming about us. Last week they ate up Mr. Reid's two sheep and a lamb. They committed this depredation quite close to his house. A sad loss.

When T—— was going away that time he walked down to the canoe a droll figure ; a bag on his back containing clothing and provisions, his bugle hanging around his neck, and his gun on his shoulder."

July 1824 :—"I have often in my days of affluence said that I disliked house-keeping mistresses and

July

1824. mammas who could think of *nothing* but the care of their children ; but I have found it necessary of late to become *both*, entirely and completely, and to give up all my former favorite employments, walking, gardening, reading, writing, and even the more agreeable parts of sewing. T—— declares he will leave this country if I work as hard as I have been obliged to do lately ; but he need not be afraid for me.

There are two or three things for which I do long. I do not mention the hope of being again with you all, for that is of course my most ardent wish and prayer, perhaps too much so. But I allude to lesser things. I do long to have the house a little more comfortable and convenient and to be able to pursue the former occupations and amusements to which my heart still clings, and to which I wish to draw the tastes of my little A. M. and Ellie. I long for a nice garden and the smile of roses and primroses, and oh, for the green hedges and fields of my own native land ! It is now three years since I saw a red rose. One day two years ago when we were some leagues from Quebec, T—— went ashore and got me some white ones. But how very childish I am to indulge these humours. I have great reason to be happy so why regret these little pleasures ?

I must turn to a subject which constantly occupies both our thoughts and conversations—Maria Edgeworth's great kindness. It is so good of her when she is in constant intercourse with remarkable people, brilliant from talent, or fashion, or rank, to think so much of me living in the backwoods of Canada in the

most remote place. I can never express how T— 1824.
and I feel towards her.

Our crops look well except the pumpkins and melons which have failed. There are many uses made of the pumpkin in this country. It is excellent food for cattle. It makes very good pies when boiled and mixed with eggs, milk, etc., and many people make molasses from it ; to do this it is cut into pieces, boiled till pulpy, then the juice is pressed out and boiled till it is thick and dark coloured like treacle ; it tastes rather *acid* and rather *sweet* ; I think it very bad. The Americans call it "Punkin Sass." We have a great deal of maple molasses which is very nice.

Dr. Hutchison was here some time ago and told me that Mr. Sheppard of Quebec, who is going to publish a "Canadian Flora," wrote to ask him to request "Mrs. Stewart of Douro" to lend him her countenance and assistance, to feel interested in his work, and to endeavour to procure him specimens. I should be very glad to do so had I time."

The settlement was enlivened during the summer of 1824 by the arrival of Mr. Sidney Bellingham and others, and in the autumn my mother paid a visit to her Cobourg friends where she met the two Irish maids who had been sent out from the Old Country. Leaving home was a great event as she took her two eldest daughters with her ; the youngest, Bessy, being left with Mrs. MacIntyre. The visit, though short, was a great benefit to us all.

The following extracts from letters of this time give some interesting particulars of these events :— July

July 1824 :—"Your last box of treasures came

1824. across the Atlantic with a young man who is now here, Sidney Bellingham, nephew to our brother-in-law. He is come to learn all the mysteries of Canadian farming and to live here till he is old enough to get land of his own, which will not be till he is twenty-one. He is a fine, lively, good-tempered boy, very manly and at the same time boyish and merry. He came here quite alone and made his way to Cobourg, having letters to our friend Mr. Bethune of that place. He walked from Cobourg here and lost his way in the woods. He had slept at Mr. Rubidge's about nine miles from this and left there about four o'clock in the morning. There is a road marked all the way between the two places but it runs through a swamp which is quite under water at this time of the year. When he reached the edge of this swamp, he (not knowing the way people jump and crawl on the logs to get across) left the road in hopes of getting around the bad place. He got into various marshes and walked all day; when it grew dark he lay down under a tree. At daylight he set out again and late in the afternoon reached a house about two miles at the other side of Mr. Rubidge's. So the poor fellow had wandered back again; and it was well he did, for if he had gone on in the direction in which he started when he left the marked road he would have gone farther and farther into the boundless and uninhabited forest. All that time he had nothing to eat except a few mushrooms. He lost his hat and had his clothes all torn by the brushwood, so he has already experienced some of the hardships of a wood-ranger in this country."

October 1824 :—“ Having returned from our very pleasant excursion to Cobourg and brought home with me Sally and Ann McVittie, I can sit down to write with renewed spirits and more pleasure and comfort than I have enjoyed for many months. I must now give you the history of our travels. On Friday, September 17th, we all set out ; T—— and I with the children walked to the landing place while our luggage went in the ox-cart. We had a very pleasant and beautiful row down the river.

1824.
October

For the first ten miles we saw nothing but trees, but the river was so winding that there was more variety than one would think and the autumn foliage is wonderful.

About eleven miles from here we stopped to pay a visit to our new neighbor, Mr. Wallace. It is a pretty place but it is surrounded by a swamp and flooded land which will be both unwholesome and terribly full of mosquitos. Their house is like a little tea-canister set on the top of a hill. Both Mr. and Mrs. W. seem very nice. They are to return our visit before the river freezes.

From there we proceeded seven miles farther to Mr. Rubidge's landing place from which we walked three quarters of a mile to his home. I carried Bessie and was greatly tired as I had had her on my lap all day. The boatmen carried our bags, etc. Mr. R——'s house is like all others of the same kind, a little spot surrounded by woods and crooked fences enclosing small fields of stumps ; but there is a pretty little garden before the hall door with all sorts of sweet flowers.

1824. The house is very small and neat ; the furniture like our own, plain and scanty. But I must leave the description of the house and proceed to that of the mistress of whom I had heard so much that I feared disappointment. But it was not so, for Mrs. R—— is a most prepossessing gentlewoman, with the remains of great beauty.

She reminded me of Lady F. B., but her eyes are very dark. No one could have been more civil and kind than both Mr. and Mrs. R—— were to us. They told me I had no idea of the state of the roads from Rice Lake to Cobourg, and that it would be better to leave Bessie there and prevail on Mr. McAulay to return with me for her baptism.

T—— agreed with them and the next morning we carried my dear babe to my old nurse Mrs. McIntyre, in whose care I left her.

The rest of the day passed, and early next morning we set off in our boat again. Five miles from Mr. R——'s we entered Rice Lake, which is certainly a beautiful sheet of water twenty miles long and varying in width, where we crossed it was three miles wide.

We found Mr. Henry's waggon waiting for us and we lost no time in setting out for Cobourg, twelve miles away. Neither our horses nor driver seemed inclined to linger, for they started off at full gallop, and oh, what bumping and jolting. For three miles the horses did their best to run away and every moment I expected to be either upset or that the waggon would break down. I was indeed rejoiced that I had left Bessie, for I never could have held her on my lap. At last we reached Mr. Henry's. Mrs. H——'s

reception was more like that of a relation than of a new acquaintance. Nothing could exceed their kindness. 1824.

After tea some friends came in and the new company lately formed in London occupied much of the conversation. It is extremely interesting to us as it will be very advantageous to our back settlements.

This company is to purchase the Crown Lands and Clergy reserves, settle them, erect mills and bridges, make good roads, etc.

We have been told that it is likely some civil appointments will be made ; if so, who knows but that T—— might obtain something which would add to our income.

During our stay in Cobourg all our friends laid themselves out to give us as much variety as possible. We visited the Bethunes, the Faulkners, the Boswells, the Coverts and the Thorpes.

Cobourg has improved since I first saw it. Numbers of houses have been built, two large shops are nearly finished, Mr. McAulay has a nice new parsonage and there is a neat little Methodist Chapel."

Improvements in the little settlement at Douro went on slowly. Clearing the forest about the house was done as much as possible. On the east the woods rose in beautiful ridges one above the other for a distance of about half a mile, when they ended in a beautiful peak clothed to the summit with maples, pines and birches—this was named "Mount Vision." For many years this hill was one of the favourite resorts for walking parties in the autumn. To the south of the house the

1824. view was more confined as the ground was comparatively level. On the west the river wound its rapid, noisy course towards the south-west. A short distance from the house the ground sloped to the river bank which was partly wooded with white birch, shrubs of various sorts, and cedars whose boughs trailed in the swiftly rushing water. When the spring flood rose it washed the banks and brought down mighty trees and great blocks of ice. On the opposite side of the river the ground rose again in ridges covered with tall and graceful pines. To the south-west about a quarter of a mile, the limestone rocks were worn in places into deep ravines; these rocks were covered with a thick undergrowth of shrubs and vines in great variety, interlaced, tangled and hanging over into the water, which ran with much greater swiftness than further up; the bottom was covered with numerous boulders over which rolled and fretted the white capped waves, sometimes dashing against the steep wall of rock, then eddying back with wild turmoil; the echo from the dark forest on the opposite side added to the sense of wildness and loneliness, and suggested the name of "Lion's Den," by which this spot was known for long years afterwards. This was another favourite walk for Sunday afternoons, or other days when a ramble was agreed upon. The first road opened by the Government through the township passed by this lonely spot, it was called the Cobourg road, and terminated at Mr. Reid's farm, as he was the only settler to the north of us.

For some time great efforts were made to get my father a situation. The Canada Company was thought

of, but owing to some trouble with the Government 1824.
of the day nothing could be done in this.

The following letter from Captain Beaufort, who afterwards became a Rear Admiral, Hydrographer to the Admiralty and Knight of the Bath, will show what interest was taken in my father's affairs by this excellent friend, who was so distinguished for his services both in action and in the fields of science and literature, as well as for his excellent judgment in the common affairs of life :—

“ It gives me very great pleasure to find by your letter of the 17th November, 1824, that you are all so well, and advancing so steadily in your noble enterprise. None of your friends can more heartily sympathize in the sacrifice you have made than I do, and few will be more anxious to contribute to your ultimate success and present comfort than myself, when such an opportunity may occur.

“ I have now to enclose a letter of introduction for you to Mr. Galt. It may not lead to anything immediately, but you will of course endeavour to present it in person, the object is to make him acquainted with you, as I am satisfied you cannot fail to make a favourable impression on him. He is a man of great information, large mind, and very sound views ; he has travelled much, seen mankind in many shapes, and will quickly form a correct judgment of the degree in which one of the inhabitants of your Province may be made the central head. The plans of the company have been somewhat altered since I wrote to you on the subject of your accepting an agency under it. But the business must be done by the resident gentry

1824. sooner or later. That you may be one of those I very much wish and that your own talents, accompanied by the enclosed letter, may be sufficient to claim that object, I entertain a strong hope. I shall not, however, omit any opportunity of procuring other letters conducing to that purpose. Your's etc.,

“FRANCIS BEAUFORT.”

Their friends in England and Ireland at this time were deeply interested in the settlement, pushing on for an emigration which would open up the country, and so supply our greatest wants which were a church, stores, mills and a bridge. Going to Cobourg for all our family requirements caused an amount of expenditure that was alarming; tea and sugar were at famine prices. This obliged us to boil the hemlock branches for tea, tap the maples for sap as early in the spring as it could be done, thus obtaining a very excellent supply of sugar of which a large quantity was laid in; it was then considered a delicacy, but the hemlock tea was not at all to our taste.

The life of hardship and toil became almost insufferable, it was impossible any longer to hide from their friends that a farmer's life in the far off forest, was not only unprofitable, but nearly unbearable from hardships unnamed. The length and severity of the winter, and the labour and anxiety connected with the clearing of the land were trying to my father's physical strength, unequal to the work which must be done by the pioneer in the backwoods. A longing to return to the Old Country took possession of my dear mother's heart. Her letters had a strong tone of

this desire. Unfortunately many of the most interesting of these, covering a long period, were destroyed when Goodwood House was burned in 1865. 1824.

One or two remain however, written after hearing of the death of a member of the dearly loved Waller family, a circumstance which added much to the terrible home-sickness which was overwhelming every other feeling.

November 3rd, 1824:—"I cannot describe to you the shock I received a few days ago on hearing of the sad, sad affliction it has pleased the Almighty to send upon you. I wish I could give you comfort or consolation, but you have a better source to apply to where alone the heart can find relief. But I know that sympathy does help one for I felt that from the letters you and my beloved friends wrote me last year, they were a cordial to my heart and I have often and often read them over since. Indeed from my very heart I sympathize with you and my beloved M. and my dear uncle and cousins. I share in your grief and feel the same, for this dear dear boy was particularly loved by me. He was so remarkably amiable and gentle. But why do I for my own indulgence dwell on what must be painful to you? His spirit is now in more and higher joy than we can imagine or conceive, and he has joined beloved ones in realms of bliss. Oh, may we be enabled by the Holy Spirit so to live here as to attain everlasting felicity. Before you read this your feelings will have become calm, so that I fear I am only opening your wound afresh. I do hope you have left home for a little while. How I do long for more letters. May we all be resigned to the will of Him

1824. who has permitted us to call Him "Father," and may we feel sure that though He does sorely afflict us it is as a parent."
- Nov. 12th November 12th, 1824 :—" Oh ! how very, very anxious I am about my dear Allenstown friends. I hope I may hear that my aunt, uncle and cousins have left home for a change to relieve their minds and turn their thoughts from the sad recollections connected with that dear place, and that they have recovered from the effects of the miserable anxiety and fatigue they must have endured. I am sure they have all the consolation that sincerely religious resignation gives, and that is the only relief in deep sorrow.

" We have another fear of deep affliction hanging over us. The last letters from the North give us such bad accounts of my dear Mrs. Stewart that we have scarcely any hope left. Dear, dear mother ! No human being ever passed through a life of greater affliction than the latter part of hers has been, and no one ever left a brighter example of true, sincere religion and Christianity, and no parent could have been more devoted than she has been to all her children and to me.

" Poor dear T—— is in great sorrow and anxiety. We had heard in July by S. Bellingham that all was well, and then all at once came the news of her illness and the hopelessness of her recovery."

" I laid by my letter as I felt myself growing too sad, and I will go on and tell you of my return from Cobourg. I gave A. N. a journal of the pleasant week with our kind friends the Henry's.

“ On Monday, September 27th, we left Cobourg and after jogging and jolting again through the woods and plains we reached Rice Lake where we took a boat and landed near the Rubidge’s just as it was growing dark. 1824.

T—— desired me to go on as fast as I could to the house whilst he and the boatmen secured the luggage under cover for the night.

I, accompanied by my two handmaids, walked on as fast as possible for it grew dark rapidly, and the path lay through thick and lonely forest. At last we reached the house and found its pretty mistress expecting us. Mr. R—— immediately set out with a lantern to meet T——, and they soon came back together. We spent the evening in talking of our Cobourg friends and regretting Mr. McAulay having set off to some place unknown, and so disappointed us about Bessie’s christening ; and also about going to church, as in his absence there was no service.

Altogether I was very angry with him, but I have since forgiven him, having heard the reason of his mysterious flight. It was nothing less than “ matrimony,” as he is by this time married to Miss Eliza Powell, daughter of Chief Justice Powell.

Early next morning, having breakfasted, and the children having been brought back by old Mrs. McIntyre, we all walked to the riverside, accompanied by the R——’s, old and young, and once more found ourselves and all our goods and chattels in the boat. By this time it was nearly ten o’clock for we had met with many delays and T—— feared we should be obliged to sleep somewhere on the banks of the river.

1824. We proceeded some miles without interruption, till at last we came upon a great number of Indians in their canoes fishing. They were on their way to Mud Lake, nine or ten miles above, where many Indians come to spend part of every year for hunting, sugar-making, etc. We stopped to ask them if they had any fish, or if they would sell us anything, as often people pick up many useful articles for a mere trifle. After talking with them for some time we proceeded to Mr. Wallace's where we stopped to ask after Mrs. W—— who was sick with ague when we were going down the river. After chatting for a little while in our boat at the shore we said good-bye and proceeded a little farther, when we began to feel very hungry. On looking at our watches we found it was two o'clock so we landed, and with flint, steel and *punk* (decayed maple wood which is used for tinder) and some dry leaves and sticks we soon had a bright fire. We had a fine store of bread, veal, and ham put up by Mrs. Henry, and we had brought a supply of eggs from Co-bourg, so we boiled some of them and had a very comfortable dinner. I sat in the boat all the time with Bessie asleep in my lap, but the others seated themselves around the fire on the bank very comfortably, looking like a parcel of gipsies among the trees. Having refreshed ourselves we set out again with renewed animation. All the time as we went along T—— had a fishing line out and caught a great many black bass, a very good kind of fish.

We met many more canoes with Indians which delayed us so that by the time we were two miles from our landing place the sun had set and the shades of night

were approaching very perceptibly. We were just near the rapids which, though not like the rapids of the St. Lawrence, were sufficient to cause a great delay as the passage of them is always troublesome. We were obliged to lighten our boat by sending most of our crew and passengers out to walk ; T——, the children and I remained on board with one of our men who pushed the boat with a long pole while the other men pulled it on with a rope whilst they walked in the shallow water near the brink. S. Bellingham and the two McVittie's walked along the bank till we were over the rapids when all came on board again ; it was now almost quite dark so that we could not see whether our oxen were at the landing place, but we halloo'd and were soon answered by our faithful Donald, who, with his team was waiting at the appointed place. We steered our boat, not by sight but by the sound of his voice, and so at last got safely into our little haven. The children, maids and I sat on some boards which were near till our goods were taken out of the boat and placed on the old *sleigh*, which we poor wood-landers use both in summer and winter, having no other kind of a vehicle. T—— made a droll kind of a machine by way of a cart, but it had been broken. By the time all was ready to proceed on our route the moon had risen and was shining most brightly, but we soon lost sight of it in the woods, and were in such complete darkness that we could distinguish neither the road, the oxen, nor each other, so it was decreed by our leader that we should light a candle for our lantern. Flint, steel and punk were again produced, but alas, leaves,

1824.

1824. sticks and moss were all too wet with the dew to light, and after spending a good while in vain efforts we agreed to let the oxen go on of themselves as they would certainly take the road home. T—— seated himself on the sleigh, I consigned Bessie (who slept all the time) to my good, careful Donald, whose feet were better used to travel amongst stumps, stones and roots than were mine. I took A. M. by the hand and one of Donald's brothers took poor tired wee Ellie on his back, and we went slowly on trying to keep near each other by sound of feet and voices. T—— and his oxen went on a good deal faster than we could, but after groping on in this manner for some time we came up with him ; he said he could not keep on the sleigh any longer the jolts were so bad, and he feared he had lost some parcels ; so another council was held and another attempt made to light a candle. After trying for some time a morsel of tolerably dry moss was found, which, with some scraps of paper and some pieces torn off somebody's handkerchief, at last showed a tiny spot of light. With much trouble we at length got sufficient blaze to light our candle, then upon examining the state of our luggage we found that several small packets had fallen off. We were obliged to send some of our men back for them while we sat waiting in darkness on the roadside.

They were not long as we had come but a very short distance so far.

After this we went on much better but met with a few more mishaps, such as the breaking of the sleigh and the tumbling off of a few more parcels. The confused light of our lantern and shadows pre-

vented the poor oxen from keeping in the smoothest 1824.
part of the road.

After a very tedious walk we at last got home, and found our dear old log house bright with a blazing fire and faithful Cartouche wagging his tail and jumping to welcome us home.

We found it was almost eleven o'clock, so as soon as our beds were prepared, and after comfortable *strong* tea to refresh us we went to bed, and awoke next morning quite rested and hearty, and so ends my tale of adventure."

The application made to the Government and Canada Company for a suitable situation to relieve my father from this life of toil to which he was now tied down failed to take effect. He was expected to be, and looked upon as, leader and adviser in the community which was soon to gather in the neighbouring township and form the beginning of the future city of Peterboro.

Early in the year 1818 a reserve was made in the north-east part of the township of North Monaghan for the site of a town, but no name was given at the time. In 1825 the town plot was surveyed and laid out by Mr. Birdsall under the direction of Mr. Z. Burnham (afterwards the Hon. Z. Burnham), to whom this task, together with the survey of some of the neighbouring townships, had been assigned.

At this early date the future importance of the place was dimly foreshadowed in the minds of a few far-seeing men. The magnificent water power and immense pine forests must have impressed some with

1824. an idea of future manufacturing capabilities, but the prospect of a town ever being built, or indeed anything more than a mill or perhaps a store, in what seemed so remote a situation, was regarded as incredible, and was scarcely entertained among the settlers in the adjoining wilderness.

My early recollection of "The Plains," as the site of the town was then called, is of land in a wild state of nature. The ground west of the river was covered with dense pine forest interspersed occasionally with oak, beech and maple trees ; a creek ran through the woods from the north-west and entered the river near Scott's Mills. The trees, although growing thickly together were second growth and small, a fire having burnt through that part of the wood long before our time, and occasional grassy spots bore traces of Indian camps or hunters' solitary fires. There was much small *brush*, under which bloomed wild flowers of great beauty, variety and sweetness, while the familiar perfume of mint, thyme and other herbs, (all wild), showed that they too were struggling for life in the rough soil ; all this was very interesting to us.

The creek ran swiftly in places through the woods, and in other places spread out, causing the ground to be swampy. Scott's mill was for years a land mark to the straggling hunter or wild Indian. The frame structure was about 18x24 feet ; within this small space was fitted up a run of very common stones, and a single upright saw. This poor little mill in the heart of the wilderness was neither in gristing or sawing adequate to supply the limited requirements of the early settlers ; the flour was black and wet, as

there was no apparatus to clean the wheat, and the machinery was for ever breaking down. 1824.

In our early years in the settlement the wild animals came boldly about the house. The wolves, dangerous and exceedingly troublesome animals, would sometimes prowl early in the night in our neighbourhood. Often when our little family were sitting reading or at work some one would say, "There are the wolves." Then there would be perfect stillness as we all listened, and then the howl could be heard in the distance. As they moved on the horrible wild sound could be heard more distinctly. How well I remember as a child the feeling of awe that crept over me, as nothing could be more lonely or wild than this midnight howl. Over and over again when we went to the door or window, two children only who were old enough then to understand the sound would listen, holding each other's hands from fear, fancying they were near when really they were about Mount Vision a very wild, solitary place ; the echoes increased the noise and it appeared as if hundreds were in the pack. After a fall of fresh snow their tracks were seen very near the house at times ; they were great enemies to the poor deer ; the howl generally showed that they were on a deer's track. Bears also were very plentiful and troublesome and would fearlessly attack the animals near the house of man—these lords of the forest so long undisturbed.

Early in 1825 my father had a French family helping on the little farm. One very dark night the old woman was roused out of her sleep by the cries of her 1825.

1825. pig, she jumped up and throwing a shawl over her night gown took a bit of candle in her fingers and ran out as quickly as possible to the pen, there she found a bear attacking her pig. The bear was as determined as herself and she could not drive him off. Feeling afraid of this great brown monster, so close to her, she got the fence between them and holding the candle up singed his whiskers, so she said. Her distressing calls did not arouse her lazy sons to come to her assistance, the pig was killed, but not carried away as was usual. I remember perfectly her telling us about it next morning. Mr. Sidney Bellingham took his gun and set off at once in pursuit, he followed the trail for some distance and shot at the bear, but it escaped badly wounded. Some time after a man at the Smithtown side of the river came across a dead bear lying in a creek, it had got across the river and lay close by on the bank, dead. The creek has always been known as "Bear Creek" since. The skull was brought home, nailed up in the verandah, and there it hung as a trophy for many years.

This year brought hopes of an immigration from Ireland. Up to this date there was but one inhabitant of the future town of Peterboro. Walter Scott and his family lived on the "Plains," working the little mill, no bridge crossed the wild foaming river. Mr. Peter Robinson (whose brother was afterwards Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada) who had visited the Colony and seen the great need, went to Cork in the South of Ireland and gathered five hundred emigrants to start with. My father took a great interest in this movement, al-

though he regretted the choice had been made at that place, the people being well-known as very poor and thriftless. Had a better class come it would have been an advantage to the settlement. 1825.

On the 31st July of this year a great event took place :—the birth of the first white male child in the township. A dear little son was born and the joy and welcome was great in the little colony. William Stewart, the name long laid out for the first son, was pronounced from one to the other ; the dear new-born brother was our great object. The same old nurse was brought again, but she could only stay one day. How hard to think of the mother and new-born infant receiving one day's care.

Many comforts were sent to my mother at this time from her old steady friend in York, Mrs. Foster—sago, tapioca, groats, ginger and all the niceties for an invalid. My mother ever saw a special Providence over her, her bravery was wonderful. The annoyance caused by the Irish servants at this time is remarked upon in a letter from her aunt Mrs. Sutton, who concludes thus : “ Surely my own dear Fanny you are under the care of a kind, superintending Providence, whose peculiar charge you seem to be. Oh, my dear Fanny you are indeed an example to us all. We are all angry with that old nursetender for leaving you so soon after your baby was born, but thanks be to God who preserved you to be the pride and delight of all who know you, and who holds you up in the difficult and trying situation in which He Himself has placed you. So true is it that ‘ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ I rejoice with you at the birth of your

1825. darling little Willy." The following letters will show something of the privation of assistance and want of comfort my dear mother went through ; indeed fellow-creatures were sorely needed at that time.

August August 1825 :—"Here again I have reason for gratitude to my Almighty and merciful Father whose protecting arm has been so evidently supporting me. I have had some severe trials but always attendant blessings and sufficient strength to enable me to bear every trouble. I have felt myself particularly weak of late and during the many lonely hours I have passed either ill in bed, or sitting up but unable to use my eyes for reading or working, and with no one to talk to, my mind has gone over the different scenes through which I have passed in the last six years, and the many trying situations in which I have been placed, and how plainly the hand of God may be discerned through all, supporting and strengthening me, body and mind, and enabling me to bear all with less inconvenience and suffering than I could have expected.

My greatest and most constant of all trials is the separation from dear friends, but this cannot be helped."

Two letters of a later date in this year speak of the arrival of the emigrants. The first bears date of August 13th, 1825.

"Last week we had a visit from Mr. Robinson who has been employed by Government to bring over emigrants. He has just arrived with two thousand, some of whom he is to place in this township. They are expected to arrive at Scott's Mills to-night, and they

are to encamp on the Plains till he can place them on their portions of land. Only the heads of the families, three hundred and fifty in number, are to come up at present. This causes a great sensation." 1825.

TO MRS. FROOD.

September 21st, 1825 :—" I am deeply in debt as Sept. 21st to letters, but laziness has not been the cause of my silence, as you will understand when I tell you that, for a month past, in addition to our family of twelve souls (and Willy, though last and least, not least in giving plenty to do) we have had a family of eight living with us ; so you may suppose my spare minutes are very few. This family consists of a Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, four children and two servants, girl and boy. They are from county Limerick and have got land near us. They arrived on a very wet day and as they had no shanty ready T— asked them to come here, thinking some shelter could be ready in a day or two ; but from a succession of delays and disappointments their house is not yet built, and here they still abide. You may guess that in a cabin like this we are pretty well crowded. At present I am writing nearly in the dark and surrounded by noise. Mrs. Armstrong's children are all boys who keep the house in a continual uproar and litter ; A. M. and E. being nothing behind in good will to assist ; and having neither nursery nor nurse it is hard enough to keep my boy quiet amid the tumult. Bessie too has been ill, she is getting her eye-teeth, and is very fretful and petted.

1825. Thank you dear Sara for writing so fully of our beloved mother. I wish you would tell me more of your own little flock. It seems strange to think of your children whom I have never seen. Time passes so quickly ; it is now more than three years since we arrived in Canada.

You say you often regret that we left Ireland, but I am glad that we have at least tried Canada. Perhaps in a few years we may return to end our days among our dear, dear friends. We often talk of "home," wishing and hoping that we may return there ; but if that is not to be may we build our hopes and wishes on the real Home above which can never change, where will be no more sorrow nor parting."

Another letter on this subject from Mr. Stewart to Major Froot is of great interest. It is dated December 12th, 1825 ; He says :—

"You can form no idea of how fast this country is getting on, particularly in our immediate neighbourhood. I believe I mentioned to you in a former letter that Cobourg was our nearest market, we have now got one within two miles of us in a place that is likely to beat Cobourg in a very few years. Land is more than doubled in value to what it was six months ago. There is not one good lot to be had within twenty miles. The reason for this is the arriving and settling of two thousand emigrants. The Honorable Mr. Robinson, who was appointed by Government to conduct the people to their lands, chose this place, fortunately for us. He is a most gentleman-like man, and, having been born in this country, is remarkably well adapted for such an undertaking. I must tell



AN EARLY SKETCH OF PETERBOROUGH.
Copied by permission. F. B.

you that two miles below this is the head of the river Otonabee navigation ; there, on the west side of the river, are extensive plains which were reserved for a town plot. Up to this place Mr. R—— brought the new settlers, where they pitched their tents until their lands were appointed to them. Now almost all are gone from the camp, those left being a few tradesmen who have their houses built and are busy clearing land. Every one of these settlers is found in provisions for a year from the time they go on their land; each family also gets a cow, seed, and farming implements. Poor people ! It would delight you to see how happy they are. Of course where there are so many there must be a few black sheep, but though they have been now four months encamped in this neighbourhood, and during that time with nothing to do, yet there has not been one complaint against them.

But to go back to my story. On those plains where they encamped, a few months ago there was only one poor farm-house and a miserable mill. Now we have a flourishing village containing stores of all kinds of provisions and merchandise, two saw-mills, smith's shops, bake-houses, doctors' shops and dwelling houses. There are shoemakers, masons and carpenters. Every day I go down there is something new to be seen or done.

We have laid out lots for the church, school-house, court-house, jail, etc., on many of which building will begin next spring.

The situation for our new town is one of the most beautiful I have seen in this country, and plenty of

1825. good building stone close by. It is said the "Land Company" will come here, if so we are made up, and this will be the best inland situation in the province.

Our society is improving very fast, but we are sadly in want of a clergyman. Our Dr. Reade knew you, I believe; he was in the army and has been employed by Government to attend the new settlers; Mrs. Reade is very pleasant.

We are to open our new town in a day or two with a grand dinner to assist the inn-keeper. I have sent to the Indians for venison, fish and wild fowl. As the sleighing has begun we shall have a large party. We expect the Governor, Sir P. Maitland, this winter. If anyone had told me this last year I would have laughed at the idea of such doings in the midst of the great woods of Canada.

TO MRS. WILSON.

My mother writes:—"I often think how much greater happiness it would be to return home, than it is to live as we do here in a never-ending scene of bustle, turmoil and hard work. Now but three years are over and though we have a fine, wide, light opening in the woods, ten acres of promising wheat under the snow, plenty of land ready for crops, and the stock increasing, yet there is a degree of anxiety and wearying hurry for ever, which prevents inside comfort. Hiring men to do the work Mr. Stewart cannot do himself obliges us to do without many comforts, such as furniture, etc., but you know the old saying that 'When things come to the worst they must mend.' The arrival of the poor immigrants

from Ireland has given us some variety. They are encamped on "The Plains," a place about two and a half miles off. Their huts look very odd, being made with poles standing up and interwoven with boughs or branches of trees, with mud plastered over all. They live in these till log shanties are ready for their families in Douro. These huts already cause "The Plains" to be called a village. The emigrants are under the care of Mr. P. Robinson, a native of this country, very pleasing and gentleman-like, of good property, and a member of Parliament. He is a great acquisition to us, he and Mr. Stewart are always together. Dr. Reade has come as the emigrants' doctor, and his wife with him, the first lady who has settled near us. The Doctor is liked among the poor Irish, he is a very humane, hospitable, friendly little man. The poor emigrants have suffered much, and many have died. They are principally Roman Catholics. A priest also lives here. There seems to be a total want of religion, I feel unhappy about it, the awful consideration of how they plan and scheme for this world without thinking that we may be called away at a moment's warning appals me. As to myself, how can I forget for a moment the mercies of that God who gives me every blessing? How sweet are the trials which cause me to look up to Him, to feel His support, as I do every instant; nothing is too severe if it has that effect. I have many causes for sorrow. I feel the want of a friend beside me to talk to; the children are growing up showing need of refinement; Bessy is a great pet. Willy is really a sweet little fellow. From six in the morning till nine at night there is not an instant of

1826. silence or quiet in any corner of this little dwelling, what with four children and two clumsy, uncouth, bold servant girls, heavy footed and loud voiced. You may guess we have a good portion of noise of every kind that tongues and feet can make. The mill at Scott's has stopped working and we must again grind the wheat by hand-mill ; it is winnowed by sifting in the wind. The bread is coarse and black, besides it we have for food barrelled pork and pea-soup.

"Mr. Stewart is at present in York. When leaving home he takes his bugle, he goes down the river in the scow which is used to bring the immigrants and provisions up from Rice Lake and, as the boat goes further on we can hear the last sound of his farewell to us. You remember T——'s dog, the French poodle, "Cartouche," and how in his early days Mr. Stewart went abroad on the continent with his man-servant John and this faithful dog for travelling companions? He cries pitifully when his master goes from home now. When he hears the bugle as the boat returns, Cartouche is the first to welcome the sound, although it may be some miles away. The echo causes joy to all."

TO MRS KIRKPATRICK.

"My eyes are sore and my candle is rather dim, but my heart is lively in its affection for you. As I have got all to bed, from T—— down to Willy, and the great comfort of a quiet room and a good log fire burning brightly, I cannot help devoting one hour from this till bed-time to telling you what we have been doing since my last despatches were sent off. I think

I wrote to H. Beaufort about a month ago, just at the time of T——'s departure for York. He travelled from Cobourg to York in the stage, which in summer is a waggon, but in winter is a sleigh with a sort of oil-cloth cover or head ; it travels day and night in all weathers and can accommodate four passengers and the mail bags. It was full the evening T—— left Cobourg ; setting out at 7 p.m. it reached York at three next day. It was one of the coldest nights we have had, stormy and intense frost—poor fellow, he was nearly famished with cold notwithstanding all the coats and other mufflings. When they reached York the thermometer was 22° below zero. He made his way to an hotel, took a hot drink and went to bed ; he felt no bad effects after the journey and exposure.

“He was treated with the most gratifying kindness by some, and very flattering distinction by everyone to whom he was introduced. He went to the Executive Council, which is the House of Lords here, the day of the prorogation of Parliament, and had a special request sent to him that he should go within the part enclosed for the big-wigs, where he was seated in the midst of all the members of the Upper House—a very unusual compliment every one said. He was at some very pleasant dinner parties and a grand ball at Mr. D. Boulton's. Mrs. B—— is a sister to Mr. Robinson ; he was as gay as possible, but found a sad blank from the absence of the Col. Fosters. He returned much more comfortably than he went, as our Roman Catholic priest, Father Crowley, was coming from York and was delighted to have him for a companion. So T—— surprised me three days sooner than I ex-

1826. pected. . . . On Saturday last the Governor and his suite arrived. T— and Dr. Reade were very busy making preparations for his reception and accommodation. All the immigrants were desired to assemble at the village to welcome His Excellency. After dinner all of the men and boys of this house set out, though it was a very cold, windy, snowy day, so bad that I said Sir Peregrine would not come, but T— was sure that he would, because he never travelled on Sunday. T— took his bugle with him to sound when he first came in sight to give notice of his arrival. It was growing dark, and he had actually set out on his way home, when a gentleman said that the grand party was advancing, so back T— went and sounded his bugle. The immigrants formed a line on each side of the road for a quarter of a mile, and as soon as his sleigh came in sight ten men took off the horses, fastened basswood ropes on and drew him to Government House where a great fire was blazing to welcome them. . . . He had a large party with him—five sleighs. All seemed pleased and gratified—Sir Peregrine very much so, and Mr. Robinson and his brother, the Attorney-General, particularly so. T— says Mr. Robinson shook his hand almost off and expressed strongly his approbation of all the arrangements. Sir Peregrine settled that he would go to the Cavan Church the next day. So T— went off immediately after breakfast intending to get a place in one of the sleighs. I thought no more about them and set myself down to my own reading, when, after some time, a note was brought from T— saying that the Governor requested I would dine there

that day and that he would send his own sleigh for me, William and his nurse. You know to this I could send no refusal. A little while later T— came home, he came for me. The Governor's sleigh had broken down and could not come ; but he had borrowed another.

“ You may imagine what a fine fuss this put me into. How should I dress myself ? That was my first thought. I knew none of the company would expect me to be fine, living as we do here, so I thought I had better put on whatever would take the shortest time. T—'s opinion on the very important subject of dress was a great comfort to me. We soon agreed that a very pretty Irish tabinet which I had never yet worn would be the best. In a short time, all my curlings etc., having been completed, we set out. We went first to Dr. Reade's, as we were going together. After a little time up drove Mr. and Mrs. Rubidge. We all laughed and talked for an hour, when the gentlemen agreed to let us have quiet possession of the parlour to adorn ourselves. They went to the Doctor's medicine shop, and we ladies spent one good hour in dressing our beautiful persons. I had but little show in the business as I had only my head to dress. Mrs. Rubidge and Mrs. Reade went without caps. Mrs. Reade had a large wreath of artificial flowers in her hair and wore a brilliant geranium coloured tabinet which did not suit her. Mrs. Rubidge had on a white striped gauze trimmed with pink satin. When we set out T— and Mrs. Reade, Dr. Reade and Mrs. Rubidge, Mr. Rubidge and myself all walked, and in the same routine entered the drawing-room of

1823. the Government House, which is nearly opposite to Dr. Reade's. You must know that all these houses which sound so grand are merely log houses and little better than the cabins are at home. Dr. Reade's house is a very small, miserable, inconvenient place, but only a temporary one. The Government House is the best I ever saw for a log house, the parlour and drawing-room good-sized, well-proportioned, and really pretty rooms.

"The other ladies had been introduced to Sir Peregrine before. However, they were ushered up to his presence, their names told by Mr. Robinson, each made a curtsy and retired a little. When my turn came he came forward and spoke to me for some time. He then talked to some of the gentlemen and I retired to join the other ladies but was stopped by Mr. Robinson who introduced his brother, the Attorney-General, to me. Then Col. Talbot came up, then Sir Peregrine Maitland joined our group. I was very glad to meet Col. Talbot of whom I had heard so many curious anecdotes ; but in his manner there is nothing remarkable, which disappointed me a little. He had a great-coat made of sheepskins with the wool on, either of natural black or dyed, and a pair of boots of the same, which he wears over his other boots ; and, as he is fat and short, you cannot think what a curious figure he is in this Arctic-dress.

"We were a large party. Besides we three ladies, our three lords, and the gentlemen I have already mentioned, there were Mr. Maitland son and *aide-de-camp* to the Governor, a fine, tall, very pleasing look-

ing, rather handsome young officer; Major Hilliar, the secretary, also in uniform; Col. Burke and Dr. Connin." At this famous dinner-party the name of the new village was decided upon. My mother suggested "Peterborough" in honor of Mr. Peter Robinson and it was at once chosen as most suitable. In a short time orders were given to have the site laid out in park lots to be valued at one dollar per acre. A bridge and mill were built as quickly as possible. The following letter relates to the same occasion :—

"Sir Peregrine Maitland is not at all a striking looking person; he has nothing military in his appearance or deportment, nor does he in the least degree look like a person who had made an elopement. He is remarkably quiet and retiring in manner, his countenance sweet and placid, but too calm and composed for a general. In his appearance he is much more like a clergyman than an officer, but is very pleasing. He talked to me a good deal both before and after dinner as he thought proper that I should take precedence, and consequently I sat between him and Mr. Robinson. He talked about the country and the immigrants, and then a good deal about planting and gardening, giving me some good, useful hints about transplanting young trees. After tea he retired to write letters, and we repaired to Dr. Reade's little *hotel d'amitié*, where we were all to bundle in, at least a great many of us. Mr. and Mrs. Rubidge slept in the parlour. Mrs. Reade, her two little girls, Willy and I, five precious souls, all slept together in a tiny room divided by a little board partition from the parlour.

1826. There was no door, so that the partition was only a screen. Dr. Reade, T—, and Father Crowley all slept on the floor of the little shop. The next morning after breakfast we returned home.

“Col. Talbot gave us an account of an attack of the Indians, some years ago, upon Fort Talbot. It was during the war of 1814-15. They were on the borders of the lake, and the Indians hated them as English settlers and resolved to get possession of the Colonel and carry him off. One day as he was looking out of his log-house drawing-room window he saw an Indian coming towards the house. He thought at first it was a messenger from some other officer and called to his servant to go out to him, then went on writing a letter. But his servant stood petrified looking out of the window. ‘What is the matter?’ said the Colonel. ‘The Indians, they are coming,’ was the answer. The Colonel looked again and saw them coming, two or three in advance of the rest. One opened the doon and walked in. The Colonel with much composure welcomed him and gave him some thing to drink. Another followed. With the same composure and hospitality he received him, asking innocently what they came for and pretending to consider them friends, he then said he would go out and welcome the rest of the party whom he saw at a little distance outside of the house. He walked leisurely round making signs of welcome and unconcernedly examining the posts of his verandah which had been hurt by the cattle, all the time edging on and on by degrees till he had turned the corner of the building, and was hid from their view. Then he jumped into a

ravine behind the house where he knew he could run 1826.
without being seen and set off with all speed to the woods. He wandered on till night and then climbed into a tree. He heard the party in search of him come to the foot of the tree and talk, wondering which way he had gone. As they were not able to find him they went away. On his return to his house he found they had carried off almost everything. He had nothing left but the Russia duck jacket and trousers in which he had run off. They had set fire to the house ; but one good natured Indian returned to tell him where the concealed fire was, and warned him in time to put it out.

“ He gives me the idea of the most cool courage imaginable, and I could not help looking at him as if he were Robinson Crusoe come to life again, and continuing stories from his own book.

“ He has now a very comfortable house, or palace I should say, for he is not only lord of all he surveys, but actually king. He governs by the English laws, and sends all his acts, or laws, to be ratified by the English government.

“ He went out originally with four followers, and has now twelve hundred subjects, native Americans, English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish and Dutch, of all of these the Highlanders and Irish are the most difficult, he says, to manage, most difficult to satisfy, most craving. The Irish the most disorderly in their habits, and most enraged when the Yankees have anything given to them. The opinion that the Europeans have of the natives, thinking them a race so much inferior to themselves and not entitled to have any of the com-

1826. forts of life, proved most troublesome to King Talbot, who still finds it hard to adjust the whims and jealousies of his subjects. But the settlement has upon the whole prospered beyond his most sanguine hopes. They manufacture all the clothes they wear, and have one good town. He has a regular post which brings his mail from New York every Friday. Such is an outline of Col. Talbot's story as he told it to me.

"This is the third time that I have stopped to begin again at this letter. Since I wrote last I have had another time of amusement and a little variety. On Thursday last Mr. Rubidge came to a meeting at Peterborough, and T—— brought him on to dine and sleep here. He was to return home the next day, and he pressed me so very warmly and kindly to accompany him back that I consented, and Willy and I set off with him. Mrs. Rubidge was very kind and glad to see me. Soon after we got there Captain and Mrs. Boswell and three of their children arrived from Cobourg, so we were a large party for the small house; but we were all friends and glad to see each other, and our kind host and hostess seemed to think we gave them no trouble, though I am sure such a large party must have put them to great inconvenience. I stayed there all Thursday and Friday. The Boswells brought me home, we were a famous party, six in the sleigh.

"This has been a pleasant winter, a good deal of frosty weather. The thermometer was occasionally 30° below zero, and often 18° and 20° below. My little *damsels* are grown tall and strong, and 'Willy Wee,' as B—— calls her little brother, is a stout young gentleman and very good humoured.

“You cannot conceive dear Honora, what enjoyment you and our other kind friends have given us by the interesting books you sent us last summer. Such a delightful little library. Captain Lyons and Captain Hall are both most interesting and have afforded T—— very great amusement. Pray give my love to my dear, kind friend Maria” (Miss Edgeworth). “I wish I could express to her how deeply I feel her kindness, and how much flattered and really gratified I am in possessing her esteem and approbation ; pray thank her for the nice books, particularly that beautiful pocket-book, which is quite an ornament to my table. I am very glad the ‘Mental Thermometer’ has at last been published. I believe I am now in possession of all her works except ‘Patronage,’ and that I am to have by this year’s box. When I have completed my Edgeworth library I intend by degrees to get all Walter Scott’s. I feel the want of a quiet room, which I have never had since I came to Canada. I have written this letter to you at fifty different times.”

March 1826 :—“This time of year always brings to my mind my first visit to Edgeworthstown, a time never to be forgotten. Thank you dear H—— for the primroses and violets, their sweet smell has gone, but I preserve them carefully as relics.* How very different everything looks here at this time of the year to what it does at home. The ground is still covered with snow and there is no appearance of buds swelling or dear little spring flowers, all are shut up and hid-

* These brittle, withered flowers still lie folded in the faded letter nearly a century old.—F. B., 1902.

1826. den. No birds have attempted to come to us yet except the hardy wood-pecker, who indeed never forsakes us. I never before knew us to have so few birds as during this winter, but it has been so very severe. Usually we have jays, snow-birds, and pretty scarlet and green grosbeaks.

I am ashamed to confess that I cannot help hoping we may once more live at home. My heart clings to my native land and to the elegance and comfort of the mode of living there ; in time we may enjoy the same here."

Owing to false reports having gone abroad about the conduct of the immigrants, Rev. Mr. Crowley requested my father to write a letter of contradiction for publication. The following is a copy.

TO REV. MR. CROWLEY.

July 20th

July 20th, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to transmit the following statement :—Some days ago I read a paragraph in the *Colonial Advocate* relating to Mr. Robinson's immigrants, stating that thirty had left this place in one night and had gone to the States and that the rest were inclined to go also. This I believe to be false and without foundation. I am here living in the very midst of them. From twenty to thirty pass my door almost every day. I visit the camps every week, and at all times I take an opportunity of conversing with them on their affairs. I have always found them satisfied and happy. Some have told me with tears in their eyes that they never knew what happiness



PETERBOROUGH IN EARLY DAYS.

Copied by permission from a sketch. F. B.

was until now. In general they are making such great exertions in clearing land as to astonish many old settlers. I conceive that this is in general owing to the great care Mr. Robinson has shown in regard to their complaints and to the way in which he has studied their wants. Not one complaint has there been against them by any of the old settlers, and it is the general opinion that where so large a body of people are brought together none could conduct themselves better. When we heard of their coming among us we did not like the idea, and immediately began to think it necessary to put bolts and bars on our doors and windows. All these fears have vanished. These reports I must confess were circulated before their arrival in this part, and have all turned out to be equally false with those of the *Colonial Advocate*.

“THOMAS A. STEWART.”

The clearing of the land by the immigrants and the settling of the town naturally drove the original owners of the soil, the poor Indians, into deeper retreat. My early memory of them is of strange, wild, forest savages, who came in large numbers down the river in their bark canoes, often stopping at our house to sell or trade venison, fish, baskets and birch-brooms. They were sometimes troublesome, especially when excited. Oh what a terror to us children to see these strange people coming through the trees from the river, rolled in blankets, red leggings and mocassins covering their feet and legs; long black hair hanging loose and matted over their faces and shoulders,

1826. restless black eyes peering everywhere and looking at us with great curiosity. Sometimes we exchanged pork for venison, or flour for some of their goods, but they were hard to bargain with though always honest. The greatest enemies to their moral life were the traders from the United States, who came to get furs and gave whiskey for them. This did them great harm. Poor creatures, they knew nothing but the miseries of savage life ; among those who came to our house was a hideous old man known as " Handsome Jack," because he was so ugly. One day we saw him walking through the trees followed by two squaws ; these were his wives, one, the favorite, was happy and walked near him with her papoose hanging in its Indian cradle on her back ; her arms were loaded with baskets, brooms and the heavy skin of a deer ; the other squaw was crying most pitifully and was loaded like a beast of burden, she was a frail miserable woman. My mother made signs and found that Jack had beaten her severely, her face was disfigured with bruises and cuts, the poor thing made signs that if Jack knew she complained he would murder her.

A visit to an Indian wigwam was curious and interesting. The squaws tanned deer-skin better than any white man could do it and made fine moccasins with skins. They also manufactured baskets and brooms from the white birch, and still prettier baskets from birch bark ornamented with dyed porcupine quills.

The wigwams were made with birch bark and built in the shelter of hemlock trees, the branches of which they used for beds, spreading skins of animals over

them. A fire was kept burning day and night in the centre of each wigwam, around this they would lie turning their feet towards it for warmth or to dry their mocassins. 1826.

Men and women, even in the coldest weather never wore any covering on their heads, but drew the blanket up when they felt the cold. All had jet black hair and eyes and very dark skin. When excited with whiskey the red glare about their eyes gave a shocking, wicked appearance.

Christianizing the Indians had been planned when we came to the country. The Baptist missionary was the leader in this field, I believe. These poor people were easily and soon taught. Schools were opened for the young who learned fast.

After their conversion it was deeply interesting to visit their wigwams. Having learned to sing hymns, a sweet, wild melody could be heard after night as we walked to the camp ground. The great difference from their former state, showing the influence of religion, drew tears from many eyes. We were invited to pay a visit to one of their camps ; though full of fear from my first seeing them in their savage state I went to where they were camped in a grove of lovely spruce trees. The path was only slightly marked in the deep, almost untrodden snow. Hearing a deep toned voice in the Indian language we stood still ; the man was leading in prayer ; when he was done the sweet Indian singing commenced. It was their hour of worship ; some were on their faces, overpowered, while the singing was going on. Each family had a separate place from the other. The father, as he appeared to be, was

1827. the one who conducted the prayer. It was truly an affecting scene. The men's voices from the different families gave a deep tone. The women's very soft, sweet voices made the most beautiful and touching music ever heard. I was told the hymn they sang was "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." The stillness of the night air, the hard frost and bright stars, the sheltered spot and the wildness of the scene, all contributed to impress it strongly on my memory. This was early in the time of their conversion, and we often visited them afterwards in their wigwams.

About the year 1828 a young Indian was converted and assisted in the translation of the New Testament into his own language. He spent a few days at our house and my father took a great interest in him. He always sat at meals with us ; his manner was cultivated, and he always asked the blessing before and after meals with much feeling and solemnity, and conducted family prayer every night. Though very young at the time I remember one evening in particular when his prayer was so affecting that those present older than I, were all crying. His earnestness was wonderful. He spoke English plainly, and pleasingly. He wore an Indian blanket coat and had ear-rings in his ears and rings on his fingers. His clothes were all good ; but the servants laughed at his ear-rings. So he took them off one day and I dare say he never wore them again. Long after this, my father heard that Peter had become an earnest Baptist missionary amongst his own people. I never heard his other name.

January A log school house had been built about 1826. My mother says, "An interesting event took place in the

village about three weeks ago. Thirty-five Indians, 1827.
men, women and children, came to the church which
is our log schoolhouse, it being used for a Church of
England service by Rev. Mr. Armour. The Indians
behaved extremely well during the service ; they were
very attentive and anxious to understand. Afterwards
they came forward with their primers and cards of let-
ters, requesting the ladies and gentlemen to instruct
them, seeming really very desirous to be taught. They
had been converted to Christianity the summer be-
fore by an Indian who had been taught by an English
missionary, and, though they had formerly been con-
tinually drunk, they are now quite sober and well-
behaved.

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK (HER SISTER).

“ We are extremely busy altering the house, which Jan. 24th
will be made much more convenient, but we have been
in the midst of confusion and dirt.

“ I have received the nice Psalm books you sent me
just in time, as the Reids, myself and some gentlemen
have agreed to sing in church every Sunday. Upon
the whole we make a pretty good noise. I find Mrs.
Armour a kind, friendly and tender person. She
comes frequently to sit with me, and helped me to
nurse T—— when he had the ague.”

An event of great interest to the household took Feb. 9th
place at this time, in the birth of another son, Francis
Thomas, or “ Frank” as he was always called. He was
a fine handsome child.

1827. Letters of this year tell of improvements made :—
May 23rd “I am glad to tell you that we have a most beautiful field of wheat, looking as rich and nearly as green as if growing in dear old Ireland. This place is now looking very pretty. We have nice green grass all round the house and down to the river, it is really refreshing to see it, and the richness of the woods, after the barrenness of our long winter. I was interrupted in my writing the other night by being told of a very sad accident. On Sunday evening John Reid was ferrying over five immigrants from the opposite side of the river to Mr. Reid’s place, two men and three lads of from fifteen to eighteen years of age. Some of them were tipsy and by the obstinacy and ignorance of one of the lads the boat was upset. With great presence of mind John disengaged himself from his clinging companions ; he then tried to seize one by the hair and dragged him to the bank with very great difficulty as the current is extremely strong. The other men could swim and got out safe, but the boys perished. This is a dreadful shock to us, particularly to the Reids. For some minutes their alarm was dreadful for they expected Mary and Ellen over, but John divided the party intending to return for his sisters. It is a dangerous place as the river runs with great violence.”

“I have written a great deal with Willy sitting on the table beside me, which, you will allow, is no great assistance to me. He is a great fellow, and has a famous voice of which he makes good use. He is a very endearing, sweet-tempered wee pet.”

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

1827.

“Thank Aunt Mary for the handsome bread knives, Aug. 19th they are a great set off to our table. Our home-made bread is different from what you have. We bake in what is called a ‘bake kettle.’ Our loaves are like huge cakes more than loaves, so that a strong bread knife for cutting them adds much to my ease and comfort.

“When my little nursling Frank is able to take care of himself and requires less watching I shall be able to do more than since his birth. I may say that all hours of the day and night I am engaged with him. He is, however, one of the most easily managed, dear little fat infants I ever saw. He is good-humoured and stout, pretty dark eyes and dark hair; when his cap is off he is excessively like Mr. Smythe, of Bennisow Lodge who was cousin to my father, and I am in hopes my little Franky may be like his grandpapa.”

In the summer of 1826 a piano had been sent from Ireland, but did not arrive until the following winter. In crossing Rice Lake on the ice the team broke through, but the piano slipped on the ice and was saved. My mother was an accomplished performer, and delighted not only our own household, but many others who gathered to enjoy the music.

The delight with which she welcomed the news of the arrival of her cherished old musical companion is shown in the following letter to Miss Noble :—

August 2nd, 1826 :—“I cannot find out yet how I felt on reading your last note; surprise, joy and gratitude were so strangely mingled, but when the tumult sub-

1827. sided a little, delight and deep thankfulness filled my heart for your loving thought in sending to me the dear old piano upon which you and I together have played so much. Ah yes, it will be to me most truly valuable and delightful; it will beguile many a solitary hour, will draw many tears from my *heart* and eyes when its sweet sound and touch will bring to my very sight (alas, my mind's eye) so many dearly beloved friends, so many happy by-gone hours.

I hope it is now this side of the Atlantic, but its perils are only beginning, for the journey from Quebec here will be more dangerous than the ocean passage. But I hope, as it is so well packed, it will reach us safely. I have only once had the pleasure of hearing music since leaving home, and that was two years ago at Cobourg.

You will have learned before this that we have a very excellent, pious clergyman (Mr. Armour), he keeps the Governmnt school, also the Sunday school, which is well attended. Each Sunday his congregation increases. At the last service there were seventy-four present. One man was there who, two years ago said, when he heard T——'s intention of building a church, 'I would sooner help to pull it down than to build it up.' He has been at church twice now."

Jan. 25th January 25th, 1827 :—"I have the great pleasure of being able to announce to you that the long-expected and long-wished for treasure arrived safely on Saturday in excellent order, in very good time, and only one string broken. You may form some kind of an idea, though you cannot I am sure have a perfect one, of the feelings I experienced on hearing once more the

sound of music. T—— feels it nearly as much as I do. The very moment the piano was set up he hurried off upstairs and rummaged out a parcel of my poor, long-neglected music books, that I might lose no time in trying to recover some of his old favorites. You would have been amused at the surprise of the children ; none of them except Anna had the least idea of what sort of a machine a piano could be. T—— sets them all capering and joins them himself with as much glee as if he had the equal use of both legs. I find that in spite of swollen and stiffened hands I can still hammer over a few old waltzes and airs, and I hope in time to recover many favorites.

I have much more quiet time now than was possible for a great while. For the last two months some hours of each day I have devoted to teaching and flatter myself that my poor wee girls are becoming more cultivated. Ellen is the most eager creature possible and very persevering, wonderfully so for such a complete little madcap as she is in other respects. Bessy is a very droll tidy little body, learning her letters, but as idle as a child of three ever was. She is fond of work and makes pocket handkerchiefs for her dollies."

TO MRS. WILSON.

"For many months the ministerial changes have June 3rd
sadly interfered with my writing privileges and have been the cause of my not corresponding with many dear friends, but my thoughts were still at liberty, and if possible have been with you oftener than ever, for you are connected with everything that

1827. occupies my mind. About six weeks ago your last precious letter reached us. A sad one it was, and caused us many tears—but my dear friend, though we must weep, we may also rejoice that that dear soul has gone to everlasting glory. What a scene of trial and affliction she has been taken from ; Oh, what an inconceivable scene she is now witnessing, what an example she has left. She has gone to that Saviour who came for her and for us ; yes, for us, vile, weak and miserable as we are. He died for us, even for me, though I am the most unworthy of all. I do in my heart feel how little I deserve all these mercies. How can such a Being condescend to guide and govern me ? His mercy has increased and is increasing. He gives me His grace which draws my heart and mind to Him and His Word. This life is short compared to His everlasting kingdom. My best endeavours are nothing, so mixed up with sin, so divided this heart which ought to belong entirely to its Saviour and its God, how it is divided with the treasures of this world. Oh, may His Holy Spirit enter, purify and strengthen it ; for without Him what confusion and wretchedness it contains. Thank God, of late He has given me a much clearer view of the state of my own heart, than I ever before had. I always loved, or thought I loved Him, but I loved myself too much. I never really felt my total insufficiency till lately. May His Holy Spirit continue to open my eyes, to give me intense surrender of all to Him, to lead me to call upon Him, to pray without ceasing and to study His Word. How little we

know his love which is immeasurable, boundless. Our best endeavours are poor attempts yet we are encouraged to hope; and trust He will not despise us. How totally dark are our minds, dark and ignorant. Oh, may our eyes be opened, may we attain that eternal light whose glory shines for ever, when our knowledge can only attain perfection and His praise be perfect. 1827.

“I could write sheets and volumes, my darling and beloved cousin. I know you understand what I feel. I can write to you with more freedom and tell you the state of my mind better than to almost anyone else. I owe much to you my best and dearest Mrs. Wilson. The Great Physician of all employed you and dear Mrs. Stewart as the means of first opening my eyes and directing my thoughts where they ought to be placed, on Jesus. I was very unhappy and awfully sinful some time ago. I set my heart too much on my friends in this world, and pined for them, and wickedly thought I never would have enjoyment again without their society. How mercifully God, in whose hands I am, dealt with me. He gave me His Grace to feel I valued them too much; I forgot Him, my best friend. He made me feel the insufficiency of worldly comfort in trials. He did try me and proved to me that His Grace and work can alone support and instruct; that friends, though sweet company, are but secondary comfort; that their advice often leads to doubt. I am now separated from you all. Often when placed in very trying situations, I have found my foolish heart rejecting those friends from whom I could

1828. procure advice. Then I found the power of God's free grace and mercy and flew to Him to show me my way. On Him alone my heart is fixed. Oh, may He keep it and strengthen it for His glory. Dearest friends, your prayers for me have been heard ; pray still, and join me in prayer for an increase of His love. What would I not give to see you and talk to you. If He sees fit He will permit it. I leave my dearest desire in His care. He knows what is best, and He who is my Father I know, loves me. I do hope He may permit us to meet, but at present I do not see that it would be our duty to return. You know Mr. Stewart's affairs have been placed in the care and management of Mr. Darling. We cannot see the result. It may bring us independence and restore to our family some of the property they lost. At present we could not live at home independently ; here we can, and have overcome our worst difficulties. We are very comfortable and have many blessings. Our farm is doing better. Our children are becoming useful and their minds opening. My dear husband enjoys good health this year. No ague has appeared yet.

"F. S."

In January, 1828, she writes to Miss Beaufort:—

January

January 1828 :—"The last Christmas has been pleasanter than any we have yet had here. The Reids and we all walked to church together and received Holy Communion, the first time we had been able to do so since coming to Douro. There was a very large congregation, over one hundred people, and about twenty remained for the Sacrament. This was an

unexpected and delightful sight ; for when Mr. Armour first came many violently opposed the church, and prevented T—— building one long ago when we were first collecting subscriptions. 1828.

After the service we all, the Reids and ourselves, young and old, dined together and spent a happy evening.

Next year I hope that our newly-acquired comforts, which are still daily increasing, may be continued ; but if it should be the will of the Almighty to send us any fresh disappointments, I pray for His support. I must expect disappointments. We have lately gone on so smoothly that it seems like a temptation to draw our minds from the idea of a reverse ; but I pray for a thankful heart which will never forget the source from whence all mercies flow, and for a continual recollection that this life is but a scene of trial and a preparation for the better and everlasting life above.

But I must turn to other subjects and tell you that the precious "Box" has at last arrived. Oh, thanks, thanks to all for the presents, valuable in themselves, but doubly so for the affection which prompted you all to send them. And thanks for all the trouble of choosing and buying our own commissions.

I have suffered a good deal the last fortnight, having taken cold by being wet through several times from heavy showers. However I am much better now though I find it hard to write or work. This however gives me more time for reading, which is a real treat. I hope that something may soon be done about the franks, for I am sorry to be confined to one sheet, still more so to get short letters from you all. I shall pay

1828. two shillings and sevenpence for this letter, please tell me what you pay when you get it."

In April of this year she writes to her sister a letter which shows well how her gentle spirit was being taught of God. She says :—

April 1828 :—"Economy we have always practised but I find the necessity increased, for our little family is larger and we cannot, I see, *make* anything by our farm, although we can *live* on it ; so we must try the more to save. Now, my love, do not suppose that I am low-spirited or desponding, or encouraging a fit of the blue vapours. No indeed ; thank God, he has given me His Holy Spirit, Who will I trust keep my heart from yielding. This time two years ago how very miserable I was ; now my mind is in a very different state. I must and do see things as they are, but I try to view them very calmly, and cheerfully. Indeed I have more reason to be happy and cheerful than any one of my acquaintances. Even at "home" when I used to think all was perfect enjoyment, how many families are suffering from illness, or struggling against poverty, endeavouring to keep up an appearance of affluence when in reality they are debtors.

I feel much indeed for poor Mrs. T——, her prospects are gloomy at present, yet these apparent afflictions may prove her greatest blessing ; they are perhaps the wise and merciful means taken to show her how trifling is the enjoyment to be acquired from the admiration of acquaintances and friends, from beauty, riches, high natural spirits or any of the superior advantages she possessed in such ample measure. Yet how little comfort can they all afford

her when her children are taken from her, or miserably afflicted with painful diseases. Our trials must be great before our adversary the devil, who is ever watchful, will allow us to feel their effect, which is the willing desire to be taught of the Holy Spirit Who gives us strength, support and guidance. Our tempter will lead us to believe that we can resist many evils. His teaching is that if we will merely read the Bible and look for support, we shall have it. And certainly reading the Bible is the first and surest means of acquiring that state of mind which is necessary to a Christian. But we must feel also our own total inability of, or by, ourselves to do, think, or feel anything good. Without God's help we could not move a finger, much less guide a thought. When we feel this we shall know that though our eyes may move and see the words, and we may even think of their meaning, yet we must pray and seek for assistance to *feel* it before we can be said to really read the Bible.

You will I am sure, wonder, my dearest, why I write in this style just now. The reason is that the thoughts are in my mind and to whom should I tell them more freely than to my dear sister. For years past my mind has been more and more filling with such reflections, and the human mind is of such a nature as to naturally resist them. A good deal of suffering will encourage them. They wear away again. Again, a merciful Parent brings them forward and strengthens them. He proves the power of His grace by increasing our worldly perplexities and trials, for He finds that slight means will not do.

1828. *Bodily suffering* will lead our minds to Him by laying us aside from daily and ordinary pursuits, so giving us time to think.

Mental suffering, the doubts and troubles into which we are thrown, proves to us our complete insufficiency, want of judgment or of firmness, and causes us to fly to Him in prayer, and to study His Holy Book. Since I have been in Canada I have had great trials, not indeed of body, but I have been placed in situations in which I could hardly have been had I lived three lives at home. Had I been there I should have consulted my friends if such dilemmas ever could have surrounded me. Here I am separated from all those on whose judgment I used to rely. Often Mr. Stewart is too busy or too tired for me to consult him. I then seek understanding and guidance from the best Guide. I call and He answers ; indeed I should say He answers before I call. Of His free grace and mercy He bestowed on me the spirit of adoption, by which He gave me the privilege of approaching Him as a reconciled Father in Christ. Dear C. I could write forever of this, and yet how little do I yet know or feel of the love of Christ. Oh, may He take His own way to enlighten me. Amen."

July July 1828 :—" Since last writing I have had a great pleasure. One morning, in the beginning of June, I awoke just as darkness had dispersed, and long before sunrise. We sleep upstairs now and our south window is exactly opposite the foot of the bed. Well, my eyes opened and I saw as if from a great height over and beyond the tops of our surrounding trees a view of a lake and a long river winding away in the distance.

The colours of the foliage were distinctly delineated ; 1828.
the bright fresh green of the young leaves and the darker pine woods were beautifully contrasted ; there was some low grassy ground on one side of the lake. I thought it must be our Little Lake at Peterborough and the Otonabee river winding away towards Rice Lake. It was exactly and plainly it, except that the grassy low land was on the opposite side to which it really is. I looked and wondered and at last got up and leaned out of the window to get a more distinct view, but nothing new appeared in the beautiful picture. I awakened T—— but he thought I was dreaming and would not rouse ; so I sat there a long time and then lay down still seeing it from my pillow. After a while I slept a little ; when I awakened it was just vanishing away in the mists of the morning. When T—— got up he was very sorry he had not looked at it.”

November 30th, 1828 :—“ I have very little time for Nov. 30th
letter-writing now that I have another dear little nursling, John. Indeed I am literally as busy as I can be from morning till night. How fortunate it is that most of my employments are merely manual, leaving my mind at liberty. Four years ago I thought very differently on this subject, for I wished that my new path of life might engage my thoughts more, that they might not so constantly return to the beloved friends I had left. But for some time past I have been enabled to see my situation in a different light. When I think of the uncertainty and shortness of life and that we may hope soon to meet those we love best at *Home*, in

1828. our Father's House, to be no longer subject to the sorrows of time, oh then, our present separation is nothing.

What a dreadful state Ireland is in ; and how well off we are here ; we have lived in this house for six years and we have not yet a lock nor a key for any of our doors ; but within the last month we have had a bolt on the hall-door. For three years the only road through this township lay close past our house, and emigrants went by at all hours from daybreak till dark, yet we have never been alarmed nor lost the smallest article "

The "pleasanter time" she speaks of in 1828 did not continue for early in 1829 she writes :—

- April 1829.—" Various and endless are the obstacles to any employment which requires quietness, and sometimes I am almost in despair about being able to do anything but nurse or fuss a little over housekeeping. Even now I scribble with my little John sleeping on my arm, while the three elder ones are making all sorts of noises in the room, for the weather is too wet to dispose of them out of doors. We have had a most unusually long and severe winter. Even now the weather is cold and blustery with no appearance of spring anywhere.

All my pursuits are so completely changed that I can scarcely help thinking that I myself have become a different being, for no two people could be more totally unlike that Fanny Browne of Dublin and Fanny Stewart of Douro. But my dear friends are the same and equally fond and tender. Oh, this

makes me know most exquisitely that I am Fanny Browne still. But though my employments are of necessity so much changed, my tastes are still the same. I enjoy reading, music, etc., as much as I did twenty years ago. When walking I delight as much as ever in the works of nature, but my walking time is very limited." 1829.

June 1829 :—"Adversity and solitude are certainly great blessings. That peace which passeth all understanding can only be found in solitude, and even in the deepest afflictions we will find comfort when taught by the Holy Spirit of God. In this respect my lot is a blessed one."

Some time during the early part of the summer of 1828, Capt. Basil Hall, the accomplished navigator, traveller and author, paid a visit to my father. He made many notes of his impressions of the settlements in Douro and the Town of Peterboro.' Some of these are published in his "Travels in North America," and in "Fragments of Voyages and Travels." At the time of Capt. Hall's visit my brother Frank was making his first attempts to stand, and Capt. Hall put him on the table after dinner one day and made him walk across it.

April In the spring of this year there was a heavy loss of cattle from the severity of the winter, and scarcity of food. They were obliged to cut brush and feed the cattle on the young buds and tender branches. Mr. Reid lost a number of cattle. My aunt had spent some months in Guelph with her daughter, Mrs. Strickland. They drove home in a large covered

1829. sleigh, travelling day and night, fearing the snow would go off ; the latter part of their journey was made on wheels. Mrs. Strickland and her daughter Maria came with her.

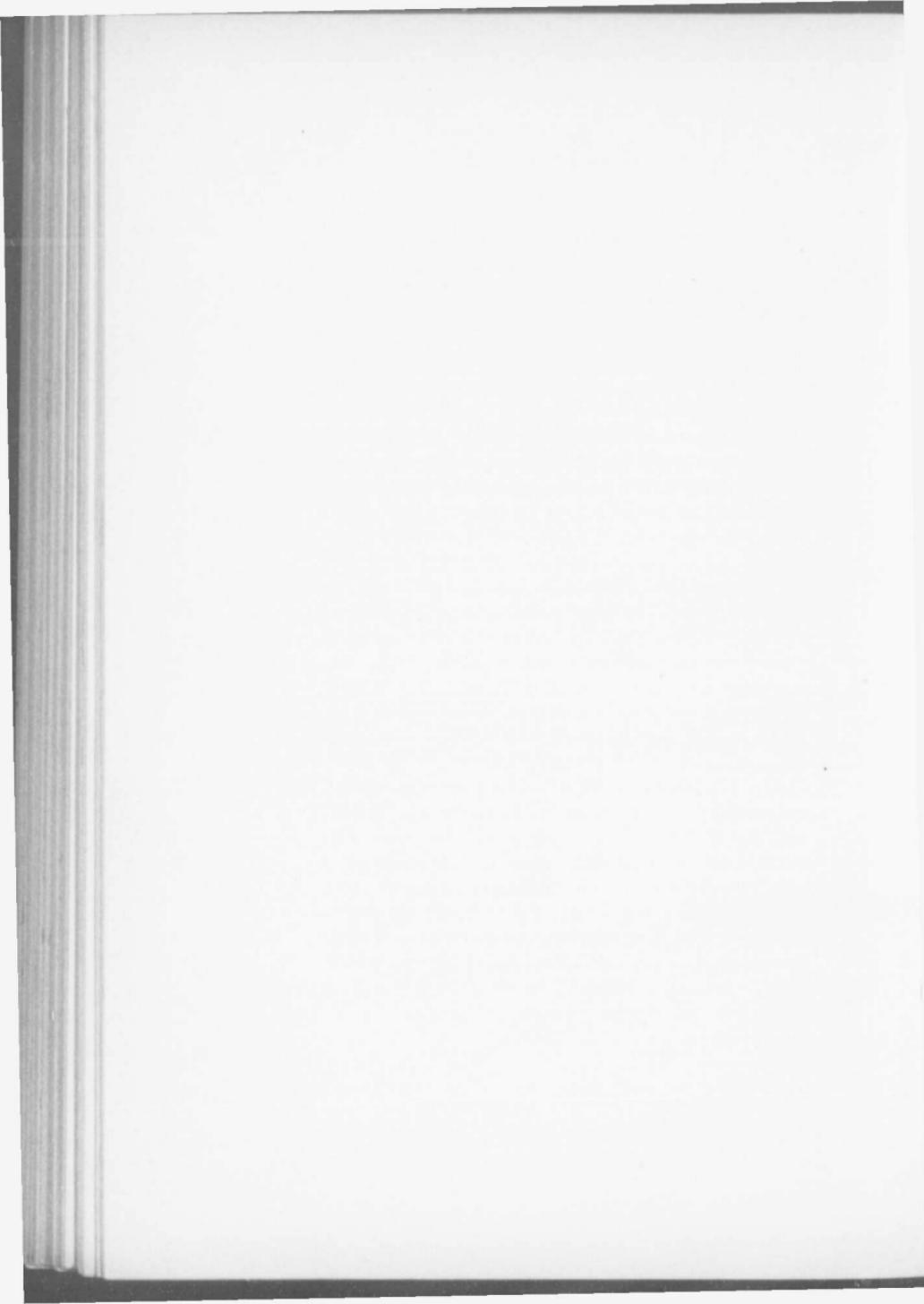
“The Reids bear the loss of their cattle most wonderfully and say they must only work the harder to make up for it. I do not know how they can ; they are indefatigable. Our own little party go on in the old way. I do not see much improvement when I recollect that nearly seven years of our lives have been spent here. So little seems to have been done for ourselves or others. Yet we have not been idle. Mr Stewart works hard. Oh, how I sigh for peace and rest from turmoil and bustle. I endeavour to attend to the education of my dear children, but it is tenfold labour, for my obstacles are numerous, and I think increase instead of diminish, which often makes my heart sink. I do try to turn their hearts to hopes and affections above and beyond this world. They have good dispositions and fine minds to work on, but I am an unworthy and inefficient instrument As to our farm, I think it is going on as well as we could expect ; but I do not think it will ever be profitable. Mr. Stewart is at such constant expense ; he has just got it into his own hands again. He is busy from morning till night. Indeed, I know it is too much for him.

“We want a name for this place. There are now many new places starting around us so our settlement must be named. We had a proposal to call it ‘Brierly Cottage,’ because we have such lovely sweet-brier about our windows. ‘Brier Bank’ was also pro-

posed." Finally the name of "Auburn" was decided upon. 1829.

The following letter to Mrs. Major Frood gives some Nov. 22nd account of the children :—

"I have many good excuses for not writing often ; you have no idea in the world of the never-ending or never for a moment ceasing cares and occupations. So many unforeseen occurrences to make constant changes in our domestic arrangements added to the charge of so many young children. I find the comfort of regular habits one of those which I believe are not to be had in Canada, at least not in the backwoods, and I regret the difficulty of teaching the children. I own it grieves me to see A. and E. growing up with so few advantages. E. is, I must say, a sweet girl indeed in temper and disposition, but so wild that I cannot bring her into any order ; she is quite a curiosity and different from all the rest. A. is a large girl ; she is greatly beloved and the most useful, valuable child a mother could have ; she has not been well, but is gaining some colour now and the appearances of health and animation. B. is a queer little oddity, a brunette, with dancing, merry eyes and as full of tricks as a kitten. W. is a Garner and like Mr. Stewart's mother. F. takes after my family ; he has large dark eyes and a high colour ; he is a fine, bold fellow. J. the baby, born on the 15th October, 1828, is the pet and the smallest little coaxing love I ever saw, he has always been delicate and is very small. You see I have now given you a full description of my children."



PART III.

OWING to many letters being lost a long blank occurs in these years though some of the events I can supply from memory. Peterboro' was now becoming quite a town, many nice families were settling both there and in the surrounding country. Another brother (George) was born on the 26th of August. The log house was now becoming much dilapidated, and the work of repairing and putting up additions was determined on ; about the middle of September the work commenced. The rooms below and above were taken up with piles of mortar, stones and so forth for the new chimney. My mother took possession of a small bedroom next the parlour with her little baby. The rest of the children were sent to Mrs. Reid's while the work went on.

In the middle of all our confusion some gentlemen arrived, amongst them Mr. Ferguson, to get information from my father about the country. There was much regret at the house not being in order for their proper entertainment. Mr. Ferguson admired the dear little baby as he lay sleeping undisturbed by all the noise going on, for there was only a board partition between my mother's room and that in which the workmen were busy.

1830. All the confusion, however, was amply compensated for by the improved appearance of the house ; there was a new chimney, a kitchen, and rooms partitioned off up stairs, and the parlour was the admiration of all, visitors as well as our own household, as the walls were lined with books, while in the cheerful fireplace a bright fire lighted up the walls. After tea my father read aloud by candle-light (no coal oil lamps in those days), while each one had some useful employment or amusement as we sat round the table ; this was great enjoyment to us young people.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Nov. 26th “ Mr. Stewart has finished his shrubbery walk, and is now enclosing my flower garden. He has been as busy as usual, and is preparing winter shelter for the cattle. Our new chimney draws well. We have put up some neat common paper on the old log walls of our sitting room. Mr. Stewart has painted the doors and windows, which gives the room a clean and brighter appearance, the smoke had darkened them so much. A new cherrywood table with leaves and ends to enlarge it when necessary, half a dozen chairs, and a beautiful carpet I got from home, make our little room quite neat ; the old carpet is a comfort to me in my bedroom. In addition, I have a new bedstead for which I am making curtains, and I have all my young family to fit out for the winter, they grow so fast.

1830 :—“ Peterborough is increasing most rapidly and will soon be a fine flourishing town ; every time

I go there I see new houses being put up. There are now two mills, a tannery and distillery ; all sorts of tradespeople are settling there, but as yet no gentle-people have come, so that in point of society we are not much better off than we were four years ago. I never see anybody but the Reids and Armours ; the latter do not come here oftener than once in two months, and I only meet the former on Sundays unless I go there, which I cannot do easily, as I have nobody to leave in charge of house and children. But when we do meet we enjoy ourselves very much. Mrs. Reid has much better health than she had at home ; she has escaped all agues and fevers, but she sometimes looks fagged. She is the first up in the mornings. They all get up at sunrise in the summer-time and long before it in the winter, and they work hard all day. I was there one day lately when they were busy husking corn which is a great business in this country. It takes place after the harvest is gathered, and is done in this fashion ; the *cobs* are first taken out of the husk, they are then spread out to dry, when they are shelled ; this is done by rubbing one cob against another or sometimes scraping the grains off with a spade. Mr. Reid however has invented a quicker and more easy way. He has fastened the blades of two large knives, one into each end of a stool, some one sits on the stool with a cob in each hand and scrapes away at both sides. It looks very ludicrous, but is really an expeditious process. Farmers generally have "Bees" (gatherings of their neighbours) for husking corn, or indeed for any purpose. They have bees for building houses, for "logging," for reaping the grain,

1830.

1830. while their wives have quilting, spinning and sewing bees."

"Our mill is going on prosperously. We are only to have the saw mill now. The grist mill is to be added and the dam finished next summer when the water is low. Scott says he will engage them to be the best mills in the district. The foundation of the dam is completed. The carpenters are now preparing wooden patterns of the wheels which are to be sent to the foundry at Rochester to have metal castings made from them. We have a blacksmith at work, it is a source of great interest to the young people to go to the forge, they never saw a smith at work before; their delight at seeing a horseshoe made was amusing to us. A poor workman had his leg broken sometime ago, he is very useful to me as he darns stockings and is glad to have something to do. The wood for models of wheels has to be boiled and dried at a fire to harden before they begin to turn them."

TO MISS LOUISA BEAUFORT.

Dec. 20th "There is an Indian encampment about a mile from us in the woods near Mr. Reid's, we are beginning to get acquainted with the poor people who are terribly shy, so much afraid of our dogs and the turkey cock that we seldom get them to come near. They go frequently to Mr. Reid's and are much delighted looking at prints or maps. Every Sunday seven or eight Indians and their wives sit round the table looking at them. I went to the wigwam one day where the Indian families live. It is seven or eight feet wide, of

an oval shape, made with poles covered with birch-bark and branches of evergreens, spruce and pine; the floor covered with branches of hemlock strewed over the ground, then skins and blankets spread over that, and on this they sit through the day and sleep at night; a fire in the middle of the rude building, a pole across on which they hang bits of venison to dry and smoke. One squaw whose baby was a few weeks old was making a little frock of cotton for it quite neatly, putting green braid on the band and around the top; another was preparing a deer-skin for making moccasins; another making a pair of the same; and still another making a basket. An old Indian whose name is "Squire Marten," was making a pair of snow-shoes, his son a boy eighteen was helping him. the boy, whose name was Jim Bigman, was our interpreter, he spoke English well. Four squaws and a boy came to me to-day with baskets, they sat a long time by the kitchen fire. I showed them some beads I had in ancient days on a gown, the squaws laughed, being much pleased and promised to bring me some more baskets for them. I want to tempt them to come here. I am in better health than I have been for two years. Mr. Stewart has gone for the first time to take his seat in the Legislative Council at York."

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

"Many, many sad thoughts pass through my mind February when I sit or walk, and many pleasing recollections come also, but in all I think you have some part. A

1831. few years back lie the scenes of childhood and youth, in place of which I have ever-present anxieties, for my life now is certainly full of care. I have such a swarm of little creatures always about me and depending on me, and I may say truly on me alone, for almost everything. A. and E. are now quite companionable. I enjoy very much telling them of the many kind friends they possess, who were companions to their mama, and who would, I am sure, love them. A. is very sedate and rather grave-looking for her years. She is in many respects very child-like, and is one of the most artless, innocent creatures that can be. E. is more lively, also gentle, and is prettier, therefore more popular, and so much taken notice of by strangers, that I am sometimes afraid she will become conceited, at present she is not so, she is perfectly free from vanity, or selfishness in any way. They are both very useful, and anxious to save me from exertion or anxiety, so that I can now leave home for a whole day. They take care of everything, and of all my little people in my absence as well as if I were present.

“ We have been too much interrupted of late by strangers coming at all hours, it is a great change after being so long almost entirely deprived of society, but everything is changed, we are now in the midst of a populous country. Some of our new neighbours are very pleasing, but none what we could call agreeable ; their conversation consists of chit-chat concerning local occurrences in our village. We have a few characters who are subjects for the drollery or severity of those who are inclined to observe them. We have

a parson, a doctor and a post-master, all such characters as you might meet with in a play or novel. There is another individual here who is a curiosity, and about whom there is an endless mystery—Mr. Cantwell. No one can find out exactly what countryman he is, but he has lived a great deal in Ireland, passed a part of his life in France, is well acquainted with literature and has a fund of anecdote and conversation. He married a nun, she left a convent in Cork to marry him. He is intimately acquainted with Lord Rossmore. 1831.

“Mr. Stewart is going to make a new flower garden ; it is enclosed with a very close paling of laths ; within this paling is to be a sweet-brier hedge ; in one corner a bower of sweet-brier and hops ; in the middle a very large rose bed ; all around this beds for flowers. This garden is immediately in front of our hall door with a gravel walk, and little border of grass between the garden and porch. At one end is the gate of entrance, and at the other another gate into our new plantation and shrubbery. This little garden would not look as well before a larger or better building, but just suits this rustic log house.

“Mr. Stewart and his little boys have burnt away almost all the stumps around the house for some distance. The ground has been ploughed four times and a crop of peas sown there this year, potatoes will be the next crop and then grass. If we live long enough this will be a lovely place. Mr. Stewart is delighted with the ‘Tales of a Grandfather,’ and reads aloud to the girls in the evening.”

1831.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Oct. 18th "I have had much pleasure this year from my little garden. The flowers, though the most common, were more luxuriant than I ever saw them at home. Now, though past the middle of October, I have great bunches of lavender and sweet peas. The children are fond of gardening, and assist very actively in the management of both the kitchen and flower gardens. The little boys are good farmers and help their papa in the potato field, and other operations suited to their strength. I never saw a stouter or more healthy looking set of children than mine. They are warmly clothed and plainly fed, but it agrees with them better than confinement and dainties would. It is a sad loss though that my time is so much divided that I cannot give a fair portion to their education and improvement. And now for yourself. I can only express my love by assuring you that Fanny Browne never loved you more warmly than you are loved and esteemed by your affectionate cousin, "F. S."

A break occurs owing to loss of letters, as before referred to, but some incidents may be mentioned. It had for some time been considered necessary that some one should go to Ireland and see after my father's property, which it was thought could be saved. One unsettled dispute remained, and Mr. Reid arranged to go in the autumn of 1831. He started off in high hopes of success.

February 1832. A short account of a visit paid in Cobourg in February, 1832, may be of interest :—

March, 1832 :—" I have already this year taken two flights to Cobourg, the first on January 16th., the second on February 17th. It is of the latter I must tell you. Mr. and Mrs. Falkner with two of their children had been paying us a visit and insisted on my returning with them. So, as T—— had business in Cobourg, it was settled we should go there and I remain with the F——'s, till his return. Two sleighs full of our party set off ; it was dark when we reached Oaklands, but even then we could perceive its beauty in some degree. It is a farm of Mr. F——'s at Hamilton Plains, near Rice Lake. The Plains are beautiful, but the name is misleading for they are all hills and valleys. A great quantity of oak copswood gives the farm its name. The day after our arrival we went in sleighs across the lake to visit a Captain Anderson and to see the skin of a curious specimen of deer which had been shot by the Indians some time before the winter. Captain A—— had been for many years an Indian trader and had of course lived among the Indians. He received us most kindly in his parlour, a very neat room with carpet, stove, sofa, pier-glass ; everything neat and nice. All it wanted was heat. He brought in a shovelful of fire himself and lit the stove. He then gave us wine and cake and showed us a number of Indian curiosities and relics with which the room was ornamented.

1832.
March

Then he took Mr. S—— into another room, and after a few minutes came back and beckoned us to follow ; we found there a warm comfortable apartment which reminded me of Count O'Halloran's room, though there was not so much *live lumber* (as

1832. Heathcock called the pets) in it. There was however a large hound lying under the table ; deer's horns and a large stuffed squirrel hung against the wall. There were two tables covered with all sorts of tools, particularly those used by a gunsmith, for Captain A—— is famous in that trade. A great many fishing nets and implements added to the effect.

“From this we went to see the Indian village and school where we heard a number of children read and repeat their lessons.

“The following day and evening were spent with the Henry's and Bethune's, and next morning we returned home where we found all well and happy. Dear Anna is so careful and steady that I can now leave home with an easy mind ; she takes care of everybody and everything.”

Early in 1832, the cholera broke out in different parts of the country like a frightful scourge. It was brought to this country by the immigrant ships.

A sad incident which occurring about this time, and mentioned in the Belfast papers, will best be told as taken from my mother's journal. Although this happened many years ago, there are some of the Rev. William Brown's grandchildren, near and dear to me as my nieces and nephews, loved and respected by all who know them, who will wish to have this event preserved, sad though it may be.

“The Rev. Mr. Brown was for a quarter of a century the pastor of the Independent Church in Donegal Street, Belfast. Upon his death Mrs. Brown went to Scotland, and, being in reduced circumstances and

having a large family of six sons and one daughter, 1832. by the solicitations of her eldest son John she gave up her house in Leith and emigrated to Canada. They sailed in the ship *Wellington* on the 1st of April, 1832. During a voyage of six weeks incessant storms prevailed. On the 15th of May the vessel struck a rock in the St. Lawrence. All on board were saved with merely the clothes they had on them at the time; there was no time even to save provisions. They landed on a desolate shore; only deserted fishermen's sheds for shelter, and deep snow still on the ground. There were one hundred and thirty individuals, and only a small bag of biscuits and a small quantity of spirits saved by a sailor. Here they managed to linger for eleven weary days before a vessel came to their rescue. Shortly after their arrival at Montreal the two elder sons got situations. But the cholera broke out. The eldest son took ill during the service in church. Mrs. Brown could not afford medical attendance. The great anxiety and work of attending to her son was too much for her strength, and although he was on the point of recovery, she fell dead on his bed. The shock was too much for the son. They were both taken out to be buried together. When Mr. Reid returned in the autumn of this year, not having been successful in the business which had taken him home, on his arrival in Montreal he found one of Mrs. Brown's sons, Edward, looking for employment. He brought him with him to Douro, with some other young gentlemen who came with him from Ireland to learn farming in the backwoods."

1832.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

“Sophy Edgeworth enjoys hearing your letters, my beloved Fanny, which I read to her, and, indeed, they are not thrown away. She not only sympathises with you in all the little particulars you tell which are interesting, but besides that, she is in continual delight at the beauty of your letters and at the style of the writing, and at your having preserved the elegance of your tastes. I wish you could have heard the gratifying manner in which she listened and spoke of these letters and the children’s. I read her one or two of them, particularly Anna Maria’s last, which was such a nice one, so well written and put together. Louisa has several times repeated, ‘How much better, and more easy style she writes than some little girls we know, who have all day long been learning forever.’ I am sure liberty helps to improve the mind, if accompanied by due restraint and necessary instruction.”

Jan. 8th On the 8th of January of this year another son, Charles Edward, was born. The event caused no little commotion, as neither doctor nor nurse were engaged. A suitable nurse could not be heard of. In this extremity a good and true friend, Mrs. Webster, sister to Doctor Hutchison, came, and was a great help and comfort. However, all the former events of the kind had gone on well and my mother says :—
“A special Providence has been over me and mine.”
A finer infant could not be. As he grew in size, a fine, intelligent child, he soon got the name of “Prince Charlie,” from being a great favourite with all who knew him.

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

1833.

April 20th :—"This happens to be one of my Apr.20th anniversaries, one which for twenty-eight years has never passed without bringing to my mind thoughts both pleasant and melancholy, and I feel such an inclination to sit down and put you in mind of it that it is quite irresistible. That day then, April the 20th, 1805, was different from the present 20th on which I write and which is a dark, hot, heavy, thundery day,—that was a bright, lovely, clear day. I was then full of life, youth and vigour, now I am dull, old and inanimate ; very, very different indeed in mind and body, but the same in heart and in the love I feel for my friends. It was on the 20th that I left Edgeworthstown after having paid my first visit there and passed five happy months with the friends whose kind and affectionate attachment to me has never ceased. Since then many events have taken place.

"But I must leave these old times and come to the present. Alas ! my present mode of living does not afford anything in the least entertaining for I do not think I ever was so dead, my whole time is occupied by family duties, which, although pleasing when they go on smoothly, become tiresome when there are so many little annoying circumstances as I meet with constantly. All I want is a little rest sometimes for mind and body, for I have quite as much to think of and do as is agreeable, and rather more than is pleasant. I find it impossible to attend to the improvement of the children with that quietness and

1834. regularity which alone can bring success. It harasses me greatly and disheartens me when I find how very backward my poor little dears are in common learning ; as for accomplishments, though I should like very much to have my daughters taught any of those pursuits which would certainly make them more pleasing to others, yet I never expected that I could do so. Nor will this be a loss, as after marriage I find that these things are always laid aside in this country in its present state, indeed it can scarcely be avoided. I am afraid you will think I am discontented. It is a dark, sultry day and that always affects my spirits, besides bringing to my mind so many recollections of *home*. But I can assure you I have really become fond of this country. Our place will be very pretty when time and labour have been given in addition to what nature has so well begun. Mr. Stewart is now putting the garden in order, making a new walk which is to have a trellis-work at each side and arches at the top, this will be covered with hops. We have hops planted along all our fences, garden and shrubbery ; they look beautiful when in bloom."

The following letter was written to Miss F. Beaufort, daughter of Rev. William Beaufort. She was deaf and dumb, but very well educated :—

Feb. 17th "I think you must be a very happy family party. How pleasant it is when so large a family grow up united and attached to each other, which sometimes happens not to be the case when riches or expectation of riches or some such thing comes to cause jealousy and ill-will. One good effect of poverty is I think,

that young people who have had small means and some difficulties to struggle with always turn out better and much more attached to each other. I wish I could give you as pleasing an account of my flock in some respects as you gave me of your brothers and sisters. They are all amiable and very well disposed and fond of each other and of their papa and me ; also very active and inclined to be useful and industrious as far as they are able. This is all very pleasant, but they are sadly deficient in general knowledge and information. Our mode of living here has been diametrically opposite to the regular plans and stated settled hours necessary for proper education. My children are sadly backward in literature from never having had command of regular time for instruction ; those who are now young will I hope, suffer much less, as the elder ones are now able to assist me in every way, and do indeed relieve me of a great deal of care and anxiety. Anna Maria is taller than I am, her face is not pretty but her countenance is sensible and pleasing. She is general overseer of the household concerns, makes all the preserves, pickles, cakes, etc. She also has the care of Johnny the third boy, who is now five years old, she attends to his wardrobe and teaches him to read ; she is also in partnership with Bessie in the care of Charlie the infant. Ellen mends all the stockings for the little boys and also repairs their clothes. She has the particular care of George who is three years old ; besides this she is manager and caretaker of all the poultry. In spring she attends to sowing and raising of plants and the nurseries of

1834. young apple trees ; this is the only part of gardening she has a taste for. Bessie is a very merry, active, fidgety little personage ; she is a brunette and is considered like me. She is always busy and generally finds out some way of making herself useful ; she works a good deal, can make most of her own underclothes and knits well. William and Frank, eight and six and a half years old, are very independent and manly. William is very useful to his father in many ways, he is a good little boy ; he and Frank go to school every day. Johnny is a great oddity and has a serious expression. George is a very fine boy and very engaging. Charlie is one of the sweetest tempered and most winning in his ways of the whole set ; he is a year old and tries to imitate every sound, and has many little tricks and coaxing ways. I have now given you a complete history of all your Canadian cousins. I assure you dear F—, I often think of you all and those happy times at poor old Upton and dear, dear Collon. I have not now a friend or acquaintance there where some of the happiest years of my childhood were spent. I must stop now for there are affairs to look after, by which time it will probably be to-morrow unless I hasten. Pray give my fondest and tenderest love to your dear father and mother who are among my most loved friends. I think your father is one of those I remember longest.

Sept. 25th “ These are busy times, for we are actually making a dam for the mill, which is a most troublesome and expensive work. Scott, who has undertaken the job, set to work with his men on the 16th. I must try to give you some idea of it. The first operation

was to stop the water by a temporary dam made by felling trees, laying them across the stream, filling up all the interstices with branches or stones and then throwing earth over all to thicken and bind it together. The permanent dam is a much more tedious undertaking ; for this purpose they are making deep holes in the rock which forms the bed of the river and is solid limestone. These holes are made with long steel bars called jumpers which men churn up and down and by degrees work holes in the stone to some depth. Strong oak posts are, I believe, to be put into them, but they are not yet all made, as it is a tedious and laborious business.

“ It is exceedingly interesting to observe all the operations and I go there at four o'clock every fine evening accompanied by some of the children, take my knitting and sit watching all they are doing till they separate after sunset. Several of the men are employed in chopping down oak and elm trees for the posts ; others cutting them in lengths, eight feet I think ; others chopping off the bark which is called scoring and which prepares the log for the person who comes next, who with a broadaxe begins at one end and in a wonderfully rapid and exact way chops on, taking off the chips made by the scorer and so making the side square, or rather smooth and flat. Others are chopping down trees of all sorts on the bank of the river, which are drawn to the island by oxen. They are making a strong embankment of great logs piled on a gravelly point at the end of this island, to prevent the force of the current carrying away any of it. Several of the men are in the water and in the

1834. bed of the river, some churning the jumpers up and down, others shovelling gravel or moving heavy stones out of the way. The bank is very high at this part of the river, and I generally take my seat on a log just above where they are at work that I may have a full view of all that goes on. It is very pretty as well as interesting, and I feel quite sorry if rain or anything happens to prevent me being there. Anna and Ellen come with me by turns, as we can not all leave the house at once. Ellen generally comes with me first, and at five returns home to give Charles his supper and undress him. Anna then comes to sit with me. Bessie and the little boys run about up and down the bank, or play at a house a little way off which has been built for the workmen to sleep in, and where there is a decent woman to cook for them. Anna is very fond of rummaging about collecting shells and petrefactions, mosses and other curiosities. Mr. Stewart is there about six o'clock every morning and does not come home till after sunset. We are daily expecting the return of Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Stewart's partner in the mill, from Ireland. . . .
- Oct. 19th "Stevenson's mill goes on well and he has great business, but I rejoice that Mr. Stewart has no share in it. . . . He thinks he has made a very good bargain, as after a time the rent is to increase. . . . I fear, my dear, you think I am terribly harassed and worried with all I have to do. But do you know, I never spent such an idle summer, and I never feel oppressed now by my needlework as I used to do; one thing goes on quietly after another, and indeed we are very happy. I have two comfortable servants; the

eldest has been with me four years, does the milking, 1834.
baking, cooking, washing and cleaning in all parts
of the house adjacent to her belongings in the kitchen,
and occasionally attends to spinning wool in spare
hours. The other maid, a tiny little girl of sixteen,
takes care of the other rooms, lays the table, cleans
knives and candlesticks, washes cups and saucers, irons
all the clothes, and nurses Charlie if she is at a loss for
employment, but this does not often happen. . . .

"I have been very busy preparing winter clothing Nov. 4th
for Mr. Stewart and the three elder boys off a web
of cloth made from our own wool. I cut them
out on Monday and they were finished on Satur-
day, so they are all very comfortable and warm with
good thick trousers and strong socks all from our
own sheep. The yarn for knitting was spun in the
house by our own fingers. You will think I am mak-
ing a boast of our industry, but I really do not intend
it so. I know you are interested in all we do, and
therefore tell you these little things. I assure you
I walk every day. I think we are one of the healthiest
families in the world."

Another son, Henry, the sixth in succession, was
born at this date. I can well remember my father's
pride in going about with his children, whenever he
could accompany them; to have them all about him,
whether at their games or at church was his gratifi-
cation, and the admiration of others.

Dec. 19. "Thank God we are all well. I do think we Dec. 19th
are in a most peculiar manner under the hand of a
special Providence. Our large family has been pre-
served to us through constant dangers, in health and

1834. safety; when others are afflicted with sickness or death we are all in health and happiness. Our crops and flocks seldom meet with any of the disasters with which others are often visited ; when whole fields are destroyed by insects, as was the case in many parts of this township last year and the year before, our crops remained untouched ; when flocks of sheep are destroyed by wolves, as they are every night around us, ours have escaped ; cattle have died of a prevalent disease, ours have been spared. I have invariably observed this mercy towards us, although so unworthy of any particular mercy. Oh let us thank God for these and all blessings so entirely undeserved by us. But God deals not with us according to our deserts, but according to His own rich and boundless mercy and goodness.

Sept. 2nd " Not wilfully but from the many calls on my time I have laid aside my usual letter writing. . . Surely when trials or afflictions are our portion it is wonderful how clearly we perceive the painful part and forget the blessings, not seeing the hand of mercy ever in our afflictions. I have had trials many and sore, but I hope and trust I see the hand of the Lord in all ; I certainly have felt his support. Oh, may I never wilfully blind my eyes, but be enabled to see ever more clearly till the perfect day. Anna Maria is very fond of the flower garden, but our large *little* family requires constant care and so much absolute work that between nursing, sewing and house-keeping, with a little reading, we have very little time for any recreation. I now keep only one servant, a little girl of fifteen. She cooks, bakes and does the rough work of

the house. A woman comes to wash every fortnight. 1834.
The two girls manage the ironing between them, as also the care of little Henry, who is a fine, good-natured little fellow."

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Dec. 17 :—" This memorable day must not close Dec. 17th without my beginning a letter to you. I have reason, indeed, to be thankful for reaching this nineteenth anniversary of my marriage, surrounded by many comforts and blessings, and possessing even more of the confidence of my husband than he either felt or showed in the earlier years of our union, for I may indeed say with thankfulness that our love has increased with our years."

Dec. 25 :—" Were I to follow my inclination I should Dec. 25th spend my days between writing and reading; but those good old times are long gone by when I could indulge myself. Mr. Stewart is very anxious to sell some land, but no one has any money to pay what he asks for it, which is twelve dollars per acre for uncleared land within one and a half miles of Peterborough. Admiral Vansittart, Sir Charles Grey and others are purchasing land about fifty miles from this, and in another township. They have taken a large tract of wild land. Admiral Vansittart has already fifty men at work."

" I wrote so far on Christmas day and now will Dec. 27th continue. We went to church immediately after breakfast. Mr. D'Olier gave that excellent sermon of White's on Christmas Day, it is the first in the

1834. volume which Aunt W—— sent me. A. M. received the Sacrament for the first time. As there were a good many communicants we did not get home till four o'clock. There had been some rumours of the service being in the new church that day ; but it was thought better to wait till milder weather, as it would be impossible to heat it sufficiently in its present unfinished state. The tower is not quite finished at the top as the frost put a stop to the masons working ; but the ceiling is plastered ; floor laid and the windows glazed. It is a most respectable looking building and a beautiful object standing as it does on a hill prettily wooded with oak and Weymouth pine, which, being in their native soil on the plains, are not drawn up as they are in the middle of the forest, but grow strong and well branched. I wish now to mention, for the satisfaction of all our friends who subscribed eleven years ago for our church in the woods, that the money they sent has been used for this one."

"But I will return to Christmas day. At five o'clock we had a good substantial dinner, the produce of our own farm. Roast beef, roast goose, vegetables, followed by a most excellent plum pudding made by Anna's direction. We all enjoyed it with good spirits. After dinner Mr. Stewart and I, with some of the children, took a walk by pale moonlight till near bed time. So ended Christmas day, with thankfulness for the health and happiness we all enjoyed. And oh, may you have the same to say, my beloved friends, not only now, but as long as life is spared, and may that be as long as you can enjoy it."

“The Bellinghams have been very kind and urgent this long time past, that I should let one of our girls go and stay with them in Montreal. I fear I have offended them by my constant refusal, but I could not see that I would be right in sending my poor girl, innocent and ignorant of the world and its ways, straight from her little cabin in retirement to a gay city and far from the parent's wing, to stay with one who, though kind and affectionate, is not accustomed to children. So much society, and at such a distance, among perfect strangers might make her discontented afterwards with her poor little home. In all of these cogitations I am writing in the singular number with my opinion, and I do think this the most tiresome letter I ever wrote, so entirely confined to my own wishes, thoughts, and my fine family. I do not know how it is I cannot help telling you all about it. What a blessing it is that my children are healthy and amiable. I myself have been very well in general. Sometimes my oppression of breathing teases me. Everyone says I look better than for years past. The weather has been bitterly cold, the thermometer in Peterboro' has been very low, twenty-five or thirty below zero, even in the middle of the day once or twice.

“The Kirkpatricks lend us books occasionally; they are very kind and pleasing. Stafford Kirkpatrick is getting himself forward in every way, and has all the law business that is to be had. He is highly esteemed and respected and is consulted on all affairs of importance, public or private. He is active and energetic in the improving of Peterboro' and of the country;

1834. in every way a most useful man and a great acquisition, particularly to us. Mrs. Kirpatrick is a very pleasing, lovable young person."
- Apr. 15th April 15th, 1837 :—"Our clergyman, Mr. D'Olier, is a pious good man, but the salary he receives is not enough to support his large family without a farm ; he is obliged to work like a laborer all the week, and can only attend to the Sunday services ; this is not enough. There is an excellent Scotch minister who is active and zealous, doing all he can to promote Christianity ; he has evening lectures three times a week, also Sunday-schools in different parts of his large parish, and a lending library ; but still this is not enough. Lately a travelling missionary has come, Mr. Wade, an old friend of mine ; he goes about preaching, and I trust may do good."

One of the most important and most to be regretted circumstances connected with the loss of my mother's letters and journals, is that among them were those referring to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Traill in year 1832. How little we then thought that a life-long friendship was begun. Well do I remember these friends of my youth, especially Mrs. Traill ; the delight she gave us ; the wonderful power she had to fascinate children ; entertain the grown-up, and cast a bright smile on all whom she addressed. My father and mother found in her's a congenial mind, full of information on many subjects. By her love and knowledge of plants and natural objects generally. Mrs. Traill's searching mind attracted young people to the beauties of nature and so "up to Nature's God." The smallest particle of moss, or

curious leaf, or petrified shell was a treasure in our eyes if Mrs. Traill admired it. My brother Charlie, in his young days, caught her taste, and would pick up a morsel of petrified shell and say, "Oh, Mrs. Traill, here's a wee mite." This became a household word in later times. Happy days and hours were enjoyed when this dear friend came to visit us, and that early friendship continued unbroken during my loved parents' life-time. She is still my dearest aged friend living, drawn closer by the years of trial both have been called upon to pass through, her sincere and heartfelt Christian sympathy ever ready to spring forth. Writing of her my memory goes back to the scenes of my youth; the large open fireplace, the great wood fire, the family circle where Mr. and Mrs. Traill so often joined us adding to my parents' happiness and to the pleasure of us younger ones.

In later years Mrs. Traill wrote to me as follows:—"The memory of your mother, this dear and much valued friend, is associated with my own earliest experiences in the forest wilderness and with some of my happiest days beneath the pines of Douro. In those days friends were few and her cheering sympathy and encouragement to do and to bear the lot which was such a strange contrast to my former experiences of life was all the more precious to me, because she too had suffered and borne hardships which were equally opposed to her own youthful days.

By the brightly blazing fire in the parlor of Auburn, enlivened by the conversation of its genial, intellectual host and hostess, I learned more practical lessons for my guidance in the new life of a settler's wife

1834. in the back-woods than any book could have given me, had any book been then written on the subject.

I learned how much of real trial had been borne and overcome with patience and cheerful perseverance ; how much could be done by practical usefulness to make a home in the lonely woods the abode of peace and comfort even by delicately-nurtured women, and energetic, refined and educated men ; I was shown the hope and fortitude which helped me to do and to bear ; which made many a rough path smooth, many a crooked lot straight, proving that, as the poet says :—"To bear is to conquer our fate."

The experiences of these, our first friends, were invaluable to my dear husband and myself. While listening to the early trials of their first years, as breakers of the ground in a newly surveyed township, ours of more recent date seemed light in comparison with those they had gone through, and we gathered strength from the knowledge of all they had so bravely borne and so our minds were fortified by their influence and example. Though so many years have elapsed since those days I can recall as a vivid picture the family group at Auburn in the primitive log house. The father who, with my own dear, long lost partner, occupied one side of the ample hearth from which the huge pile of blazing logs cast broad lights and shadows on the walls and rafters where all sorts of guns, pistols fishing-rods, paddles and models of canoes and small rivercraft were arranged, not without taste for artistic effect. Indian bows and arrows, and sundry skins of small, furred, native animals, claws of bears, and wings and talons of eagles, hawks

and herons were fastened on the walls, while the head of a noble deer with branching antlers supported other trophies of the hunter's skill. The broad mantel-piece held curious fossils, specimens of rocks and crystals gathered from the lime-stone boulders, with flint arrow and spear heads and fragments of pottery of ancient Indian manufacture. 1834.

By a small work-table, relic of other days, might be seen the dear mistress of the household with her three daughters, each busily plying needle or knitting-pins ; while on the warm fur rugs lay, basking in idle enjoyment of the warmth, the younger children and two noble dogs, one, that now rare animal an Irish grey-hound, a privileged personage ; the other a fine water-dog of good breed and appearance. Close by an Indian cradle held a sleeping infant.

Myself, an idle spectator and interested listener to talks of by-gone adventures, misadventures, or hoped-for projected improvements to be carried out in the future of the rising colony ; wonderful things to be done for the country, which at that date seemed too good ever to come to pass, but which have long ago been carried into effect, and greater things than even the far seeing, sanguine minds of the gentlemen who suggested the possibilities of Canada's future, could then imagine.

Mr. Stewart was then an honourable member of the Upper House of Legislative Council ; he lived to see much change in the then densely wooded township where his was almost the first dwelling raised, and where he had heard the sound of the chopper's axe

1836. awakening the echoes of those lonely, forest-crowned banks of the rushing Otonabee.

The old homestead of Auburn has passed into other hands and the beloved inmates are gone from it. Some have passed to their eternal home and rest. All is changed ; but the remembrance of their worth will long remain among those who knew and valued them as does the now aged friend whose hand has endeavoured feebly to pay this tribute to their memory."

That hand is now resting from its faithful labors ; the place that knew her on earth knows her no more forever ; but, just as she retained to the end of her days the tender memory of by-gone times and beloved friends, so, among the descendants of those very friends will *her* words be loved and her counsel and example followed together with those of the beloved parents and grandparents of whom she wrote so lovingly. (F. B., 1901).

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Jan. 30th Jan 30 :—" I have been very dissipated since the receipt of your November letter.

" We have lived economically and studied to keep strictly to necessaries in our expenses and I do think we live more savingly, without being quite shabby or penurious, than any family that I know that is as large. Though our house is old, small and noisy, we enjoy more comfort than many who have more show. We have several acquaintances who began handsomely with nice houses and everything as near ' home style ' as they could, and lately they have been obliged to draw in or return to smaller dwellings and reduce in

style. We feel better satisfied still living in our old log house. 1836.

"I must now tell you about our trip to Cobourg. Mr. Stewart has for a long time had a great wish to show the two elder boys something of the outside world, so he planned to take our large family sleigh and indulge Ellen, William and Frank with a day or two of novelty. It was eight years since Ellen had been further than Rice Lake and so she had nearly forgotten Cobourg. I preferred going by the Cavan Road instead of over Rice Lake ; I could then spend the whole day in Cobourg without interruption and see many friends of old who had often made us promise to make their houses our *hôtels d'amitié*. So on the morning of Tuesday the 12th we were all up at 5 a.m., and ready for breakfast at 6. Anna had some delightful chocolate ready, made from that most convenient and excellent paste you sent in our annual box ; this warmed and invigorated us. Just as it had begun to grow light we set off. As we came near the village it became full daylight ; the sun rose most beautifully, the keen frost and smart team of young horses gave a light, cheerful feeling of pleasure. It was so many years since I had set out so early on a journey that you cannot think how odd it seemed. Everything looked lovely ; the trees covered with snow in the sunshiny day were beautiful at that early hour. We passed through Peterboro' where only a few people wandered out, yawning and chilly-looking to see the promise of a new day. The remarks of the boys were very entertaining, particularly Frank, as he is a bit of a boy.

1836. About eight miles from Peterboro' we came to the top of a hill. After being so long shut up among the pine trees, here all at once we saw over all the woods before us ; cleared farms appeared like white spots here and there and the beautiful blue distance which we never see at Auburn caused us surprise and admiration. 'Oh mama, where are we ? what is that ? what is this ?' were asked more quickly than I could answer. Mr. Stewart stopped the horses and let us enjoy the view for a few minutes. About 10 o'clock we reached Mr. Brown's, where we had promised to breakfast. It was a very cold morning, freezing so hard that we were enveloped in hoar frost. Mr. Brown is elder brother to our neighbour Col. Brown who was married to our cousin Miss Stewart, and brother to the Miss Browns I have often mentioned before, four elderly ladies ; there is also another sister who is the widow of Mr. Pringle the author of 'African Sketches.' These five old sisters and Mr. Brown's mother who is about ninety came from Scotland last year to live with Mr. Brown whose family already consisted of his wife, son and daughter ; the latter so young and bright, taking such loving care of the aged aunt and mother. The elderly ladies are great talkers, they have much to tell us that is fresh and pleasing, but they speak broad Scotch. I found it very difficult to understand or even hear what they said, but the worst of all was the old lady, who, by the way, has all her faculties and bright intellect, but is infirm in body. As soon as breakfast was over she invited me to sit beside her, then she took possession of me, talking with-

out cessation in the low tone which belongs to the Scotch dialect, and the noise of the others speaking made it almost impossible for me to understand ; between every two words she put in 'ye ken' which increased the confusion. I often answered quite at random. However it made no difference, for I find the good old lady has taken quite a fancy to me, and says I am a 'fine cratur.' About 12.30 we set out again up hill and down, through woods and new places till we reached Amherst, where a large jail, a stone building with portico and pillars, caused much wonder and many exclamations. 'Oh mama ! did you ever see such a large house ? Oh, it is larger than the new church !' We spent a long day in Cobourg visiting friends and seeing wonders, going three times to see Mr. Chatterton's printing office ; luckily it was the day the *Cobourg Star* was published. Mr. Chatterton insisted on all staying at his house, he put up the horses and all. Indeed no one could be kinder ; he thinks he can never do enough in return for the very little we had done for him when he was less prosperous. On the third day we returned home through Port Hope. The boys were delighted because it was a stormy day, Lake Ontario looked bleak and angry, covered with waves rolling like the sea. This was another source of astonishment and admiration.

"Sir Francis Head has arrived (in York), and Mr. Stewart goes the day after to-morrow to attend the Legislative Council and will be from home for six weeks."

1836.

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

Mar. 20th "When I think of my age I often wonder are all my contemporaries as old looking as I am. If so, there must be a great difference from what they were when last I saw them, but I cannot think that you, as I, have a great deal of care and anxiety to wrinkle your forehead. My mind has sadly degenerated for want of exercise, but though I feel this to my sorrow, I still feel that my old tastes and enjoyments are the same, but somewhat mouldy for want of brushing up and employment. And I begin to look forward to setting about recovering some little scraps of intellect now that my everlasting nursing business is over, having Anna and Ellen to help me to brush up my brains; it will be of use to them too to help me. Little Henry is beginning to creep and stand. When he can amuse himself without being watched we shall have more comfort and enjoyment reading and conversing together. I have begun once more to make another attempt to play a little sometimes, though my fingers are indeed clumsy and very stiff, yet I think I may be of use to Ellen, who is learning music, she likes it and has a tolerable ear and good voice, but is idle and an oddity in many things, but an amiable well intending little girl. Anna has a taste for drawing and I think may be able to do a little in pencil sketching which will be a pleasing resource to her in our solitude. We do not see many strangers now, we live very quietly and as we never give parties, the gay world leaves us to ourselves."

TO MISS WILSON.

1836.

“I am unequal to thank you sufficiently for the Mar. 31st pleasure your precious letters give me. We are happy and cheerful, though we have had some little trials, but we have many and great mercies which far overbalance them. We are all healthy, united and attached to each other; this makes us able to bear some of the difficulties and vexations which come across us sometimes, also knowing that we are under the care and ever watchful superintendence of our precious Lord and Saviour is a great comfort as we remember that He has promised a place of rest for the weary, that here we have not an abiding city. Oh, dear friends when we can see that glorious Heavenly Home who can mind this life, let us be ever so happy! Indeed mine on the whole has been a very happy life. I have been particularly blessed and favoured by the Lord in every situation. Oh, may He never let me forget or be unmindful of all His mercies which I deserve so little.

“Our new church will be ready for service in May or June, I fear the funds are not sufficient to finish it all properly at present. I believe the managers have some intention of applying at *home* for help, as we have seen in the papers accounts of some subscriptions towards churches in Canada and I think as several years ago there was £75 collected for us by our own near family and friends, there might be some addition made for the same purpose by the public.

“Mr. Stewart has been absent for several weeks attending the Legislative Council at Toronto.”

1836. I have to close this year without being able to find the letters giving an account of the opening of St. John's Church, which event of such deep interest to us at that time took place sometime during the summer of 1836.

1837.
Jan. 1st Jan 1st, 1837 :—On this day was born another dear little sister, early in the morning of New Year's day. The double congratulations to my dear father and mother made this event appear to us as great a New Year's gift as if the baby had been the first instead of the tenth. This day was the one on which was held the first meeting of the Douro Council. A number of people came in to take my father to the meeting. It was bitterly cold and a crowd gathered around the fire and when the event of the morning was mentioned, general congratulations were given. The little brothers had many a peep at their small sister, expecting they would have her for a play-thing for many a day. She was for them a life-long darling, and always a comfort to us all. (A.H.)

TO MRS. WILSON.

March March :—“ I feel the responsibility of my situation as a parent. Heaven has blessed me with a very large family. I have now ten children, four girls and six boys, all healthy and sound in body and mind, well disposed and amiable, but sadly deficient in education, from want of time on my part to attend to them. It is impossible for me with such a set of little ones and so much to do for them to attend to teaching sufficiently to bring them on as well as I could wish.

The constant call on the elder ones for help is another difficulty. 1837.

“This country is in a very improving way. There have been some points gained in Parliament this year which will add greatly to the value of property here. Mr. Stewart has had a very busy time for two months this winter attending Parliament and working hard for his country, and has had the satisfaction of succeeding, and gaining some credit besides. I assure you he is a person of great consequence here. I hope you have written long letters by young Dunlop, who, I suppose is on his return now.”

In the fall of this year the rebellion broke out and all loyal men rushed to arms. I am obliged to fall back on my memory for the few events I can recall at this distant day, but the impression is strong on my mind of the excitement and alarm that flew from house to house. My father took a very active part in all preparations though from his lameness he was not able to do as much as he wished. When the order came for all to be put under arms who were able to bear them, not an hour was lost. My father called together the young men belonging to his own and Mr. Reid's households and set to work to drill them, using all fire arms old and new, short and long that could be had at the moment. Loyally and enthusiastically they went to work for loyal blood flowed in the veins of all. When the Governor's order for marching came to Peterboro' about two hundred volunteers started for the front with such arms and equipments as they could procure, and under the command of Col. McDonald and Capt. Cowall. My father went off with

1837. his "brigade" to join them. He always took his bugle with him on these occasions for he could sound the military calls as well as the most expert bugler in the army. In their march to the front through thick woods they had to keep watch as no one was sure when they might meet the rebels. News travelled slowly in those days. It was an anxious time for us who were left behind, at least for the elder people ; the men were all gone and women and children had to attend to the stock and procure firewood, etc. The fear and uncertainty about the enemy kept us in a state of great anxiety. We were not so badly off as many of our neighbours as we had a young lad to get wood and do other things out of doors, as well as my two elder brothers, who were of some use, though still very young. My mother was very anxious, being left with so young and large a family. But in a few weeks the rebellion was quelled and all the volunteers returned to their homes.

TO HER SISTER.

Dec. 8th " I have just heard from Allentown of the death of our cousin William Waller. I feel as if I had lost a dear favourite brother as well as a warm friend and old companion. Many years have gone by since I bade adieu to him and all. As each friend leaves this world I think perhaps our meeting may be nearer than any one knows. Oh how distance and space dwindle to a span when we look forward to Eternity, and how dreadful would be the prospect to us if it were not for the blessed assurance of salvation through the Redeemer's blood. Then if we let our minds

rest in the thought of our Lord's abounding mercies to us, unworthy of anything but condemnation, how humbled must we be, and what sweet peace this brings to our souls. No one need perish who will only look to Him, lean on Him and leave everything in His keeping. How many kind friends I have. Mrs. Wilson was the first after dear Mrs. Stewart, my mother, who endeavoured to enlarge my views on religious subjects and this dear, excellent friend never has ceased to send us annually some sweet tracts and useful books for ourselves, children and neighbours ; they are accompanied I know by fervent prayers. No one can know either her or her mother without learning something. Their first object in life is to glorify God and to be of use to their fellow mortals. Mrs. Wilson and Mary, Aunt Waller and Maria, are two pairs of friends always classed together in my mind.

"I think you would admire your little niece and namesake 'Kathleen.' She is very engaging and sweet looking, the merriest little thing I ever saw. The four eldest boys go to school in Peterboro' every day, where there is a good master. It is a long way for them. Sometimes the road through the woods is knee-deep in mud and there is a dangerous bridge without battlements or anything to keep them from tumbling into the rapid river below. But from their earliest years they have been accustomed to taking care of themselves and their younger brothers. One day lately little Henry set off by himself and might have been lost if one of the young men had not

1838. seen him and carried him into the Reid's. He was so tired, poor little fellow that when F. Reid took him in her arms to bring him home, he fell asleep. I did not know anything about this till he came in, as I was upstairs nursing Kate. After some time, not having seen or heard Henry, I sent Ellen to the yards and garden; and shrinking to search, she was in the greatest fright coming back, when in came F—— carrying our sleeping boy in her arms. Providence surely guarded this dear infant."

TO MRS. WILSON.

June 8th June 8th :—"This month is the anniversary of our departure from home. We always keep the 1st of June as a kind of festival in our little community. We have never had reason to regret it, and each returning anniversary has given us fresh cause for thankfulness, for still we are receiving mercies and blessings from the Lord and Giver of all things. We enjoy the most uninterrupted health. Dear Mr. Stewart, though I am sure, could you see him, you would think him very old, has excellent health notwithstanding the difficulties and cares which sometimes oppress him. He still retains the wonted sweetness of disposition and cheerfulness which makes him almost always the centre of life wherever he is and a general favourite with young people; indeed he is universally beloved and respected in this part of the country. Our children are all growing in size and I hope in wisdom of every kind. I hope this wisdom may not altogether be confined to things of this life. Our little pet is now

six months old and a dear wee child. She is suffering 1838.
from teething."

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"Since I wrote last to you I have seen more people ^{Sept. 29th} and places, and have been further from home and done more than for many years past. You will wonder at this, because when I wrote last I think I told you I had an attack on my chest which reduced me completely in a few days. You will think us very inconsistent people to set off to a regatta forty-two miles from Peterboro' ! But I will tell you all.

"The gentlemen of the Fenelon Hunt were giving a regatta and ball and an invitation was sent to Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Stewart. From many causes we made up our minds not to go, and thus it remained for some days, nothing more about it. My illness was just at its height, putting it out of the heads of the parties in question. One day however, about a week afterwards, up rode Mr. Wallis, the head of the entertainers and proprietor of Fenelon Village ; Mr. Jameison accompanied him. They talked in such persuasive terms that at last T—— gave a sort of conditional consent that he would go if I were better by that time, but said nothing of his daughters going ; of course none of us woman-kind *thought* of making preparations, but I set to work as hard as I was able to cut out and make up a fine regatta jacket out of white flannel and bound all round with black galloon. We were all sitting at our homely tea when they came in ; the boys with little tin mugs and plenty of milk and potato-cake of Ellen's making, when a knock

1838. came to the door and in came Mr. Wallis and Mr. Dunsford, so they joined our frugal board very good humouredly and with good appetites. Mr. Wallis said he had come to see if I were better, and declared he was sure a change of air and a little variety would be the best medicine in the world ; that he had his own nice boat and that he was to be one of the rowers back and would ensure me a comfortable and easy passage, and a well aired bed at his own house ; in short, would take no refusal. So he got me to say that if I were as well on Wednesday morning as I was then on Monday evening, and the weather permitted, I would go and take one of the girls ; I must leave one at home. It was settled that Ellen and I should go, and we did. The weather was charming, I was better, and off we set at 6 p.m. on the 12th of September, my only regret was that my dear Anna was left at home, on her birthday too, but she, unselfishly as ever, enjoyed our prospect as if it had been her own. She had been at Fenelon sometime before on a visit with Mrs. Jameison our old friend. Arriving at Mud Lake we took the boat and for some hours the journey was rather monotonous, though the islands and little points and bays were pretty, but it grew tiresome and we grew hungry, and were glad, after rowing eleven miles to stop at a place called ' Billy McKue's ' where we had luncheon. We sat on the grass and ate cold fowl, ham, bread and butter, then melons, apples, wine and water. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Hagerman, Miss Woodford from New Brunswick, and the Kirkpatricks, T——, myself and

Ellen. About three o'clock we got into a large boat at a place called Bobcaygeon and had a beautiful passage up Sturgeon Lake. Saw a most glorious sunset, after which the shades of evening closed quickly over us. For a time nothing could be seen but the dark wood on either side, the only sound that of the steady oars ; the quietness of the scene settled over the little party, till a light appearing showed we were opposite an inhabited house. This was Mr. Langton's, so T— blew the bugle and after some time we heard oars and a call. Mr. Langton had come out to welcome us to the 'Back Lakes.' He glided away in his canoe, bidding good night. It was half-past 10 when, reaching our destination, we were refreshed at finding ourselves at Mr. Wallis's house, which is very nicely furnished and everything in quite nice style. We were shown to our respective rooms to take off our muffling, and then a very short time afterwards were ushered into a dining-room where a most excellent supper was laid out to which we did ample justice, and soon after retired to rest. By that time it was past one and we had been up that morning at five o'clock, and were to be up betimes next day.

"On Friday morning after breakfast we sat enjoying the cool breeze for some time, and then received visits from Mr. and Miss Langton and some others. Went to see the waterfall which is very pretty, about twenty-five feet in width. There is an open passage across the river under the falls. T— went near it, but as the spray rose like a mist I was afraid of the damp. On returning to the house we found various amusements for the public. I remained quiet in my

1838. room reading 'Woodstock,' and feeling very tired. There was to be a ball in the evening so T— and Mr. Wallis were very busy decorating the hall and stairs with oak boughs and lamps, which they did very tastefully ; also ornamented the drawing-room and chalked the floor. About 9 p.m. I found the ladies were ready. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was Mistress of the Ceremonies, of which I was glad, for I was afraid Mr. Wallis would have asked me as I was the oldest acquaintance, also the oldest matron. I kept quiet and enjoyed it much. The host is a most pleasing, gentle-like young man in manner and appearance. The company assembled ; there were twenty-two ladies and a crowd of gentlemen. Mr. Wallis had borrowed a piano from his neighbour Mr. Hamilton. We enjoyed some sweet music, songs and duets, then dancing till absolutely the sun was shining brightly.

"Mr. Langton had promised the night before to come early to take T—, myself and Ellen to see his mother and sister, who live two miles from Mr. Wallis's. Mr. Langton has a beautiful place on Sturgeon Lake ; his sister is a great favourite of mine. All are like some of my old people at home. We returned to Mr. Wallis's, took team and set out for home. Several gentlemen came with us part of the way ; it was near sunset when we reached Mud Lake. We felt hot and weary when we arrived at home, where we found all well and hearty under the care of dear Anna. So here ends our trip, the wild beauty of which was well worth the trouble."

In the early part of this year great efforts were made to complete St. John's Church and clear off the

debt remaining on the building. The following circular which was sent to England and distributed there will best explain the situation of the building committee : 1888.

“In the year 1822 the back parts of the district of Newcastle in Upper Canada, were little better than a wilderness. But in 1826 the town of Peterborough in that district, began to assume an importance considerably beyond the anticipations of its founders, and some efforts were made to supply the spiritual wants of its increasing population. A school house was built in which Divine worship was regularly performed, but it could only contain about 150 persons. In a few years the anxiety for accommodation expressed by many families forcibly appealed to the respectable part of the settlers and convinced them of the necessity of making some efforts to raise a church. A meeting was held and it was unanimously resolved to erect a stone church, and if possible to add galleries, so that it might contain about 800 persons out of a Protestant population of nearly 2,000 souls. A subscription was immediately commenced, which by the blessing of God amounted to nearly £700. Early in 1835 the building was commenced, and in 1836 the church opened for Divine worship. The Building Committee having taken upon themselves the responsibility of finishing the work which they had begun, are not able through want of funds to erect the proposed galleries, the debt on the building amounting to nearly £500 ; but they trust the Lord will raise up friends to extricate them from their difficulties. They are very anxious to complete the building as the church at present is not

1839. large enough for the increasing congregation, part of whom are proprietors of the soil.

The gentleman who laid the first stone of this sacred edifice is now in England. Prior to his leaving Canada he was urged by the Building Committee to lay these facts before the Christian public in England, feeling assured that if the case were only made known, that in a district 500 miles from Quebec the population were looking to them for assistance to complete the building of the Lord's sanctuary where Jehovah might be worshipped by Indian, Irish and English Episcopalians, the appeal would not be made in vain.

The gentleman whose address is given will be happy to receive subscriptions or give any information relative to Upper Canada on personal application or by letter (post paid) addressed to Charles Rubidge, Esq., 22 Arundel Street, Strand."

About this time the old log house was becoming terribly dilapidated and unfit to live in much longer. The heavy rain often poured through the roof making everything damp and uncomfortable, and the cold winds in winter found many cracks to blow through. Preparations were made for a new house to be commenced the following year.

My father was full of plans, and consulted with Mr. Haycock, a gentleman who knew a great deal about architecture and who lived near Ashburnham, and at last after many talks a plan was agreed upon, and material collected. The boys who were growing up gave a good deal of assistance in this work. But very little of interest relating to this year of 1839 can be found in my mother's letters. Two small incidents

however, taken from her journal, may be mentioned. 1839.
“When out walking to-day near some old half-burned stumps I was surprised to see a garter snake cooling itself in a little pool of water ; the intense heat of the burning stumps may have driven it there. Another day, some time before, when out among the stumps (always plenty in the fields) I pulled down one which was shaky and found a family of snakes. Seeing the danger to its young ones the old snake opened its mouth and the little ones ran quickly down its throat for protection, a queer place of refuge from danger. They were very small. I think there were about seventeen of them.”





PART IV.

AN interesting fact has just been told me by an eye-witness of it, J.B.—. When chopping down a hollow tree to-day he observed a red squirrel rush out. She was crying pitifully but bravely went back and brought out a young one about the size of a small field mouse, she carried it by the under side of the stomach and it held on to her with its claws, she carried it about the distance of a hundred feet, left it on a high tree, ran back in all haste and brought another, all the time uttering her pitiful cries. She succeeded in getting her four little ones safely off, though she appeared completely out of breath and exhausted by the weight as she carried the last and laid it on a brush heap, going in the meantime to where she had deposited the others. She became brave from fear as J.— took the little thing out of the brush and put it in his cap, for she then ran up to within a few feet of him, crying most bitterly till he put it down when she caught it up and off she went quite happily; he saw no more of Mrs. Red Squirrel.”

TO MISS WILSON.

Oct. 12:—"I long to hear more news ; your last, in which you wrote a little postscript, was dated June 8th and here is October 12th, four months having passed since. Much may have happened in that time ; much

1840.

1840. must have happened. But I am always inclined to hope that all is well and right, and so all must be when we believe that our affairs are guided by the wisdom and goodness of God, to whom all events, even the most trifling are known; who has the youngest and poorest equally under His protection with the greatest. What a sense of security this gives us, my dear friends, for those who are absent as well as for our immediate families. We have hourly instances of the care of our Heavenly Father, and in Him do I put my whole trust and confidence for all that is near and dear to me, through our only Saviour and Mediator, Jesus Christ. By His mercy we have all been kept in safety through all these years of anxiety and difficulty; indeed I do think we have every reason to be thankful. Here we are, growing old it is true, and in a house much too small for us and much out of repair, but still a cheerful and happy little nest, and we shall all feel sorry to have to leave it even for the better one which we find must be built and which is really commenced as far as excavating the under-story and getting in the material for the building, and we hope it will be finished this time next year.

“Our farm has done remarkably well this year, it is under the care of an honest Scotchman, David Porter, who pays £30 a year in produce. His crops are in first-rate order, the admiration of all who see them, and the farm will be ready for William to take possession of when he has attended school for a few years longer. We have a few acres besides on which Mr. Stewart has potatoes, oats and hay. This along with his garden and orchard gives him occupation and

amusement. He works a good deal in the garden, but finds field work too fatiguing, for he is growing very old and has not, as might be expected, the great flow of spirits he used to have. But the dear girls and boys are a great comfort to us, and thank God all are contented still to remain with us, though I must not long expect it ; they are much liked, but there are few here to whom we could give them, few young men are independent and it is a tedious business to become so."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

"Of course you know that we have a young friend and inmate who has been living for the past seven years with us—Edward Brown; we all esteem and value him most highly and he well deserves it. He went out last Saturday to chop in the woods as usual. As there were great numbers of black squirrels there he took his gun with him to shoot some of them for Ellen. By some accident the gun went off and shot him in the shoulder. His brother came running home and terrified us, as his clothes were all over blood and his countenance full of wild distress and fright. He said that his brother was bleeding to death. T—— despatched Frank directly on horseback for a doctor while he took the sleigh for poor dear Edward. I set all the girls to work to make lint, bandages, etc., and tried to urge calmness and presence of mind in others as well as practice it myself. Bu. when we saw the poor fellow carried in apparently lifeless by three men, oh, how our hearts sank ! He was laid on my bed, the nearest and most con-

1841. venient. By degrees we loosened his clothes, and very slowly he recovered his senses and opened his eyes. When the doctor came he pronounced that no vital part was hurt, most miraculously, not even a muscle or sinew that could endanger the use of his arm, though there was but the smallest space you can conceive between the great artery on one side and some particular muscle on the other, which, if touched, would have had a very bad consequence."

FROM MY SISTER B—— TO MISS BEAUFORT.

An Expedition to Stony Lake.

- Feb. 28th Feb., 1841:—"Late in the autumn of last year I was spending a few days with my friends in Douro, the Col. Caddy's and Rev. Mr. Wolsely's. My father allowed me to go with Mrs. Wolsely to see the Back Lakes. We set off on our voyage in canoes one very fine morning about 6 a.m., promising Mr. W—— to return in the evening; Mrs. W——, Mr. O'Bierne and myself in one canoe, R—— with our baskets and lunch in another smaller one. After going about six miles up the river we came to Young's mill where the water became so rough that it was necessary to land and walk while the canoes were carried over the rapids; this delayed us half an hour. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, admiring the scenery, as all must. No description could give any idea of the wild beauty of these lakes. About noon it grew cloudy and a thunder-storm threatened, but on we went. At last heavy rain fell, so we landed on an island; supporting a canoe on the rocks

we made a shanty or sheiter with it and down we sat to keep ourselves dry. When the shower passed we proceeded. At 2 p.m., to our great disappointment, another heavy thunder-storm came on. We stopped again at an island, lit a fire and got the canoes put up before it became very bad, and there we stayed sitting round the fire eating a hearty lunch and making the best we could of our situation. We had intended going to Burleigh Falls, as it was only two miles further, but the storm having delayed us so long we did not like to attempt it. We walked over the island and found the rocks exceedingly high ; climbing up them we had a fine view of the lake. We busied ourselves gathering moss, berries and flowers and then set about to return home. As we went on it began to get dark and the sunken rocks made it exceedingly dangerous to venture in our slender bark canoes. So we landed again and tried to light a fire ; but the wood was so wet it would not burn. However it was not the time to give way to low spirits. As it was now quite dark they brought the canoes out of the water and chopped some boughs of hemlock. Luckily we had landed on a fine smooth rock and Mrs. W—— and I spread the branches on it as they were cut. We put one canoe at our heads and the other at our feet, and down we sat on our hemlock couches to pass the night as well as we could,—not to sleep though, for we talked, told stories and sang all night till daylight. Every now and then a great bullfrog joined, with many other sounds, in the chorus. The next morning was fine and made up for all the discomfort of the day before. At a 1841.

1841. distance the great rocks rising perpendicularly out of the water have the appearance of the towers and roofs of a town. It is wonderful to see the trees growing on these rocks ; large red cedar and soft maple are the principal kinds. We all enjoyed everything, even the horrid screech of the loon, and the bullfrog's calflike bellow."

MY MOTHER CONTINUES THIS LETTER.

"B—— has given a long account of her adventures ; indeed they had a great escape. I feel thankful, for neither of the lads had much knowledge of managing canoes, and were ignorant of the intricate navigation amongst the rocks and islands, added to which they spent the night in wet clothes without any covering but branches, not even shawls ; it was miraculous that they did not catch the slightest cold. I suppose the hemlock boughs preserved them from it. It is a fact that if people dripping wet from rain or exposure sleep on them, they never take cold. The reason is that there is some aromatic virtue in the hemlock, which, it is said, warms the body and preserves it from chill. It is the usual thing when camping out to use the boughs of these trees for the softness and warmth. Hemlock tea is often used for a cold ; if made weak and drunk hot it promotes great perspiration."

TO MISS H. EDGEWORTH.

Mar. 24th March 24 :—"We have had a long winter. The snow began to fall early in November and is still three feet deep in the woods and fields, which it has not been for

fourteen or fifteen years. Of late it has been off ^{1841.} usually by the middle of March. I am longing for the little hepaticas which are the first flowers to appear; they cover the ground like a carpet. Then come the yellow dogtooth violets. In May we have the pretty duckfoot in great bunches along the road side, where it is sheltered by the forest trees. In wet places the brilliant cardinal flower grows. We are impatient for the departure of the snow which has been dazzling our eyes for five months and has nearly blinded me. I am also impatient for the *real* spring that we may see the work commence again at our house; we really cannot live in our present wretched abode another year. If we do not make great efforts I am afraid the new one will not be ready before next winter sets in, for the plastering cannot be done till the autumn and then it is difficult to dry, but we shall see as time goes on. Now it seems likely we shall have it and if we are disappointed we must only bear it as well as we can. I am almost afraid to wish or hope for anything. I seem to have disappointment as my attendant so often. Now when I think of anything I should like I always feel as if it would not come to pass, and try to wait and see."

TO MRS. BOTHWELL.

July 15th, 1841 :—"Yesterday we had a great July 15th bustle. A violent thunder-storm came on and after one brilliant flash accompanied by a most tremendous crash of thunder, Anna, who was above stairs,

1841. called out that Major Sharp's horse had been frightened and was running away; so, notwithstanding the rain, T—— and the boys ran out and saw the horse galloping up to the yard, dragging behind it a waggon full of ladies and children. Frank ran in, climbed up somehow, and threw a baby into my arms. I gave it to Bessy and ran to the back door in time to help with poor Mrs. Sharp who had fainted. Her daughter, Mrs Caddy, was as pale as death. Mrs. Sharp was carried to my bed and lay there a long time in hysterics, but at last grew calmer and we got her up, helped her off with her wet clothing and dressed her in some of mine. Mrs. Caddy borrowed a gown etc. from Bessy, and some of Kate's clothes did for the two children. Major Sharp went to the boys' room and got what he could from the wardrobe of each, while over all he put an old plaid of T——'s. You never saw such a droll figure, for some of the clothes were too small and some too large. When we all assembled we were very merry over the amusing appearance of our visitors, and soon a good cup of tea, hot cakes, and bread and butter made them forget their fright. At ten they went home in our waggon.

I must now tell you the events of the past week, when most unusual business occupied us all. Last Friday was the day fixed for the "Bee" for raising the frame of our new house. On Thursday Miss Haycock came. She had kindly offered to help our young people with the cooking and other domestic affairs incident upon such an occasion. The young

men were also engaged to lend a hand in the great 1841.
work. All day the kitchen was a busy place, everybody at work making pies and cakes, for it is always expected that if all goes on well and safely the young people who have given their services should have what they call "a spree." Miss Caddy, Bessy's great friend, was here too. Everyone was up early enough on Friday morning, our tenants arrived at half-past four o'clock, Mr. Charles Dunlop before five, and at six we all sat down to breakfast, fifteen in the parlour and five in the kitchen. The children, except Willie and Frank were still in bed. Before seven o'clock on Friday morning, July 9th, the work was begun; the men first carrying the square logs to the spot where they were to lie. The two sills of the sides were then put down on the stone foundation. They are fifty-six feet long and were all cut ready for the upright pieces to fit in. When these long logs were placed exactly right, the end ones twenty-six feet long were brought over and laid so that the mortised corners should fit when closed. This was accomplished with huge *beetles* (wooden mallets), then the corners were secured by large wooden pins. So far being done they next proceeded to join the *bents* together; of these there were to be six; great square timbers, the upright ones fourteen feet and the cross ones twenty-six feet long. These were mortised together in this form:— and laid flat with the ends nearly over the holes into which they were to fit. This all occupied some hours and dinner was called at half-past twelve.

1841. Everything was ready to begin "to raise" after dinner; just before noon two of the Reids and two of Captain Bray's sons arrived.

We had a famous dinner, substantial though not very elegant; most of it was cold as our cooking apparatus does not admit of doing much at once, and besides, as the hour depended on circumstances, we thought cold meats would be the best. However we had a roast pig and a boiled leg of mutton, a dish of fish, a large cold mutton pie, cold ham and cold roast mutton, mashed potatoes and beans and carrots; sixteen people sat down in the parlour, six in the kitchen, and in another room a table was set for the children (our own six boys, Michael Haycock and Henry Reid). For second course we had a large rice pudding, a large bread and butter pudding, and currant and gooseberry tarts.

After dinner the young men saw clouds rising so would not delay a minute. And now began the work of *raising*. They went to the upper end of the first *bent* and raised it as high as they could with their hands, then eight men took long poles with a spike in the end of each and steadily raised up the great heavy frame till it was perpendicular, at the same time two people held poles to the points to keep them in their proper places and prevent them slipping from the holes into which they must fit. They went in nicely and fitted exactly, and now came the nervous part to us onlookers. Two of the young men climbed up to the top and stood on the cross-beam to hammer it home with the great *beetles*. This required a steady head and active body for they were

twenty feet above the under story which was full of great stones and rubbish. Charles Dunlop and John Reid were the two to go up first. Thus the six bents were put up, but when the two last were being raised heavy showers came on and interrupted the work. The other young men took it in turns to go up and beetle the mortices close. F. Haycock, F. Bray, C. Dunlop, J. Reid and E. Brown were the principal actors as being the most efficient. By the time the last bent was up it had settled into a wet evening and of course the work was stopped. So all came in except the younger boys who remained in the workshop playing marbles, etc.

We were all very merry, though the old roof let in drops in every direction and the stairs had a fine rapid stream running down them. Even the parlour was wet in several places, but all was well for the new house was advancing. The gentlemen drank the punch for which they would not delay after dinner, and those who liked smoked cigars. The young people chatted or flirted as they fancied. Miss Caddy played on the piano, and the housekeepers made preparations for tea ; by this time our party had been increased by the arrival of two Miss Reids and Mr. Traill. We had a large tea table ; a tray and teapot at either end were presided over by Miss Haycock and Anna and there were plenty of cakes, bread and butter and strawberry jam. All went on smoothly and merrily. About half-past eight the young people said they must have some dancing. Edward Brown played the fiddle, and till eleven o'clock we passed the time between this amusement and singing. In the mean-

1841. time Anna and I had laid the supper table in the kitchen which had been prepared for us before the servants had gone to bed. We had a cold ham at one end of the table, a pair of roast fowls at the other, the intervening space being filled with tongue, cold mutton, cakes, tarts, cups of custard and a few decanters of currant cordial (home-made). Altogether it looked very respectable, and as every one seemed determined to be pleased and happy both day and night T—and I were much gratified. After supper the rain still continued to pour and it was so dark that no one could leave the house, so they danced till one o'clock, and then we did the best we could for them all. The three Haycocks bundled in with five of our boys and the two Browns; Miss Haycock and Miss Caddy slept in the girls' room; thus we disposed of all but five and they took up their abode in the parlour; Mr. Traill on the sofa, the two Brays, C. Dunlop and our Frank (who had given up his corner of the bedroom to his friend Michael Haycock) on the floor, over which we had spread buffalo-ropes and bearskins for beds, and I hear that they laughed almost all night instead of sleeping. Next morning all were early astir and before breakfast were at work again. they placed great square logs called "wall plates" on the bents which had been raised the day before. These plates correspond with the sills which are fixed underneath, and on the wall plates the rafters are fastened. These were in place before breakfast, afterwards nearly all our kind friends and assistants left us. F. Haycock, J. Reid and C. Dunlop stayed to help place the rafters, which was done before dinner. E. Brown

has since been busy making the centre gable, he has now all the collar beams put in and is at present grooving the boards for the roof which will then be shingled. They could have done everything in one day but for the storm. But we may be thankful it was only stopped by that, for often dreadful accidents happen at these "Raising Bees," but T—— was careful to choose steady and experienced young men as helpers, so all was well."

TO MRS. ROTHWELL.

"I should like to know exactly what you are all about now, where you are and where and how my dear aunt and uncle are. The accounts of his suffering are miserable ; how much more then must it be to witness them constantly without being able to relieve them. Poor Mr. Mathias has been released from this life of suffering, and his trials were as painful as my dear uncle's. We cannot know why he is caused to suffer, but it must be for good. Let us join in prayer to be at all times enabled to submit patiently to God's will, for we know He never permits us to suffer without some good and wise cause. In Him let us put our whole trust and confidence, in the full assurance that He cares for us; into His care and keeping I commit you all constantly. What a comfort it must be that you have good friends and clergymen to come and visit you. Mr. Wade is such a strange man, so little of a clergyman that the most respectable part of his congregation have withdrawn from hearing him. I am puzzled how to act. He preaches really excellent

1841. sermons, looking so devout and sanctified, while all his actions are contrary to Christianity. He and a party whom he styles his 'select vestry,' have insulted Stafford Kirkpatrick by publishing a pamphlet stating that he has acted in a dishonest manner.

"But Mr. Kirkpatrick's friends had an address written to him assuring him of their esteem and confidence and so forth, and their regret at his leaving Peterboro.'

"It was signed by an immense number of people, and there was a great meeting on Saturday night at his house to present this address. Everybody was there, even the ladies of the neighbourhood. The address was touching and beautiful indeed. It was composed by Mr. Reid and read by Mr. George Hall, a young lawyer who has just completed his apprenticeship under Mr. Kirkpatrick's care. I wish you could have seen Mr. Kirkpatrick standing in his verandah listening to it surrounded by ladies and faced by almost the whole of Peterboro,' all listening, deeply interested. But his answering speech was the best I have ever heard and came from his heart—his good, honest Irish heart. I don't think there was a dry eye in the whole assemblage, from the fair ladies down to the homely farmers. I never heard or saw anything so touching, and he looked so dignified and calm. He is a first-rate, admirable man. After the speech there was unbounded cheering, drums beating, pipes playing and flags flying. They had tents and a large marquee with all sorts of refreshments, plenty of cold meat, beer and cider for all the men. After some time there was more cheering and shaking of hands with Mr. Kirk-

patrick, who went down and spoke to them all. They then returned to town headed by Mr. Stewart in his conveyance with four old gentlemen who were unable to walk in the procession. Mr. Stewart had our six little boys marching in front of the procession, all decorated with oak leaves made in wreaths round their necks and each carrying a small flag. They looked very nice and manly and behaved well, and were much admired by the ladies. Well, all the ladies stayed for tea, by which time the gentlemen had returned ; all sat or walked on the verandah till dusk when candles were lighted in the large unfurnished drawing room, which soon filled with partners to dance. E——'s fiddle quickly made them begin and they kept it up for some time. At ten o'clock there was a nice supper, after which Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick's healths were drunk with great cheering, and Mr. Kirkpatrick made another speech. He then called Mrs. Kirkpatrick who came and stood beside him while he returned thanks for her and all their friends. She looked so interesting standing there that I could have kissed her. She is naturally exceedingly timid, so you may suppose she was covered with blushes. After supper there were more songs, then all retired much pleased and delighted. I had not been at a party for three years ; and not at one in Peterboro' for a much longer time, so it was a great event to me. There were about seventy people, so it was a large gathering and really a very pleasant one ; every one seemed pleased and happy and at ease, as we were all well acquainted. Mr. Kirkpatrick's youngest daughter was 1842.

1842. baptized in church on Sunday and named Catharine Adelaide."

TO MRS KIRKPATRICK.

"I have given H—— B—— a hurried account of my dear William's terrible accident caused by a kick from a young horse, shod for the first time and being in a mad state of fright. William incautiously went to draw the covering off without first speaking to him ; the frightened young colt kicked him in the face and head. I write in extreme anxiety ; the shock we all received has put my writing intentions to flight. But life and time are so uncertain I must try and catch the moments as they fly. I am happy to tell you that our darling William is much better, though not yet out of the doctor's hands. It was a frightful accident indeed, and we have every reason to be thankful to God that our dear boy is so far safe, though he is sadly disfigured. His nose is very crooked and flattened a good deal at one side. One eye-lid never will be right I am afraid. I am still uncertain whether he will be able to open his eye as the muscle for raising the lid has been injured. His head is quite numb and without any feeling. As the bone of his nose was pressed into the eye and taken out with forceps, he can only half raise the lid. All is quite healed, but there is a great excrescence the size of a large pea in the corner of the eye, which is horrible to look at. The doctor thinks he can remove it by caustic. There will always be a lump ; it is caused by some cartilage he thinks which was cut or torn across and one end has protruded. Poor fellow, he

has shown wonderful patience, indeed if he had not ^{1842.} done so he would not have got over it so well or so soon.

“Our old log house is now reduced to the last extremity of dilapidation and discomfort in every way. Having so many boys and children tearing about, forever coming in and out, carrying in snow one day and mud the next, keeps our floors in a state of dirt continually. The old boards are so rough that even sweeping and scrubbing never makes them look one bit better. I have to bear it as well as I can and probably for a long time, as I do not think we can move into the new one until the end of summer.

“Our new house is a very busy place as we have ^{June 16th} masons, plasterers and carpenters all at work. The outside plastering and rough coating is nearly finished, but the inside part will not be ready for some time ; however it is progressing. Mr. Stewart has given up his assistant George to help Edward ; he has a taste for carpenter work. Our need for this change now is so great that we are deluged when heavy rain and storm come, which is often. All are up early and steady work goes on from five a.m. every day till half-past six, when we call them to prayers and breakfast, which is dispatched almost with *Yankee* expedition ; they work till twelve when dinner is ready, rest after dinner for about half an hour and set off again till four p.m., when they have tea, as in hot weather and long days they find early tea refreshing. The masons and all work nearly as long—fourteen or fifteen hours a day. It seems to go so slowly. Not having a com-

1842. comfortable room when strangers call is very trying, and many call to see the progress.

TO MISS WILSON.

Aug. 4th Aug. 4th :—" Mr. Stewart has been seriously ill all winter ; I felt exceedingly anxious. His head was much affected and his mind in a very depressed state. However, towards spring he improved, since then he has been kept a good deal occupied about our new house, which we are trying to have finished and ready to move into before the severity of the winter sets in. . .

" The house we live in is a small and very old log house in a state of almost ruin, so that building a larger and better one is absolutely necessary. We have taken the cheapest way of doing it. This is a sweet place and improving rapidly from Mr. Stewart's unwearied pains and exertions, but no one knows what it has cost in trouble and anxiety, which really has been great. I have allowed myself to dwell on this subject too long, it seems selfish to say so much about our affairs.

" Our girls are well ; A., E. and B. have all grown up to be women, good and steady. K. is as wild as can be, but not unmanageable, she is between five and six, and a great pet with all who know her bright playful ways. Frank attends school regularly and he is, I believe, getting on well with Latin and Euclid ; but William and John have been kept at home for about a year attending to affairs about the house. George is very like your brother Alexander in his face. He has a great taste for carpentering. Mr. Stewart has given him up to Edward, who is finishing our house,

and he is his assistant and pupil, of which he thinks 1842.
no little. Edward is an excellent young man, and
getting on well on his farm.”

TO MRS. SUTTON.

Nov. 5th :—“ How often we find that the very things Nov. 5th
we think most delightful turn out a source of pain and
anxiety, and we always find that what is arranged for us
or permitted by our Heavenly Father is most conducive
to our eternal peace, and very often proves also to our
present happiness. When we just think of the daily
mercies we receive, and the increasing and numberless
proofs in every moment, of the care and protection
of God, how can we help putting our trust in Him
and leaving all our nearest and dearest concerns safe
in His keeping ; and with my whole heart do I constantly
commit all my cares and anxieties to Him, in
the full assurance and confidence that He will dispose
all things best for us. He has supported you in all
your long trial, and now soothes your sorrow and heals
your wounds by His heavenly grace. May He continue
to enrich you with every blessing, and may you feel
that peace which passeth understanding, and which
none can feel but those who know and have experienced
the influence of His Holy Spirit and seen the effects
as you have. I am glad you have been to see dear old
Allenstown. How I wish you could see our new house ;
though it is not yet finished we are living in it. Mr.
Stewart was anxious to get the moving over and the old
house taken away before the frost set in, as it stops all
kinds of work and we could not

1842. then have the ground levelled ; so as soon as four rooms were fit to occupy in we all moved. The last storm which came while we were in the old house obliged us to take shelter in the cellar for safety. The library in this house was not very dry as it had been lately plastered, but we had a good fire, and were all so busy for some time settling and fussing that we only sat in it at meal times and did not feel the chill and damp, and as the door was not yet hung we put a screen up in its place. We have been here just a week and our little room looks very snug. Edward works away all day, from daylight till nine at night often. When I look at the work of this large house I wonder that one pair of hands could do it all ; from cutting of the great trees in the woods, and mortising the frame, to panelling the doors and putting on the locks, etc. George assists in lathing, but all else was done by one pair of good hands. The old house was so full of air-holes and leaks that wind and rain drove us out. We have a large stove in the hall here, it warms the whole house as the heat ascends freely to the upper part. The large sitting room is not yet plastered, the plasterers were obliged to go away, but think they will be back next week. It will look very nice with our beautiful curtains and carpets. We have sent our poor old piano to be put in order. Mr. Taylor, our pastor, is very musical and so clever, he can tune and thoroughly repair pianos and he has kindly undertaken to put the dear old one in order for me, it will sound quite fresh and young again in the new room where it will have space to sound. We shall have plenty to do, indeed work never fails, but I have

able and ready helpers in my dear girls ; they are very expert needle-women, and can cut and make up better than I can myself. The disadvantage is that all these necessary occupations come in the way of mental and intellectual improvement, causing a want of ideas and conversation exceedingly perceptible among all the young people in this country. There is a dearth of intellectual pursuits and too much confinement to the business of the day." 1843.

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

May 4th :—"This has been one of our most eventful days, and full of excitement. First of all a beautiful wild goose came floating down the river. When near the edge of the mill-dam which is just below the house, it rose from the water and flew to some distance, then came back and lit in one of our fields close to the garden ; this was altogether an unusual circumstance, for they always keep in large flocks and are so wild that they never come to the ground near a dwelling house, but this one seemed quite at its ease and stood for some time looking about it, and there it stayed for about an hour. In the meantime, Ivan O'Beirne (who is now staying with us) ran, without a hat on his head, to Mr. Reid's for a rifle to fire at it. There was some delay about charging the gun ; a gentleman who came in undertook to fire as he considered himself a remarkably good shot, but he missed it. We were all glad that the poor goose should escape, when he came so near us with such confidence. They are beautiful birds. The head and neck are fine glossy black with a

1843. broad white stripe from the eye down the neck, which is very long ; the body is dark grey. It is larger than the tame goose. When caught they are easily tamed, and if tame, when a flight of wild geese pass over where they are they generally talk to each other, I was told this by a friend. Once a wild goose which had been kept for some time at his farm house and was quite domesticated, took it into its head to join its friends above. The following autumn a flock passed over the same place again, returning south, three of the flock detached themselves from the rest and flew down into the yard. By some well-known signs the master of the house discovered that one of these was the old favorite who had brought her young family back to enjoy civilized life, and they remained three years in the good home. The one that came here to-day seemed not a bit afraid of 'Old Peter,' and the children were in the garden close to it all the time.

"We had scarcely recovered from the excitement of the goose when a quantity of timber came floating down the river which is now in the spring flood and frightfully rapid. Mr. Stewart and William were just coming across in the boat. I was afraid they might come in contact with some of the great beams and be carried down by the rapid current. The water rushes with such violence over the dam, everything that goes over it dashes to pieces. This timber was part of a bridge at Selby, a place about nine miles up the river ; this we discovered by seeing the planks and upper part all fastened together like a floor coming down the stream. However, thank God, Mr.

Stewart and William got safely over, but not satisfied with this, they wanted to catch some of the beams and planks which would be useful for building. It was very exciting seeing such destruction before our eyes. He then sent William and Ivan in the boat to try and get them in. This was another heart-beating for me, as Ivan is rather rash in a boat and poor William has not strength sufficient to pull against such a current and such a body of water as passes here now. They nearly caught an immense stick, but it was too heavy for so few hands to manage so they were obliged to let it go, to my great relief. You cannot imagine the excitement these events cause amongst us. We went to dinner, but all was not over as I hoped, for, just as we sat down, in rushed John Reid the district surveyor, whose duty is to see that bridges are preserved and repaired, he said most of the Selby bridge was coming down the river and that the boys must help him to catch any of the timbers they could. Edward, who had just come in, went with him; they are both good hands in a boat; they went up the river instead of towards the dangerous dam and caught a beam about eighty feet long; they tried to get it in to shore, but the rapid current carried it on; still John held on to it. We watched them going nearer and nearer to the fatal dam. We screamed to them to let go but the roar of the rapids prevented them hearing. My heart nearly stopped beating when I saw the huge beam plunge end foremost over the dam, the boat close to it, but by John's dexterity he turned his craft to a pier at this side of the dam and so stopped in

1843. time. Mr. Stewart and the boys are so adventurous, I always dread something happening. But He who has preserved us hitherto will I trust continue to do so."

TO MRS. WILSON.

May 18th May 18 :—"I hope, my ever dear friends, you don't think me ungrateful and careless, for I wrote in a time of distress last summer, and you answered so quickly, and in a way most likely to soothe our hearts and give us that greatest comfort which sincere and Christian friends alone can give. I only wrote a short letter in answer, but I trust you have more confidence in me than to suppose I could be unmindful or indifferent. No, no ; often do we think of and talk of our beloved cousins and constantly do I join my prayers to those of our family, and offer up prayers myself that our hearts may be united in the love of our Blessed Saviour during our sojourn here ; that when He sees fit to call us hence, we may join around His throne in His kingdom in bliss everlasting, where our love and praise will be pure and perfect ; when our trials, which are but short here, will be turned into such rest and joy as we can now form no idea of. Thanks to His mercy, the calamity which seemed to hang over us when I wrote appears to have passed by like a dark thunder cloud, without bursting over us as it threatened. We have heard no more from any on the subject. Sometimes I fear it may be still hanging over us. But if it be God's will to send trials, He will I know give strength to bear them. I know that if He did not see that these things were right it would

be as easy in His infinite power to have ordered 1843.
everything differently ; therefore it must be best and
so I am ready to meet it. I hope all is over for the
sake of my dear children and my dear husband. He
is so over anxious and frets so much about every-
thing, it grieves me when any new cause of uneasiness
comes. He is in much better health and spirits than
for the last six months. He has much work going
on at present improving this place and the new house,
the comfort of which we enjoyed greatly last winter
which was unusually severe and tedious. We have
had more illness than usual in our family lately.
Dear E. is delicate ; she has left home to try change
and rest from the exertion of domestic affairs which
we cannot prevent her taking a part in when she is
at home. When I consider all the mercies and favours
bestowed upon me daily and hourly *I am humbled*,
for I feel myself the least worthy of all earthly beings.

“ This house is a good substantial one and all about
the outside will be pretty when it is smoothed. At
present it is rough and covered with lime, boards,
stones and rubbish of all kinds. Our gardens and
little shrubberies are beginning to look lovely, the
young leaves are out and the fruit trees in blossom.
You will wonder at the lateness, but three weeks ago
the ground was covered with very deep snow. I
never saw such a change or so rapid a spring. In
twenty-four hours the air became mild and warm ;
everything changed to life and cheerfulness ; birds
appeared ; the buds enlarged and the snow vanished
so quickly. Sickness, which had been prevalent
in winter disappeared and now our good doctor

1843. Hutchison is away in Scotland. Doctor Hay is still attending E. ; he is such a kind-hearted, amiable, sensible man, highly educated ; but yet we cling to our old friend, Doctor Hutchison.

“Mr. Stewart and the boys are busy ; there is a carpenter putting up a verandah which will be both a comfort and improvement to the house ; the sun is so very hot and the windows so large that it shines in too plentifully. The verandah will give shade and ample room to sit or walk in its one hundred and sixty-four feet from end to end.”

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

June 5th June 5 :—“It is very sad to hear of so many of my old friends dropping off, one after another. How wonderful to think that after twenty-one years here, the large party who left home and entered upon the perils and dangers, trials and hardships of a transatlantic immigration, should still be safe and well, with one blank and many additions. It is a source of great gratitude. Often do I think of it with wonder and thankfulness. I can hardly believe it is twenty-one years. Time has flown so quickly that its passage is scarcely perceptible, except that we now see green fields, gardens and plantations where all was a dense, thick, unbroken forest and young women and boys in the hobbledehoy state who some years ago were not in existence. In my mind, as well as in my body, I too plainly perceive the wear and tear of time. I mix very little in society now. For years asthma and weakness prevented me from going out or being able

to talk. The only time I really feel happy is in our own family circle or with our few intimate friends, there I am at my ease and can talk or be silent as I like; we are generally pretty cheerful. But when Mr. Stewart is ill or in low spirits it casts a dreadful damp over our hearts. We are all cheerful and happy now except on E.'s account. She is still complaining, though some of the worst symptoms have been removed. It is now time to dress for dinner; you will be surprised to hear of dressing for dinner in the middle of the day. I will explain to you. As there is much for the girls to look after and to do in the forenoon, most of which falls on the one who is housekeeper, *she* looks after the kitchen for a week; the other is housemaid. Before dinner they change all, laying aside their morning costumes, etc. I attend closely to the boys, to have them acquire cleanliness and neatness, even when working hard as they do. Dear William has had few advantages, his poor eye gives his whole face such a sad look. He works very hard and is a dear amiable fellow. Now all work till past eight p.m.; they then collect in the parlour for a little while, those who are fond of reading take the hour before nine; some write or talk, and then 'Papa' has prayers. They are up at five o'clock in the morning. Last week they were shingling the roof of the verandah, a great job, for it is 164 feet long and 10 feet wide. William and George are the principal workmen as Frank, John and Charles go to school every day. We hope William will go in the autumn. I am grieved at his being kept from school, working as he is, it is doing him a great injustice. Now he does

1843.

1843. the work of a man ; he certainly saves his father a good deal. Kate is six and a half years old, carries the shingles or wheels them in her little wheelbarrow to the foot of the scaffold for the shinglers. It is almost finished now, so many willing hands have taken a turn ; only the ceiling to be done.

“I think our young people lose a good deal from not seeing more of their fellow creatures and how they get on, they require to mix with others to enlarge their views and powers of judging of human nature. I find the effect of this very much in my own family. Mr. Stewart and I differ greatly on this point. He thinks we should always be happy and contented at home, now that we have all as nice as can be seen anywhere ; house, garden, fields and walks, he says what more can they need. Now I think quite differently ; I believe it to be necessary for young people to have some variety and rest from the everlasting fatigue of mind and body they constantly and most willingly bear here. I am sure it is useful to meet others and hear what goes on and have a change of scene occasionally it must refresh them. There is always a difficulty in getting ‘Papa’s’ leave to go anywhere. Dear A. is a devoted daughter ; she is altogether the mother and mistress here. She looks thin and pale and careworn since E.’s illness. All duties and housekeeping business are divided between A. and B. I do some of the needlework to help as much as I can, but they will not allow anything more. Anna is a most useful, excellent girl ; too much of the care of the family rests on her. I am always delighted when I can get them out any-

where, for home is often dull. When all the young 1843.
people were in the house they used to sing and have
music and much that enlivened us. The Browns and
Ivan O'Beirne used to play the flutes and fiddles and
read aloud to us in the evenings. Music is seldom
heard now unless Bessie is in singing humour. She
used to sing all day long, but now seems to be too
busy. A. keeps to her own departments, lectures and
doctors the little ones at a great rate, as no one else
is able. E., whose hearty laugh and smile used to
gladden all around her, looks like a drooping flower.
Mr. Stewart sits reading when in doors ; he cannot
bear any noise or be disturbed. I go on as quietly as
I can, trying to keep up my heart and those of all
the rest. A. and her father, who are as like as two
peas in their ways, keep us young ones in great order.
I sometimes strum over some of my old tunes on the
piano. Mr. Stewart cares little for music now, though
he likes to hear B. singing as she goes through the
house. Edward's violin remains silent on the piano ;
he seldom comes except late on Saturday nights. Dear
Ivan used to play a good deal when here on a visit
last month ; he is now far away poor fellow. He sent
me the music of a waltz which he often played
and which I admired, requesting I would play it
for his sake. He also sent B. a pretty song which
she will learn soon I hope ; she has a sweet voice
and remarkably quick ear. We read aloud when-
ever we can, but A. often has business to attend to,
or else must work in her flower garden. E. has been
ordered by Doctor Hay to have her mind amused as
much as possible by change. She has been twice with

1843. our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and is going again to-day ; later on she will stay with Mrs. Hutchison, to be once more under the care of our dear, good doctor, who returned from Scotland a few days ago and sent a message to E. to go and stay with them. He cured her twice before and I hope he may be able to so again. Doctor Hay is an excellent and clever man and most kind and attentive, but Doctor Hutchison has known E. from her childhood and of course must understand her constitution. I send by this a little sketch of our old log house, drawn from memory by little Michael Haycock ; it is as like as can be. The new house comes exactly behind the tree, where I have put a tiny cross. That tree is a Takamahack, which we planted many years ago just a little sapling, now it is quite a large tree and very pretty. Here it is called Balm of Gilead. The other trees are lilac, plums and shrubs, as well as rose bushes and sweetbriers. The porch was covered with hops all over. At the north end a long shrubbery of different kinds of trees, sumachs, maples, balsams, wild cherries and different kinds of plums, apples, etc. It is quite a large plantation."

TO MISS WILSON.

Sep. 18th "You will be surprised to receive this letter from me by your cousin Mr. G. Thomson, who came last night to Peterboro' and sent us a message to tell us of his intention to visit us to-day. We were agreeably surprised to find him extremely kind and friendly. Quite an old friend. It seems wonderful to be



THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

Copied from a sketch made by M. Haycock. F. B.

on really cordial and friendly terms with the brother 1843.
of one who appears to have so great a wish to bring us to ruin. But it is very disagreeable to think of these dark parts of our lives. It is delightful to have such a surprise as this visit, for we have found a friend where we least expected it. He will tell you everything about us, as far as he has seen in his visit at our new house ; he has also met our children, a good room full of various sizes, complexions and characters, from the dignified housekeeper Anna to the merry little Kate and from farmer William to the sober little Henry. . . Mr. Thomson says he sees a great change in Mr. Stewart, twenty-two years must change all. Oh, what a large portion of life is gone, surely it ought to make one think that it has been mercifully allowed us to live so long and so happily—that each year, month and day brings us nearer to the end. It is an awful reflection ; may we be found ready !”

On the 20th of November, 1843, the first wedding in the family took place in the drawing-room at Auburn. My mother's account of the ceremony is lost. At a quiet family gathering, with the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Traill, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and some of the Reid family, my dear sister Anna Maria was married to Dr. Hay by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who was then the Rector of Peterboro,. Mr. Taylor read the service from an old prayer book which belonged to King William III., of immortal memory. He was very proud of using this old brown, leather-covered book. Dr. Hay was the third son of Lieut.-Col. Hay of Seggieden, Perthshire, Scotland. He entered the

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1844. University of Edinburgh in 1825, came to Canada in 1840, and died on the 9th March, 1857.

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

Mar. 18th March 18 :—"This is a very healthy country ; I do not think it arises so much from the climate as from the manner of living, which is regular and homely, plenty of exercise and fresh air, and in general not many cares, and few luxuries or none at all. As for my own old self I am often surprised that after so many years of misery from asthma and weakness I am still so able to work and go about the house. We have had a most happy and delightful winter, less visiting and more quietness than for many years past. Our mornings are spent in domestic duties and occupations, divided between E. and B. Our dear A. is in her own happy contented home, where all is in perfect order and comfort. Our evenings are generally enlivened by some pleasant reading out, or a walk at my favourite time, after tea when the cares and business of the day are over, and when the girls can join me, and sometimes the boys. Often some of our young men or acquaintances are very ready to accompany us and when this happens to be our luck we go off on a tramp to Peterboro' to pay the Hays a visit. In summer evenings we wait till after dark and walk when the air is cool, and then sit on the logs by the river. The girls sing generally, when Agnes or Helen Haycock are staying here; their voices sound sweet softened by the air. They do not understand singing in parts and of course their music is not at all scientific. E's voice has a wildness that pleases some people, but I

don't like it. Bessie's is clear, full and sweet, if she had some instruction she would sing delightfully, but she is a pupil of nature in everything she does. Both commenced to learn music, but after having nearly surmounted the first difficulties they found so many things of more consequence in which they are deficient, they thought it almost a sin to give up precious time to what they considered a comparatively useless accomplishment, but they exercise their vocal powers. B.'s artless ballads please many. A. has an ear for music and can sing a tune, but her voice is weak and not always correct. Thank you, dear Louisa, for all your kind messages to her and about her, she is indeed happy and likely to be so ; we are sincerely gratified by the kindness of so many friends. The more we know Dr. Hay, the more we see to admire and love in his character, both are too quiet and retiring for living in the world. 1844.

"I am glad you liked A's. journal. There was no great variety to give it interest. She has not E's. knack of making something out of nothing. A. desires me to say that we know little of the habits of the 'Goosander,' as it is a solitary shy bird, and does not come into places that are frequented by man. It stays in lonely solitudes, by unfrequented lakes and rivers. Some people say they cannot fly, but this must be a mistake as they migrate in autumn and return from the northern cold climates in spring."

TO MISS WILSON.

Oct. 22:—"Often when I think of the great portion of happiness we have, and look around and consider it Oct. 22nd

1844. all comparing our situation with that of others, yes, others just around us in our immediate circle, besides thousands of whom I know little, it seems quite astonishing to think of the large share of real happiness we are favoured with, and yet surely we are not deserving of more than others ; alas, less so than others. I feel every moment how unworthy I am. But yet, why need I wonder when I recollect that 'God is love;' that through this love the blessed Saviour was sent to redeem us ; that for His sake and merits, and not for ours, we receive every favour from the Almighty. Oh, is not that the greatest mercy of all, for if we depended on our own worthiness or goodness where should we be. Oh, what peace and rest there is in knowing this, and that in every trial, perplexity and anxiety we meet, we have a never-failing spring, pouring out healing waters and strength to our failing hearts. What a pleasure there is in having a friend here below to whom we can open our hearts, who can understand and feel as we do on these subjects. My mind has been more strongly drawn and enlightened I think, of late. Is not this a still greater mercy ? Oh, my dear cousin I feel and think more than ever I did, but still weakness predominates. The ties of this life keep me down. Dear Mrs. F—— helped me ; we enjoyed having her with us last summer. Mr. Stewart has been so cheerful and happy with his sister this year. She found a great improvement in his mind ; they enjoy talking on spiritual matters which lie near her heart ; she has grown delicate and very feeble. When Martha returned to the States she took E. with her

ic spend a few weeks and take change of air, as 1844.
she has not been well during the heat. We expect her home soon ; she does not seem at all pleased with the manners of the Americans ; they are greatly excited about elections and a religious state of mind the people are in caused by a man named Miller, whose followers are called ' Millerites.' The spread of this belief is alarming. He settled the day that Christ was to come, and all that. E. was well off to be in the house of her calm, Christian aunt, and rejoices that she does not live in such a part of the world.

" We have our elections on everywhere now. Mr. Stewart has been out all day. I feel anxious about him as it is now late. He has two of his boys and young Dunlop with him ; but the excitement runs high and often with bad feeling. I am very much with dear A. and enjoy her lovely little home. Dr. Hay is called out so often, she is much alone. The more we see and know him, the more we value and love him ; he is a blessing to us. He is in good practice now, but it is a life of hardship and trial ; far off calls and wretched roads, while *bad pay* is the general complaint. Doctors are exposed to danger both by land and water. On dark, stormy nights he must go all the same. One awful night last week the trees were falling on all sides for ten miles on his road."

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

Nov. 5 :—"The great excitement for some months is Nov. 5th past and the elections are over. They have been held all over the Province. Great fears prevailed for some

1844. time that the Radical party would have the most power. Fortunately it has not turned out so. Almost all of the members returned for the Upper Province are good *Conservatives*. The Radicals in this country are neither more nor less than rebels. Mr. George Hall is our member, to the satisfaction of a large number of his friends.

“Harriet gave me a nice account of your garden and your carnations. E. brought some slips from the States ; I hope they may grow. I know some of the Cobourg ladies have them in pots in the house. I believe they grow very well in the open air in the West where the climate is milder than here. We have only poor pinks, dark lilac, something like the Pheasant eye, but small and jagged ; however they are very sweet and have quantities of blossoms. Did I ever tell you or Harriet a curious method I have heard of being used for finding the nest of the wild bee ? Take a flat stone or flag of small size that can be conveniently carried, heat it and pour a little honey on it, this will produce a sweet smell. You must first have caught a wild bee and put it under a glass, let it eat plenty of the honey that you have for bait ; then go out of doors near the place you suspect the nest to be, let out your bee and watch closely the direction it flies in ; follow it as long as you can see it and then wait a little while, it will return for more honey ; let it take another feast and fly away ; follow it as you did before till you lose sight of it ; continue judging and following, till by degrees you come to its nest. A gentleman here learned this from a man who used frequently to follow bees and succeeded in

getting plenty of excellent honey out of large hollow trees. Sometimes they catch two or three bees at a time for guides. The wild honey is said to be very fine." 1844.

TO MRS. WILSON.

Nov. 7:—"Writing to you when you have such a sick house full of grandchildren from measles reminded me of the time *our nine* had the same illness, almost all at the same time in our poor old log house, where we had one room for the hospital. As each one grew ill they were sent there. It was very crowded, but suited best as it was warmed by a stove and out of the way of draught; but the snow drifted through. When the wind rose we were obliged to put up quilts and sheets, spread tight above their beds to keep the snow from them, and nail up carpets to keep the wind out. The room was tolerably large, the convalescents were at one end and fresh patients at the other. A. M. and I were the nurses, it was the end of winter and the weather was very cold, but they got on as well as possible. We have always reason for thankfulness, for surely we have always been mercifully dealt with. Our dear E. has returned after an absence of six weeks. When the time came for her leaving Albion we found that the gentleman who had promised to take care of her was obliged to disappoint her. As it was growing so late in the season we thought it better for her not to wait longer, but to cross the lake under the care of the captain of the steamer by day time, then only eight hours' journey and she would be safe. Her cousin came to Rochester and put

1844. her under the care of the captain. However, there was a friend nearer than she was aware—Mr. Wallis happened to be on board. E. had settled herself in the ladies cabin ; Mr. Wallis happened to see her luggage and the direction caught his eye. He went to her and offered his services, which she most gladly and thankfully accepted. Most fortunate it was for her as adverse winds prevented the steamer getting to Cobourg ; they were obliged to coast round the head of the Lake to Toronto, where they arrived at midnight. The next day they went into town and Mr. Wallis very kindly took E. all about and showed her every place worth seeing, took her shopping with him and drove out to see some of the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood. At noon they left Toronto and had a delightful day and a pleasant passage to Cobourg, where they arrived at ten p.m. E. says she can never forget the kindness and attention she received from Mr. Wallis. He never left her till he placed her in Mr. Chatterton's care. She left Albion the next morning after a dreadful storm. The canal boat in which she came from Albion to Rochester had a short time before left Buffalo, the scene of much horror. One of the passengers told E. he had seen fifty-five bodies lying on the shore, a few among the number of those unfortunate beings who were drowned there."

On Christmas day, 1844, James Hay was born, my father's first grandchild. He and my mother and indeed all of us were greatly delighted at this. My father was never tired of watching the growth of the baby, and as he grew older making him crawl and

laugh and roll on the floor with "Moscow," the New- 1845.
foundland dog, a fine, gentle, playful animal and fond
of children.

The next great event was my own marriage with Feb. 25th
Mr. A. C. Dunlop. Again a wedding party was assem-
bled in the drawing-room at Auburn. And again
Mr. Taylor had the opportunity of using the old 'King
William' prayer-book for the ceremony. All my
family were present including the Hays with their
little baby. Although there was much happiness there
was also the sad side—leaving the dear old home for a
new one ; I commenced my married life with every
prospect of happiness, the sorrows of after-life happily
unknown.*

TO MISS WILSON.

"Since last I wrote my dear E. has flown from her June 7th
parent nest and perched upon a nice hill about three
miles from us where she has a neat little home with
many comforts, and a kind, affectionate husband, who,
I am sure will make her happiness his first object.
You know his mother, Mrs. Dunlop."

* Andrew Charles Dunlop is the youngest son of Major
Charles Dunlop, of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, who was
through the American Revolutionary War, and fought under
Abercrombie in Egypt. He died at Edenderry, County Down,
Ireland, in 1817, the year of his youngest son's birth. Mr.
Dunlop came to Canada in 1835. He lived in the Township of
Otonabee for some years, then moved to Malone, in Ashburn-
ham, and of late years resided in Peterborough.

1845.

TO MRS. WALLER.

Sept. 8th " Just when reading your last truly welcome letter a frightful accident happened (it might have proved fatal), which brought anguish and suspense upon us for several hours. But oh, we have great reason to be thankful ; it has all passed over and we are an undiminished family still. Our darling little Henry fell from the scaffold. He was reaching shingles to his elder brothers, who were shingling the roof of our new addition to the building. He unfortunately put one foot on some loose shingles which were on the scaffold and down he went from a height of about twelve feet. He was carried into the drawing-room and laid on the sofa ; his forehead and one eye being badly bruised. In a short time he became completely insensible, then threw up a quantity of blood, one eye was wide open and the pupil greatly dilated and fixed. He had a livid appearance and was deadly cold. You may suppose how much alarmed we were ; we sent immediately for Dr. Hay ; he was from home, but Dr. Hutchison came. He seemed very uncertain how it would end, and said he could not tell till towards morning. I need not now go over the anxious hours as we watched the changes and gradations of his recovery. Enough to say, that after hours of unconsciousness he gradually recovered and breathed more freely. After a slight fever all bad symptoms went off and our beloved child was once more himself. Now a slight discolouration is the only remaining sign of the whole affair. I can trace a merciful Providence through it all. A wonderful circumstance

was that the place where he fell was the only spot 1845.
around the building where he could have fallen without being dashed amongst great stones. Two of his teeth were broken and his chin bruised ; he was very sore all over for a long time. He is a very dear, gentle child and every one loves him. I trust he has been spared for some good purpose ; that he may be guided to make a good use of the life thus spared, and never, as long as he lives, be unmindful of the mercy shown him. How many shocks, troubles, anxieties and perplexities there are continually coming upon us ; scarcely a day passes without its own share ; but when we can bring all to our Heavenly Father and seek for His Holy Spirit to soothe, comfort, support and direct us when we can feel sure that, through our Blessed Redeemer, we have access to Him and are allowed to make known our difficulties and ask assistance, what a comfort and happiness it is. No one can know unless they have experienced it, the blessing of feeling sure that if it is right our prayers will be granted, if withheld it is surely for our good. This enables one to leave all with God, asking for submission if He sees right to withhold our request, or thankfulness if He permits what we wish to happen. I think, that the influence of the Holy Spirit is the first object for which to pray. Holiness is pureness of spirit, which combines everything. All we require is humble submission and firm confidence. We have been delighted with that beautiful book you sent, 'Perfect Peace' ; I am reading it a second time ; also 'Justification', by Brock. I want to read another of his—'Sanctification'. These books keep me alive ; indeed

1843. we require them for we have no help from our clergyman."

TO MISS WILSON.

Feb. 20th Feb. 20 :—"Having been very much from home this winter, I was obliged to put off much of my usual writing, attending to dear A. who had two attacks of inflammation in her chest. After that I was with E. who has lately given me a dear little granddaughter, on St. Valentine morning. I have much reason to be thankful for the great mercies and blessings continued to us from day to day. Mr. Stewart and I are able to enjoy the new homes where our dear daughters ever welcome us, and the two sons-in-law are really warmly attentive to us when visiting them. The grandchildren Mr. Stewart takes more notice of than he did of his own. Little 'Jim' is growing a most endearing, bright little fellow."

TO MISS WILSON.

March March:—"You do not know how delightful it is to us here, separated as we are from our kindred, to hear of and from our dear distant friends. Your letters, my dear cousin, tell us much that is interesting and do us good. I generally read them aloud to Martha and Maria (Mrs. Fowlis and Mrs. Reid) who have always looked for the privilege. They raise and revive in our hearts the love of our Saviour, which we require. Mrs. Fowlis is becoming very frail, and has long been delicate. Her little cottage in the park is Mr. Stewart's special resort, where many a conversation takes place on the great subject of religion. He is greatly in-

terested now in the wonderful events going forward 1846-
all over the world and he searches the Scriptures for
the truth. How much he would enjoy having some
one to talk to, but there are few indeed here who care
for that sort of conversation. Time seems to fly
faster every year ; we are growing very old ; our
children are now almost all men and women ; we
are coming to the end of life. It is a serious re-
flection, yet how seldom we allow our minds to rest on
it. Dear Mr. Stewart has felt better through this
winter than for some time past. He and his two
young farmers, William and John, are just com-
mencing the preparations for spring work. The boys
are industrious and willing, always cheerful and manly,
and anxious to do all they possibly can. But it is an
arduous undertaking for such young creatures. Our
dear children often meet here. Last week the Hays
and Dunlops, with their children, spent a happy day
with us. J. is a dear, engaging boy. M. a very fine
healthy love. Mr. Stewart enjoys seeing them rolling
on the carpet with his fine dog, Caesar, whose gentle
patience is sometimes a little tried."

TO MISS NOBLE.

July 23 :—" Our dear A. and little James spent last, July 23rd
Monday with us, we enjoyed it greatly as I had all my
nice newly arrived treasures to show her, the box from
home having arrived the day before. Frank drove
her home to town in our conveyance in the evening.
B. went to take care of Jim. You must know that the
bridge at Peterboro' had been partly carried away

1846. last spring and only patched up since, so that it is very awkward to drive on unless the horses and driver are steady and careful. The new part is only wide enough for one conveyance. At one end there is no railing or anything for security from a serious accident at any time. However just as Frank drove on to the bridge at the wide end, a runaway team with a load of boards piled up dashed round a corner at the other end and was coming towards them. Frank had time and presence of mind enough to draw up his horses as close as possible to one side while the other horses dashed past, the drunken driver was thrown off, they expected destruction every instant as the wheels almost touched ours and a great plank on the top of the load came very near B's. shoulder and head, but all was guided so that not one of the party was injured, only dreadfully frightened. The poor young horses trembled, it was wonderful that they stood so quiet for in general they are easily startled, if they had jumped all must have been destroyed, so you see how Providence has again guarded and guided us. The man was taken up bleeding from a deep cut in his head. Dr. Hay was on horseback just behind our conveyance and saw all the great danger. Dear A. sat in a house near at hand till she recovered a little and then walked over the bridge, as Frank led the horses. What cause for thankfulness ! Our box arrived a few days ago, all such good and well-chosen articles, indeed Aunt Sutton has shown excellent taste and judgment, just so well she knows ; everything was carefully and nicely put up and numbered, it shows

how exact she is and how cleverly and well she does everything. Many sincere and grateful thanks for all the nice presents and valuable books, tracts and manuscripts, indeed they are worth more than I can express. Many enjoy reading them. No one in this neighbourhood has such a library, so that people come from a distance to borrow our books, but alas, some do not value them. A day or two ago a lady called to whom Mrs. Fowlis was showing that little book of Brooke's Doctrines for the church. This lady was a clergyman's wife ; she said ; 'Oh ! I never have time for that kind of book, I can only give my attention to light reading.' I was sorry to hear it, but it is the case. I like to snatch a few minutes before breakfast, or whenever I can, and even if I read for that time at one of your good books, it supplies many thoughts for the day ; light reading can seldom do that. I have lately been reading the 'Life of Mrs. Fletcher,' though there is a good deal of enthusiasm in it yet there is also much useful instruction and good example ; she was a most zealous and earnest Christian. I have also been reading some interesting discourses and biographical sketches which Dr. Hay sends us. We read aloud every day when we can, when sitting together after two o'clock, a long adopted habit ; each one with work of some kind busily employed, while all in turn read.

"Tuesday is called the 'quilt day,' when a patch-work quilt is the choice piece of fancy work. Good progress is made too. What nice work and drawings the Rockfield girls do. They sent B. a nice book of drawings and some pretty collars done by

1846. themselves—all are highly prized. I wish my dear little Kate could make use of the nice paint box sent to her—perhaps she may have some taste for drawing and, in time, have the means of instruction. She is not at all musical but tries to hum a tune. It is a curious attempt. She is growing a very useful girl and can hem, sew and stitch very neatly, but dislikes it so much that it is almost a punishment to her. I am sometimes obliged to promise to read to her to induce her to sit long enough to get through a piece of work. She devours books sometimes and learns by heart very quickly, but soon forgets; she is volatile and likes of all things running about as much as she can. She is fond of gardening and delights to go off to join her nephew in play. Charlie is a great little fellow for observing insects. Some time ago he found a curious insect's nest made into a sort of mortar ball with mud; it was filled with a chrysalis. As we thought it must be a mason bee or something of that sort we put it into a paper box to keep and to see what it would turn out to be. In time we heard a great noise in the box. All were afraid to open it, there seemed such a commotion and such a buzzing and groaning noise every now and then. So I opened one end and held a tumbler over it and up flew two large flies of the *Ichneumon* kind; they were very large and wicked looking, so we let them fly away."

TO MRS. WALLER, ALLENSTOWN.

May 5th May 5:—"The accounts of the famine in Ireland are most heartrending. What a state that poor place is in.

I really fear the whole air of the country will be 1847
polluted by the masses of putrefying bodies of animals
and decayed vegetables. The pestilence may not be
confined to those who have suffered from bad food
or no food. I often wish that all I love were out of
it and here ; but then I begin to recollect how very
irksome Canadian life would seem to those who have
been accustomed to elegance, ease and refinement ;
how insupportable it would be to those who have
lived in a round of amusements, or enjoyed intel-
lectual or scientific society. What a desolate wilder-
ness it would seem to those who have enjoyed the
privilege of Christian intercourse with the religious
part of society at home, for alas, we have but little
of that here. When I think of all of these things,
I begin to find I am selfish for wishing anyone to
come. And yet does it not seem a contradiction to
say that positively and truly I am as happy here as
anybody need wish or expect to be in this world. I
will even go further and say that I do think I am
much happier than most people I know. In the first
place I never have anything to do that is in the least
fatiguing, for my dear, kind, thoughtful husband
never could bear to see me exert myself and has al-
ways endeavoured to save me from the necessity of
doing anything that would hurt me. And now my
dear good children never allow me to do anything
but some trifling part of the household department,
and needlework or knitting. As for society or
amusement, I have lost all relish for parties or any-
thing of that sort. I am never at a loss for variety,
for every hour there is so much going forward that the

1847. change is constant. As for religious companionship, I have dear Mrs. Fowles who is a treasure to us all, and occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Roger refresh us delightfully. Then we have your letters and Mrs. Wilson's, etc., besides the books of which we read a portion every day, sometimes very small, but no day passes without some serious or improving reading. So we have everything to make us happy. Nothing to do with politics, gossip or fashion, or keeping up appearances, which really in many instances causes much trouble and plague. We always attend to being tidily and becomingly dressed, and have a clean, neatly-laid table with a plentiful supply of good wholesome food. We have oatmeal now, which for many years we could not procure, but there are now two good oatmills, one our own property. We have also Indian meal and both are liked. We have a substantial breakfast for the boys as soon after six o'clock as all can be assembled after the horses, cattle, pigs and fowls are attended to. First Mr. Stewart reads a portion of Scripture and prayer; after this the steaming porridge, smiling potatoes, cold meat, eggs, toast, bread and butter and two large jugs of milk, besides the teapot, are placed on the table. All set to work with much energy according to taste or fancy. After this everybody goes to their different employments. B. and K. settle all up. I sit at my reading or knitting for a little while. The routine of work, though simple, is not at all monotonous now. I often wonder how Mr. Stewart can go on keeping all in order as he does in so many departments, thinking of such an extraordinary

variety of different matters ; but he never slackens nor tires, though he often looks weary and anxious. 1847.

“ This is an unusually backward season, everything is some weeks later than it ought to be. The ground was, till lately, covered with deep snow, so that ploughing could not be done in low-lying ground, consequently we shall have but half the quantity of wheat sown that otherwise we would put in ; however, we shall have enough for our own use, though none to sell I fear, which is a loss, having been too low a price for any profit last year.

“ This is a lovely day, warm and bright, the birds and insects and everything seeming to rejoice. Vegetation has commenced and is making rapid progress, the lilacs bursting into leaf, the grass is growing green, and fruit trees changing from the stiff wintry gray to the reddish tinge which soon turns to green.

“ We have had great difficulty getting into town for some time back ; the bridge was rickety and dangerous all through the winter and at last it gave way to the increasing force of the river which always rises in spring. Off it went one day ; fortunately no one was on it. Edward had just crossed and heard it cracking and smashing as he moved off.

“ I am happy to say all my children and grandchildren are well. I have just heard that A. and her child were at the other side of the river, but the boat was away, so they could not get across. E. came to see us the other day ; her heart seems with us still, though she has a sweet little home. Little M. is growing more and more engaging every day. E. says she has sense beyond her years. Poor Willie has had

1847. several attacks of ague ; quinine stops it after some preliminary medicine. There is much fever and ague still in the country, which is a great trouble. Many are prevented attending to their spring work which is a serious loss.

“ Poor Dr. Hutchison has had another attack of apoplexy, his life hangs by a thread.”

This was a remarkable year in many respects, affecting both town and county ; incidents of many kinds marked its advance. The famine in Ireland caused a deep feeling of sympathy for the poor people there. My father took an active part in influencing his friends in Peterboro’ and the neighbourhood to raise money to send home to their countrymen. In February and March the leading citizens came forward willingly in the good cause and the sum of £364 was collected. The railroad from Port Hope was chartered and a good deal talked about. Many people were prejudiced against railways in those days and thought our old roads were best, or at least good enough.

A large immigration from Ireland this year, of many poor people almost in a state of starvation and bringing with them a malignant type of typhoid fever, was the cause of much anxiety and trouble. A temporary hospital was established on the Little Lake, then a good distance from the inhabited part of the town and those who were sick were isolated till restored. My father did all he could for their condition with the help of the people of the town, but owing to his anxious disposition signs of debility began to show themselves in him early in summer. He had

much care and anxiety too for his sister, Mrs. Fowles, 1847. whose declining state plainly showed she would not be long with them. His daily walk was from Auburn to the Park Cottage, (the house he had given to her and her widowed daughter and two children "for as long as they required it,") where they held sweet converse.

TO MISS WILSON.

June:—"About the end of May dear Mrs. Fowles June was seized with ague, which changed to intermittent fever. On the 13th June she rallied and our hopes revived. Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Reid were with their dear sister constantly, I often read to her portions of her favourite books; the Bible was her constant desire. All her symptoms were alarming and Dr. Hay was constantly with her. Those were days of pain and anxious watching. Then a rapid and unexpected change came, Mr. Stewart read the 23rd Psalm and the 34th, and then Wesley's hymn, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to sing.' She had prayer and singing constantly. On the 16th she was so low that we knew her release was close at hand and it came at half-past nine. Her sister closed her dearly-loved eyes. The remaining brother and sister sat talking much about the past. This was our first trial and affliction in long years."

"The funeral took place on the 18th, a solemn and melancholy time. A few friends assembled at the little cottage surrounded by the beautiful maple and beech trees in the early and tender leaf. The coffin was placed on tressels under a spreading beech grove

1847. close to the hall door. The solemn service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Church of England and Mr. Roger of the Presbyterian Church, whose prayer for the bereaved family gave great comfort. Those present who came to show the last token of respect were the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. Roger, Dr. Hutchison, Dr. Hay, Mr. Cunningham and some others, as well as our own large connexion with the tenants and Mr. Stewart's servants ; all formed a mournful procession which followed the body to the grave in the sweet spot where little Bessy was laid in 1823, allotted at that time by Mr. Stewart for this sacred purpose. From this time we felt the blank severely, none more so than the dear bereaved brother. He did not sorrow without hope ; he knew her eternal peace and happiness were secure and spoke as if expecting soon to follow her. He took his sorrow to his Saviour ; his Bible was his daily study ; the Psalms his favourite part of Scripture."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

July 7th July 7:—" You have doubtless heard of our loss. No one can tell *what* a loss, for she was like an angel of light sent amongst us to draw us nearer to our Saviour and from this world. She was indeed a blessing to all during the short space she was with us ; and her influence will, I trust, remain long, long engraven on our hearts. We are only now feeling the reality of it, for at first it all seemed like a dream.

" This is the first great sorrow we have had, but I fear it must be the beginning of more. We have

cause for thankfulness that she had come to us from 1847.
the States and that we were all with her to hear her
last words and to witness such a scene. Blessed
are those who die in the Lord ; and the death of a
saint whose soul is in perfect peace is a glorious and
happy sight." Later on in the same letter, when
speaking of family cares and pleasures, she writes :—

" There was a fine show of wild beasts lately at
Cobourg, under the management of the famous Van
Amburgh, and Mr. Stewart allowed all the boys their
holidays that they might go and see them. So there
was great planning and settling which would be the
best way of going and getting across Rice Lake. But
when the time came there was so much work to be
done of urgent consequence, that William and Frank
said they could not enjoy leaving home with the
consciousness that they were neglecting it, for three
days at this season are of more value than a
fortnight would be at another time, so they declared
they would not go. However, John and George went,
accompanied by their cousins Robert and George
Strickland. They walked to the Indian village at
Rice Lake which is twelve miles from this, then they
got an Indian to put them over the lake in a canoe
and they landed close by Col. Brown's cottage. His
youngest son was just starting for Cobourg in a buggy
(if you know what that is), and offered a seat to one
of the boys, John gladly accepted and got on very
snugly to Cobourg. George went to Mr. Faulkner's
near Rice Lake and then on to Cobourg next day in
their waggon (Mr. Faulkner is a brother of that Mr.
Faulkner of Manchester who travelled with you and

1847. dear Aunt Sutton long ago from the north to Dublin, and who helped you when you had the upset). Well, the Stricklands went to the Traills who are their aunt and uncle, so they all separated. John was well off; at Cobourg he met with our friend Mr. Chatterton, who took him to his own house to see Mrs. C——, and when there they would not let him go, but kindly insisted on his staying there, and so he saw all the procession coming into the town; he met with some other friends at the exhibition who took him to their place three miles from Cobourg, they then drove him to Rice Lake the next day. George stayed at Col. Brown's and has not yet returned, but John and the Stricklands walked home the evening after, they just got in here as we were preparing for bed, near eleven o'clock."

TO MRS. WALLER.

Aug. 9th Aug. 9:—"This has been a time of deep anxiety and alarm. The typhus fever and dysentery have reached even this remote place. Wherever those wretched immigrants came they brought with them sickness and death. Some of the members of the board of health have already fallen under its malignant influence, and also our dear, long-tried friend Dr. Hutchison. His illness was short, and from the first his life was despaired off. His constitution had been much injured from long exposure in the arduous discharge of his duties to the immigrants, and he had had an attack of apoplexy some time before which made the complaint more fatal and hopeless. His poor wife, who had little help, never left his bed-side; E. R——,

was the only person who would venture to put the shroud on him. The panic was so great that neither man nor woman could be got to undertake this. Mrs. Hutchison and E—— were left alone with the large young family ; in this deeply trying time something had to be done without delay. E. R——, with a degree of resolution almost superhuman, threw the shroud over the body and put the arms into the sleeves. The funeral had to take place without delay. No bad results followed this painful task which these two loving friends had to fulfil for the dead. We have had great anxiety about A.'s baby, Fanny, who became seriously ill with symptoms of water on the brain, it reduced the dear child very much. Two doctors are laid up with typhus fever. A few days ago Dr. Hay calculated that he had ridden 140 miles within twenty-four hours. He can hardly get rest, and keeps his two horses constantly going.

“I hope the industry of our dear children will in time make us more independent. They are very young to undertake the work and perseverance necessary to make this farm profitable. Their father feels it very much. Crosses and perplexities we must have, as well as sickness, decay and sorrow, but when we are able to flee for hope, comfort and strength to the fountain-head, ever open, ready and overflowing for us to take and be refreshed, we may in all cases have a sure and unailing remedy. We have had a large share of trial for the last few months ; we cannot see where it may end or when, but meantime we have a little rest. Little Fan seems to be recovering, and our dear Wil-

1847. liam has recovered at a surprising rate. To-day he has walked about a little and put some things in order ; three days ago he was unable to raise himself from his bed without help, but wine and quinine with chicken broth and other restoratives have had a wonderful effect."

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

(*Death of Mr. Stewart*).

Sept 21st Sept. 21:—"I am sure my dearly loved and loving friend will be anxious about me. I must not let this mail go without bearing some intelligence of your poor desolate and afflicted child. I know that Dr. Hay at once gave you the first sad news of my bereavement; my heart is desolate and lonely, but I cannot be so in *reality* when I am surrounded by my dear children, all trying who can show me most tender love and consolation and attention, and when every one who ever knew us writes with such kindness. But afflicted I must be, for no one can know how severe my loss is. Thank God I have been and am, supported, and can see such unbounded love and mercy mixed in the bitter cup. It would be rebellious indeed to allow any repinings to arise in my breast, and the height of selfishness to sorrow without rejoicing, for we must all feel certain that his soul, which had been repining for a long time past, has now attained the Heaven where all troubles cease, and where sighing and sorrow are unknown ; that he is now enjoying a peace which passeth understanding. And oh, what a change from the years of anguish and misery he had and

probably would have had for some time to come. I 1847.
have long prayed that his poor tortured mind should be relieved, but oh, how little did I foresee the full and complete relief and release that was near, or the depth of misery left for us here. But still I feel that the hand of the Lord has smitten us, and all is well, all is mercy ; and we must now look forward and press forward to the mark set before us of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

“ At first his illness was intermittent fever (which this year has been more formidable than any other). About the fifth day it became steady fever. He had no headache or pains in his back or limbs, but after Thursday the fever increased ; his tongue showed a more serious illness ; his mind in general was quite clear and calm, but the restlessness was most exhausting. All usual remedies were tried. The following week he appeared better, his tongue cleaner, but on the second Wednesday the fever returned, the thirst terrible. Towards daybreak on Thursday he grew restless and chilly. I sent for the doctor who had only left us a few hours before. Twitches came on in his limbs. Dr. Hay was very anxious and sent for Dr. Best who did not think the symptoms so bad and ordered calomel and hippo ; but he gradually grew worse. He plainly knew he was going to leave us, looking often at me saying, ‘Happy ! happy ! happy!’ The doctor only left us when he was obliged to go. On Friday he spoke much to us all when able, but his throat and tongue were dry, he could hardly articulate ; we could only hear by putting our heads close to his mouth. He expressed the most perfect

1847. resignation ; his most earnest desire was for the safety of the souls of all around him. He spoke repeatedly to each one and had us read and pray with and for him ; he constantly prayed and enjoyed extempore prayer most as it was the utterance of the heart at the time. Mr. Taylor came twice and Mr. Roger often on his way to and from visiting Anna McDougall. Mr. Benson, an old friend, prayed beside him. He could not keep his attention fixed for more than a few minutes at a time, but joined his voice in the prayer when it applied to himself or anyone for whom he felt particular interest.

“ On Friday night he gave William and John advice and instruction, and placed them under E—— B——s care, and asked him to be a friend and adviser to his boys, this E—— promised with tears, and the dear one said, ‘ I mean religious as well as moral.’ Many wonderful, impressive and touching expressions did we hear, he seemed hovering on the brink of eternity from Thursday till nine o’clock till Monday the 6th September, when the spirit fled. They were days never to be forgotten ; never did any of us witness such scenes ; they were awful, for the spirit seemed more in heaven than on earth, but glorious and rejoicing too. I had often heard and read of triumphant deaths, but this was indeed victorious. He made Ellen, Bessie and Edward sing hymns frequently, and took more pleasure in that than anything. Mr. Reid often prayed at his bedside, and read to him. On Saturday night he spoke to Dr. Hay and Edward of many things, gave solemn directions about his funeral, and made Dr. Hay write all down.

1847.

All belonging to this world seemed as nothing during this time. When we were watching his soul passing into eternity we were elevated above this life. On Sunday morning he was exhausted and the restlessness continuing he asked them to sing his soul into heaven. He slept heavily for some hours, then I took hold of his hand which seemed to arouse him ; a rush of heat came on, he seemed to revive, his voice became stronger and clearer ; he again said 'How happy I am in my Saviour's atonement, and I long to be with Him ; and added, 'and to be with my dear sister.' He gave Edward and Bessie a Bible that Bessie had given him before and urged them to read it frequently, in private as well as in family reading. But hearing hymns sung was his greatest pleasure and comfort ; in this way he passed his last Sabbath on earth. Dr. Hay, Charles Dunlop and Robert Brown sat up with him. They all made me lie down as I was worn out, not having lain down for a fortnight, at first from asthma and then I could not leave him. I slept so soundly I did not hear Ellen get up at two o'clock ; she shut the door and I never wakened till four. I then ran to the top of the stairs and heard Dr. Hay praying. I dressed and as I went down I heard his voice unusually loud and clear. 'Oh my Saviour, come for me.' This was the last time I heard him speak. Bessie forced me into the parlour to take a cup of coffee. When I came out he was sleeping and he never awoke ; he opened his eyes once, turned himself and looked at me, but the eyes were dim and had a strange look in them ; his breathing was quite regular till it gradually stopped.

1847. "I have been quite well except asthma, caused by the damp, foggy nights. I have been obliged to be about so much. My great pleasure is to think and write of those sweet days of the dying saint, and to think of him now where he is. But oh, the want!"

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

Sept. Sept :—"I can do nothing but think of my loved departed. His mind for the past year had been rapidly weaning from every tie and care that could draw his thoughts to earth. The original softness and mildness of his disposition which had suffered from cares, distresses and disappointments for many years back, had been greatly restored. He was so loving, so kind and tender-hearted; such a parent, and fond and kind husband; such a true devoted Christian. Oh, he was indeed ripe and ready for the great change. I told you in my last that dear Bessie was not engaged to any one. I cannot now say so, as her hand and that of this truly worthy, excellent, young man, Edward, were joined by her dear father on Saturday evening, September the 4th, and they received his blessing as "man and wife;" he desired they should be married in reasonable time. He gave the Bible to us and made E——, 'B—— and I put a hand on it and promise it should be read by them. Such a scene would have overcome a hard heart.

"My dear boys have been ill for a long time, all are deeply affected, five are now ill. William has fever which returns every evening, and pains in his limbs; Frank has had aguish fever hanging over him; Charlie

and Henry shake every day in spite of quinine, so that George is the only one who is well. Our poor farm is not getting on, the boys ploughed as long as they were able ; it makes them so anxious, but I have no fear, the Lord has never forsaken me, and if we have but little we may easily content ourselves, for many around us are worse off. There is no family I know of that has not been visited by sickness or death. 1847.

“After death my beloved husband looked so composed and lovely, so like what he was thirty years ago, all the wrinkles of age and care were gone. He was sixty-one last June. I hardly know what we shall do, but my trust is in the Lord and I cannot fear. My dear children are all kind and good, and determined to do all they can for me, and my sons-in-law as kind as possible. Dear Dr. Hay, no one could possibly show more tender affection than he has done. Dear, gentle Anna has spent this day with me.”

TO M. NOBLE.

Oct. 5:—“Only two months ago I wrote about sickness and death in other families, how little did I know Oct. 5th
it was hanging over our own home ! Oh, how overwhelmed I should have been had I known the calamity that awaited me ! It is well we do not know or we should be unable to perform our daily duties. We do see enough, however, to show us that our time will come when we least expect it. My ever-dear husband for months past seemed to be preparing for the great change, his mind seemed so much withdrawn from the world, and though he always gave much thought

1847. and attention to the arrangement of his affairs lately, it often struck me that he wished to have all settled, to have all things done more for the sake of his family than for any employment or benefit to himself. He had a great deal to try him just lately, but seemed to be endued with strength of mind and calmness beyond himself, unlike the miserable restlessness which had on former occasions too much overpowered him at times. He constantly said, 'I must submit and trust in Him who sees fit to send me this bitter, bitter trial, God never sends more than He will enable us to bear.' I am often vexed at my own weakness when I sink into low spirits, or allow myself to *grieve*. Oh, I have nothing to grieve for on his account, and why should I grieve for myself. I must rouse myself and bring into action faculties and energies which have been lying dormant and asleep for years and years back, which seem as if they had never been mine. My friends are all sympathizing and tender, my dear children do all they can in loving kindness, my sons-in-law equally so. I have every solace I can expect or wish for. My boxes came at a very sad time, in the middle of the dear invalid's illness. For the first time we opened our treasures without his assistance; it was melancholy, though we had no idea then what the termination of his illness would be, nor did we think he was in danger at that time; I could not feel the usual pleasure. The next day he had himself taken up and dressed, and sat in an easy chair to have his bed made. He got the boys to carry him in the chair into the parlour. He lay on the sofa most of the day and made me show him all the things which

he examined, I then read out your letter, but he was very weak and languid and had to rest between. My boys are all provided for, having valuable property left to them. George has chosen the profession of a civil engineer and has already commenced working. He is fond of study and a truly excellent lad." 1847.

TO MRS. WALLER.

Dec. 1:—"Each day brings me just cause for thankfulness. The pain must come when I feel the loss of the dear companion and object of my love and devotion for so many years. Yet it passes off when I recollect he has gone to a happy home and it waiting there to welcome us all, and I am waiting here for the time when I shall join him never more to part. I sometimes try to conceive the meeting of all who were attached on earth. Dec. 1st

"The death of Judge McKyes happened soon after that of my dear husband. He will be a loss to the neighbourhood. He and dear Mr. Stewart often had arguments about his High Church opinions. He thought we were all almost dissenters. However, I heard he actually had sent for Mr. Roger. Oh, how the approach of death draws us closer to real Christians, without considering whether they are High Church or dissenters. Dear Mr. Roger paid us visits in our affliction, as I requested he would. Mr. Taylor feeling afraid of infection, my beloved husband made the request, which displeased Mr. Taylor, who, I regret to say wrote in a very hasty and very intemperate way before the funeral, which hurt me a good

1847. deal. But I believe it was occasioned by his warm attachment. About a month afterwards I wrote him an answer, which I hoped might make him understand but he has never taken any notice of it. He has often sent me word he was coming to see me, but he never came. I am fond of Mr. Taylor and esteem him for many good qualities, but he is not a minister of the Gospel of Christ. He was much annoyed also at our having a private funeral. It is the custom to have printed invitations sent out and put up to give notice. But Mr. Stewart always disapproved of that, and made both his sons and me promise that nothing of that kind should be done. When his time came, and on his death-bed, his directions were distinctly given : 'To be laid in the little private family burying ground here, but not to invite strangers, nor have scarfs or hat bands, which he always disliked.' Mr. Taylor wanted to send notices to people at a distance, as he said 'One whose name was identified with the affairs of the district and county should not be laid down without having the last honour and respect that could be paid to his name and memory, etc.' I begged it might not be so, feeling his last wishes to be sacred. I heard that some were vexed at not being invited. If all had come that would, or that felt respect for his memory, it would have been every man and woman in the Township of Douro. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Roger were both here. Mr. Taylor read the church service, the same as at Mrs. Fowlis's, only that instead of singing Mr. Roger gave a short exhortation which I came from my room to hear. And then the procession moved up the shrubbery walk to the last nar-

row home amidst sorrowing, sincere friends and the family. Mr. Taylor came to my room afterwards and read prayers for me ; he was so agitated he could hardly get through. 1848.

“Our affairs at present are a heavy trial. I do not see how we can avoid having the property sold. But I trust and leave it now to the Lord’s will. I am sure He will direct all for the best, and I will wait. I have many times done so and always have found that some means was given to get through. Now I do not feel afraid or uneasy. If we lose the property my boys can work their own ways as many others are doing here. My daughters are happily provided for ; the two little boys can do as much as will support them. And I have no fear but that some opening will be set before them. If I have my sight and health Kate and I can do something for our own support. If I am disabled I am sure that my children will take care of me. This season has been very expensive, crops missing and sickness in the family. The poor boys were too weak to do their usual work. William is going to draw wheat to Cobourg for the merchants here ; indeed he is a wonder.”

TO MR. MITCHELL.

Jan. 11 :—“If you did not hear at once from me of Jan. 11th the severe blow which fell on us, it was not from want of affection. Till within the last four days we had no apprehension of danger. For the first week of his illness we expected his recovery after the complaint had taken its usual course, and never apprehended

1848. so lamentable and calamitous a termination. In the middle of the second week a serious change took place and symptoms of typhus fever appeared, under which his strength gave way with alarming rapidity. He lived for three days in a state I cannot describe, his pulse was almost gone, often stopped altogether, his articulation was so difficult that we scarcely understood his words, his voice so weak we were obliged to put our ears to his mouth to catch the words. Restoratives were given with a feather to moisten his fevered tongue. Yet his mind was in the most tranquil state. He delighted in scripture reading, hymn-singing and constantly requested whoever was with him to 'pray,' assuring all that he was 'happy,' repeatedly he hoped that all might be as happy as he was. He was completely raised above this world, and suffered little pain, feverish restlessness was the most trying. I well know the warmth of love which my beloved husband had for his sister Lydia, and the warm esteem he had for you.

"We have all returned to our usual occupations which had been sadly broken in upon by affliction and sickness. Dear Mrs. Reid is very well, she comes sometimes to see me and I go to her, but I am very much tied down at home. Mr. Reid is also very well. We are now the last remnant of the old stock."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

May 31st May 31 :—"The day Bessie and Edward chose to be married on was my birthday, May 24th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Taylor. We had merely

cur own family and some of the connections here, wishing to be quiet. At best it must be melancholy under my present circumstances and, of course, missing the presence of the beloved and tender parent who had given away our elder daughters and who had always given the bride the first tender embrace. But although not with us in person I trust his spirit watched over us and witnessed the ceremony he had directed should be performed 'in a reasonable time after,' when he so solemnly joined their hands together. Dr. Hay performed the part of her father on the occasion and gave my darling child away. All my children with the exception of William who was confined to bed with intermittent fever, were present. The little bride looked simple, innocent and composed, and had more self-possession than I expected, for I knew her heart was full. She was dressed in a neat, simple manner; a pale lavender of very soft material; on her shoulders a soft blonde scarf; her hair hung in ringlets round her face and neck, having been cut off after her illness. Immediately after the ceremony tea was brought in; Anna and Ellen presided at the tea-table at one end of the room; the boys handed it about as the company sat in groups in different parts of the parlor. In the middle was a table with plain and fruit cakes all made by Bessie and Ann Faulkner her bridesmaid, Anna Hay helped also. The brides-cake was excellent, nicely iced and ornamented. At nine o'clock we had some good singing and music. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are very musical. Mrs. Taylor played on the piano which is the wonder of everyone, it sounds so well; the poor old thing it

1848. goes out of and into tune of its own accord. I never allow common tuners who come here to touch it, so it has not been tuned for six years. Sometimes it gets a little asthmatic like myself in damp weather. At eleven o'clock we had a little supper; cold fowl, ham, lamb and salad, also cake and fruit. The bride and bridegroom's healths were drunk; the gentlemen having glasses of punch, the ladies wine. Near one o'clock they started home; a lovely moon shone out above the trees. Old Ann McIntosh went with them.

"I longed for my first visit to Goodwood—nearly three miles away. On Friday I went up; my two dear children met and welcomed me. All looked well, fresh and lovely in every part; the clover beautiful; the wheat luxuriant; the woods all so verdant, fresh and lovely; the house clean, airy and comfortable, neat and convenient. You may suppose how lonely I felt after I came home. Dear Ellen had stayed with me for some time before and after the wedding to keep me company, and remained when I went to pay my first visit to Goodwood. She returned home on Thursday. Then indeed, I felt lonely. The house seemed empty and forsaken; Bessie's room looked like a deserted bird's nest. Poor William's illness has come at a busy time; we are obliged to hire a man to plough etc. Frank cannot settle his mind to work at home and is anxious to push himself forward on his own farm and I cannot blame him. He is twenty-one, very much like his dear father in character and ways. John is a steady, hard-working lad, but having had ague for two months and being

naturally of a delicate frame, his strength is not equal 1849.
to much exertion ; he has many good qualities, but is old-bachelorish in his ways and particularities. Frank is the most pleasant companion of any of the boys, but never cares to be at home. We are obliged to keep Charlie from school which will be a loss to him, but we require his help. He, too, is but weakly, as he has had the ague and is growing fast. You see why I have been in low spirits since I lost him who was everything to me. I am obliged to think and act alone, and this I never did in my life before. The great mercy and astonishment is that I am really able to do without him so well. Does not this prove how graciously and mercifully we are dealt with ? How evidently and convincingly we see that strength is always given as we require it. How the Lord has blessed me with unexpected health, strength and activity more than I could expect at my time of life."

August 1849 :—"Dear Mr. Reid has just recovered August
from a very severe illness which has cut him down a good deal, but he still retains a large share of his energy ; he is quite a patriarch now. Mrs Reid is very well and not much changed in any respect. They have been much distressed this summer in consequence of the death of Mr. Beresford their granddaughter's husband. He went to California last April, took cholera and died."

April 1849 :—"I have delayed writing for some April
time that I might have the pleasure of announcing the safe arrival of the dear daughters of our beloved sister Sara and I am most thankful that I can do so now.

1849. They arrived in Peterborough on Tuesday evening, glad to have accomplished the tedious voyage and journey. How lonely I felt when I met them, feeling all the time how warmly and cordially their lamented uncle would have joined in that welcome and how happy he would have felt at their coming to his house as their home. But we may look forward to his welcoming us to our eternal Home, and that is better.

I have not long returned from a visit of a month to Edward and Bessie, part of which passed very happily and part under great anxiety owing to Bessie's dangerous illness. Through God's mercy she has been spared and has recovered wonderfully. Edward remembers well and often speaks of those beautiful and saintly ladies, his aunts Morrison and Auchinleck who, as well as many other dear and precious friends, though far from us are united in bonds of Christian love.

There is a great *fever* about California now raging in this neighbourhood. Several young men have made up parties to go there."

TO MISS WILSON.

Nov. 5th "I am more anxious than I can tell you to hear every particular and circumstance connected with your dear mother's illness and departure. I know too well how sad you are, but I also know the strong support you have. I am confident you now have this strength, that you are standing on the same Rock on which she stood and can hold fast and wait, though waves of trouble may surround and dash over it, the

Rock is firm, immovable. Friends must be separated, 1849.
but when we see a life of consistency drawing gradually to a close, an aged saint ripening for glory, the sorrow is mixed with joy; we can only view it as a removal from the troubles of life, a rest from all the miseries of human nature and an entrance into an illuminated palace where friends gather around the throne of a glorious King, a gracious and considerate Friend, and a loving, tender Father. Oh, dearest M——, what a meeting there must have been, I have thought of it with the joy and transport of those gone before, when another sanctified and redeemed soul arrives. How it makes one long to be with them, to flee away. Though gone from here, we do not feel as if they were far away, for we are sure that our dear Redeemer is there with them and waits for us too, has our place ready when His good time shall come.

“We are sadly backward, not having an active clergyman. I regret hourly such a loss to my family. Mr. Roger is a truly excellent man, but has his own large scattered congregation; his duties are extensive and time completely occupied. I feel every year I live more anxiety about the souls of my dear children and friends, they have now almost all they require for their bodies. They have all been spared to grow up and flourish around me, but I want to have them as a bright circle around their Father in heaven.”



PART V.

BUT few letters have been preserved which can give us a glimpse of the life at Auburn. The following gives an account of the death of my own little son :—

TO MRS. WALLER.

Aug. 19 :—“ My late letters have had much rather saddening news. Those written in July mentioned poor Bessie’s illness and loss, or rather I might say disappointment. She is now well and looking better than for many a year. My last letter written to K— mentioned our having had an alarm by an attack of convulsions, which dear little Durham had; he had recovered from it and was better again, we felt easy, when he took ill suddenly last Wednesday week with inflammation, a prevalent summer complaint with children. Little Mary, Ellen’s eldest child, had been ailing for some days when Durham became ill. On Friday his symptoms became alarming; the dear child suffered extremely; all was done that could be tried by Dr. Hay and Dr. McNabb. On Saturday morning I went early and found the dear child looking very ill, his

1850. poor little head burning. As I feared, the complaint had gone to his head. A return of convulsions, and all hope of his recovery was gone. He lay quiet and apparently slept. He knew his mama to the last; when he heard Mary's voice he knew it, and looked at her. At 5 p.m., on the 11th of August, his little spirit took its flight without a struggle to grieve his poor, sorrowing parents. There lay the little body, calm and composed as if in sleep, the mortal remains of a lovely child, who, one week before had been running about in health and life giving joy and delight to his parents. It is a bitter trial to both. The child was the pride—almost the idol of his poor father; a more lovely and engaging infant could not be. Poor little Mary's illness has cast a gloom over us all. Dr. Hay was obliged to have her brought to town to be under his immediate care, so she is with her kind Aunt Hay. I wish now to ask you a question. Is it not a very unusual thing for an Episcopal clergyman who comes to a house of mourning to refuse prayer when requested? Mr. T—— came to the Dunlops' on the day of the funeral; E——asked if he would read prayers, we were all assembled in the parlour; he read the portions of Scripture at the beginning of the Burial Service and there stopped and shut up the book and never spoke a word of consolation or sympathy to the parents who were indeed in deep sorrow. When Mr. T—— came in first he shook hands with E—— and then sat down beside me and began asking questions about another affair, and when asked for prayers he put us off as I have mentioned and afterwards said it was contrary to the

Bishop's orders. I wish to know if this is the case, 1850.
if bishops really forbid the consolation of prayers and serious conversation in the house of mourning. The little funeral moved on to the old family burying ground at Auburn where the dear remains will rest till the Great Day, when all shall be restored in beauty not their own, washed and purified in the blood of Jesus. I was vexed and disgusted with our pastor, I fear he has little feeling in a spiritual sense for his flock. I never found any sort of comfort or pleasure from one of his visits in any kind of trial. May the Lord keep you and all you love and may we all be partakers of the heavenly inheritance for which we have hope through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

May 7th, 1850 :—"It is a great pleasure to have May 7th
the weekly mails again, for if we miss one we have not long to look forward to another. The nice books you and other friends have sent me from home supply me with much food for thought and an additional pleasure has lately been given me in the acquaintance of a Miss Morrow which I hope and think will soon become an intimacy and friendship. She is a truly good, serious-minded girl, whom I expect to love ; she has an accomplished and well regulated mind and I really look forward to much happiness in such an addition to my circle. We have had a most melancholy accident here lately which has cast a gloom over all. Poor Edward Hobson is no more. He had lately become under-sheriff or something of that kind and lived in Peterborough ; last Friday he and a friend had been out riding at some distance and had

1850. exchanged horses for some reason ; the friend had returned to his house about half-way between this and Peterborough, and E. H. was riding the strange horse to get back his own ; there was a bad bridge near the man's house and it is supposed the horse shied at a hole in the structure and threw the poor fellow off, for his body was found the next morning in some shallow muddy water near the bridge. There was a bruise on his forehead showing that it must have come against a log close beside where he lay. You cannot think what a sensation it has caused, nor how much this sudden and awful call to eternity has affected people.

George has completed the survey on which he was engaged and is safely back in Toronto, for which I am most thankful as I was excessively uneasy at his having the dangerous voyage on Lake Huron at this tempestuous time of the year. However the party was guided by Providence, for the wind was contrary and the danger so evident that they determined to travel by land, a most fatiguing and difficult matter.

They walked through woods for four days carrying all their luggage on their backs. When they arrived at Goderich they took waggons and drove to Hamilton. I heard very seldom from my loved boy during the months of his absence, it was so difficult to get letters conveyed, and I had become so uneasy that his hurried note announcing his safe arrival in Toronto was an unspeakable comfort. He was *much* wearied, and all his clothes were in rags. He believed he would remain in Toronto for the winter in order to pursue his

studies under his friend Sanford Flemming, as he has 1850.
now opened an office there and will take pupils."

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"No doubt you have heard of my intention to try ^{Sept. 18th} a change of air recommended by Dr. Hay as a long and severe attack of asthma had weakened me much. A boat trip was arranged and Mrs. S. Fowles kindly offered to take care of me on her way home to Brockport. This arranged, Bessie came with me to amuse and watch over me in my helpless state. On Thursday last at 6 a.m. we left home and got on board the little steamer which plies between Peterboro' and Rice Lake where we arrived at 1 p.m., then took the stage for Port Hope at three. The town of Port Hope is prettily situated. At 6 p.m., the omnibus took us to the steamer 'American' in which we crossed Lake Ontario. It was just dark when all was settled, but the closeness of the cabin overpowered me. Towards midnight the steamer began to roll and pitch and every one became sick except Bessie and myself. I made Bessie lie down in the berth next the sofa and I kept possession of *it*. We arrived at Rochester about 3 a.m. and remained on board till daylight. The asthma was so bad I felt uncertain whether I could move. The sick people began to recover and prepare to leave the steamer. At daylight we dressed and were ready to start. The landing is three miles below the city of Rochester. It was just sunrise when we got into the coach to go to the city; I never saw anything so beautiful as the

1850. scenery there. Our road went up the hill alongside of the high cliffs on the northern bank of the Genesee River ; after some time we came in view of the Genesee Falls, very grand. Then we got to one of the hotels along with a queer set of Yankee ladies ; if I had been well I would have enjoyed the novelty of all this, but I was quite exhausted with the fatigue of travelling and so much of that wretched asthma, I felt actually stupid. We remained there till three o'clock when we got on board a canal boat, these are called ' Packets ;' there is a long cabin, and a smaller one beyond it, both neatly fitted up. The ladies went to the upper end and the lower end was filled with men, as full as it could hold. I forgot to tell you that we breakfasted and dined at Rochester, at a public table for the first time in my life. Our little packet was called 'Red Bird.' The Captain was very attentive, everything was clean and nice. I was weary with a bad headache, and my breathing very severe ; I sat at an open window and kept quiet. About 8 p.m., we reached Brockport, quite a large town. When I got to the hotel I could hardly stir, but made my way into the nearest sitting-room, when who should I see looking at me and wondering who I was but my own dear Frank. Our eyes met and in the same moment he had me in his arms, the dear, dear boy. I was very ill, and kept my room till towards evening. In the meantime Frank had gone for John who lives seven miles off. He told him that a person from Canada wanted to see him, you may imagine his astonishment on seeing me when Frank threw open the door, and I was again caught in my son's arms. We moved to a

quiet boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Palmer, who, 1850.
though a Yankee, is one of the best and kindest persons I ever met with. Mr. Palmer is quite a superior man, a mechanic and has invented several farming implements for which he has patents.

"I can only give a hurried sketch of my life here. There are lovely peaches, grapes and apples. This new, quiet place is such a rest to me ; the people quiet and unpretending. Really I never thought I should like the Americans so well. I feel pleased at seeing my boys with such good industrious people. Both left home to try to earn towards settling on their own farms."

TO M. NOBLE.

"We have all been quite well for a long time, a Dec. 16th
cause of great gratitude. Many families have been visited with that wretched and loathsome disease, smallpox. Now scarlet fever is raging everywhere, and in the household of our dear friends, the Reids.

"Dear Ellen has spent this morning with me and seems very well, looking better than I have seen her for a long time. She is a very sweet, dear creature, *though I say it*; but I do think she has many superior qualities of mind. These are busy days with me. I am generally up at six, breakfast at half-past six or seven, early dinner, when all rest for an hour and a half, early tea, after which small matters are attended to, prayers at half-past eight, the younger part are all in bed a little after nine o'clock. I am generally up till twelve so as to have a little time to reflect and sew.

1851. "Tuesday was the 17th, the anniversary of my wedding, a day which for thirty years had been celebrated as a sort of jubilee. Dear thoughtful Anna Hay, thinking I should be lonely, invited me to spend the day with her. I set out at nine o'clock to walk into town. I met Charley with a cutter ; he told me that C—— D—— had been in town and sent him to take me to see E——. So I jumped into the cutter and soon after had a fine little granddaughter placed in my arms. A fine healthy baby, the picture of C—— and G—— and of course will be like her dear grandfather. I heard last week from George ; he is busy drawing and attending lectures and scientific meetings. Every day seems appropriated to some business or improvement. He is not now earning, but is making use of the £15 he earned at Lake Huron. I hear but seldom from Frank and John ; they seem very busy, though I do not think Frank has made anything yet ; he hopes to do so in spring. I wish he could make up his mind to come and spend his labour on his own fine farm. I said all I could but he would not be convinced of this. I am expecting dear little Joan after Christmas ; her dear mother and father are both true Christians, particularly Mrs. Brown, whose letters are delightful."

TO MRS. WALLER.

June 25th "I can assure you the time you bestow on me is not lost. Your letters give pleasure and instruction to all who hear them, and are read several times over and over. I generally get my letters late in the even-

ing, sometimes ten o'clock, then I devour them greedily before I go to bed, and next day leisurely read them over and look at the places in the Bible or which you remark. I often copy parts of sermons or lectures to keep. I am writing by candle light which I seldom do now. I intend to spend all tomorrow with Anna Hay, and now literally at the eleventh hour I am making a last trial to write. 1851.

“Our bazaar is to be held on the 29th and 30th ; it is to be a splendid affair, accompanied with fireworks, music and a ploughing match, and various amusements—among others a cricket match. The bazaar is to be held in Mr. Wallis’s demesne. His new house is to be thrown open to the public on this occasion. He has a fine museum of animals and stuffed birds ; I have not seen them but have heard a great deal about them. I am not going to preside at the table, though my name was put down ; the heat and fuss would be too much for me. I think I have contributed very cleverly to our poor old Church. When my little Rockfield importation arrives I shall have a very respectable and pretty display of taste and industry.”

TO MISS WILSON.

“You know a friend living at a great distance and July 18th separated from all her old friends and relations, must wish to know much about them, both as to mental and personal affairs. I do often yearn for some account of you. For the last four years I have had a great deal of trouble and perplexity, known only to

1851. myself. If I had not been wonderfully and most mercifully sustained, I should indeed have sunk. All last year I was ill and much reduced in strength. I went to the States to see my two sons who were there, about whom I had great anxiety. The bracing of our winter set me up again and restored my health. I have been much better in mind and body. Mr. Reid has been very poorly and has failed much lately. He is an old man now, but it really is astonishing how active he is and how hard he works in his garden when actual illness does not prevent him. Mrs. Reid wears well, though she too shows that more than seventy years have passed over her head. Another marriage is likely soon to take place, more immediately in my own family. My eldest son William, has been fortunate enough to secure the affection of Louisa, daughter of Dr. McNabb. She is an amiable, affectionate girl, and I hope will make a good and prudent wife. My family are now much scattered, and by that means much reduced, so that at present I have only Henry, Kate and William with me. Of course William always lives here. This marriage will make a change in my situation, though not very materially at first. This house and all belonging to it is my own for life, but is on a large and expensive scale, and the whole establishment too large for a single female, so I am glad to give up the management and profits to him, as he has only his own industry to depend on."

William was married in Peterboro' on July 31st. My mother's next letter is dated from Goodwood,

where she often went to live, and finally spent the rest of her life. 1851.

TO M. NOBLE.

“I have come to this sweet place (Goodwood), where all is peace and comfort, so very much to my taste. I longed for this rest, after so many months of business, more than I have had for twenty years. How true it is that strength is given for the situation we are placed in. How much this should increase our confidence in God's mercy and loving kindness, which indeed, in my case and all through my life has been so peculiarly shown. I often wonder why. But certain it is, that from my birth on, through a life of severe vicissitudes and trials, the Lord has sustained me, and been with me in a way so plain that my eyes must have been covered thickly with scales not to perceive it. Oh, that he may increase my love and keep me closer to Himself. I have just been reading your explanations of the first verse of the 125th Psalm. It seemed just sent to me at the right time. Not that my confidence in God was shaken, but I was rather in a perplexed state of mind as to my duty in managing matters at Auburn. We may apply these Scripture texts to our temporal as well as to our spiritual affairs, surely they are connected. Much of our spiritual welfare depends on our course or passage through this valley, which in some parts is so mazy that we cannot see our way, but find we must sit down and wait for help and guidance, as a beggar, to be carried or led to the next place. When we wait thus

1852. on the Lord we may safely confide. I have had many letters from my loved friends, all giving me useful and judicious advice as to my arrangements about my future residence, these are all helps, in many respects quite in unison with my own sentiments. For some years back I have felt the responsibility and expense of keeping up such an establishment as Auburn. I have long wished for some way of making a change. This has been brought about by William's marriage. I have always observed that it never does for two families to live together and, therefore, I had made arrangements to make a separation, but could not see how it was to be done and came to the conclusion of spending some time with each of my daughters."

TO M. WILSON.

Jan. 3rd "Another year has begun. How grateful to our heavenly Father we should be for all the mercies and blessings we enjoy from day to day, month to month and year by year. I am glad to say both Mr. and Mrs. Reid are wonderfully well. We see very little of them as I have been confined almost entirely to the house this winter. During the summer I stayed at Goodwood. Bessie had rather a severe trial in losing another baby, but she is one who tries to see the hand of God in everything, and throw herself more on His unfailing mercy and loving kindness; to know more of spiritual things and seek comfort from them in all her trials."

TO M. NOBLE.

1852.

"A good part of this winter has passed in illness and weakness, which causes a deadness often; it has also been a disagreeable winter, this has been added to by the plagues and perplexities which all must have, more or less, who have families and establishments to keep up. I feel wonderfully well except for occasional attacks of asthma. To-day I started with Louisa to go to see Ellen and remain a few days. At a place on the road where the water has collected in a hollow the ice was bad, and my pony, who had one or two unpleasant dips, and has a dislike to going through these holes, refused and backed and then turned. So I begged Louisa not to attempt to go further. We then returned home, having no fancy for adventures. Louisa, not wishing to be disappointed, took M— F— with her, and off they set again. When they got to the place they drove on the ice thinking it was strong enough; the pony made a jump and fell, he plunged into the deepest part of the ditch, over his head in the water. Fortunately there were three sleighs just behind them. A good natured man came to their assistance; he took the pony out, turned the cutter and drove them home a part of the way, telling them to drive fast to keep the pony from freezing. They came home pretty cold and wet. They had a hot drink; and the pony was rubbed down and covered with blankets, and so ends my story.

"My boys have much greater advantages in every way than their elder brothers had, and it is per-

1852. ceptible. No doubt education does give an air of refinement to mind and manners. We had no means in the earlier time for the elder boys to have proper education, but these things, though we cannot help lamenting, should not cause repining. My dear husband never could bear the idea of any of his children leaving home, which made them weary of it. They longed to see something of the world and how others did as they grew up. So Frank and John set off when they got liberty, but the younger ones have turned their attention to learning.

“I expect Anna Hay and some of her little party to spend the day to-morrow—the baby, little Anna, a sweet little thing. Tommy is delicate and Fan too, sometimes. I have been reading several of Winslow’s books and one by Mrs. H—— called ‘Midnight Harmonies,’ a most beautiful one.”

TO MRS. WALLER.

July 6th “Receiving such pleasant accounts of your continued good health, my beloved aunt-mother, I trust that you may be spared to us all as long as you can enjoy life and give happiness to those around you. I do not think long life is always a blessing, but certainly amongst my relations it is, for their faculties are unimpaired and they are able to enjoy life and be useful to many, and give enjoyment and pleasure to all their friends. The climate of this country and the hard work bring many to a premature old age, but we have exceptions. Mr. Reid is one ; he is a wonderful man and his mind so clear. He is an accountant and auditor for the county. He now looks thin, hav-

ing recovered from a dangerous illness lately. He is 1852.
well again and walks to town, three miles, every Monday morning to his business, returning on Saturday evenings, preferring to walk, though his sons would drive him if he would let them. Mr. Reid is greatly beloved and highly respected. Mrs. Reid spent some hours with me yesterday ; I enjoyed it so very much. We had a great deal of conversation on Scriptural subjects and read together, and I read some parts of one of those excellent tracts by Ryle.

“ I gave her one set of them as I had three. I find they are now being published in short parts in a little paper edited by the Rector of Port Hope, a Mr. Shortt; this paper comes out weekly and contains extracts from religious works and some news, but there is no party spirit in it. We have had such a strange summer, the weather cold and even winter-like until the end of May, then in the beginning of June came three desperately hot days ; three people and several horses died suddenly from the heat. A great many people were attacked with inflammation, and for a day or two there seemed a sort of panic ; then a fearful thunder storm brought very cold weather again and now everybody has fires lighted. You had just returned from Dublin when you wrote last. How happy you and Mrs. B—— must be together. Pray tell her that I have lent her valuable tracts and books to several, and they are much sought for.

Near here there is a weaver living, who is always collecting tracts to give away. When anyone comes

1852. to see him about work he gives them a tract and begs them to read it, and when he sends home a web of flannel or cloth he puts a few tracts in the roll, and he says : 'Someone may read them and get good'."

Lately I spent a pleasant week with Anna and Dr. Hay. I have not been able to visit for more than one day for over four years, the attacks of asthma were so bad, but I am most thankful that these visits renew my spirits, making me feel quite young.

TO M. NOBLE.

Sept. 7th "Five years have passed since I became a widow. They have been years of great anxiety and trouble, more so to me than to many. I believe few wives ever acted so little from their own mind as I did. My dear husband from over tenderness never allowed me to think or act but as he guided or directed me and never allowed me to take any active part in his affairs. I was very ignorant about them in after years, so that when I came to be alone in the world I really felt bewildered, weak and confused. Yesterday was the anniversary of my bereavement, it never returns without a painful sense of my sad loss. Another *little* T. A. Stewart was born on August 2nd. Louise is now recovering.

"Poor Mr. Taylor died last week in Toronto. He left his excellent wife and seven children and another expected immediately. The remains will be brought from Toronto for interment. We have been most attached friends for years. I am called in every way to help the widow and orphans. Dear Ellen who is

far from strong went to see Mrs. Taylor ; they 1852.
have always been like sisters, so that it completely
overcame her and she grew ill. The Dunlops have
actually sold their farm ; I am glad, as Ellen has never
been quite well ; they feel sorry to leave the little
home, the garden, trees and place they have
ornamented."

TO MISS WALLER.

January, 1852 :—"There is a great work going on January
now about railroads ; we hope the one from Lake
Huron to Prescott will pass near here. It will be of
the greatest benefit to this part of the country by
giving employment to numbers as well as opening a
ready market for produce, etc. It will give new life
and energy to the farmers who are at present in a
very desponding condition.

October 8th, 1852 :—"I am anxious to get this Oct. 8th
letter off because my dear Ellen will, in all human
probability, be nearer to you than to me by the time
you are reading what I now write. If the voyage
could have been arranged for some weeks earlier it
would have been better ; but as it was hastily
planned I thought if I talked of danger it would only
frighten dear Ellen, so I tried to quiet myself and to
place her and dear little Mary in His care whose Holy
Spirit broods over sea and land, and can calm alike
the ocean billows and those more dreadful storms of
anxiety that make our spirits sink in fear for those
we love. This morning these beloved children left
me. To-night they sleep at Dr. Hay's, and to-morrow
start for New York. There they will decide which

1852. vessel to take ; as C—— knows a great deal about sea matters, he will, I am sure, select a good vessel and a careful captain.

I mentioned in my last letter the death of our friend Mr. Taylor ; he was our clergyman and a clever, active teacher as well, excelling both in classics and mathematics. His wife and children being left with no provision, have been a source of much careful thought for us all. Now a new and more lamentable event has occurred which has plunged these dear children into yet greater distress. The Lord has smitten them by taking home their dear, excellent mother. She died very suddenly. While dressing yesterday morning she sunk on the floor insensible, and before any assistance could be procured life was extinct. You may suppose the state of the poor orphans, one a baby of a few weeks old. I did not hear of the sad occurrence till this evening, when it was raining so heavily that I sent Charlie to see if I could be of any use before venturing out. He said there were many friends there doing all they could. One lady had taken the baby. Others had offered to take some of the other children and I have now sent for dear little Emily, an interesting little creature of three years old ; I will keep her. Indeed I feel called upon to do everything possible for them, being one of the oldest friends of their parents, as well as for their own sakes. I am expecting to see them come in at any moment."

Nov. 18th November 18th, 1852 :—"The past year has been a season of trial. In May we had the affliction of losing a most beloved friend, Mrs. James Brown. She

was the Miss Morrow of whom I have written in former letters. She was most truly valuable and excellent, and a true Christian. Then my darling Ellen grew ill and suffered much. A change was considered necessary for her, and by this time I hope she has safely reachéd Ireland. We have had such boisterous weather that there have been many shipwrecks and much loss of life. But the Lord reigneth. He has protected her in many dangers and I place her and her dear little daughter particularly and constantly in His keeping. Still a third trial was the death of our clergyman, Mr. Taylor, followed in three weeks time by that of his dear wife. These partings make me long for that everlasting union where there will be no more sorrow nor tears." 1852.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"When I hear of the awful storms, which have taken Nov. 19th place in the Channel, it makes me shudder and my heart sicken, fortunately I always hope for the best till the worst comes. I have placed dear Ellen in the care of the Almighty, who alone has power to save. George has also been in dangers of various kinds in an expedition to the shores of Lake Huron ; he was appointed to survey a line of railroad from Barrie, near Lake Simcoe, to Nottawasaga Bay on Lake Huron. He and his men camped in the woods one night, and were surrounded by wolves. At their next camping grounds they fell in with a company of bears; one of them pursued one of his men for some distance, nearly overtaking him. After they reached Lake Huron

1853. George wanted to cross part of the lake to a place twenty miles off where Mr. Fleming was working, and started in a canoe, the only vessel he could procure. The lake is always dangerous in the autumn and winter, at this time the weather was very boisterous. Five or six vessels had been wrecked just a few days before, they saw the wrecks quite near. He felt little hope of getting over, but the goodness of Providence brought them safe. On their return they found the river frozen over, so they were obliged to walk the whole day through untracked snow up to their knees, which was wet and very tiresome. They were very glad to reach Toronto, but life is nothing without variety and difficulties to surmount. John surprised us by coming home, looking very well, he had grown fat and rosy, he has a very large nose but in other respects is well looking. He is an active little fellow."

On the 25th December, 1852, my sister Bessie presented her husband with twin boys, Edward and Stewart, as a Christmas box.

TO MISS NOBLE.

"I feel grateful for dear Ellen's safe arrival amongst *her* friends and my old and dear ones. George came from Toronto in December, and is now ready to start on one of the railroads as engineer. I left Bessie and her little twin infants growing well. She feels the great responsibility of two tender creatures to care for.

"I wonder how you will like Ellen. She has a warm, affectionate heart, and peculiar turn of mind, which is endearing, and has always made her a favour-

ite, you will find many differences in manner and language, but a natural goodwill which produces politeness and is pleasing; a great deal of mind and an originality of ideas. 1853.

"Charlie's great desire is to visit the old country. I will endeavour to indulge him. He has always had an extraordinary love for his fatherland and his father's family, and wishes to visit the homes of his parents, and now has some sort of romantic wish to restore a branch of the ancient stock in the north of Ireland.

Since I have gone to Goodwood, William has settled at Frank's place, 'Tally Ho.'"

TO MRS. WALLER.

"You cannot think how gratifying it is to me to find dear Ellen pleases her friends. She writes most gratifyingly and affectionately of all the kindness she has received. What an advantage it will be to her and Mary to have become acquainted with those very dear friends I have so often described to her, and till now unknown. Sometimes I can hardly believe she is really with you. You say Ellen received you as if you had been intimate for years, and so it was, for she has known you by hearing me express my love for you, and receiving many tokens of affection from all, ever since she could understand anything. It seems as if her going home and visiting you had brought me back among you all and renewed an old intimacy, which long separation was making misty."

1853.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Oct. 19th "I am now living here (Auburn) on a new plan, and I think it will save me much trouble. After so many of my sons left me I had no one to manage anything here, John having begun to attend to his farm. I felt nearly 'cast aground,' and proposed to William to give up all to him and let him have Auburn altogether, retaining my own room and paying him a regular sum for myself, Kate, etc. After due consideration and consultation, William settled it would be best for him too, and so all came back, bag and baggage, old Betty and all, and here we are very happy. I feel more at liberty, I never could leave home with an easy mind. If Kate left me I was lonely and helpless. With asthma I was unfit and unable for anything."

TO MISS NOBLE.

Nov. 14th "I suppose you have heard that our dear Ellen has safely and prosperously reached her home, and is now living in their new house (Malone). She arrived here on Tuesday morning, October 25th. I had no idea she was in Canada, so you may judge of my astonishment when she walked into my bed-room just as I was dressing. It was a delightful shock, and as I had been very ill it was no doubt 'stunning.' I was glad to see her looking so strong in health and happy to be home. I spent Saturday there, and though so late in the season we had the doors and windows open. Their place is not a quarter of a mile from Auburn, we can be together in ten minutes at any time.

"I always have on my mind what you expressed, 1843.
'When shall I have rest?' So many are now declin-
ing that I cannot help feeling the time seems near,
and oh! dear M—— I do wish some were more
inclined to think seriously, to turn their minds from
the enjoyments and business of life, to that which is
to come. The loss, blank and desolation seems not
lessened by time. I feel sometimes more keenly and
heavily than I did at first, the more so from being so
entirely dependent on very young people for com-
panionship. But when earthly ties are dissolved we
have One always near and ready who never can be
separated, who never turns away nor forsakes."

TO MRS. WALLER.

"I am happy to find you all approve of my having Dec.25th
given up this place to William. I felt that he had
the best right to it as his brothers Frank and John
are now in possession of their shares of the property.
I was quite unable to manage the Auburn property
myself. We are going on nicely now, though poor
William has been confined to the house, first by a
severe swelling and tumour on his arm, then by an
attack of quinsy. This has been a serious loss to
him; I am sorry to say he is not very strong; his
chest seems tender, the least thing brings on a cough
and oppression; he is easily tired but nothing will
keep him from doing all he can, often more than he
ought."

1854.

TO M. NOBLE (FROM GOODWOOD.)

Mar. 18th " I am sorry to say I have, for too long a time, left two of your letters unanswered, which is too bad, when you and your loved mother are so good to me. But somehow these winter months have passed over wonderfully quickly, and I seem to have literally passed the time in 'good intentions,' for I find I am now behind hand in almost everything. We have had a good deal of illness; first a servant boy that Frank brought from the States took measles a few days after his arrival, and our little Tom of course had it then. I am thankful to say that this hitherto delicate child is safely through. He now looks well and healthy, runs about making as much noise as he can, and playing all sorts of pranks. He is a most interesting little animal, and one of the greatest curiosities I ever saw, he is so small and yet in such nice proportions, and so well formed; he is like the Stewarts. I hope we may not make an idol of him, and that his parents may be guided and taught from the best source to train him well. I am sure William wishes to do so, and dear little L—— does too, but she is a child herself and requires training.

" My next care was for dear Anna who was dangerously ill from a dropsical tendency; for some time we dreaded the termination; of course you heard she had twins; one died when a few days old. I spent a day lately with her and was happy to see a wonderful improvement both in her and in the dear doctor. I am not of a despairing disposition; had I been so I think I should not have lived till now. The same Lord

reigns over us and all our affairs, and will support my dear Anna and her good husband. I am enjoying being here as much as ever, though I cannot now say that the house is quite as noiseless, as the children are at the most restless age. We have also the dear little niece, 'Mary,' a motherless babe of two years old, a dear, quiet child, whom I love. Bessie acts the part of a mother to her fully." 1854.

TO M. NOBLE.

"Associations of every kind bring back memories of Apr. 10th the past, which at times—even years after—have power to overwhelm us with grief as fresh and as keen as ever. May our hearts be sanctified and washed, cleansed and strengthened and supported. I feel deep sorrow for poor, dear B. R—; the time that immediately follows a bereavement like hers is not the worst. The necessity for exertion keeps one up. But when we feel ourselves alone and obliged to think or act without the friend to act for and with us, then we who are widows feel our loss. We then draw nearer to the one Friend whose love never fails, whom we can never lose. I cannot help seeing a great similarity between B—'s situation and my own, for indeed my dear husband was all to me; he was the centre point of the whole circle, to whom all turned and looked for guidance, and I may say for happiness; rich and poor alike looked up to him and always found him a ready counsellor; he was the life and spirit of every company, and yet his influence ruled and regulated the whole county around. In our own

1854. family and associates he ruled most strictly, at the same time judiciously ; he never gave offence and seldom appeared harsh. His heart always inclined to religion, his adversity seemed to draw him closer to his God. He studied Scripture for edification and light. He received light and showed it, and tried to lead others by it and to it."

"I have been with darling B—— for the last four weeks ; I feel here as if care and sorrow were left behind. This is a happy little place ; B—— looks well, bright and happy, though her little twins and adopted daughter add to her cares very much. Frank is living on his own farm and working steadily making preparations for adding to his house, as he hopes to have his little trip home in a few months from this. John is to be married very soon ; he has fitted up a house for the present ; they think of concluding matters on my birthday, the remembrance of which will be preserved by several weddings."

TO MISS NOBLE.

Dec. 20th "Month passes after month and year after year, great changes take place and yet how soon impressions pass away. Looking back on my wedding day (the 17th) how many changes, most sad and deplorable, have been sent to me, yet how wonderfully I have been supported through all."

"We have had very stormy weather. I was in great anxiety about Charlie who had been here for ten days ; he left to return to Toronto by the lake at that stormy time ; he was delayed in Port Hope waiting till the

boat could get in when, unfortunately, it stopped 1855. running. So he performed his journey in an open waggon, the road frozen hard and the weather intensely cold ; he travelled all night at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. He was looking well, notwithstanding the very disfiguring fashion of a moustache which he has adopted and which hides his mouth—a very pretty one. Do you know he sometimes reminds me of your dear father ; I think he has that sort of noble look that my uncle had, though not so large a man. I fear this will look like vanity, but if any of them are well looking it surely is not my doing, or if any of them are amiable it is no merit of mine either. All have a likeness of the Stewarts, except B— and J—, who I can see are ridiculously like myself. E— is a dear daughter ; I think she has fewer faults than most people, a guileless, sweet simplicity, without effort or exhibition of it.”

TO M. NOBLE.

“In my continued anxiety about your dear mother Mar.2th I cannot help having hopes, as her strength still keeps up, the loss of which was all her doctor feared. Surely it is a miracle at her great age, and it is part of the great Almighty’s scheme, of which each of our individual lives forms a small atom. How kind it was of her to write those most precious lines to me, to think of me at such a time. How one values the love of such a person, and how I value and treasure up all her letters and extracts. What a happy state of mind

1855. and what a lovely example she is of the power of *faith* ; it is a blessed state and makes one long for an equal measure of grace ; what an ardent longing it brings to me. I have long given up every hope of meeting in this life any of my beloved relations ; but I do hope to meet all in a far better home where there will be no Canada, or ocean to divide us, no parting no pain, but all in one great chorus singing ‘ Glory to God in the Highest.’ We have had most disagreeable weather since the end of February. Poor Charlie has suffered severely ; he was obliged to be out surveying on those dreadful days in January and had his nose and upper lip badly frozen, but never told me till he was well again. Indeed I am afraid he was worse for his letters have been so dull and unlike his own lively style. But now the navigation will soon open and I may have a chance of seeing this dearest and best of boys. Dr. Hay has been very ill all winter, and cannot attend to his business as usual. I fear he is in very bad health indeed ; his life is too valuable to trifle with, and I hope he will go home and try change.”

TO MRS. WALLER.

“ My dearest aunt,—you were decidedly better when you last letter was sent ; we may hope you are to be spared to us a little longer, your life is valuable to all around as well as to those, alas, far removed from you. I am sure you will be delighted to hear we have had some delightful meetings here at Goodwood. A Baptist minister wished for some convenient place from town where he could hold meetings through the week ; upon

consideration we all agreed there could be no harm in having him here, so Mr. Loyd consented to come every Monday evening. A really good congregation is gathered from our neighbourhood. He is a truly devoted Christian man ; his doctrines seem pure, the only difference being in regard to baptism, and he has never brought it forward ; on the contrary, he said, 'I dont want to make you Baptists, I want you to be Christians.'"

TO MISS WILSON.

'We have been in great anxiety about Mr. Reid, Mar.26th who was far gone, his life despaired of by all except Mrs. Reid, who would not believe he was even in danger. He has rallied again, which is wonderful at his great age ; he is sadly reduced and is very infirm. Mrs. Reid is also failing and growing infirm, though wonderfully active considering all circumstances. They are happily situated, living with their good daughter E—— and her truly excellent husband Dr. McNabb, and have every comfort about them, not only bodily but spiritually.

"I suppose you heard that two of my sons, Frank and John, who had been living in the States for some years, returned last year, were both married the same day and have settled ; Frank has got on very prosperously, but poor John seemed like Job ; for first of all his cattle got diseased and died ; then his house and everything in it were burnt last August ; nothing but their own lives saved. And after that their cows were lost and dear John's health has never been good since, he had so many shocks and troubles to en-

1855. counter. His brothers and friends all joined in helping him, and now they are settled in a tiny cottage, which is comfortable, and they are making a start again, though much reduced in every way ; his wife had got some valuable presents on her marriage, which were all burnt. However, they have been blessed with the birth of a little daughter. I hope all may go on favourably and by degrees may be made up. His wife is an excellent young woman, and I am sure she is a blessing to her husband.

“Frank has had a son given him and has every prospect of doing well, and I trust may in time be led to think more of another and better life. I have been for six months at Goodwood; B. and E. are prosperous and comfortable; they have two lovely twin boys, now over two years. I shall probably be with them more than anywhere else; I find the air agrees with me much better than too near the river.

“I have just had a visit from Anna and Dr. Hay. She is now suffering a great deal of anxiety on his account ; he has been in a very delicate state of health ; he has been advised to take a sea voyage and is preparing to visit his family in Scotland; his friends wished Anna to accompany him ; this she had to deny herself and will remain under our care. E.B.— is also going home next month and the doctor will accompany her.”

TO MRS. WALLER.

May 30th “I can hardly express the comfort it gave me to see your handwriting once more. Oh how happy I am. Your letters are more precious to me than ever

they were before, though I did not think they could be more so. I think in a former letter I mentioned that Bessie and I were reading a very interesting little book you sent to Ellen, the 'Memoir of E. Nicholson;' in it is a hymn on recovery from illness by Mr. Krause, part of which is just as applicable to you :

"I looked beyond this tottering tent
And waited for its fall,
Faith's wings were fluttering for ascent
Where Christ is all in all.

My Father smiled and said, 'Not yet,'
My work is not quite done,
Wait till the moment I have set
Then shalt thou take thy throne."

Thanks for the memoir of John L. Bickersteth, who was I suppose a school-fellow of your son William.

TO M. NOBLE.

"The old year has passed away and now the new one begins. So far this winter has not been very pleasant. December was chilly and damp, and very gloomy, high bitter winds and drifty. For about ten days the thermometer never got above zero, and generally at night and in the mornings was 10 or 12 below zero, which, with a very high wind, was very severe in exposed situations. We have been unusually shut up now for many weeks or months by bad roads or bad weather, for the snow is so deep and the tracks out here so few, it is tiresome work ploughing through the

1856.
Jan. 16th

1856. drifts. We never find our time hang heavy on our hands, for we have as much employment as we can desire. The children are very well, as healthy and sturdy a pair of little chaps as can be found, with bright black eyes and rosy cheeks, they are very amusing, they say so many queer old-fashioned things. Little Francis, or 'Mungo' as he is called, is a lovely baby. As for myself, I never can be thankful enough for the excellent health, comfort and happiness I have enjoyed now for many months.

"There is great fuss and excitement about the election which is to take place next week, scarcely anything else is talked of. I fear there will be some rough work ; my sons all wish to keep out of party affairs, but in some cases it is difficult to do so. The three eldest have some influence amongst the Irish settlers in this township, as they are well-known and respected.

"Dear Charlie came in and gave me a delightful surprise on New Year's eve, he is looking very well and has quite recovered all effects of his miserable hardships when on the survey."

TO MISS WILSON.

Mar. 7th "There has been a great deal of sickness in the family, and I am grieved to say we have lately lost one of our most loved and valued members, Mr. Reid, who had become more infirm since his serious illness a year ago had a fall which hurt his chest, of which he never told any one till his illness came, he could not then conceal it as it was the cause of his illness ; he went

on with his employments and walks, but was more 1856
 infirm, he retained all his usual spirits and always his
 playful ways. But about three weeks ago he was taken
 ill again and constant fever soon exhausted his
 strength and reduced him, he sank gradually and with-
 out pain or any suffering mental or bodily, his mind
 perfectly clear and resting on his Saviour in the full
 assurance of pardon and safety through His precious
 blood, 'once shed for all.' Oh, the blessed consolation
 it affords to the sorrowing family to have undoubted
 evidence of such a firm security and hope. I was with
 dear Mrs. Reid immediately after, and I saw him the
 day before, his time was given up to prayer con-
 tinually."

Here my mother's letters are missing for the next
 four years. In the Fall of this year my youngest
 sister Catherine, was married at Auburn by Mr.
 Warren of Lakefield to R. A. Brown. A large party
 gathered at Auburn for the last wedding that took
 place there. A terrible storm raged, but at sunset
 the weather cleared, with a high wind and hard frost.

On the 26th of August my fourth brother, George 1857.
 was married at Port Hope to Cecilia Ward. She died
 shortly after the birth of her youngest son, Cecil.
 There is but little in my mother's writings of these
 events.

TO MISS WALLER.

August 18th, 1857 :—"I wish I could in any degree Aug. 18th
 make a return by my letters for your most precious
 ones. I never can thank you enough for collecting and
 sending to me all you can relating to our dear, dear

1857. Maria (Miss Noble). I am sure it is most pleasant to you to think of her as she was, but still more so as she now is. We cannot help feeling our loss, but when we remember the perfect consistency of her life during her time with us and her 'meetness for the inheritance' she has now attained, we must rejoice. Oh, who could wish to recall her. I am sure it must have been a source of satisfaction to dear Maria to leave her fortune in the hands of one who would continue to dispose of it as she did herself, in helping many forward. We have lately had great efforts made to help the Irish Missions, several sermons have been preached, and collections made for this purpose."

August 1857 :—"George is to be married soon to Cecilia Ward, a very nice agreeable well brought up girl, whom he met in Toronto two years ago. She was then going to school, but living with her aunt, Mrs. Brent. I knew Cecilia's mother many years ago, when she was Harriet Brent; she afterwards married Mr. Ward of Port Hope; C—— is her oldest daughter. She is not yet seventeen, but has been carefully and judiciously trained, and is very accomplished. The Brents are regular musical *genie*, and C—— plays beautifully on the pianoforte. Mr. Ward is Clerk of the Peace for the district, and has a fine income and a very beautiful house and grounds.

"George is the most like his father of any of my family; his voice, manner and features all resemble those of my loved T——, and he has just such a flow of spirits too."

1858. March 7th, 1858 :—"What extraordinary times
Mar. 7th these are; public and private affairs seem in such an

unaccountable state, and so much crime everywhere. 1858.
Deaths are increasing. Smallpox has been raging throughout the country and has carried off many. Thank God no friends of ours are amongst the number. Besides smallpox, many other kinds of illness have been both prevalent and fatal. You, my year aunt, set a bright example of resignation and submission to the will of our Heavenly Father. It always seems to me a horrible thing to *dictate* to the great Author of our existence, for He is with us through the whole course of our lives, and orders all for us far, far better than we could do for ourselves. Even the bitter we may be sure is the right. Oh, may we all feel deeply sensible of this."

TO MISS WILSON.

July, 1859 :—"My dear Charles arrived safely in Peterborough last Wednesday, for which I am most 1859.
thankful, as he had rather a dangerous passage ; July
several tremendous icebergs were encountered, and they had a hurricane which overwhelmed and nearly capsized the vessel. But the protecting arm which brought us all through many dangers was over all and they were brought into haven safe and sound.

"How many times during my life has it been thus ; safety and strength coming from the Lord in time of need, and never failing. Sometimes I could not see through the darkness and seemed at the last extremity, but my mind was kept steadfast in faith and trust by no power of my own, but by the same great God and Saviour. We must use prayer for all, and indeed I

1859. have never found it fail. If an answer is not presently sent I feel a calmness which enables me to wait patiently and trustfully till such time as He wills to say 'yes' or 'no'.

"Almost all my family have now joined the Presbyterian Church. Three of my sons married into good Scotch families, and Anna joined that church on her marriage. Ellen also is a constant attendant on Mr. Roger's ministry ; he has long been a dear and valued friend of the family, and was with my dear Tom during his last illness. He is indeed a true Christian minister.

"Are not the revivals of religion now spreading over poor Ireland most extraordinary ? I hope they are doing real good. Some people say, 'Oh, it is only excitement and will pass away shortly,' but it must be more than ordinary excitement. My sister sends papers which tell a great deal about it, and it seems to me it must be the work of the Lord."

1860. Charles Edward, my fifth brother, was married to Miss Charlotte Ellis, of Southwold, England, on the 9th of August. They sailed for Canada some time after, and arrived at Auburn in the beginning of November, where they lived for some years, and their two eldest children were born there. My youngest brother, Henry, was married to Georgina Innes, at Grafton, on the 3rd of July, 1861.

PART VI.

TO M. WILSON.

“YOU must not judge of my true and warm love 1860.
by the number of letters I write ; if you did so I fear you would think the chilly climate of Canada had frozen my heart, for I have grown very idle or something. I am not such a good correspondent as I was twenty years ago.

“Last week dear Charles and Charlotte arrived home. I am indeed delighted with my dear new daughter, Charlotte. She will be a treasure to thank God for, a fresh proof of His love and guidance, who directed my son to her, and influenced her in her choice of him. And still we have felt His mercy in preserving them through the perils of a most dangerous and fearful voyage, when the whole time they were tossed with the tempest, so that the waves dashed into the berths and the water was knee deep in the cabin ; yet He saved them and all their property.

“There is something particularly endearing in Charlotte’s manner, and superior in her mind. In both she resembles my own loved cousin M. Noble. Though so humble and unassuming, almost timid, she has such earnest determination in the service of her great Master.”

1860. February 1860 :—" Charlie has returned safe and sound from his visit to George, the novelty of which he enjoyed, for he had plenty of ' Roughing it in the Bush.' He found George very well with the exception of his poor ankle, which was so painful as to oblige him to give up walking and entrust the superintendence of his work to Mr. Lough, who is very attentive and quite capable of filling G——'s place. Indeed George finds he has quite as much as he can do within doors, between journals, notes and Government despatches to write, and the drawing of maps, etc. He has his desk in one corner of the shanty which is quite warm and comfortable. They have to move to a new place about once a month, and G—— carries about with him a little window frame with four good panes of glass in it, this gives him light for his writing and drawing. He has a party of eighteen men and lads, some of them his pupils and some hired for the trip. The work is often dangerous, but my sons are accustomed to a woodman's life. William has now on hand an arduous piece of work—the repairing of the mill-dam at Auburn. I often wish that he had not undertaken it, there is so much risk about it ; you may be sure thinking of him and of George in the backwoods gives me many a heartache, and many a sleepless night. Cecilia and her two sweet children have been with us for some time."

TO MISS WILSON.

1861. " And now we have entered upon a new year. I
Jan. 6th will not allow it to advance further without writing
you a few lines of loving remembrance, and wishing

you as many returns of the season as you can enjoy 1861. in this life with health and the clear use of your faculties, without which life must be a misery to ourselves and all around us. But is it not wonderful how people can set so much value on long life here in this scene of trial and temptation, sin and sorrow? Oh, what comfort there is in having hopes which carry us beyond, and can we ever feel thankful enough, or feel love warm enough for that precious and blessed Redeemer, through whose 'one oblation' this hope is given us?

"We have had many changes since I wrote to you last. I suppose you have heard of the death of dear little Flora Paterson. Since that, dear Bessie has had a dear little daughter, which is a great happiness, as all former children were boys.

"I have now become better acquainted with my dear daughter Charlotte than I was when I wrote last, and have still more reason to love her the more I know her mind and character. She is not very much pleased with Canada. She thinks the weather too cold and the winter too long, and the manners of the people very different from the refinement and conventionality in England."

August, 1861 :—"Yesterday was a *lucky* day for me. August
I went to the post-office myself and there found no fewer than three letters and some newspapers, one of the latter contained the account of that fearful fire in London. How dreadful it must have been. We too, have had our share of 'burnings.' Lindsay, a town about thirty miles from Peterborough, was nearly destroyed by fire lately, there was terrible loss of property,

1861. but only one life I believe, was lost. In Peterborough there have been three conflagrations. The night before last fourteen shops were burned ; fortunately there was no wind and as the fire began in the evening, the people were all at hand to help in removing the goods ; wonderfully little was destroyed except the houses ; the whole town and country turned out and even the ladies assisted in packing up and saving clothing, furniture, etc. ; the fire continued burning till three o'clock in the morning, because, from the low state of the river and springs, water was scarce. No lives were lost nor was there even anyone seriously injured. Most of the places were insured too. The post-office and some lawyer's offices were burned, but the papers were all saved."

TO MISS WILSON.

Mar. 11th " Perhaps you may have heard from my sister or by some other means of the death of Mrs. Reid, who was relieved from the very melancholy existence she has had for four years back, on the 15th of January. On religious subjects her mind always seemed to brighten for a short time, and if she heard a text or hymn that she particularly liked she always showed that she understood it ; but on passing events she was quite confused. Her daughters of course feel a great blank, though relieved from great anxiety. Her spirit is now safe amongst those who have gone before. What a happy meeting from sin, sorrow and suffering, never more to feel pain. She was 80 years old.

" This has been a remarkably changeable winter, the snow is still so deep that walking is impossible for

ladies to attempt. I have not been at Auburn since 1861. January, and Charlotte has only been once here, as they do not yet keep a horse; indeed it is much too far to walk, though she did before the snow fell. She is indeed a valuable addition to our family, and we all love and value her. She is trying to have a missionary sent out by the Church Missionary Society. She is quite disappointed with the present rector of Peterborough; she says she never feels happy after hearing him preach, and she often goes to the Presbyterian Church, where all my family go, and are under our dear friend Mr. Roger, whom I have often mentioned to you before."

TO MISS WILSON.

"I think my last letter to you was written in March, soon after Mr. Reid's death. I little thought then that my next letter would have another death to mention, one least expected, indeed, according to our own limited knowledge of what is to come. It is well we do not; how wretched we should be anticipating every sorrow; there is no promise of grace to bear *anticipated sorrow*. We have support and refuge promised for the day of trouble.

"By the unsearchable, but no doubt wise and merciful will of the Lord, our dear Edward has been removed from us, I may say in the prime of life, to a glorious eternity. He was perfectly well till the attack came on, apparently a bad cold. It became an extreme case of inflammation of the lungs, which reduced his strength with the most extraordinary rapidity and in a fortnight and two days

1861. terminated his valuable life. Oh, you can't think how we feel his loss, he was so truly excellent in all his ways, as a husband, a father and a son, which he was to me even before his marriage. From early in his illness he gave up hope of his recovery. He said, "I shall not be long with you," and seemed completely loosened from this life, taking no interest in anything that was going on, but said repeatedly, "he rested on his Saviour;" "his hope was in Christ;" he had much difficulty in speaking, but when asked a question always gave a clear answer.

"May the Lord direct all for our happiness and safety in this journey through life; and security and peace and joy in that which is to come."

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

Aug. 6th "Though very late I must add a little incident which took place lately. Kate, who is passionately fond of flowers and gardening, took me one evening last month to a nursery near town to see the varieties of roses and peonies, etc., all in bloom. We walked and wandered about to our heart's content and examined all the fuschias and other plants in the hot-houses, and were just coming away when the old gardener said, 'Oh, Mrs. Brown, come here, I will give you a nice flower that smells delightful.' So he took us to a little bushy shrub, pinched off some dark coloured flowers which certainly did smell 'delightful,' and I saw it was the old 'pimento' or 'allspice tree' that you used to have at Collon. I had never seen one since those dear old days, so I said I had not seen any

of these for fifty years nearly, and that was in Ireland. 1863.
‘And were you in Ireland?’ said he. ‘Yes, I had been,’ I said. ‘And did you ever know a place called Dundalk?’ said he. ‘Oh yes, and did you ever hear of a place called Collon, for it was there I last saw the allspice sprouts,’ said I. ‘Well now,’ said old Cooney. ‘Sure that’s where I lived and served my time, in Lord Oriel’s gardens under one John Rourke; did you ever hear of Lord Oriel?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ I said. ‘I knew him, and have often been in his gardens, and have seen Rourke too.’ So the poor old man seemed quite astonished that I had seen or heard of ‘John Rourke.’ And no doubt I remember him well, and you may suppose how many old recollections came to my mind from the poor old allspice tree and old Rourke.”

TO MISS WILSON.

“This Easter Monday brings forcibly to my mind Apr. 6th the old Cam Hill, and its still loved neighbourhood and the many dearly loved things there, though, alas, many changes have taken place since those dear old times when I was amongst you all. But it is better to look forward than back, even upon our happiest days, for by that we see what a ‘passing away scene’ we exist in. By looking forward, not on this life, what a prospect opens to us! Oh, how all our pleasures here seem to sink in value as we remember that we shall find so many dear to us, and above all our precious and blessed Redeemer, and be with Him forever. Still, dear friend, as long as we remain here we must love and value our Christian sisters and

1864. brothers, and keep alive our warm affection for them; and I hope I need not assure you that the sight of your fat little letter rejoiced my heart. It was truly delightful and most interesting. I have not been able to write lately for many reasons, and put off from week to week doing so, not from carelessness but from being too much occupied in various ways which prevent me having a quiet, settled time. This house is now too small for the family who live here. Had Edward lived he would have made a nice addition. He had many plans and every preparation made, even the window sashes and doors etc. ready. All his plans were stopped, and dear Bessie has not been in circumstances since to enable her to execute his wishes.

"I have lately lost a very dear friend and cousin, Miss Louisa Beaufort, who was removed early in February last. She had arrived at the age of eighty and had been bright in mind and action, and well, till Christmas day when she took a cold which terminated her existence unexpectedly. I trust her mind was happy, though her extreme weakness had made her unable to converse or to hear what was said; but her end was peaceful and calm. We are sure she loved her Saviour. This was one of my earliest and best friends."

TO MISS WILSON.

May 17th "I think I have written since last September, but I am not sure; perhaps not, as most of that intervening time has been passed under affliction and trouble, which took away all relish for writing, but I begin to feel very anxious to hear from you.

“ This time of year always put me in mind of our parting. What a number of years have passed over our heads, and what changes have taken place. Here I am left alone, all my *old* friends gone, and the few remaining, who were the children in our emigrating group, are old and grey-headed. Is it not wonderful to look back such a length of time and to think of all I have been brought through, and still be able to praise the Lord for the goodness and mercy that have followed me. And though I have had some overwhelming sorrows, yet I can say that He has sustained me. Since May began we have scarcely had two successive days fine, consequently there has been a great deal of sickness and many deaths. Scarlet fever has carried off a great many children. I am most thankful to say that, so far, all of my dear children and grandchildren, now numbering three dozen, have escaped this dangerous complaint, though they have frequently been in the way of infection, as it has been all around us. Bessie had a Sunday School established near Goodwood last summer, but was obliged to give it up during the winter ; now, however, that the weather is fine, she is going to commence again.

“ We have had a great sorrow since I last wrote to you in the death of my very dear daughter-in-law, Cecilia, wife of my son George. You would have loved and valued her had you known her. She was taken off by fever and rapid consumption, after her confinement last October. She was very young and very pretty, but more than all this, she was in truth an humble Christian. All had been set in order, as was afterwards found by her journal, which she had been

1864. in the habit of keeping from her earliest years till her illness prevented her from continuing it. She left everything in the nicest order and directions written telling what she wished to be done about the children, and little tokens of remembrance for her family. It was a sad blow to us all. We have a great comfort in knowing that she was found waiting, and this has been the great supporting comfort to her dear husband. She left four dear children, the eldest, Walter, seven; the second, Helen, five. Ellen has taken charge of the two eldest. The dear baby is put to nurse. He is a fortnight old and very delicate—named Cecil for his mama's sake.

“Since then we have had much adversity from pecuniary affairs having been mismanaged; this has sacrificed much of the property which my own revered husband had procured for his sons, and by this some of them are plunged into poverty. It is all very sad; I cannot enter into particulars. By too kindly assisting some of the family whose hopes were too sanguine, disappointment came to others, and ruin on its heels. Now they have to begin the world again with their own exertions, having nothing else. It was by securities on our own property at home that it was sacrificed; and the same has come here. The Lord's will must be right. It seems very plain that it has not yet been His will that the Stewart's should prosper in this life. My dear boys have been brought up under great disadvantages, and had got on so far by the strictest industry, but are now greatly reduced, even to earn their daily means of support for their families. Situations are not to be had easily, as the war has

brought on such hard times everywhere that there have been reductions in all establishments. I humbly hope and trust a blessing may yet be given to their endeavours. No one can see the end from the beginning, and we don't know but that these trials are blessings in disguise." 1864.

The following letter gives the account of a bitter trial which came to us in the autumn of this year:—

FROM MRS. ROLLESTON.

"On Monday morning, September the 5th, a happy party started for the Lakes in North Douro. It consisted of William and Louise Stewart, their little son Tom and Robert McNabb. All went on prosperously, and on the 7th they set out in two canoes for another day of pleasure. But alas, how uncertain are all our enjoyments! Our dearest William, in taking his gun to shoot at a crane, by some means wounded his arm near the elbow. At once they bound it up tightly. Of course they turned homeward, and dear William tried to help to paddle but his arm bled so profusely that he could not continue and he directed Robert to tighten the bandage by twisting it with a stick, but Robert became too nervous to do so. Mr. Fuller joined them afterwards and helped them to Young's Point; he also tried to tighten the bandage, but all in vain. Poor William grew weaker till they reached Lakefield. When I heard the sad news of the accident I went to the village, and then met Eliza McNabb, and we went together to the lake shore to wait for the boats to come

Sep. 8th

1864. in, which they did about six or half-past six o'clock. Poor William seemed very much exhausted, so I did not speak to him then. The first time I spoke to him was when he was laid down on the verandah at Dr. Crawford's, still in the canoe. On my asking him how he felt, he said, "It is all up with me, Kate." I tried to cheer him by reminding him of poor Edward's accident. He smiled faintly, but made no further remark. As soon as he was laid on a bed I left him, intending to return for the night.

"When I returned, between nine and ten o'clock, I found Dr. McNabb (who had been sent for) had arrived. I believe, from the first Dr. McNabb had no hopes. And Dr. Burnham, who arrived about three in the morning, confirmed the sad truth. It was to Dr. Burnham the painful task was given of breaking this to dear William. The doctor told me that he seemed quite prepared for it. From this time, about four o'clock in the morning, these precious words were spoken which I shall try to remember and write for your comfort now. But though I remember the words, or most of the few sentences he had strength to say, I cannot do justice to the spirit of calm resignation in which all was uttered.

"After Dr. Burnham had gone, Dr. McNabb asked me to go and speak to William, and he left the room that there might be no restraint.

"I went to his bedside and said: 'Dear William, you have heard the doctor's opinion—do you feel that you can leave all to your Saviour; that you must depend entirely on Him alone?' He answered, 'Yes, I knew from the first that this was my death wound,

and I have been much in prayer ever since, and oh, 1864.
He is waiting for me, meeting me half way, more than half way.'

"I repeated the text, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' He said, 'Oh no, I have not been cast out.' He then asked me to pray and on my doing so he said, 'Amen, amen.' He several times repeated to himself the text, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"He asked for me again, and on my kneeling down by him he said, 'Pray.' Three times he asked me to do so, and always repeated 'Amen.'

"The last time death seemed very near. I said to him, 'Dear William if you understand me, smile,' and he at once looked at me and smiled. After this time he rallied a little, and I asked him if he had any message he wished to leave his family. He was very weak and said in broken sentences. 'I cannot mention all the names—tell all—my very—my—Lou—brothers prepare for this awful hour. Poor Lou, I leave her to her Heavenly Father.' I said He had promised to be 'a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless. He said, 'say that again—it is comforting.' I said, 'Yes, trust in Him dear William, and he will support you now.' He repeated, 'Yes—support—yes—support.' I said, 'His almighty arms are around you.' 'Yes—around me—more than I deserve ; I have been sinning all my life, but He has not forsaken me.' I said, 'He never forsakes those who trust Him.' He said, 'Oh, no ! He is with me now—Oh God !—Oh, my God ! Thou art very good !' His last words to me were 'Pray with me.' And whe-

1865. I had done, he said, 'Kiss me,' and that was a very short time before his death.

"He said a great deal to both Louisa and Dr. McNabb, but he was so weak and his breathing so difficult that unless you were close to him you could not hear what he said. But dear aunt, there was enough said to show where his dependence was placed, and we know He who has promised is faithful, and none ever called upon Him in vain.

"During the time (four hours) in which we knew his hours were numbered he called earnestly on his Saviour's name, and before we were informed of his danger he knew it himself as he told me afterwards, and prayed most earnestly for forgiveness through Christ. Oh, it is such intense consolation to dwell on those last words. I could not give you greater comfort than may be drawn from these few broken sentences."

TO MISS WILSON.

May 16th "Your dear letter brought back to my mind so many fond memories of dear old times and dearer old friends, now almost all removed to that world of eternal rest where we hope to meet again never to part. I am now waiting for that time when we shall all join the great and glorious assembly around the throne. Oh, who could wish to keep any dear one here when we think of that glorious change? How our hearts should burn with love, and still never can love enough that blessed Saviour who secured these happy mansions for us poor mortals, covered and

buried in sin as we are. And yet cleansed and made acceptable through His precious blood shed for us ; 'a very present help in time of trouble,' a shelter in every storm. Oh, yes, I can say with thankful heart that I have indeed been upheld in every step of the way through all my trials which have been heavy, and seem to grow more crushing as life passes on, and yet though they are so I am supported and enabled to see that many, many and great mercies are bestowed, and to feel truly thankful. Yet a pang does and must come when thoughts turn to passing events. To see so many blanks once filled by those so dear to me ; and to see the families of my children, many of them in distress. But still we can see and can say, 'It is well.' God alone has a right to do as He pleases and sees best, and we know He is love. I intended writing sooner, but in the beginning of January I had a severe attack of bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs which nearly carried me off, but the time had not come, and by God's mercy I was restored, though for many weeks afterwards I was so weak I could do but little.

"In a few days more (on the 24th) I shall enter my 72nd year if I live till then. Do you remember the 24th of May, 1822 ? You were at White Abbey, and gave me a little box on which you had drawn an apple blossom. I have it still, and often look at it. Forty-three years ago ! What a large piece of my life ! And how little there is to show for that time. But though my eyes are opened and my mind enlightened, yet oh, how far I am from what I ought,

1865. to be, and how easily my thoughts are turned to the cares or pleasures of the passing hour."

TO CHARLES STEWART.

Dec. 24th "I think I wrote to you and Charlotte early in this month intending you should have my Christmas wishes about the right time. Soon after that I heard of the death of my own revered and loved friend and mother, dear dear Aunt Harriet Beaufort. This sad loss of course caused me much sorrow. My earliest and latest associations are all closely connected with her, our hearts were so much knitted together. How great is my comfort by hearing that her long illness had the happy effect of drawing her mind from all the pursuits and engagements of this world, and leading her to place her whole trust for salvation on her Saviour, having being led and enlightened no doubt by His Holy Spirit. You can hardly conceive how much I miss her and feel the wide blank left by so many having been called away within the last few years. First her sister Louisa Beaufort, then Mrs. Edgeworth and dear Aunt Susan, and now my first and best friend. From the accounts I had I was prepared to know how ill she was. I indeed miss her letters, the steady correspondence between us. To the last she remembered me, and seemed to have me close to her heart.

"I must now change the subject and tell you of what has been going on here, which I am sure will astonish you and make you sorry. We are all homeless and cast upon the kindness of our friends.

Goodwood is gone. On Sunday morning the 17th 1866. (my wedding day), the chimney of my room took fire; we had no apprehension of any danger as it was not an unusual occurrence; the boys poured water on the roof, and even between the chimney and roof, and we supposed all was extinguished and sat down to breakfast. When nearly finished, the maid, who had been in the yard, ran in and said the chimney was on fire again. There was no smoke up stairs, but when they went out they found smoke coming out from the shingles and all along the roof. We sent off for assistance. A spark had penetrated through some crevice. We all went to work to try and save what we could. Our neighbours came to our assistance when they saw the fire, but it increased so rapidly they soon had to give up. Some of the things were removed from the lower rooms, even the books and book-cases, all my little baskets and the things in the pantry and kitchen. Nothing up stairs could be got at; so that although nearly all *my* things and most of the furniture has been saved, a great deal has been lost. When I found I could do nothing more I took dear little Harriet and Rolly out of danger, the former was so terrified I was afraid she would go into fits. We went to Kate's, who was alone with her children, as all who could help were here. I walked all the way up to this place, a thing I had not been able to do for nearly two years. Fortunately the day was fine, cold and calm but very delightful, and being early in the day the people had not gone to church."

1866.

TO MISS WILSON.

Feb. 13th " Your most precious and welcome letter of December 15th reached me on New Year's Day and was a most acceptable New Year's gift. The unchanged affection expressed in it sunk deeply into my heart's centre and drew tears of gratitude to my eyes. Your tender and loving sympathy in my sorrow for my earliest and best friend's removal from us in this life was truly soothing and comforting. Yes, my dear M—, when our hearts and hopes are fixed beyond this world we feel the best support under all our trials. The pang is severe when we lose the enjoyment of our friendship here but it is only a separation for a time, and it is pleasant to reflect on the past sometimes, though very melancholy till we can see the next joyful meeting awaiting us. Oh, what an assemblage will be there ! Then dearest friend, I shall be with you again and your ever revered mother and brother, and my own precious and darling husband, and all the dear ones gone before us. I have the greatest comfort in feeling sure that my dear H—B—'s mind had long been withdrawn from this world. She has long since felt as one of those who have been redeemed by Christ's blood, on whom alone we can rest in security as our all-sufficient intercessor and mediator whose love has been proved and has never, never been withheld from those who seek it. I do indeed find a sad blank. Just a year before my dear Aunt S— was removed, and my much loved Mrs. Edgeworth, all dear to my heart, but all knew and loved Christ as the Saviour of sinners. I do feel

lonely as I am the only remaining one of the elder 1866.
generation here. My dear daughters and sons are all married, and although all truly kind to me, none of them knew my old friends. I suppose you heard through some channel of the sad calamity which was sent upon us lately in the destruction by fire of Goodwood, and the loss of all the clothing of B——'s children and a good deal of her own, and all her house linen and many useful and valuable things. As the house was small it was only insured for \$1,000. This will help a good way toward a much better and safer one, for which the preparations are now being made. It is to be a brick house and (D.V.) we are to be in it by next winter.

“In the midst of all our confusion my dear Kate's confinement came, and her fifth child was born—a delicate girl. We feel anxious about her, and the effect of all the fright and excitement. Fortunately she is not at all of an excitable nature, and is always calm and composed, and in this as in every other way and time we had proof of the superintending care of our Heavenly Father, for she never had such a favourable recovery before. She is now well, strong and hearty.

“That journal kept by young Waugh just came in nice time. James Hay has gone to try a sailor's life—was just starting on a voyage to Australia—and I gave him one of those nice little books. Dear James is a very fine lad. He is in the *Tasmania*, Capt. Drian. Should the ship ever come in the way of your nephews, I am sure they will ask for James Hay, from Canada. Any kindness shown him will be rejoicing to his

1866. mother, and also to myself. They were to be away two or three years, perhaps at some British port, before they returned to Quebec. A— is a true Christian-minded woman. Her means are not very good, but she is wonderfully active, and obliged to exert herself a good deal. E— is pretty well. M— is a dear, useful, good girl. She has many opportunities, and seems to improve them.

“I find the effects of age very much since this last crush, but still I am kept up and my mind rests on the Lord, who is a present help in time of trouble. No person has ever experienced being held up by the Lord as I have, for has He not supported and brought me through many trials. I feel less active and often am relieved by tears; but not without hope and trust. My dear sons are making great exertions for all are reduced by the mismanagement of some, but I believe they have trust in the promise of better and happier times, where sin can never enter.”

TO MISS WILSON.

July July, 1866 :—“Many thanks for the valuable collection of books, they will indeed be delightful entertainment when we again settle in a home of our own, which will be (D.V.) early in October. At present our house is far too small to permit of the luxury of quiet for reading, writing, or any such employment. It is too small for K—’s own little growing family, so you may suppose (if you can) what it must be with the addition of our large party consisting of Bessie and her six *younglings*, Miss Auchinleck

(R— B—'s cousin), Arthur Mathias, and my own helpless and nearly useless self. I mean comparatively useless, for there are so many active and busy in the household. But what mercy has been shown to us ! We have had a happy, comfortable and very cheerful shelter. Dear K. and R. have so lovingly given up their own rooms for our accommodation and crowded their own flock into a very small portion of the dwelling. I have a wider sphere of love and kindness about me ; blessings and mercies surround me ; few of my age enjoy such health as I have had during all the time, since our hasty removal here in December, while I find my mind is much more calm and free from anxiety than for a long time. I fully realize that in *myself* there is no improvement, I am still the same weak mortal as ever, the peace of mind is a gift from above. Oh, the goodness and mercy of the Lord.

1866.

Ellen was here yesterday, when I lent her some of the books you sent. Two of them she wished to show to a gentleman who comes every second Sabbath evening to lecture at the Auburn school-house. There is service every Sunday evening there and quite a crowded congregation. I believe they are soon to build a meeting-house, for which Charlotte Stewart collected funds at different times. Dear Charlotte has had a sad blow in the sudden call of her mother, but though her grief is extreme she writes calmly."

TO MISS WILSON.

September, 1868 :—"Is the Mr. Traill you mentioned a grandson of Archdeacon Traill whom we

1868.
Sept.

1868. knew long ago at Lisburn? And is the family originally from the Orkney Islands? Some intimate friends of mine here are of that name and family. I dare say you may have seen or heard of a book called 'The Backwoods of Canada,' by Mrs. Traill. She has written several books on Botany and is now busy on one which is to be called 'The wild Flowers of Canada.' It will be out after Christmas and will be a beautiful book; illustrated with plates of Canadian wild flowers painted by Mrs. Fitzgibbon a niece of Mrs. Traill's."

1869. May
May 1869 :—"In a few days we shall have the memorable anniversary of our last parting and our departure from country and dearly beloved friends. You and I alone survive of those who last met and parted on the 1st of June, 1822. Forty-seven years ago. What comfort we have in the belief that all those whose lives on earth are over, are now in the blessed company of Saints, with the dear Saviour by whom they were redeemed from death unto life. Oh, that I may be one of the blessed spirits admitted to the Heavenly Mansions. My time here cannot be long. I am just waiting; I enjoy the life given to me. May I spend it more to His glory and walk more closely with Him; I am growing very old, my seventy-five years are more evident each month and sight and hearing are both failing, but my mind is as clear as ever, and my heart is full of thankfulness for my many and undeserved mercies."

1870. Dec.
December, 1870 :—"I hope you have had as delightful an autumn as we have; all November was most lovely. Had you heard of the earthquake which

was felt in many parts of Canada ? We heard the rumbling noise but experienced no *shaking*, though others not far from this did so." 1870.

February, 1870 :—"There has been much illness, February and many deaths this winter ; among them, that of our old and valued friend and physician, Dr. McNabb. He died very suddenly after a few hours illness. His daughter, who is my daughter-in-law, is quite prostrated by the shock.

For the last year we have not been free from trouble and anxiety, but still we have many, many mercies ; the greatest being the assurance that all our pains and sorrows are *measured* for us, and account taken of every tear that falls. Oh, the blessed relief of casting all our care upon the Lord, for we know He cares for us."

May 5th, 1870 :—"The following extract from a May 5th note, the writing of which shows her weakness after a severe nasal hæmorrhage, is indicative of her preparedness for the Master's call, when it should come :—

"I am most thankful to say I feel much better to-day than for some time back, and think the bleeding has been of great use ; both my head and the asthma are better. It has also been useful in other ways, for I take it as a warning to draw my thoughts more from this life, to remind me that I cannot expect to be long here. Indeed, when I felt the blood going into my throat death seemed very near ; I prayed most earnestly for help to resign myself and to collect my thoughts. My whole trust is in Christ, for I know how great and manifold are my sins, how little

1870. profit I have gained from the many means and opportunities given me ; but I also know Christ as always ready to come to those who seek, as at His Father's side interceding for sinners, of whom I am one. I know He is ready to receive me. And more than ever I feel that my days are uncertain, and how necessary it is to be ready for His appearance at any moment. Oh, the rest and peace of mind there is in *believing*."

So far as events or incidents of general interest to the family, my mother's correspondence ends here. As I have before remarked many interesting letters have been lost or mislaid, and nothing that can be added could take the place of her own clear, simple, style of description. All who have followed the narrative must have been struck with the wonderful power of feeling for, and bearing up under the many and trying circumstances that befell her and the different members of her large family almost from the time of her marriage to the end of a long life. This was owing in a great measure, to a sound education; her mind was well trained and she had besides, that which is of more consequence, firm trust in the promises of God. Her burden was great but she had the strength given to bear it, and to leave an example to all coming generations of her family.

The following is extracted from my sister's diary:—
1872.
Feb. 19th "On Monday morning, 19th February 1872, my dear mother appeared as well as usual when I went into her room. She had had a troublesome cough for some time ; I had seen the doctor about it and got some powders for her. She always made light of

anything about herself and was so cheerful that we could not have known that she was worse than she appeared to be. She had not been up for breakfast for some time, but this morning she appeared unusually well, and after breakfast and dressing she fed her little bird in the hall, but she looked pale and saying she felt chilly, went and sat down by the stove. I observed that she was shaking as if in a fit of ague. I got hot bricks and warm drink, but she did not wish to go to bed. I sent for Kate, but she could not come at once ; I then sent for Doctor Burrit who came as soon as he could, and he said mother was very ill with bilious fever. Kate and Robert were here all day. After tea she seemed to sleep, the cough was easier. I sat up most of the night as her cough got very bad towards morning. As soon as it was day-Feb. 20th light I sent for Kate, and a message to the doctor to say how ill she was all night. Anna Hay came, and dear mother appeared better at the sight of her ; Anna and Kate sat up with her; this was Tuesday. Mr. Roger came and had prayers. She did not suffer but seemed very weak. Ellen came in the evening and stayed all night. Darling mother was so anxious about my boys (who were ill) that she thought or said little about herself. On the night of the 21st, Feb. 21st she was restless all night, no pains but a troublesome cough. She had a slight pain in her side also and spoke little but was inclined to sleep. On the 22nd, Feb. 22nd she began to spit up blood and had a restless night ; Kate and Ellen were here ; she spoke little and was much flushed. When Anna Hay came mother got her to read some letters. When the doctor came he

1872. looked very grave, and after asking a few questions he said he did not think she could get over it, she might go at any moment or she might live for a day or two. It was a great shock, as we did not think she was so ill. She had often been worse I thought, but I did not consider her age and how weak she was. When Charles and Ellen came the doctor said we must telegraph to George and Henry at Port Hope and to John in the States, and that we should tell mother what his opinion was. Robert undertook to tell her. He said: 'Mrs. Stewart, you have had a long and weary journey in this world, you don't feel afraid?' She said, 'Oh no, I have a Saviour who is able to save.' He then told her that they had sent for George and Henry. She said, 'Oh, poor fellows.' When he told her that the doctor was uneasy about her, she said, 'I have not much strength to go and come on.' She wished them to write to John; she then asked Kate to read her a letter she had from Annie. Soon after she asked us to sing 'When I survey the wondrous cross' and 'Tis finished.' It was difficult to sing at such a time, but she was pleased, as she loved hymns. The Hays, Collins and Dunlops all came to take leave of our loving mother. She spoke to J—— C—— of her perfect trust in her Saviour. George and Henry came in about 6 o'clock p.m. It was a shock to them see her so low, and she could not speak much to them; Mr. Roger came late in the day. My dear mother was very tired with seeing so many, but she enjoyed having all around her. This night was much the same as usual, she did not suffer much except when the cough came on;

she spoke very little. On the 23rd, dear mother was weaker, but very calm. When the doctor came he said he did not think she could live through the night, he was afraid she might have great suffering at the last, and said he would stay all night. She grew restless towards evening; she knew her time was near, but was so patient and considerate for others that she wished some of us to go to bed. Earlier in the evening we got Ted out on a rocking chair (he was ill with rheumatism) to her bed-side to bid her good-bye, he could not get near enough to kiss her.

"About two o'clock mother asked all to come to her. She held my hand all the time we sat beside her. She spoke to the children and left messages for those who could not come. George, Henry and Robert supported her in turns till the last. She was so calm and happy. Her breathing was oppressive, but she was free from the pain or suffering we had so much dreaded. Caroline and Fanny came a short time before all was over. She recognized them, and held out her hand to them, but could not speak. As daylight dawned she watched the window. We put up the blind that she might see the rising sun. She had always put it up herself the last thing before going to bed that she might see the sun rise. As she saw it appearing she put her hand on my shoulder. I knew it was a silent prayer for us all. When she could not speak she pressed my hand, which she held, till all was over. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning she breathed her last, so sweetly and peacefully. She gave one look around on us all as we

1872. stood watching her dear spirit depart to that loving Saviour whom she had loved for so many years ; her face lit up with a glorious light as she entered into that eternal glory unseen by us."

I may fitly close this memoir in the words of Mrs. Traill, written a few days after her death.

"Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again."

"Truly these words may be said of her whose remains were committed to the grave on Monday last, by sorrowing relatives and friends who will long lament the loss of one so justly beloved, valued and revered."

One of her old friends (perhaps the oldest in Canada), Mrs. C. P. Traill, paid a last tribute of affection to her memory, from which the following is taken :—

"Having for forty years been intimately associated with Mrs. Stewart and her family, I may speak of her worth. Many there are who will mourn for Mrs. Stewart besides the members of her own family, and none more sincerely than the writer. . . . Much might with truth be said of the worth, the Christian grace, the loving kindness, and unpretending charity of her who has gone from among us, but she needs no eulogy ; she lives in the hearts of her children, and of the friends who loved her.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

APPENDICES.

PART VII.

FAMILY HISTORIES.

I.

A Norman baron, Alan, contemporary with William the Conqueror, obtained from that monarch the Barony of Oswestry in Shropshire.

Alan, who describes himself as the son of Flald, left three sons, the eldest of whom (William) became the ancestor of a line of Earls of Arundel, whose titles and estates at length went by an heiress into the Norfolk family. Walter and Simon the two younger brothers, emigrated to Scotland; from Walter were descended the *Stewarts* and from Simon the Boyds; his son Robert being called Boidh from his yellow hair.

Walter was honoured by King David the First with the office of Lord High Steward of the kingdom in 1126. This office embraced a variety of duties, from the management of the royal household and other important offices, to the command of the king's army. Walter obtained, by way of gift from David the First,

the lands of Paisley, Renfrew, Pollock, Cathcart and others in the same part of the kingdom, and in the year 1160 he founded the Abbey of Paisley, the monks of which, of the Clunic order, came from Wenlock Abbey in Shropshire, a religious house founded by his brother William. Walter died in 1177, and was interred at Paisley. His son and successor, Alan, died in 1204, and was succeeded by his son Walter, who received from Alexander the Second the additional office of Justiciary of Scotland. His son Alexander commanded the army at the important battle of Largs, when the Danes were driven out of Scotland, 1263, and in 1264 he brought the Isle of Man under subjection to the kings of Scotland. He had two sons, James and John. His eldest son succeeded him as Lord High Steward. His second son, Sir John Stewart, styled the "Knight of Bonkyl," commanded the men of Bute at the battle of Falkirk under Sir William Wallace, and fell covered with wounds, A.D. 1298. He had seven sons. His third son Sir Walter, was the ancestor of the Earls of Galloway. Sir Walter's second son, Sir John of Dalswinton, was made prisoner at the battle of Durham in 1346; and he was also one of the hostages for King David Bruce in 1357. Sir John left a son, Sir Walter Dalswinton, whose daughter and heiress, Marion, married her cousin Sir John Stewart of Tedworth, and had two sons. His eldest son, Sir William of Dalswinton, died in 1479, and left four sons. Sir Alexander his second son, succeeded him, and he was succeeded by his grandson Sir Alexander of Garlies, who was one of the prisoners taken at the rout of Solway in 1542,

he was released by giving his son and heir Alexander as hostage ; he died in 1570 and was succeeded by his grandson, Sir Alexander, who was killed with the Regent Lenox, 1571, and was succeeded by his grandson, Sir Alexander, who married a daughter of Sir William Douglas of Dumbrig ; he was succeeded by his son Sir Alexander, who was elevated to the Peerage with the title of Earl of Galloway.

Sir William Stewart, brother to the above Earl of Galloway, was sent to Ireland in 1595, as a Captain in Sir Arthur Chichester's regiment.

He was sent to King Charles the First at Edinburgh with an account of affairs in Ireland, and on his return was killed in Tyrone woods by a party of rebels. He was succeeded in his Irish estates by his nephew William, son to Sir John Stewart, brother to Sir William, and grandson of the first Earl of Galloway. He built Ballydrain in 1608, and was killed at Killcullen Bridge by a party of rebels. His son John, born in 1623, married Ann daughter of John Wilson, Laird of Croglin. He died in 1691, and left three children. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas, who died in 1715, and left four children. His eldest son John, was born in 1701, and married Jean Legge, daughter of William Legge, Esq., of Malone House, and died in 1784. He had seven children. His youngest son Robert inherited Ballydrain. His second son William, built Wilmont. He was married twice, but had children by his second wife only, Ann Garner, daughter of Thomas Garner, Esq. William died on the 10th of March, 1808, and had thirteen children, of these only two were sons who lived to be married.

His eldest son John married Anna Smythe of Lisburn, and had no children. Thomas Alexander married Frances Browne, and had eleven children; Anna who married Thomas Hay, M.D.; Eleanor married A. C. Dunlop; Elizabeth who died young in Canada; Elizabeth married E. Brown; William married Louisa McNabb; Francis married Joan Brown; John married Annie Johnstone; George married first Cecilia Ward, second Frances McCormack; Charles married Charlotte Ellis; Henry married first Georgina Innis, second Caroline Mathias; Catherine married Robert A. Brown.

Thomas A. Stewart came to Canada in 1822. Settled at Auburn in the Township of Douro in Upper Canada, near where the City of Peterborough now stands.

His children and grandchildren are scattered in various parts of Canada, the United States and England. At this date (1889) there are twenty-two of them, who are the male representatives of the Irish branch of the Galloway family.

II.

The family of Browne, from which the subject of this sketch was descended, had long been settled in Ireland.

The Rev. William Browne, her great-grandfather, was of the family of Lord Kilmaine. He married Elizabeth Dunleavy, and died within two years afterwards, leaving his young widow with a son born

shortly before his death. The boy was called William after his father. Mrs. Browne married soon after this, Dean Marley who was made Bishop of Dromore in 1745, he was a son of Sir Thomas Marley, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. His sister was mother of the celebrated Henry Grattan.

William Browne was brought up from his infancy in the Bishop's family, which comprised a son and daughter besides his stepson William, who was educated for the church and was presented to a living in his stepfather's diocese. His half sister Elizabeth married the Right Hon. David La Touche, and his brother, Major George Marley, married Lady Catherine Butler daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough.

Mr. Browne married the eldest daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Hutchinson of Down and Connor, whose second daughter married Thomas Smythe of Lisburn. The archdeacon's wife was a daughter of one of the distinguished Huguenot refugees who settled in Ireland at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. He had three sons, and at the time of his death was Vicar of St. Andrew's parish, Dublin. His two youngest sons died abroad unmarried. The eldest, Francis, was born December 2nd, 1757, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was so distinguished for his attainments in knowledge, as well as for his virtues, that he was advanced before he had attained the prescribed age. When he was ordained he was appointed curate of St. Andrew's (his father's parish) ; and on his promotion in 1787 to the rectory of Dromore in the County of Galway he was presented by his old parishioners of St.

Andrew's with a silver box with the family coat-of-arms engraved on the lid, and on the under-side an address was inscribed, of which the following is a copy :—

“The unanimous gift of the parishioners of St. Andrew's, Dublin, in vestry assembled, April 9th, 1787. To the Rev. Francis Browne. In testimony of their esteem, and the high sense they entertain of his faithful services whilst their curate, discharged in his benevolent attention to the poor, and uniform discharge of the various branches of his duty.”

Mr. Browne was a man of refined tastes and had prepared several works for the press, which, however, were never published. He married on the 9th of March 1791, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of James Noble, Esq., of Charlesfort near Allenstown in the County of Meath, and had three children. The eldest, Catherine Elizabeth, was born on January 26th 1793, and was married to Rev. George Kirkpatrick, rector of Craigs in the County of Antrim, in 1829. The second, Frances, was born on the 24th May 1794, at Marlborough Street, Dublin. The third, Maria Susan, died while an infant. Owing in a great measure to Mr. Browne's own merit, he was appointed to the deanery of Elphin, in the County of Roscommon, in 1793, at the age of thirty-six, and was soon afterwards promised the bishopric of Waterford, but he died suddenly in 1796. Frances thus describes what she could recollect of this period :

“My dear father was seized with gout in the stomach which carried him off so suddenly that he fell dead across my mother's bed ; he had been talk-

ing to her. This sudden afflicting blow brought on an attack of paralysis from which my dear mother never recovered, though she lived many years, but deprived of the use of her limbs ; she was left a widow with small means and three young children. My recollections of my dear father are very faint. I remember his sweet, youthful appearance as he held my hands and made me dance while he whistled. Of the house I can only remember a narrow stair-case on which a pretty gleam of bright sunshine came one evening and showed the flowers on the carpeting of the stairs. I remember the tune my father whistled, which, for many years, I always called 'papa's tune,' which has kept it fresh in my memory to this day, (May, 1867)."

As soon as Mrs. Browne was able to travel she went with her children to reside with her brother the Rev. M. H. Noble of Charlesfort. In the year 1796 Mrs. Browne went to Bath in England, whither she had been advised to go by her medical attendants. She was accompanied by her sister Miss S. Noble, who devoted her whole time and attention to the invalid up to the time of her death which occurred on the 12th of March, 1809, at Bath.

Frances was adopted by her great-uncle Robert Waller, Esq., of Allenstown where his family had long resided. The original seat of the family was Gromsbridge Hall in Kent. One of his ancestors, Richard Waller, in the reign of Henry V., had the honour of taking prisoner the Duke of Orleans at the battle of Agincourt, which event is commemorated on their coat-of-arms. The French prince was kept

prisoner at Gromsbridge till ransomed or exchanged. From a younger branch of this family were descended the Wallers of Beaconsfield, of whom was Edmund Waller the poet, whose biographer says, "The antiquity of this family, and the services they have rendered to their country, assuredly place it among the most honourable in England."

Mr. Waller of Allenstown was a kind, hospitable and genial gentleman. His family kept up their kindly interest in Frances, or "little Fanny" as she was called, as long as she lived. She was a general favourite, being lively and intelligent, winning the hearts of all her friends.

In 1798 the rebellion broke out in Ireland. Frances was then but four years old, but the exciting events of that time made a lasting impression on her mind. Miss Harriet Beaufort, a niece of Mr. Waller's, who was then an inmate of Allenstown House, in a work published many years afterwards, describes the events of this period. The account is too long to transfer to these pages, but a few of the events more nearly concerning the household may be mentioned. The rebels were in the habit of drilling at night in the fields and out-of-the-way places; the sound of their voices and horns blowing could often be heard at the house. The military scoured the country, but the rebels had such secret means of communication that it was difficult to get at them. The house was prepared for defence, the lower windows were planked and made bullet-proof, large stones were placed on the upstairs window-sills ready to let fall on the heads of the enemy; the young ladies learned to load and

fire guns ; the coach and farm horses were kept ready, that in case of attack the females might be sent to Enniskillen or Dublin for safety. A skirmish took place about eight miles from the house, the rebels were dispersed, and everything settled down to its usual course.

In the year 1800 Mr. Waller took his family to London for a year. Frances went to stay with her grand-uncle Rev. Dr. Beaufort, rector of Collon, in the County of Louth. He was the only son of the Venerable Archdeacon de Beaufort, descended from a Huguenot family, and was well-known for his literary attainments being one of the founders of the Royal Irish Academy, and is said to have assisted in establishing Sunday schools in Ireland. Miss Harriet Beaufort was his daughter. Another daughter was married to Mr. Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, in the County of Longford.

At Collon Frances' tastes were first formed in music, drawing and general literature ; here also she met with many distinguished people, amongst others Lady Ferrard, wife of the Hon. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, and her daughter who married the first Lord Dufferin. Lady Florence Balfour was also a visitor at Collon.

Miss Beaufort took charge of her little cousin Frances' education, and continued from that time till her marriage to be her constant instructor, and steady faithful friend till her death in 1865.

At Collon too, she had for a companion and friend Francis Beaufort, Miss Beaufort's brother, who entered the naval service early in life and rose

quickly in his profession, and was in after years distinguished as Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., and closed in 1857 a long life spent in the service of his country.

When about ten years old, Frances spent eight months on a visit to her relatives, the Edgeworths, at Edgeworthstown. These visits were always spoken of as the most charming events of her life, and the pleasure and advantages she derived from the society of this remarkable and accomplished family was very great, as her correspondence with them and her other friends in after years fully shows. She joined her young cousins in the daily routine of lessons, and entered into all their pleasures and amusements. One of the pastimes of the whole family was for Mr. Edgeworth to call upon all of them to hear and judge of all he and his daughter Maria were writing. The taste for literature was by this means formed and exercised in the family. Stories for children exercised the judgment of children, and according to their respective ages all gave their opinion and tried their powers of criticism. Miss Edgeworth sometimes wrote short plays for the birthday amusement of her brothers and sisters, and Frances generally took a part in them. Occasional visits were made to Pakenham Hall and Castle Forbes. At Pakenham Hall they met Lady Catherine Pakenham, afterwards married to the Duke of Wellington.

During these years and up to the year 1809, Frances regularly corresponded with her mother at Bath. Mrs. Browne's letters, though very short on account of the difficulty of writing, are filled with

expressions of love for her little daughter and thankfulness for the kind friends, and the means and opportunities these friends had provided for the improvement of her little child, not only in general learning but in the society of people whom to know meant education and refinement. In all of Mrs. Browne's letters there is not one word or expression that would indicate the severe suffering she must have endured ; nothing but hope and a cheerful looking forward to her own recovery, and thankfulness that her two children were in such good care. Upon Mrs. Browne's death her sister, Miss Noble, returned to Ireland, and in the summer of 1810 made a visit to her relations, the Smythes of Lisburn in the County of Antrim. In one of her letters to Frances she mentions a visit to Wilmont, the residence of John Stewart, Esq., who was married to the eldest Miss Smythe. "Whilst I was at Wilmont I was very gay, and was delighted by two parties we had to two different mountains near that house. The view from Cave hill is most grand and beautiful, we could plainly see Scotland and the beautiful bay of Belfast. . . . I ventured to climb to the first cave, but took fright and stopped till some of the party climbed, or rather crawled, to the top of the hill on their hands and knees. I believe if they told the truth they did not see more than we did, who stopped half way, for clouds got between them and the prospect."

Between the years 1810 and 1816, Frances spent the time at Allenstown, Dublin, Collon and Edgeworthstown. Amongst the many friendships she formed during this time was that with Miss Honora

Edgeworth, with whom she corresponded for many years. Many of these letters are interesting, but are too long to be inserted. An extract from one of her letters written many years after her settlement in Canada, will convey some idea of her feelings for these friends. "I have so many friends at dear Edgeworthstown to whom I am warmly and sincerely attached that I always feel as if it was a sort of home to me, and I look back to the kindness your dear father always showed me with a sort of veneration and affection, such as I should feel for a dear parent. This time of year always brings to my mind my first visit to Edgeworthstown, a time I never can forget, when I formed an intimacy and attachment to some of my kindest and dearest friends."

Frances, during her visits to her many friends, at different times corresponded with Miss Beaufort, whose letters are generally full of sound advice and instructive information, particularly at the beginning of the year. Her last New Year's letter before Frances' marriage in 1816, begins: "Most warmly do I hope that to you this day may be repeated many, many years, and that each succeeding year may bring fresh happiness and increased delight in moral and intellectual improvement. Indeed, I hope that this opening year will bring with it a very marked improvement in your mind, that it will become more enlarged and more elevated, and that you will try to raise it above the petty follies and frivolities of the world by still keeping fresh in your mind the excellence a Christian ought to arrive at; and by really arriving at it, not thinking still that at some other time you

will alter your conduct, whether of mind or actions, but by resolving and acting at the same moment. Do not imagine my dear, that when I talk of altering your conduct I mean to find fault with any part ; I only mean the wish for your steadiness of resolution in any change that upon due self-examination you may find necessary ; a steadiness of resolution in doing that which you know to be right ; however you may be persuaded from it even by your dearest friends. Before you begin your course for this year I should wish you to look over your present mode of managing your time and your mind, and consider whether you cannot make some advantageous alterations ; whether a portion of your thoughts are not too often allowed to dwell on trifles ; whether various fragments of time are not thrown away that might be devoted to some useful purpose, or at least mental acquirements. I believe you will think this is like my *walking-up-and-down* lectures,—but no, I do not wish to lecture, I only wish to give a hint. At your age you require no governess or direction, but sometimes a friend will remind you and point out something to you which might have escaped your consideration. And indeed you are so docile, so reasonable, and take advice so kindly, that you induce me perhaps to continue in the old way.”

Sometime during the summer of 1816 Miss Noble and her two nieces, Catherine and Frances, were invited to spend a few months with the Stewarts at Wilmont. It was during this visit that Frances became engaged to Mr. Thomas A. Stewart, the younger brother of Mr. John Stewart. He had shortly before

this period returned from an extensive tour in Europe, or rather a voyage along the coasts of Spain and Portugal and down the Mediterranean ; as at the time he was travelling the war with Napoleon was going on, and no one could venture to travel inland. Before his return he visited the field of Waterloo a few days after the battle and secured many relics of that famous fight ; these relics are still in the family.

Their time at Wilmont was spent pleasantly in parties in the evening at different places in the neighbourhood, excursions and boating parties on the river Lagan, which ran near the house. In a letter to Miss Beaufort, written in August of this year, Frances says : " Mr. T. Stewart has a very fine collection of prints, a great number of books and portfolios full ; some of these he shows us every day and explains them all to us. He has a collection of Italian views and two or three books full of Roman buildings, a great many views in France and Paris, various books of costumes of Italy and Sicily ; in short there is an endless store of amusement in the library and drawing-room. It is delightful to have Mr. T. Stewart with us to describe everything, which indeed he is very willing to do. He has named himself our show-man, for besides all the prints he has a beautiful collection of other curiosities, some beautiful pieces of mosaic and a great many cameos. . . . He does not make the least display of his travels but is very agreeable, and tells readily all about them when asked. . . . In large companies, unless he is next one of us, he sits quite silent and grave and says as little as possible ; he hates company, but at a quiet

tea table, or in a small circle, his countenance brightens, and he appears to great advantage."

The wedding took place in Dublin, and many letters of congratulation were received from old friends far and near. About a month before one of them writes: "Though the gentleman is not personally known by many of your most attached friends, yet you may with modest pride (if such an expression be allowed) think that your understanding, taste, and excellent principles in which you have been educated, and on which you have invariably acted, are sufficient guarantees to them that the choice you have made will prove worthy of you and them. . . . From what — has told me of Mr. Stewart's character and appearance, I think that the attachment he inspired is likely to last, and I am greatly mistaken if friend Fanny's conduct as a wife will not prove that her kindness to a husband will be proof against the slight disappointment which, even in the best assorted unions, a woman must meet with."

On the 17th of December 1816, Frances Browne was married to Thomas Alex. Stewart, and they immediately afterwards travelled to Wilmont, in the County of Antrim, where they lived for some time till their own cottage should be ready for them. But circumstances unforeseen changed all their plans, and part of the six years they remained in Ireland were spent at Lakefield and White Abbey. Three children were born during this period; Anna Maria on the 12th of September, 1817, Eleanor on the 10th of

October, 1819, and Elizabeth on the 22nd of November, 1821.

In 1822 Mr. Stewart, owing to reduced circumstances, was obliged to emigrate, and chose the backwoods of Upper Canada as his future place of residence. He died on the 6th of September, 1847. Mrs. Stewart survived him twenty-five years. She died on the 24th of February, 1872, at the age of nearly seventy-eight years.



PART VIII.

LETTERS TO GRANDCHILDREN.

Auburn, Feb. 14th, 1853.

My own dear, —,

This is your birthday and we have all thought and talked of you very often to-day, and wished to know if you are quite well and able to enjoy yourself. I hope, my dear little girl, you are as well and as happy as you can be and that you may live to see many happy returns of your birthday in health and enjoyment, and that each year you may grow wiser and better, as well as older and taller. You are now seven years old and I suppose you are learning a great many good and useful things from the dear kind friends you are with, and by going to school. I am very glad you are so fond of your good, kind aunt and uncle K—, and that they are fond of you. I am sure your dear uncle will teach you the best of all knowledge, that which we learn from the Book of God, and what we learn from reading the Bible is the best of all knowledge, for it makes us know our blessed Saviour and love Him, and then we learn all He did for us, and how much He loved us, so much that He

gave up His life for us. I am sure my dear M—— will be taught these things and many more besides. I hope we may be allowed to meet, if I live long enough, for I should like greatly to see my dear M—— and her mama again. Dear papa was here this morning, and I was telling him that I was with you this day last year. I wonder if we shall be together next year, or the year after. You must not forget old Auburn.

You will find some new friends and cousins when you come back. Little E. Taylor is here and she often talks of you, but I do not think she can remember you. You will also perhaps see aunt B——'s little boys, they are very nice wee fellows. I hope when you come they will be able to run about. Now I must write to your mama, and aunt K—— is writing to you. Uncle G——, uncle C—— and uncle H——, all send love and a whole lot of kisses, which I wish I could give you.

Good-bye, my own darling M——, believe me to be your own affectionate grandmama.

F. Stewart.

1855.

I wish I could go and see you to-day, and wish you many happy returns of this day. The return of our birthday anniversaries year after year are very delightful to everybody, when we feel that each year we live we become wiser and better and more useful ; for you know we are not born nor sent into this world to spend a few years in selfish idleness. You know we must learn, not only when we are little children, but as we grow old too, and we must try to teach

others as much as we can, if we meet with any who are not so fortunate as we are in having the means and opportunities of learning, and we must try to be useful to others, to parents and friends, to the poor and sick, and to the sorrowful. Oh, there are many ways of being useful, and we do not require riches nor stores of anything to make us useful; though money and other things are very good helps, if we have them. I have been reading "The Lamp-lighter," and it is a beautiful story, and some lovely female characters in it which are good examples for young people. I have made this a long letter, but it just came to my mind, when I remembered that you were nine years old today, and are now wise enough to understand all these thoughts and so I wrote them down for you, and now my dearest M——, with fondest love and best wishes for your health and happiness and every blessing for many years to come, I am your affectionate grand-mama.

F. Stewart.

1859.

My dearest, ——,

To-morrow will be your birthday, and as I don't see any chance of our meeting I must try to convey to you my heart's warmest love and best wishes in this way, that you may know that I remember the day, and indeed do sincerely wish you many happy anniversaries of it, with many blessings, and as few of the trials and sorrows of this life as any human being can expect to have. I am sorry my dear I have not a golden, nor even a silver gift to send you on this birth-

day, but I send you one of paper, though not in the form of money. I have long been intending to give you this book of which every young girl should have a copy, (Letters and counsels of Rev. Leigh Richmond) for I do think it is one of the most beautiful books I ever read. I have read it over and over again, many times, and still can read it with much pleasure. I hope you may like it as much as I do, for I never grow tired of reading those most beautiful letters. There are a good many written on birthdays; the first is, and for that reason I have made it a birthday gift for you, my own dear child, though it is addressed to Fanny instead of Mary, but there is one to Mary also, which you can read and consider it as the very sentiments of your ever affectionate grandmama.

F. Stewart.

My dearest, —,

June 16th, 1859.

I have been so long in writing to thank you for your very nice kind note on my birthday that I am afraid you will think that I did not care for it, and had forgotten all about it, but this has not been the reason at all, for I assure you I thought a great deal of your letter and of your kindness in writing it, but lately I have been very lazy about writing; I have such a constant pain in my hand and arm that I find my hand quite weak, and it shakes when I write. I wonder when I shall be able to spend a day with your dear mama. I always enjoy my visits to her so much, and look back at the nice times. I have stayed at Malone with very great enjoyment; the change is so pleasant to be nearer Auburn and dear aunt A——. I love all

so much and can so seldom see any of them now. Every year it seems more difficult for me to go from home. I hope we shall have dear uncle C— here about this day week. How nice it will be to hear all the news of our dear friends at home. He was at Hatch street on the 24th and gives me an account of the kind and loving remembrances of me on that day which drew warm tears to my eyes. It is so gratifying to be so remembered and loved by those dear old friends ; I am so glad uncle C— was with them on that day. What dark, damp mornings we have had lately. I wish the weather would settle into good summer, it is so cold and dull now, and I am so fond of bright days. This has been a very uncommon season altogether, but I am sure it is sent for some good purpose that we do not at present see. We must always feel sure that these things over which, there can be no human control must be ordered for some wise purpose by the All-Wise Disposer of events. It is a pleasant feeling to trust all to our loving and merciful Father and Guardian, and to know that He does take a Father's care of us. I have made this quite a long letter; you know I am fond of having letters from those I love and I always think I earn a letter when I write a good long one, but this is in return for yours.

March 4th, 1860.

She writes :—"How are you getting on with the shirt ? I have been busy too in that way, as I have just finished one for uncle C— ; I have a whole bundle to put new breasts into, so I shall have good

practice in stitching ; I like making shirts very much, and I like all sorts of plain sewing, but sometimes I grow lazy and don't care for any sewing for a week or two, and then I begin again quite fresh ; I take a fancy sometimes for writing, and I write all day. I am copying out old journals that I kept twenty years ago. It is very amusing to read over old remarks. I am also employed sometimes in pasting my scrap-books ; I have such gatherings of old scraps and papers that they are filling up my room too much. I have also a great quantity of *old letters from old friends at home*. I read some of them to aunt B—— in the evenings when she and I are alone together, so you see we are at no loss for employment."

Feb. 24th, 1861.

"You ask me, dear M——, what I think of dreams and spirits ? So I will tell you I do not indeed think that the spirits of the dead ever do visit us here again, nor will they until the Great Day when all the souls are to assemble for the judgement, which will be a wonderful time. So wonderful and grand that we can hardly form any idea of it in our present way of thinking. I will never believe in ghosts or spirits till I see something of the kind sufficient to convince me. As for dreams, there is no doubt that sometimes things happen which seem to have been shown us before by some dream ; but I am very sure that this only happens very rarely, and that it is foolish to think that every dream has some meaning, or let our mind rest on them too much ; this would

only weaken our minds, and occasionally might make us very anxious and unhappy."

July 13th, 1861.

In a letter written about two months after the death of her son-in-law, Mr. E. Brown, she writes :—"Aunt B— is kept pretty busy in various ways, mostly housekeeping and the children. All these things employ her from five in the morning till nearly nine at night when she and I sit down together to our sewing or knitting. It seems very lonely, we two small bodies just sitting together, and not even having the prospect of ever seeing dear uncle Edward again in this life. But, then we look forward to meeting, "never more to part," it makes us think of better times when sin and sorrow will never more trouble us, and when we shall meet so many we have loved here below, and all in the presence of our Blessed Lord God Himself. That is the greatest and most wonderful prospect of all ; almost too grand for our poor ideas to conceive. What nice leaflets C— Beaufort sent your mama, I wish if you have leisure any day, you would copy them out for me. I have a great headache to-day, but it does me good to have a nice chat with you and dear mama."

Nov. 15th, 1861.

"I have made out your two puzzles—your Scripture question I have been thinking of, and I suppose it

must be the part in the Epistle of James, 2nd Chap., verses 17 and 26 which Mr. Roger meant. It is the most common and most dangerous belief for us to depend more on what we do, than to trust altogether to Christ for salvation, but still, works are necessary along with faith to prove that we feel it, and the love of Christ and faith in Him constrains us to show it by our conduct here in this life. Dear M——, when I was young there were no Sunday Schools, nor did people understand the Evangelical spirit of religion as they do of late years. When I was young the Church Catechism, the Creed, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer were the foundations of religion, and I was thoroughly grounded in that part which is indeed necessary to understand. But it was not until after I was married, and acquainted with dear grandmama (your great grandmama), that I had any idea of depending on *Christ alone*, and I had but a very confused view of it, till by degrees the light opened to me, partly through the precious letters of dear aunt Waller, Maria Noble and M. Wilson, and partly through aunt Fowlis, who always had a word in season, or some nice little book ready if any opportunity came, and dear grandpapa too who read the Bible constantly and who helped me on ; but still I feel I am behind even children of the present time, who have the advantage of good teachers and Sunday schools, where they acquire such a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and hymns and are led to seek out and learn."

Dec., 1864.

"I have been very busy preparing my Christmas presents for all my 34 grandchildren, and you will allow that it is an arduous undertaking for both mind and body. I have had the texts written out since Sunday week, but waited to send them till I could write a few lines with them. I think our letters keep up our acquaintance almost entirely, as we seldom meet now, and indeed when we are together I am so deaf that I can gain very little by anybody's company, so that I find writing my best means of sociability in general. I had a very nice visit from dear Mr. Roger on Thursday last, and enjoyed his company very much. He told me that he had heard from W— and G— since their arrival in Scotland. They had a very stormy passage, and met with a vessel that had been wrecked, and only three poor men remained alive, and they were holding on as well as they could to keep themselves from being washed or tossed off. They had been sixteen days without any food, except some old biscuit which had been soaked in the sea water, and it made them so dreadfully thirsty; they had eaten a dog which had been on board. So they took the three poor men in and brought them safe to Scotland. There were the bodies of three more in the ship who had died."

Sept., 1864.

"I have had a nice quiet time for my own amusement or improvement, and part of this time I have been trying to find out the answer to some questions,

I met with in a little paper called 'The Band of Hope,' but for one of the questions I cannot find the answer. I will apply to you to help me out with it. I dare say you have not much time now, but you must try and make some. Do you know my dear old aunt Harriet used to tell me, 'it is only an excuse for indolence (very often) when people say they have not time, for if people would exert themselves and manage their employments according to what they require, they can *make* time for doing almost anything or everything,' and I never knew anybody, who could do as much without appearing in a fuss as she could."

June 3rd, 1866.

"I have been intending to write to you ever since I had your nice kind note on my old birthday, and since your mama has been away to try and keep you company for a little while; but I never had any means to send a letter or message. I have been longing to know if you had anything to frighten or annoy you in this time of loneliness, as it must have been to both you and papa, with the addition of some alarm about these horrid Fenians who seem determined to come over and disturb this hitherto quiet and peaceful country. No doubt it does seem very frightful, hearing of people rushing into the country with such bad objects in view, and apparently with much power and determination. But I have every confidence in the loyalty and courage of our people, who I trust carry God's blessing to strengthen them. I hope dear mama may get home safe to-morrow. I suppose

you have heard from her every day. It is very melancholy to have such hopeless accounts of poor dear E. Reid.

Monday morning :—This gloomy day does not help much in keeping up our spirits. I could not sleep last night, thinking what a state of excitement Toronto must be in, and wishing your mama was safe home. I hope the Americans are not inclined to help the Fenians ; if they are we may then indeed, begin to fear ; but these affairs are in the skilful hands of a more powerful Guide than all the military generals in the world put together.”

10 p.m., May 19th, 1867.

“I will not go to bed without making a beginning to you as I want to secure this letter reaching you soon, that I may earn one in return, before you leave Toronto. I hear that you are enjoying yourself completely amongst your kind friends and cousins ; seeing a great many sights that are new and amusing to you, and pretty places and nice people. I suppose the remembrance of the Old Country has faded from your memory enough to give all you see now novelty and freshness ; but it must not make you think the less of our own little Peterborough, which would be far nicer than Toronto if it were *as old*, and had the advantages that Toronto has had, so you see how jealous I am of my own child, Peterborough. May 20th :—How quickly time does fly, only think of our being in the last quarter of May. It seems

hardly more than begun yet. This is a very dull sort of day, undecided whether it will clear up into sunshine, or remain in its present grey sober dress, misty and damp, and not healthy I fear. Not a crocus here nor a bud, yet, of any flower, though aunt K—— has lots of periwinkle, a favorite flower of mine, and she brought me a daffodil more than a week ago. The children brought me a glowing nosegay of dandelions yesterday. Oh, how my letter is spinning out. I suppose your next letter will tell about the Hollands and Hutchisons and Brents, all of whom we love; they deserve our love for they have been unchangeably kind to any of my family who happened to come in their way, and most particularly to your mama and uncle G——. There are, you see, a good many in Toronto whom I really and truly love. Dear Mrs. Rolleston who is just like one of my own daughters; she sits snug in a warm corner of my heart and little A—— beside her, of course. Mrs. Tully, who classes more as a grandchild of old times, has a place near her aunt. Mr. Tully too, is pretty near, for I like him so much. Then dear Mrs. Hutchison and Mrs. Webster, whose years of intimate friendship and affectionate kindness I never can forget, and they have a warm little nest in my old heart too; and Mrs. Brent, yes, and Mr. Brent, whom, though not personally acquainted with, yet I do know very well; they have both been the same kind true friends. And dear G. Holland and Mrs. Holland whom aunt K—— loves so dearly, and with such good reason. I love them too, so pray give my very sincere love to every one of the above named friends,

and you must accept as large a share as you can hold, for your own dear self, from your ever loving, old grannie.

F. Stewart.

Nov. 22nd, 1868.

“It is near 7 o'clock. Tea is over and I have returned to my gossip with you. You don't know how agreeably astonished I was to see your dear mama popping in last evening ; a visit from her always does me good and cheers me up, for it is very dull sitting up here day after day, generally most of the time alone and with just the same routine of employments going on from week's end to week's end, or month after month ; never going out beyond the verandah, seldom seeing anyone now ; for this bad weather prevents all from coming out, and as aunt K—— has had no maid for the last fortnight I have not seen her for that time or rather longer. But I must not grumble, for few have at my age so many resources, and such good health and such cheerful spirits ; for though I grumble this way, about 'sitting up here by myself,' I have quite lost the lonely feeling I had at first, for I really now can make myself quite happy when the weather is clear and not so dark, so I need not say any more about it. Just now, when I was writing this, uncle R—— came upstairs, but I never heard him, and he came behind me and laid his chin on my shoulder and his beard on my cheek and gave me a fine start, and had a nice laugh. Oh, you don't know how much I enjoy a good laugh ; I so seldom

have one now ; for when every one around me is laughing, I seldom know what at ; but when I can catch up anything, I do enjoy it and I think the exercise of laughing must be wholesome, it shakes one all over and makes the blood circulate. I often think a good laugh would be as good as a drive or walk, for it does not put one out of breath so much as walking, and it warms one all over better than driving.”

In another letter of the same year, (1868). “I assure you dear M—— that writing in this way, and asking me questions on what I think of these subjects, does me the greatest good and makes me feel as if I had some mind remaining, for I sometimes fear it will die a natural death for want of being used, as one’s limbs grow more useless and paralyzed, when not exercised. I now hear so little of what is talked of, and am so little in the habit of conversing, that I sometimes feel afraid that my brain will become useless and dull, for age naturally decays all our powers of mind as well as body ; but it is our duty to keep them alive as long as our life lasts, and every hour I am most thankful to feel that I can still use my faculties, when called forth. But I must now come to your question about Ephesians IV., 26. ‘Be ye angry and sin not.’ I think, as J—— does, that though one feels offended, one should not feel any bitterness or revenge, but as soon as possible make friends again and forgive all. This often causes a hard struggle in some tempers, as our human nature

is weak and easily overcome by Satan, so that we require a constant supply of grace or help by God's Holy Spirit to keep down our angry feelings, which, of course, are sinful and must be checked by constant watchfulness and prayer. I think the plainest and best explanation of the nature of the soul may be read in the 'Peep of Day,' as we are but babes in such great subjects. I don't see how Mr. P— makes out about the five senses and five capacities of the soul. The capacity of the soul is *boundless*, and beyond our understanding. It is certainly spiritual, and belongs to God, and was the part called God's image, I think, which He formed in Adam ; but by the snares of Satan Adam was deprived of that perfection of soul, and by his sin all mankind became liable to sin ; but by prayer and God's mercy in Christ, we have grace to obtain salvation by repentance, and through Christ's mercy and His Holy Spirit, we have our hearts made new or changed ; but even the best amongst men come short, and would be lost but for Christ's atonement and sacrifice for our sins. Understanding, reason and judgment are certainly properties or capacities of the mind, and must be connected with the soul, as the mind is in the soul. Animals are considered not to have souls, but they certainly have memory and to a certain extent understanding, but they have not the power of reasoning, or knowing the consequences of such and such circumstances or events. But beyond this I don't know, and it seems to me that we are not intended to seek into these great and deep mysteries which belong

to God our Father in Heaven, Christ His Son, and the Holy Spirit, *His* Spirit. I am afraid, dear M——, that I have not enlightened you much on these serious and interesting points, but we have plenty in the Bible that is plain enough, which is made plainer often by the references, and I think all the mixed-up opinions of these talking men only puzzle one and raise doubts, and new meanings which mislead us and do no good. I have, I am afraid, spun too long and tired your brain, but still I feel you have enlivened my mind very much.”

Saturday night, near 12, (no date).

“I must write a few lines, though it is near Sunday morning, and you see I have taken a little sheet of paper for that reason. I have felt all this week so stupid and bewildered, that I cannot collect my thoughts to one point. They are always rambling back to my dear aunt H—— and all those dear old friends, who have left such a blank to me. There could not have been three more closely bound to my heart than dear aunt H——, aunt Sutton and Mrs. Edgeworth.

I have few indeed left of my own dear relations and oldest friends, who have clung to me till their last breath was drawn. How I do feel their loss no one here can conceive ; but I have much comfort ; they all are happy, and I may try to meet them all soon in that glorious Home where our Blessed Saviour is waiting to receive all who live near Him and die in Him. New trials and changes have come

which very much divide my thoughts, but still I find that almost everything brings back to me something connected with my ever revered and loved Moome (Miss Beaufort) as I used to call her. (A Gaelic word which means a person who acts as mother)."

My dear M—, I think I must keep my promise, and write to you this time, as you have been so good; I assure you I am always glad to have letters from you, when you have time to spend a little on me and feel inclined to have a chat. There have been two gentlemen in Peterboro' for several weeks preaching and having prayer-meetings; they call themselves Evangelists and go about visiting people and talking to them on religion. They had meetings every day and every evening in the Music Hall or at private houses; they were greatly admired by many. An old lady, a Miss Lowe, goes also about with them. They have been much liked. They left last Monday.

March 19th, 1870 :—My dearest M—, I must rouse myself to write a few lines of fond remembrance of your birthday. Just think, of your having been fifteen years in this world; it seems a long time, but it is only a small part of life, of a life of seventy years. I hope my dear child yours may be a long and happy one. You have seen many changes, even in your short time, but I sincerely hope that years of comfort and prosperity may be in store for you. Your life has already been preserved through a very dangerous illness, even since your last birthday. The goodness

and Fatherly care and love of our Almighty God and Saviour are still the same, and I trust He may bring you as safely through every other danger or trial which it may be His will to send to you.

We cannot expect to pass through life without some troubles, but I hope yours, my dear child, may be few and far between, and that when any affliction or trial is sent you may have the best and only comfort and strength which can enable you to bear up. Trust all in the Lord's Hands, and seek strength by prayer.

Now, you must accept my sincere and warm love and my fondest wishes that every blessing may be bestowed on you, and that the pleasures of this life may not lead you to forget that another birthday must come, into a better and happier life that will never end. Oh, let us all look forward and keep in view the heavenly end, this will brighten our journey along the thorny roads of this life.

Feb. 14th, 1872.

"I cannot allow this day to pass without offering you my fondest and most sincere wishes for many very happy returns of it. May each year as it comes find you increasing in the best and only happiness which can never fail, and which is a support and comfort when sickness, sorrow or any of the other trials to which we are liable in our passage onward, seem to overpower all hope and prospect for this life. But when we can look beyond this and think of Christ,

our Saviour being always ready, waiting and watching with open arms to receive all who come to him, our hearts find rest and peace, which can soothe every sorrow and heal every wound, and draw us on nearer and nearer to Him.

I have not been well lately, my cough affects my eyes very much, and I feel weak all over when the fits of coughing come on, so that my reading and writing, and all my *chores*, seem hanging behind; but I still hope to be better. I have not been nearly so ill as usual when a bad cold comes on in February or October, my two trying times of the year. My eyes are beginning to feel sore and dazzled, so that I cannot see what I am writing, so dearest, good-bye, believe me as ever, your affectionate grannie.

F. S.

Sept. 28, 1868.

My dearest ———, I have been writing all day and am nearly tired out, so I must answer your four letters all together. I miss father and Stewart very much, and dear Mrs. Holland too. She was so pleasant and sociable, often coming to my room for a chat which I enjoyed very much.

I don't wonder that you are surprised at the queer way in which people spoke long ago in the old, old times when Edward IV. was king. People were not so refined and civilized as they are now; even ladies and queens used words that would shock us if we should hear them. But we may learn from this how much people have improved in that way. That is

one thing that is very useful in Shakespeare's plays, we can compare the differences of speech, manner and habits with the present ways.

Nov., 1868.

My Dear, ——, I have had a good day's work, finding out some hymns, etc., for you and J—— and H—— to learn. I hope you may like them You see by this large piece of paper that I am going to try and pay you for your long letter, with the pretty poem you copied for me. Mrs. Duncan wrote all those beautiful poems and hymns for her own little children ; and now other children can enjoy them. Did you see the stars flying about on Friday night ? Aunt Dunlop and Mrs. Traill walked on the avenue at Malone for two hours admiring, and uncle H—— saw them too. I was looking for them last night, but it was so cloudy that they did not "show off" at all. Now and then they would pop out like fire-flies in a mist. Unfortunately I had never looked out at all on Friday night, for I quite forgot that that was the time to watch for them, so I missed the "grand display."

May, 1869.

My Dear, ——, I am glad you wrote to me for to-day, because I feel very stupid and sleepy ; it is so dull and dark, and I cannot take my turns on the verandah, or keep the door open, as I do on nice warm days.

Thank you for that hymn ; it is very pretty. Do you know the meanings of "terrestrial" and "celestial" ? I think you do, though you have not got any globes, for you know the globe representing our world is called the "terrestrial globe" ; and some globes are made to show the stars, but are seldom used except in schools where astronomy is taught ; they are called "celestial globes." I hope your back is better to-day ; you must have caught some cold. I am sorry to say I have often pains in my back, but mine are from old age. Tell me sometimes what books you are reading, and how you like them. Miss Wilson has lately sent me two books by post. One is the life of a Mr. Edgar, a gentleman whom aunt Matilda knew very well indeed ; she would have enjoyed reading it. But they are both in heaven now, and very likely are together.

June, 1869.

My dearest, ———, lately I have had a great many letters to write, for so many have gone away from us ; Edward, Arthur, Tom and Fanny Hay. I am writing while father and the girls are singing hymns, a thing I seldom do, as my pen is apt to "wobble-waggle" in time with the music, and besides I like to read the hymns as they sing them ; but this evening I have taken the time for writing. It seems like company, when one writes a letter to anyone one loves. Don't you think so ? I am glad you write in your journal sometimes ; it is very useful to look back to when

one wishes to remember something. I am sorry to say I do not write regularly in my journal now, for one day is just the same as another.

I get up at half-past five ; after breakfast I knit for a while, until aunt B—— has her room ready, then I sit there while my room is being put in order ; then I read some of the Bible and the commentary on it. By that time my room is ready, and I knit until nine o'clock ; then, if I am not too sleepy, I write a little, walk on the verandah and feed my birds. After dinner I write again, or read for a while, then go to my sewing till tea-time.

In the evening I knit, or read, or write, or play whist. This is just every day, except when visitors come to enliven me. I must send you a little poem, on a "Baby's Grave," which draws tears to my eyes, when I think of my dear little Bessy, taken home so long, long ago. I often think of her.

June, 1869.

My dearest, ——, for the last week I have done very little, not feeling well makes me dull and slow ; while dear aunt Georgina's illness, added to the cloudy weather and so many going far way, altogether coming in one week, seems almost too much for the poor old mother and grandmother to bear. My mind has been so full of them all that the only pleasant thoughts I have had have been the certainty that God knows all and can help in every difficulty, pain and sorrow, those who pray to, love, look to, and trust Him.

That thought takes away a great load from me, as I sit alone in the hall, and keeps me from feeling lonely and melancholy.

Nov. 17th, 1869.

My own darling ——, I am going to try to write you a long letter in return for yours which I liked so much, and thank you for as much.

I think that is a very good way,—reading over the chapter of Scripture one has heard in church, after one comes home for it fixes it on one's mind. I agree with you that that verse is a very beautiful one. How pleasant it is if one is anxious or troubled about anything to remember that the Lord knows all, and feels *for* and *with* us, more than even our best friends can, and we can trust Him without any fear of Him forsaking or deceiving us. This is "resting in the Lord"; and if we ask Him to help us and give us faith, we will be able to "wait patiently," to see what He will do for us and how He will help us.

I have been thinking a great deal about old times to-day, because this is one of my "memorable times." On this day sixty-five years ago, when I was a wee bit of a girl, my kind old friend Mr. Edgeworth took me up in his arms to kiss me good-bye, as he was going away to his own house. Well, just then he said:—"Oh, I think I will take you home with me, just put on your bonnet and get yourself ready. Where are your clothes?" He ran upstairs to my aunt's room, which was mine too, and just took a bundle of my clothes out of my drawer, stuffed them into a bag in

his carriage, got a stool for me to sit on, and away we drove. In the carriage were Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss Beaufort and Charlotte Edgeworth. We had forty miles to drive, up and down hills and through two or three towns, and it was quite dark when we arrived at Edgeworthstown. It was quite a mild, damp day, not at all like to day. I stayed there six months and came to my uncle's at Allenstown on 20th April, 1805. Oh, it was such a nice happy time; I always went there afterwards for a month or six weeks each year till I was married. Now, every one of those who were with me then, both at Edgeworthstown and Allenstown, are dead and gone. Only my one old self and some cousins who were small children at that time are left. Now, I think I have made you a long letter, I hope you will not be wearied with it. Ever your fondly loving grandmama.



PART IX.

OLD LETTERS.

The following extracts are taken from letters written to our dear grandmother at various periods of her life; and, as they show in some the characters of those by whom *her* character was formed, it has been thought wise to add them to this volume.

From Mrs. Brown to her little daughter at Allentown :—

Clifton, June 21st, 1802.

I send you this scrawl, my sweet child, to show you that I am not unmindful of you. This is the sixth letter I have had ready for you, and Catherine also has many epistles written, but neither were worth payment and we could procure no covers. I wished much to tell you how happy I am and that I love you in my heart and soul. I hope you are sensible that no mother ever loved her child better, because I hear you are a very good little girl. You know dearest Fanny I would write to you often if I were able, but I fear I shall soon be obliged to give up even you as a correspondent, for every day I find it more difficult

to use hands or feet. However, I am extremely well and happy and thankful to you for all the nice letters you send me. Aunt Sutton being here makes us all as happy as we can be so far from darling Fanny Browne. I think I shall rest.

1803 :—My little girl—you and dear Catherine being such excellent little girls, has absolutely made me a great deal better, though I cannot say my limbs are much stronger. I would try your friend Dr. ——— only I am told he might kill me in trying to cure me. I hope to be much better in the summer.

Bath, 1804 :—Dear child. I received a letter from you yesterday *sans* date. I could see your writing and indulged myself more than a minute in thinking over the post-mark, which looked very like Denby. I thought it must be that you and some of our dear friends were at the Bishop's, as it was very likely my uncle might be on his way to Bath to leave the gout in his feet there. Well, I was a great fool for being so disappointed when I found my mistake. Something tells me I shall be better next year, and then dear, only think, "who so happy, so happy as we:" Your hasty epistle gives me more pleasure than would its weight in gold. I am going to visit in Wiltshire for a short time if God wills. Your sister is in great joy, for the Croswells are a very good-natured family; there is a vast quantity of the best fruit, and Pinkney Park is a very fine place. I have often been there and it agrees with me. I mean to go out in a carriage to-day to prepare myself for my jaunt to Mrs. C——'s.

This evening there came two very nice young ladies to see me, riding on asses ; I hope I shall never hear of my girls making themselves so singular. I have tired myself.

1804 :—Every time I hear from Ireland I am delightfully gratified by an account of your being a very good little girl, but when uncle or aunt Waller give me this information I am doubly happy. I am surprised it does not make me quite well, but one must feel something disagreeable or we should be too proud and happy. I would rather be lame, blind and dumb than that you or Kitty should be bad children. I believe I think of you and love you every moment. May all blessings attend my beloved child, prays day and night, your fond mother.

1804 :—I have written many letters to you, but could send none, for they were so badly written. But now I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am a vast deal better. My limbs are as bad, especially my hands, but I sleep and eat as well as ever and my spirits are more even and resigned than for six or seven years. Catherine has just gone into Bath to stay for two or three nights with aunt Sutton. I feel very melancholy without her, and would never part for a moment from her or from you, but for your own advantage. To be with such dear friends who are so capable of improving you, as are our aunts and every other person at Allenstown, is a great reward to me, for the self-denial of living so far from my precious Fanny, whom I love more than words can express ;

and I comfort myself always with thinking that "everything happens for the best," as aunt Meredith used to say.

Undated :—Your fame, dear Fanny, is spread far and near as a child that can bear a good deal of pain with firmness and temper. This gives me a good opinion of your understanding, and shows that you know it is better to suffer a little and have it over, than to be perpetually teased by a bad tooth. I am better since coming here, though very far indeed, from being able to go to Ireland, but next summer, please God, who will be so happy as we. I am tired writing, my beloved, so adieu.

1809 :—My beloved child, by this time knows that the blessed spirit of her dear mother was released from this world of misery on Monday morning the 23rd, after twelve years of suffering, and the total deprivation of power in her limbs. Grieve not my beloved Fanny for her loss, for I trust she is now reaping the full blessings and rewards of all her patient submission to the will of her Almighty Father. Very few could equal her in resignation and in her lively faith. She believed that all happened for the best. You, my dearest child, may have the happiness of knowing that the accounts she constantly received of your goodness and happiness sweetened her bitter cup. You never occasioned you dear mama one pang of anxiety or one unhappy hour. No mother ever loved her child more than she did you, and your very last letter gave her heartfelt joy. Remember

what I now tell you, and let it always be a comfort to you. Do not forget also how dear you are to my heart. You and your sister are all that bind me to this earth. From infancy I have loved you more than I can express, yet now I love you both more than ever. Your dearest mother was my friend and constant companion since I can remember ; all the pleasant, and all the bitter of our lives we shared as with one heart. But I do not grieve for her. Nay, I even rejoice that she was taken so soon, without suffering, nor long continuing without speech or sense. For the last eight years her feet were powerless and her hands almost so ; she had to be carried from place to place, and fed ; yet always her spirits were good and her resignation unailing.

Your sister is well thank God, and has also the joyful thought that she never, by word or act, grieved her mother, who often said that her two sweet daughters made up to her for everything. God bless you my beloved Fanny, continue to be good and grateful to God for all his mercies to you. Adieu, love, your true friend and loving aunt, S. N.

1828 :—I cannot tell my darling child Fanny, half of what I have suffered through anxiety of mind about her and my dear kind Tom, and the young branches, during the long, long time that those plaguey changes prevented the packets coming ; as in your last you said Tom and the child were ill ; and though I make it a rule to look at the bright side I have suffered the blue imps to torment me in different fears and woeful thoughts ; but begone dull fears ! And may you my best and beloved children be as happy as I wish you all

to be. No more just now, from one who loves you all, and ever will while her head, heart and understanding last, to say nothing of eyes. S. N.

1828 :—My beloved and dear Fanny, may your Almighty Father guard and direct you, and save you and yours from sickness and sorrow. This blessing is all your poor old aunt Sue can give you, whom she loves more than herself. I am stout and well in health, and, like all good-for-nothing weeds, likely to live and do well. Dear love to Tom, Anna, Ellen, Bessy, Willie and Wee-Wee, and do you my darling take a great love to your bonny self from your old loving aunt, S. N.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1810 :—My dearest, F——. “What all other young ladies of sixteen do” is not by any means to be considered a precedent for us, who act according to our opinions and our sense. If you make what others do, a rule for your manner of life, or a motive for any change, you will oscillate from one line of conduct to another according as you are led, but you will never act steadily, because you will never go upon any determinate principle ; and in that case if it became the custom for young ladies of sixteen to dress in stocking-web, I should not be surprised if you did so too, however contrary it might be to your former principles of modesty. The pleasure of sitting up late *every* night is but slight, the disadvantages of it are numerous. You do very often stay up ; you are very happy when

you do; and when you do not you sleep happily and soundly and lose nothing but the eating of a bit of sweetmeat, which surely is beneath your wishes. When you have a good reason for staying up you know I never object to it, but I wish you to be content and to go on in your usual way, and I think in a few years you will acknowledge that I judged rightly. Let your attainment of the age of sixteen be marked by intellectual advancement, by reflection, by ease of manner, by laying aside of gossip; this will procure you a hundred times more respect than if you should sit up till twelve every night wasting your healthful bloom for nothing; and it will produce you a thousand times more pleasure. Mrs. Edgeworth never sat up till she was eighteen; but it is absurd to be guided by age merely; make use of your common sense and don't be in a hurry to make any change.

Believe me dearest, I do not write thus from caprice, I have thought much on the subject, desiring to advise you to your advantage and I hope you will allow me to guide you on this point.

I wish you would write more of what you read and think. Do not be lazy about putting your thoughts on paper. I beg you not to neglect your morning reading, or make excuses to yourself for omitting it. I beg you will read regularly and not go scampering about the house, and do tell me very minutely your opinions and your thoughts. Show me that your mind is not occupied by "nothing." You cannot know how anxious I am about you, nor how I love you in my heart.

FROM MISS EDGEWORTH.

1816 :—Most sincerely, my dear Fanny I wish you joy, and what is far better than joy, lasting happiness. I have for so many years felt pleasure from your kindness and from your sweet, cheerful, obliging temper and disposition, that, for your own sake, even if I did not consider you *a part of* dear Harriet Beaufort, I could not help feeling warmly interested for your happiness. This feeling of interest and attachment *must* follow you into the new family circle which you are entering. I have no doubt that Fanny Stewart will make herself as much beloved in her husband's family, as she has ever been among her own and Harriet Beaufort's friends and relations. To her own naturally, excellent temper she will add Harriet Beaufort's power of prudently, as well as kindly, conciliating ; and by simple, steady truth and justice preserving among friends, however different in habits or interests, harmony and unanimity. Of all the talents a woman can carry into her husband's family this is, I think the most valuable.

I can congratulate Mr. Stewart more upon your having such a temper as you possess than I would if you had brought him ten thousand a year.

This time next year my dear F. S. will write me a little note of assurance that Mr. Stewart is quite of my opinion. It will give most sincere pleasure, to your affectionate,
Maria Edgeworth.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1817 :—My dearest F——. I have been wishing for many days to write to you, but I have had so

much to do during Mr. Edgeworth's illness, and so many letters to write for the family since, that I could not find a moment. But for that you should have known long before all about your friends for well I know how anxious my dear child must feel for them.

Although he was ill since March there was not much suffering till the last two days, and even then the pain was relieved by opium pills. For the last twenty-three hours he was supported by his wife, and he died, as he always hoped he would, in her arms and holding Maria's and Harriet's hands. The whole family have exerted themselves in the most wonderful way. Their greatest pleasure since his death has been talking together of all his excellencies. The funeral was on Tuesday morning. Nothing could be more solemn. There was no sound but that of the pall-bearers' feet, and none whatever during the service. He had directed that his body should be borne by eight laborers who had never beaten their wives, and four of the principal ones slunk away and sent their sons in their places.

My thoughts have been wholly engrossed by these dear friends, their sorrow and their future plans, and by my own loss which is a severe one.

My steadiest, kindest, most partial friend has gone; one who for nearly twenty years had been invariably like the kindest father to me. This is a complete break-up for us all; never, never will it be as it has been. We know how much he was interested in and loved you, and how very well he always thought of you.

Oh, how I long to see you, my child ! I wish a hundred times every night and morning that you were my companion once more.

FROM MRS. MITCHELL.

1823 :—This day twelve months ago you set sail from Ireland, and few days since have passed without your occupying a considerable portion of my thoughts. My feelings on that day will ever be remembered by me.

About a fortnight ago I received your most welcome letter, not only welcome to me, but to all the neighborhood, for when a letter arrives a general “buzz” goes around and each family must have a reading of it.

This letter goes by private hand. If I had had a longer notice of this person going I would have written to my mother that she might have acquainted your friends of it, but until yesterday he did not finally make up his mind, and I published it all around as soon as I knew it.

White Abbey has been sold twice since you left it.

FROM MRS. STEWART, OF WILMONT.

September, 1823 :—My dear children,—you cannot conceive how much I was disappointed when I found my packet could not be delivered to you at once, but would have to wait another month. I have been very unwell for a fortnight, but thanks be to God He has thought fit to restore me again. I cannot expect my

time to be long on earth, nearly seventy-four years old now. I must look to my Home which will never change, where so many of my dear ones are waiting, and where those I leave behind will follow, I trust. You are never, my dear children, forgotten by me at the Throne of Grace. I pray that we may meet again before I go hence, but if not, may we meet there at His feet. Oh, my dears, strive to enter in at the narrow gate.

October, 1823 :—What rejoicing there is when a letter comes from you. How my heart bounded at the pleasant account of your increasing comfort. Every thing about you is so interesting. Your very chickens, pigs, flowers, farming. My own very dear, grandchildren, how my heart beats when I think of them. Oh, could it be possible that I should be spared to see them. But, Thy will be done, oh, God ! It is wonderful how the poor Irish are interested in the Bible. B. Mathias has gone out preaching through different parts of Ireland with great success.

March, 1824 :—How often I have you present in my sleeping and waking thoughts; I hope I do not sin when I look forward to beholding you after I quit this world, if God will permit me. I feel very grateful for the happy state of your minds in this trial of faith by the loss of your sweet infant. It gives me more than comfort to hear of it. This day, the 31st March, the box left under care of Government, so I hope you will receive it safely. I send a list of the contents :— 12 yds. broadcloth ; 17 pieces bobbin ; 28 yds. of stuff;

12 spools white cotton ; 5 yds. broad flannel ; 20 yds. gingham ; 4 pcs. wadding ; 21 prs. socks and stockings ; 12 prs. shoes ; 14 pcs. sole-leather ; 13 prs. stout gloves ; 6 tippets ; 1 large shawl ; 2 half-shawls ; 7 rms. paper ; 6 pcs. broad tape ; 16 pcs. narrow tape ; 4 spools coloured cotton ; 5 balls coloured cotton ; $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb white thread ; $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb coloured thread ; 19 papers needles ; 3 hair-brushes ; 3 nail-brushes ; 6 tooth-brushes ; 6 combs ; 6 pkgs. pins ; 4 pen-knives ; 6 sticks sealing-wax ; 1 box wafers ; 1 doz. thimbles ; 6 bodkins ; 4 prs. scissors. May every blessing attend you my dear loves, is the constant prayer of the old mother who cannot be long with you.

May, 1824 :—My very dear children,—for to you *all* I write, as I am not able to address you separately. I trust you will shortly have a clergyman, but you cannot imagine anything more difficult than to get a proper person to go out. I hope Mr. Hare will be able to go. He himself is desirous to do so, but the Society must first give their approbation, then the Bishop. We have between sixty and seventy pounds collected for your church. I am sending you a packet by S. Bellingham, who seems a very nice lad ; I hope he may prove a great comfort to you. I hope you will be able to put your intention of coming to Ireland next summer into execution. How much I wish to have you, should God spare my life till then ; but I am very old and the friends of my youth are dropping off, I cannot expect to live much longer. Could I but say that I lived to God, I need not care how soon I am removed ; there is no one thing worth living for, but God. How I feel for my dear, Fanny, without

a maid to assist her in this warm weather ; it is a great comfort that the two families went out together, as they can each help the other.

Undated :—My very dear children,—one of my greatest earthly comforts is to hear from you, but writing is unpleasant to me, for I cannot express my feelings satisfactorily. I am very anxious to learn all that concerns you. How you get provisions, and of what kind they are ; if you can get milk, and how you get fodder during the winter, and how you keep your cattle. But, above all, how you spend your Sabbath, as you have no place of worship. Just as I had written so far, came a letter from Lydia, enclosing one from you, my dear, Fanny. It delights me to think how contented and happy you are. Oh, that you had the means of grace amongst you. Your saying that you would give house-room to a worthy man, will, I hope, help towards getting both church and clergyman sooner. I wish you would let me know the old names of the rivers, lakes and towns, as I have a map of Canada in 1800, and neither Cobourg, nor the river Otonabee nor Rice Lake are marked on it. Do bring me acquainted with everything concerning you. You are always in my thoughts and in my prayers.

FROM MRS. EDGEWORTH.

1824 :—I wish I could express to you how much I love you, and how delighted I have been by your letters, which Harriet has been so kind as to read to

me. I feel much better acquainted with your mode of living now, and can go along with you in my thoughts. I have an image of the great maple tree clearly before my mind's eye. I have been living with the Indians in the course of my reading lately. Cooper's Tales have been my entertainment. How very, very delightful it must have been to hear the Indians at prayer in their wigwam. Of what nation are the Indians about you? Mr. Herschel who was here lately, says that in the Tyrol the farmers read prayers to their own families every day. I read the other day a droll account of a Christian negro who was preaching to his converts and telling them that the original white man was Cain, who was so frightened when God called to him after murdering Abel, that "he turned as white as de snow." Some of the best Christians have thought that the black complexion of the negroes was the mark God set upon Cain.

So, my dear Fanny, it may happen that while arguing, we may forget to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with that God who certainly sustains and preserves his faithful followers. May He prosper with His best blessings of happiness, content and eternal salvation, you and your dear little settlement.

FROM MRS. MATHIAS.

1825 :—I yesterday saw a letter of yours to A. P., in which you express great anxiety about my dear mother's state of health. I was sorry to find you had heard of it in the manner you did. When she

was first taken ill her life was so uncertain that I did not wish to write to you, who are so distant, until I could say decidedly how she was. The doctor feared a second attack. As soon as this dread was over I wrote to you. The doctor seems to think she may last for some years yet.

We have a companion for her, and two servants to attend her, and she really seems to have some enjoyment at times.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1826 :—It is rather late in the year, dearest Fanny, to send you my New Year wishes, but though a twelfth part has nearly expired, I must even now tell my beloved daughter and friend that I do from my heart and from its deepest recesses, wish you a year of health, comfort and happiness. May illness and misfortune be kept far, far away, and may you my sweet and darling child, be permitted to enjoy health and all the real happiness which depends not on wealth, not on situation, not on society, but on one's own mind, and is produced by that and by the domestic felicity which is yours. And if it should be the will of God to try you further still, may He graciously and mercifully continue to support you and enable you to bear up with christian fortitude, as He has hitherto done.

I have been in a longing state for your promised letter, and every day have a little prophetic feel that it will come in the evening, but still it keeps away. I dreamed the other night that I was with you in

Douro, and in the morning as soon as I was dressed, I began to be in doubt whether you had such a thing as a breakfast bell. Said I to myself (in my dream), "I believe that I never sent a bell to her and now how shall I know when to go down in time for the morning prayers, and I would not miss them for anything." I seemed to be very cold and the trees appeared very close to the house and very thick. Just then I awoke, and now I wish you would tell me if a bell would really be of use to you. We saw a letter lately from your friend Captain J—. He said the life of a Canada farmer was not to be borne, and described the country as detestable, but says he never saw two such happy men as T— and Mr. Reid ; that throughout all Canada there are none more contented than they. I find Dr. Stewart has been appointed Bishop of Quebec, and is to go out next month. I hope he will exert himself for you. He has one daughter, about thirteen, greatly cultivated in all branches of education, even Hebrew. Dr. Robinson and his wife are now in town ; they called here the other day. I was out, to my great vexation, but B— was at home.

They spoke of Canada, and she mentioned your name, asking him if he remembered you, "Indeed I do," he replied, "who that ever saw her could forget her ?"

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

May, 1826 :—On this, your own day my beloved child, came your fine large packet finished March 4th. Your Aunt S— and Catherine are with us so we

had the pleasure of reading together your history of the Governor's visit. C— read it aloud to us as soon as we came up to the drawing-room after dinner. May every blessing be showered on my beloved child; health, and a continuance of your own happy, contented disposition. God bless all your actions towards husband, children and home.

May you, if it be the will of God, be yet restored to us, my Fanny.

I cannot express how much your letter interested and amused us. It was such a new scene for you and T—. It must indeed, have been like a dream, or like magic. And, indeed, I think your friend Mr. Robinson is something like a magician to raise up, in so short a time, a town with all its comforts of markets, laws, and even grandeur. I am rather sorry you chose the name of Peterborough, we think your former choice of Horton much prettier and more uncommon. However, that is none of my affair. I am glad that T— was able to contradict all the malicious and vile reports of the poor emigrants and of Mr. Robinson.

I wish you would give me some intelligence of the church, and tell me if you intend to lay out the money collected on that of the village, and how soon the building is to begin. Have you invited the new Bishop of Quebec to visit you? You ought to.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

Nov., 1826 :—I cannot tell you the aching anxiety I have to hear again from you. The last words of

your letter to aunt S— were, that your servant William had the typhoid fever ; and really the idea of such a thing getting into your hot, close, thickly inhabited house is quite dreadful, and I can think of nothing but you, my fondly loved and tenderly cherished child. I fancy you lying ill and without any help, nor any skilful physician near. What will become of you ? May God, who alone can protect you, watch over and preserve the beloved friend and wife and mother to us all.

I was much grieved to find by your letter that there was a probability of the Armour's being removed. Your account of them makes me quite love them, and Mrs. Armour's kindness and sisterly attention to you, is indeed the greatest comfort to me.

Oh ! if I could but fly to you sometimes ; but it is God's will that we should for a time longer undergo the trial of separation, and we must submit with cheerfulness. I am very sure my dear Fanny, that one of your reasons for looking a little wistfully towards "home," is the wish to have the children well educated. But, after all, just let us consider what education is in reality. It is only that which a mother best can give ; good religious and moral principles, the power or habit of self-control, and habits of order, method and neatness. Information and real cultivation of the mind comes more from reading and conversation than anything else. And as to accomplishments, you may blow them to the winds for all the actual good they are to anyone.

The next point is,—how are you to teach them all these things ? Give them good principles, both by instilling

them into the mind and making the children act upon them *from infancy*. Make few rules and see that they are obeyed ; this gives self-control. If you wish to give them orderly and regular habits, you must be methodical in your system of teaching. This is truly difficult in your busy life, but it is absolutely necessary. If you had no maid it would be impossible, but as you have somebody to do what I hope and pray you will never again be reduced to do, it will be the more easy to arrange a set time for lessons, and I do entreat you and T—— to do so.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1826 :—Once more at home, my own dearest child and friend, my beloved Fanny, seated at my own little table beside your old bed. Oh, what a number of things we should have to say were you in this bed beside me.

Well, perhaps that blessed moment may come yet, when we least expect it, so graciously does God bring good out of pain. I am so grieved to find that your strength has failed so much this summer, and that you have been so ill. I hope and trust you are now quite well, and that your spirits will revive as strength returns. Indeed, I do not wonder that your spirits should be overcome, for you have had and still have, much to oppress them, but hitherto you have borne up and preserved your cheerfulness in the most wonderful manner, showing such strength of character and such resignation that all who know your story feel deeper and deeper sympathy for you. I am re-

joiced that your home is to be made more comfortable, by the floors being laid properly.

How you and the little children escaped being tripped up continually on the loose boards I cannot imagine. Do you remember how much we used to laugh at you about the baskets of things to be mended you used to bring down ; how little we all foresaw what you would be forced to do.

1827 :—I am anxious to hear all the particulars of the arrival of the piano-forte, what the children thought of it, and whether your fingers were very stiff. Oh, my beloved Fanny, when shall I hear you play again, or hear you speak, or see your dear eyes? And, yet, still I trust it may be the will of God to permit you to be in your native land, and with your own old friends again. My nightly prayer is that He will give you strength and support you under all his dispensations, and that in His own good time He will graciously restore you to us. It will, I do think, come to pass some time, and oh, what a blessing to meet my beloved darling again. I am so truly happy that you are able to persevere in your excellent arrangement for the instruction of your children. As you have continued it so long and so regularly, it must now come quite in the business of the day, and you are already rewarded by the advance A. M. has made. I am so glad that T—— also teaches them, it will give them more ambition and draw all together.

I am so pleased to hear of your nice little Sunday readings with the girls, I know you will get on well with them, if it please God to give you health and strength for all your work.

Dearest F——, how kindly you have taken all my advice and doctoring about your affairs and your children. You are a dear, kind creature. God bless you.

FROM MRS. MATHIAS.

1827 :—I must only write a short letter, as I am anxious to get away to meet the Beauforts. If I could only take you with me, what rejoicing there would be ; but you are where you ought to be. I have been reflecting much lately on the passage of Scripture, which says :—“This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” If our sanctification be the will of God we have a right to pray most earnestly for it. What a privilege to be holy, to have God’s image stamped on our characters.

My dear, dear Fanny, how grand it is to think we may begin *here* to live the heavenly life that never ends.

FROM ADMIRAL BEAUFORT.

1827 :—My dearest Fanny,—The renovated strength of mind that appear in every line of your last letter, gave us all very great pleasure. If perseverance be a virtue that deserves success, it must be *par excellence*, found in a new colonist. Instead of keeping up the commonplace expression, “the courage of a Roman matron,” I shall hereafter adopt “the courage of a colonial matron.” I have seen Mr. Robinson and am delighted to find that you are really beginning to be comfortable, and that your “log shanty” has assumed the order and neat arrangement of an English house.

The newspapers will tell you the result of the ministerial struggles, but they give little idea of the intense anxiety which has pervaded this great city for the last ten days. How tranquilly you are pruning your vines and fig trees while we are in the hurry and bustle. My kind regards to Mr. Stewart and Master Francis Stewart, for whom if you are not better provided, you will find a ready and affectionate godfather in your affectionate uncle, F. Beaufort.

FROM MRS. SUTTON.

1828 :—Your dear letter posted six weeks ago, my own Fanny, reached us in an unusually short time. It is quite an event when a letter comes from Douro, and the happy possessor of it holds his (or her) head higher for the whole day.

FROM MISS WALLER.

1830 :—I cannot allow this New Year's Day to pass over unnoticed, when it ought to be one of recollection and gratitude for us all.

My dearest Fanny, how can I tell you how much I wish that the new year may be the beginning of more auspicious times than have yet fallen to your lot, since you became an inhabitant of the New World.

I must tell you that we have had a visit from Sydney Bellingham. I feel much interested in him for your sake, as well as for his own. He had a very long and rough passage from Quebec, thirty-two days, and his leave of absence is only three months. He

intends to settle at Montreal when he returns to Canada. I often say that I think we shall all be obliged to go to Canada at last, and live in log-houses near our dear Fanny.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1831 :—I was very agreeably surprised yesterday by a visit from S. Bellingham. It is delightful to see one who has, within a few months, actually seen and talked with my dearest child. And he gives such a good account of you all that I am quite in good spirits. He also tells me something of your new friends the Brownes, they will be a great acquisition to you, Mrs. Browne is my second cousin.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1832 :—My own dearest child's birthday. The birthday of one of the most excellent and beloved of women. Oh, my dear child, I cannot help exulting a little in the beauties of your character. I, and all who love you, may well rejoice in this day which gave you to us. May God bless you and yours ; may He spare you to each other ; may He help you in all your sorrows and difficulties ; may He prepare you for your entrance to Heaven. How nicely you are educating your little girls, I am quite charmed by their improvement in writing, expression, and everything.

Mama wants me to publish a selection of your letters, because of their interest, but it goes against the grain of my heart to do so.

FROM MISS H. EDGEWORTH.

1836 :—Many happy returns of this day to you, my dearest Fanny. To-day belongs to two of our most distant friends, yourself and dear P——, and in the awful feeling that at such a distance of space, and with such a distance of time between this moment and that which will bring us intelligence of what your present fate may be, we can only pray that our good wishes will find you in the happy, healthy state we desire for you on this day, as well as every other. To us it is blessed by the presence of your dear H. B——. I have not seen her for four years, and I am agreeably surprised to see her look so well. There is much of her old cheerfulness and hopefulness, and her words and actions are full of spirit, and all arises from that true heavenly frame of mind which looks beyond this world to a better.

I send you some little flowers of your old weeds ; I am not sure whether you have any of the same ; at all events you will like them, as coming from the old lawn of Edgeworthstown.

FROM MRS. EDGEWORTH.

1844 :—Better late than never, my very dear F——. Better to write a line two months after the time when I intended to write, than to leave it undone. I wished to congratulate you upon dear A. M.'s pleasing prospects, and to offer her my best and most affectionate good wishes. Oh, how fast time has slipped away.

Kind H. B—— has told me of the nice, cheerful

wedding, and of Dr. Hay's well-furnished, comfortable home, where they are living so happily. And so near you too, so that she can still be of use and comfort to you.

Dear F——, your image always comes to me as the fresh, bright young creature you were at the time of my Lucy's birth; when you used to bring such bunches of primroses and violets, and scatter them on my bed.

Your old friend Maria is quite well, and quite herself this winter; she is in London and very happy.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT, JULY 1838.

I promised in my last letter, my dearest Fanny, to give you a long one by New York. I am afraid you pay a good deal for letters that go by that route, so I am unwilling to write often by it, unless about something particular. I hope the account of the coronation will be sufficiently interesting to prevent my conscience being oppressed by the cost of postage for you; I pay so little here now, that I fear it is made up at the other end.

On Thursday morning then (having gone to bed the evening before without taking any tea), I got up at half-past two, was dressed out at all points in a pale lilac tabinet, short sleeves and long ruffles of deep blonde (which was the dress gown I had been wearing at all the parties and balls, alternately with a black satin), and my fine turban and a scarf to match. I ate some cold meat and took about a spoonful of coffee. The carriage had gone to fetch a young

lady who was to come with us. We then set out about three o'clock, arriving at the Abbey before many carriages had come. We sat in the carriage for some time, and then, seeing many parties of ladies walking about with their heads dressed and no bonnets or any covering for them, we also thought it better to dismount and stand among the crowd at the door. And there we waited for almost an hour. There was a covered passage from the street to the door, which was at last opened at about a quarter past five. And then such a rush, and such squeezing, dragging and pushing. Up a winding staircase we went and along a passage to a gallery of the north transept. I intend to send you a print of it all, if I can get one.

Behind the altar were seats occupied by members of the House of Commons. The Peers sat in one transept, the Peeresses in the other; there were galleries above. In the centre was the platform, covered with gold, on which the throne (a golden chair) was fixed. As the galleries do not project at all we could not see the altar, so missed the anointing and placing of the sceptre in the Queen's hand, and the putting of the crown on her head. Nor did I see the changing from her velvet robe (which she wore at first) to a robe of gold tissue which she put on at the altar. Eight young ladies who were dressed in white satin, with pearls and roses in their hair, carried her train.

The Queen looked flushed but very composed. When she came in she had on her head a tiara of jewels, but when she returned from the altar she had on her crown. She then was placed on the throne.

All the peers and peeresses had their coronets in their hands till the crown was placed on the Queen's head, and the moment that was done they put them on in a great hurry. The doing homage was very pretty. One of each class of peers came and took the oath of allegiance for the others of his rank, but each nobleman and bishop kissed the Queen's hand and touched the crown. It was curious how awkwardly, most of these grand men went backward down the steps, for their feet became entangled in their long robes of velvet trimmed with ermine. Poor old Lord R—— fell down as he was tottering up the steps, and when he was helped up again weak and trembling, the Queen got up instantly and very gracefully advanced towards him, both hands stretched out to help him and to save him the trouble of coming any farther. It was a beautiful circumstance, showing her amiable temper. But I forgot to tell you it was nearly twelve when she came in, and although I had been sitting there for so many hours I was not tired; it was so amusing watching the people coming in, and all the foreign grandees were most interesting. Shortly before she came my companion and I left our places and walked all along the back of the galleries which had been erected temporarily, and looked into the different parts of the fine old building. How many coronations it has witnessed, and in what different circumstances. Afterwards came the sermon, preached by the Bishop of London, but I could not hear a word of it; those who could say it was very good. The Queen then received the Sacrament. When all was over she left the church; the procession

in the same order as when she entered. We were obliged to wait some time before we could get out, but we had brought a few biscuits and cayenne lonzenges with us, so we ate them and were none the worse.

It was eight o'clock when we got home, and at ten we set out again to see the illuminations, the streets were so crowded that we did not get back again till almost two o'clock. So I was twenty-four hours out of bed, and not a bit the worse for it. On the following Monday morning we went at ten o'clock to a musical festival where several of the best opera singers performed. All the musical people were charmed. We left soon after four in the afternoon. In the evening about ten o'clock we went to a private concert, very grand and very crowded. All the first opera singers were there. We were not home till long past two. We have been quieter again lately, but have paid a visit to Windsor Castle also, where we saw the private apartments.

Coolmine House, 1847.

My beloved F——. No written words can convey to you the conviction that you occupy my thoughts continually, and that tearful prayers are daily offered up on your behalf. Prayers that you may see the hand of a merciful Father, in all His dispensations, and in this, your severest beravement, still feel Him at your side supporting, comforting, strengthening you. Doctor Hay's beautiful letter contains that which draws the sting from death—the Christian's hope fully exemplified in the Christian's deathbed.

It was indeed comforting, and showed that he himself felt the full value of what he described. To say that we all long for the next mail, but poorly describes the feeling of impatience we endeavour to subdue. May it bring good tidings when it does come, and may we be ready to meet the dispensations of Providence in a resigned and humble spirit. We have more cause than ever to pray for faith and submission, for we are going into apparent danger from which only the Lord can shield us. We all hope to be at Rockfield on Monday, and there we shall be surrounded by disease, indeed in the very focus of fever, and our beloved R— must be often in the midst of crowds at sessions and other meetings, and he is not the one to neglect any duty. Another member of the Stewart family has ended her pilgrimage here on earth, and gone to everlasting glory in Heaven. Mrs. Peebles is dead, leaving ten children to deplore her loss. Happy, happy those who are removed from evil to come and called to live with the Saviour, whom they loved and served, and to whose merits alone they trusted. These are awful times, and so they will continue till the dear Saviour comes again.

To God, I commend you, my beloved child, and He will be your sure support to the end.

FROM MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

1847 :—My very dear sister. The intelligence from Miss Beaufort, of the removal of your beloved husband and my dear brother, only reached me last week. We were totally unprepared for such a shock,

as in your last letter you wrote of him as being unusually well and able to walk short distances without his stick. For you I do feel the very deepest sympathy. In your sorrow my own feelings are lost. But we do not sorrow as those without hope. The certainty that he is now in glory, beyond all the power of anything to hurt him, safe in the presence of the blessed Saviour, enjoying such happiness as eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor could enter into the heart of man to conceive, is a comfort worth ten thousand worlds.

But you, my beloved sister, have lost a councillor and comforter ; fear not, you will find all in God. Oh, then, lift up your heart in prayer for help and strength.

Since writing the above, Miss Beaufort has kindly sent me extracts from letters, giving the glorious account of my dear Tom's triumphant and victorious death. Oh, my sister, you have joys beyond telling. Witnessing such a glorious death is a consolation beyond thought. But your loss, indeed, is great ; I can scarcely bear the thought of it. But God will comfort you.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

1847 :—Oh, my dearest Fanny, my ever beloved child, how truly you said, when you wrote about Mrs. Fowles, that it seemed as if clouds were gathering gloomily over everything. Alas, how true was the foreboding : How little you could then have thought that the blow would so soon and so surely fall upon

you. Yet my love, it has not found you unprepared. You are, I am sure, submitting to the affliction with all the piety and dependence upon God which you have so constantly shown. I know your prayers for strength of mind will be humble, fervent and never-ceasing ; for your heart, while full of grief, is still open to all the vital feelings of true religion, which support us through the deepest trials. And you are comforted, my dearest, as we all are, by the happy certainty that he whom you loved, and whose loss you mourn, was called into a happier state, his heart filled with firm faith in the atoning death of Christ ; and when the final judgment comes you and he will meet in the glory of the Lord. Happy are those who, purified by faith, are taken from the uncertain happiness of this world and placed in that state where the soul waits for the last decree of its Lord. What a consolation to your tender heart to have witnessed, during his very short illness, the calmness of his mind and the steadfast faith in which he watched the approaching close of earthly life, and the hope with which he looked to the opening of the heavenly and everlasting life. My dear child, let it be your comfort to think of all that he has gained.

But I cannot get over the fear, that dreadful fear, that you may take that infectious and treacherous disease. Your state of anxiety and watching, conspire to make me most unhappy about you, and even as I write, I have a sort of miserable conviction that you have sunk under the influence of grief and infection. May God grant that my fears are groundless, and that you are graciously preserved to your dear children, and

to dear little Kate in particular. The care of your family, many of whom are still so young, makes your life doubly (if that were possible) valuable. All who love you, sympathize with you most fully, whether they express it to yourself or not. I had a letter yesterday from William, full of your affliction, he says :—"Enough to overwhelm a sensitive person ; but I know Fanny better ; I consider her to be of a strong mind, otherwise she could never have borne up against all she has endured. Besides I take her to be a faithful Christian, whose mind is stayed on God, who feels deeply in the weak flesh, but whose spirit is guided by God's Holy Spirit, and therefore, though overburdened outwardly, is inwardly upheld by His power. Her heart will say 'it is the Lord, He gave and He hath taken away, blessed be His Holy Name.' I am sure I am not wrong in attributing such feelings to Fanny Stewart, her peace and submission are the earthly seeds which ripen into the joy and gladness of Heaven."

FROM MISS WILSON.

1849 :—"I have often thought of writing to you, since my beloved mother was taken from us ; it seems to be a long, long time ago, though little more than three weeks. Her happiness, which is to be eternal, has only begun, and when I fix my mind upon that, I can return thanks and rejoice in her "fulness of joy at God's right hand"—"absent from the body, present with the Lord" and all His dear people who have departed in the faith ; among them your much

loved husband, whose words, "sing me into Heaven" occurred to my mind while we were singing some of my mother's favorite hymns just as her dear spirit took its flight. Oh, what must be the joy and delight of those who have met around that glorious throne where the Lamb all his beauty displays : My dearest mother must have met a host of her dear, dear friends who went before her. And what a joyful day it will be when the Lord returns to the earth, and brings them *all* with Him in their resurrection bodies.

When one's mind is fixed on these blessed subjects, it puts away sorrow for the time, but when we look back and around, and miss that which was dearer to us than ourselves, then does the sadness return ; but that is to drive us to cling closer to our Lord, and He has promised to "draw near to us, if we draw near to Him." I know, dear F—, how much you will feel for our loss and rejoice in her gain, and in her happy meeting with your beloved one ; her anxious prayer for him was more than answered. He got home before her ; may many others, for whom she prayed, follow."

PRAYER OF MISS BEAUFORT, FOR F. S.

"Oh, Heavenly Father, grant Thy gracious aid and protection daily and hourly to my dear F—. Lend her the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit. Fill her mind with piety and faith. Grant that through Thy aid she may daily lift her heart to Thee with love and gratitude, and that no worldly cares or industry may

ever prevent her each day devoting her time and thoughts to Thee. Grant oh God, that in all her actions Thy will be her guide, Thy approbation her object, and the wish for this, the first emotion of her heart. And oh, Gracious Father, watch over and protect her in the various dangers she must encounter ; give her strength of mind and body to endure them ; in Thy mercy preserve her to us here, and grant to her eternal happiness hereafter, through Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."



GROWING OLD.

" Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man
is renewed day by day.

" At evening time it shall be light."

I.

" They call it 'going down the hill' when we are growing
old ;
They speak with mournful accents when our years are
nearly told ;
But oh, it is not '*going down*'; 'tis climbing higher,
higher,
Until we almost *see* the mansions that our souls desire.
For, as the natural eye grows dim, it is dim but to earth,
And the eye of faith grows keener to perceive the
Saviour's worth.

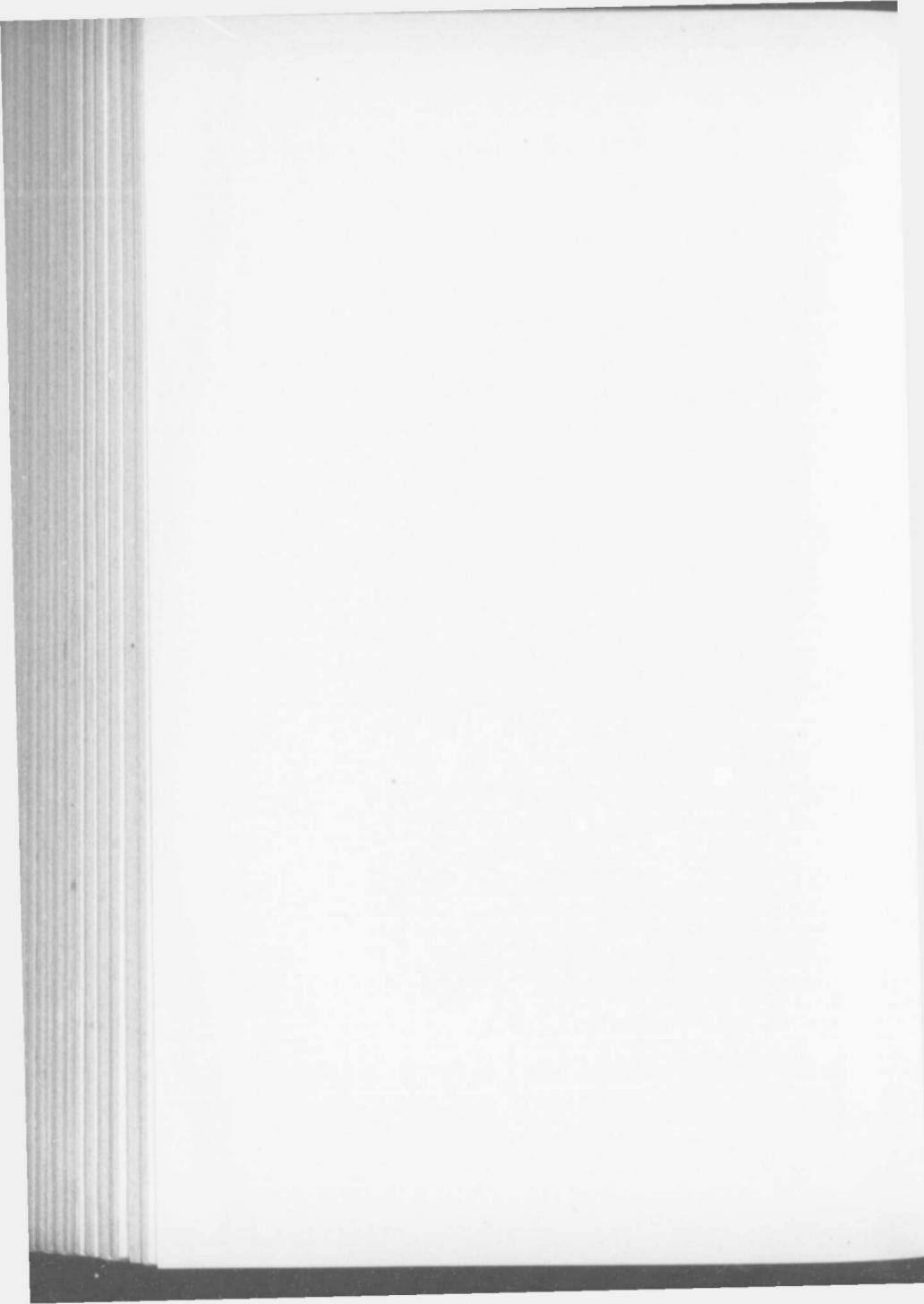
II.

" The by-gone days, the days of joy, we wish not back
again ;
Were there not many, many hours of sorrow and of pain?
But in the day awaiting us, the day beyond the tomb,
Sorrow shall find no place, but joys unguessed forever
bloom.

III.

" It is not years that make us old. The spirit may be young,
Although for three score years and ten the wheels of life
have run ;
God has, Himself, recorded in the blessed Word of Truth
That they that wait upon the Lord shall *also* renew their
youth.
And when the eyes, now dim, shall open to behold the
King,
And ears, now dull with age, shall hear the harps of
heaven ring,
And on the head, now weary, shall be placed the crown
of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joys of never growing
old."

Lines enclosed in the letter which brought the news of
the death of that noble Christian lady, our grandmother's
loved friend, Miss Wilson. She died at the great age of one
hundred and two years, but the day of her death was better
than the best day of her life for in it she went *home*. How
many there to meet her ! How many to wait for us !



PART X.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF PETERBOROUGH.

The early history of all backwoods settlements must necessarily be somewhat similar ; and that of Peterborough presents no exception, for which reason it is not desirable to go too deeply into details of the hardships and privations suffered by the earliest white settlers, in what now is claimed to be the "*premier town*" of Ontario.

In the year 1818 a small party of emigrants from England found their way through the unbroken forest and via Rice Lake and Otonabee River to the Township of Smith, which had been recently surveyed. There were, however, no roads and consequently all travel was on foot or by boat.

Early in the following year a party of adventurous pioneers set out from Cobourg to explore the country in rear of that town with a view to selecting a site for a mill, having among their number one Adam Scott, a man of some practical mechanical knowledge. Having reached Rice Lake they launched their boat, and spent some time exploring for the mouth of the River Otonabee, which, having found, they rowed up

stream in a leisurely way, examining the banks on each side, until the foot of the rapids (now the southern boundary of the town) was reached. Here a more minute examination was made and Mr. Scott's mechanical eye at once detected the possibility of a prospective dam.

Notes were taken, measurements made, and the party proceeded, now on foot, still further up stream.

At the point now known as Spauldings Bay a creek was found flowing into the river; this on further examination was found to have a rapid current, and at a point a few hundred yards from its mouth flowed parallel with the river and a distance of only 300 yards from it, and, which was of most importance, the level of the creek was some 10 feet higher than that of the river. The explorers, on the advice of Scott, concluded to erect a mill on the river bank, cut a canal from the creek to the mill, and increase the head by damming the creek. These operations were carried out during the following year and a flourishing mill-business was conducted there for many years. This was a great boon to the settlers who had been obliged to take their grain to the "Front," and for want of roads were forced to carry it on their backs for many weary miles.

Prior to 1825, what is now the town of Peterborough did not possess any inhabitants except Mr. Scott, the miller and his assistants. The surrounding townships however, contained a scattered population, numbering altogether about 500.

But the year 1825 was an important one for the settlement. A large influx of emigrants under the

guidance of the Hon. Peter Robinson, assisted by the British Government, were located in the Townships of Douro, Emily, Ennismore and Otonabee, the population being increased nearly five fold. These emigrants were chiefly from the south of Ireland and proved to be excellent settlers. They took to the soil and with hearty good will and strong arms soon made openings in the forest. The beautiful undulating fields of rich yellow grain, the large, substantial farms, and the neat brick and stone dwellings, now occupied by the direct descendants, the third generation of the emigrants of 1825, are monuments of the patience and endurance of the hardy pioneers.

The Robinson emigrants made a temporary camping ground on the future site of Peterborough which was then known as "Scott's Plains," from which camp they were disposed of in the course of a year to their allotments in the surrounding country. They were subjected to a severe trial while occupying this camp; a disease known as "emigrant fever," broke out and proved fatal to a large number, owing to the want of proper medical stores and attendance.

Buildings of a more permanent character were erected for residences and offices for the government officials, thus forming the nucleus of the town.

The duties of Mr. Robinson's staff did not consist entirely of locating the settlers, but large quantities of provisions, seeds, tools and utensils had to be stored and regular rations issued, for as yet, the country was non-productive. This entailed an immense amount of labour and care and was carried out

very successfully, and the new arrivals soon became happy and contented in their adopted country. One hundred acres of land was allotted to each family of five persons, together with a cow, an axe, an auger, saw, hammer, 100 lbs. nails, cooking utensils, 5 bushels of seed potatoes and 2 gallons of corn.

In making the survey of the Township of North Monaghan in 1818 a reserve for a town was set apart in the North East corner. In 1825 Mr. R. Birdsall, surveyor, laid out the town site on land covered with a heavy growth of pines and oaks, showing here and there open spaces with remains of ancient Indian camps.

The town is situated in a broad, deep valley, in the centre of which flows the Otonabee River ; the soil being gravel and sand, running into clay in the elevated portions ; the surface was studded with immense boulders of gneiss and limestone, carried thither from the north during the remote glacial period.

The first store was set up in 1825 in a small log house situated on the south side of what is now the market square ; in the following year a tavern and other stores and workshops of various kinds were opened.

The first school was established in 1827 and from it graduated many distinguished professional and business men, who not only helped to found the Town of Peterborough, but were heard of years afterward, throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

In 1826, the infant settlement was honoured by a

visit from Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada.

Very few houses existed in the small clearing, and practically no roads, so that His Excellency was unable to form a fair opinion of the condition of the settlers. This event happening in winter, the party made their way from Cobourg in sleighs, crossing Rice Lake on the ice, and were entertained in the best manner possible under the circumstances.

During the visit of the Governor which lasted for several days, a meeting of the settlers was held at the government house, when it was found desirable to select and adopt a name for the town in lieu of the temporary and rather vague name of "Scott's Plains." After several suggestions the name "Peterborough" was unanimously adopted, out of compliment to the Hon. Peter Robinson.

The years 1826-27 were busy years for the settlers and were of marked improvement in their conditions. A saw mill was built and set in operation, the first dam on the river was made, and the first bridge to span its rapid current was erected near the site of the present Hunter St. Bridge; this however, seems to have been a frail structure, for in a short time it was carried away and traffic had to be maintained for some time by means of a scow hauled by ropes. A second bridge was built by public subscription.

During the season of 1827-28 a surplus of wheat, about 5,000 bushels, was grown in the adjoining townships. This was the beginning of the Peterborough market which, from that time to the present, has been attended constantly by buyers from outside.

In 1831 a new influx of emigrants arrived, many of whom being artisans in various trades, made a valuable addition to the growing village. In this year also an emigrant agent was appointed by the government to reside in Peterborough.

The cholera, which had been raging in Europe and in the Eastern States, invaded the village in 1832, creating a good deal of alarm. Out of a population of 500 Peterborough lost 23 by this dreadful scourge, and several died in the adjoining townships.

About the year 1833 the first steamboat commenced to ply between Rice Lake and Peterborough. The navigation of the river was very dangerous, no improvements had been made in the way of dredging the shallows, and sometimes for weeks the boat was unable to make her way over these bars.

At about this time the project for connecting the chain of waters through the district by means of canals, locks and dams, was brought to the attention of the government, and in November 1833 Mr. N. H. Baird C.E. was deputed to make surveys and estimates of cost of the work. Mr. Baird completed his examination and reported as to the possibilities and cost in December 1835 ; works at Hastings and Peterborough were soon after commenced, but owing to the outbreak of the rebellion in 1837 were suspended.

In 1834 Peterborough was for the second time honoured by a visit of the Governor of Upper Canada, this time Sir John Colborne, who made the trip throughout the entire district where there were any settlers, and was escorted by a mounted party of

them from place to place. He called on and partook of the hospitality of the farmers en route.

From the first settlement of the town clergymen of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches were present, as residents or visitors. Peterborough was one of the 57 rectories created under the administration of Sir John Colborne, and in 1835 the parish church of St. John was completed. The Roman Catholic church, St. Peter-in-chains, was erected in 1837-8; the church of Scotland in 1836; the Wesleyan Methodist in 1834; and other denominations and enlargements have followed as necessity demanded.

In the rebellion of 1837 the loyalty of the settlers in and about Peterborough was put to the test. The agitation had been going on in the frontier towns for some months, when the proclamation of the governor calling out the militia of the Province was issued. In this part of his domains His Excellency had then an enrolled body of militia; the work of organization was entrusted to Col. McDowell and such was his zeal and ability that within 24 hours nearly 200 able-bodied men, armed and equipped as best they could, started for the front and were joined by other bodies en route. These men left their homes and families at the beginning of winter, and at a moment's notice leaving many of their families unprovided with winter stores; but such has always been the case with the Anglo-Saxon when active service is in view.

In 1837 the first effort at journalism was made, and "The Backwoodsman" was issued to subscribers.

The population of the village had now reached eight

or nine hundred, and that of the surrounding country was much increased. The necessity for the enforcement of law and order had also become a serious question. The village had been made the county seat for the district and dignity demanded the erection of county buildings. In June 1838, a committee of magistrates met to discuss the question and a building committee was appointed. Plans for a court house and jail were procured and contracts let, debentures sold and work commenced forthwith. The foundation stone was laid by Sir George Arthur, K.C.B., Lt.-Governor of Upper Canada, on the 25th August 1838, at 7.30 a.m., and the building completed in December 1841.

In 1844 the Common School Act came into force and salaried District Superintendents were appointed. Their duties consisted of inspecting all schools in the district and reporting annually to the County Council. Their journeys over very bad roads by night and day were most fatiguing, and no incumbent was found to occupy the position for long, so that very soon local superintendents were appointed for each township.

The year 1847 was notable for an important meeting held in the Peterborough Court House for the purpose of forwarding the construction of a railway from Port Hope to Peterborough, a charter for which had been granted by Parliament at its last session, but the project languished, and the work was not carried out until several years after. It was also during this year that the famine in Scotland and Ireland called forth the generosity of the settlers of this backwoods

community. A subscription list was circulated, and the sum of £364 was raised.

Further batches of emigrants arrived in 1847 carrying with them the germs of fever, then raging in Ireland; this necessitated the formation of the first Board of Health and the erection of a temporary hospital.

The bridge across the river was rebuilt in 1847, towards which the government contributed £3,000, and seven hundred days' work was voluntarily offered by the residents along the road. The first sidewalk in town was also built during this year.

Between 1847 and 1850 mills and manufactories of all kinds were erected, and Peterborough began to assume the title of an industrial centre. But so far, all material made was for local consumption only, on account of the want of transport.

Until the close of 1849 Peterborough was only a village and formed part of the Township of North Monaghan. It was incorporated as a town in January, 1850 by act of Parliament. Mr. Thomas Benson was elected its first mayor. The old market and town hall was built in 1851, the corner stone being laid on 27th September of that year with most imposing ceremony. The incorporation of the town marked the commencement of many improvements. Streets were opened up and drained; new and substantial blocks of buildings erected; also a better class of private houses than heretofore.

The railway question, although much discussed in former years, began to take more definite shape in 1852-53. A charter was obtained for a line from

Cobourg. Although Peterborough was the proposed terminus of both the Port Hope and Cobourg lines she persistently refused to make any grants of money to either. In spite of this the Cobourg line was opened for traffic in 1854 and continued in operation until the winter of 1861, its existence was put an end to through the destruction of Rice Lake Bridge by the action of ice. The Port Hope line, getting no assistance from Peterborough, turned towards Lindsay, which place it reached in 1855. However, by means of a private company, a branch was built from Millbrook to Peterborough in 1858, and extended to Lakefield in 1869. In 1880 the Grand Junction Railway was completed from Belleville to Peterborough, followed in 1882 by the "Missing Link" from Peterborough to Omeenee, and in the same year by the Ontario and Quebec Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

During the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Canada in 1860 a very cordial invitation was forwarded through the Governor General, asking that Peterborough might be honoured. To the satisfaction of the citizens a visit was arranged. On a beautiful day in September the town assumed an exceedingly handsome appearance. Three arches spanned the road on the route of the procession, one of which was quite unique in design. This was the lumbermen's arch, constructed of pine lumber sawed and divided into 3 arches, built without the use of a nail or hammer. The faces were embellished with patriotic mottoes and the top surmounted with evergreens, among which stood twenty-five stalwart river

drivers, in red flannel shirts, holding flags and pike-poles. All along the route of the procession vacant lots and unsightly buildings were hidden by a high hedge of evergreens. The Prince and staff were driven to the Court House Park where a pavilion had been erected, and where addresses were presented. One thousand children of the public schools sang the national anthem and cheered His Royal Highness. The party had arrived by the Cobourg Railway and took their departure via the Port Hope line.

During 1861 the town was devastated by several severe fires which, although they caused much loss and inconvenience, were a blessing in disguise, wiping out a large number of ugly wooden buildings and necessitating the erection of more substantial ones, also causing more stringent building by-laws to be enacted, and the organization of an efficient fire company.

Peterborough owes much of its material progress to the lumber business. The magnificent forests of white pine which flourished in the townships to the north, with the River Otonabee flowing through the centre of them, made the town a headquarters for many years, of the lumber business. But as the forests gradually disappeared, and the great expanse of rocky land thus exposed began to assert itself, the settlers and lumbermen pushed further north. Then the mining prospector was soon on the heels of the chopper, and in many places valuable minerals have been found.

After the year 1870 the lumber and timber business began to decline, and it became clear that if Peter-

borough was to keep pace with other towns, efforts should be made to induce manufacturers to come and utilize the immense power running to waste in the river, estimated at 25,000 horse power.

The ten years between 1870 and 1880 were years of great anxiety for the citizens. The town was passing through a crisis which happily showed a gain in population and prosperity, small but certain.

In 1881 the building and extension of railways gave a great impetus to trade, and times rapidly improved; property rose in value and capital began to move. The prosperity of the town and the assurance of future growth made it a desirable place of residence, and attracted to it some important industrial works.

In 1884 the government was again urged to resume work on the Trent Canal. Accordingly, after exhaustive surveys had been made and a favourable report received from a commission appointed to look into the feasibility of the scheme, work was commenced. Locks and dams were constructed at Fenelon Falls, Buckhorn, Lovesick and Burleigh, which when completed, gave unbroken navigation from Lakefield to Balsam Lake and to Lindsay. After this the work languished until 1894 when contracts were let for the divisions between Peterborough and Lakefield, and between Balsam Lake and Kirkfield, which works were prosecuted with varying degrees of energy until 1901 when another section was put under construction, that between Kirkfield and Lake Simcoe, which at present is being built. The Peterborough-Lakefield division is now completed with the exception of the immense hydraulic lift lock in Asburnham.

This is the largest of its kind in the world, having a lift of 65 feet, and two movable locks of 135 feet long by 33 feet wide, with 8 feet draught, passing vessels through from both directions at once in the wonderfully short time of less than ten minutes. The structure is very massive and like all the works on the modern portions of this canal, is made of concrete ; the movable and mechanical parts being of steel, with hydraulic and compressed air power.

The completion of the Trent Canal from the Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence, by way of the Bay of Quinte, will place Peterborough and other inland towns almost on a par with the Lake Ontario ports as regards shipping facilities. It will also give access to many places on the inland lakes hitherto inaccessible.

Through the generosity of the late Mrs. Nicholls Peterborough has secured several pretty little parks and recreation grounds. The citizens are also indebted to the same lady for handsome bequests to several churches ; the Nicholls' Hospital which she erected and endowed ; the Public Library ; Young Men's Christian Association ; the Protestant Home for aged persons, and also for many private bequests.

The Peterborough Historical Society, an affiliated branch of the Ontario Historical Society, has its headquarters at Inverlea, the former residence of the late Judge Dennistoun. This property is one of those purchased and given to the town by the late Mrs. Nicholls, and the residence situated in the centre, forms an excellent building for the purposes of the Historical Society. The idea of founding a museum

was suggested in 1896, and arrangements at once made for occupation. On Jubilee day, June 22, 1897, a large concourse of people flocked to Inverlea. A procession was formed of various societies, wearing regalia and escorted by the local squadron of cavalry militia. A reception was held on the lawn in front of the building presided over by the mayor, who was supported by the aldermen, the warden, and members of the County Council, the trustees of the Nicholls' estate and the officers and members of the Historical Society. During the ceremony of dedication a telegram was handed to the mayor conveying the thanks of Her Majesty the Queen to her loyal subjects in Canada, for congratulations cabled to her earlier in the day. After a course of speeches had been delivered the trustees of the Nicholls' estate handed the lease of the building to the president of the society and the mayor declared the building duly dedicated, and to be called henceforth Victoria Museum. Mrs. Catherine Parr Traill, the valued and much beloved honorary president of the society, was present on the occasion, and in reply to an allusion to the pleasure her presence gave to the assembly made a short speech, expressing her appreciation of the interest shown in her services to the work of the society. This gifted authoress was a true lover of nature, as was evident in the books she had written which teemed with interesting scientific facts put in a simple and readable form. Children approached her with loving confidence knowing that her opinion cheerfully given was well worth the asking; while by her firm, though gentle, manner she impressed them with her superior

mind. Mrs. Traill died in August 1899, at the great age of 97, retaining all her wonderful faculties to the last.

Having traced, in a rather crude way, the history of Peterborough from its infancy to the present day, it is only necessary to say that for the earlier facts the writer is indebted almost entirely to the "Sketch of the Early Settlement of the Town of Peterborough," by Dr. Thomas Poole, published in 1867. This work, written in a most pleasant and interesting style, has long been looked upon as one of the best historical sketches ever published in Canada and one for which the present and future generations, have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Poole.

T. A. S. HAY,

Peterborough, 1901.

THE END