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OUR FOREST HOME

BEING

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

FRANCES STEWART

COMPILED AND EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER

E. S. DUNLOP

PRINTED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COY
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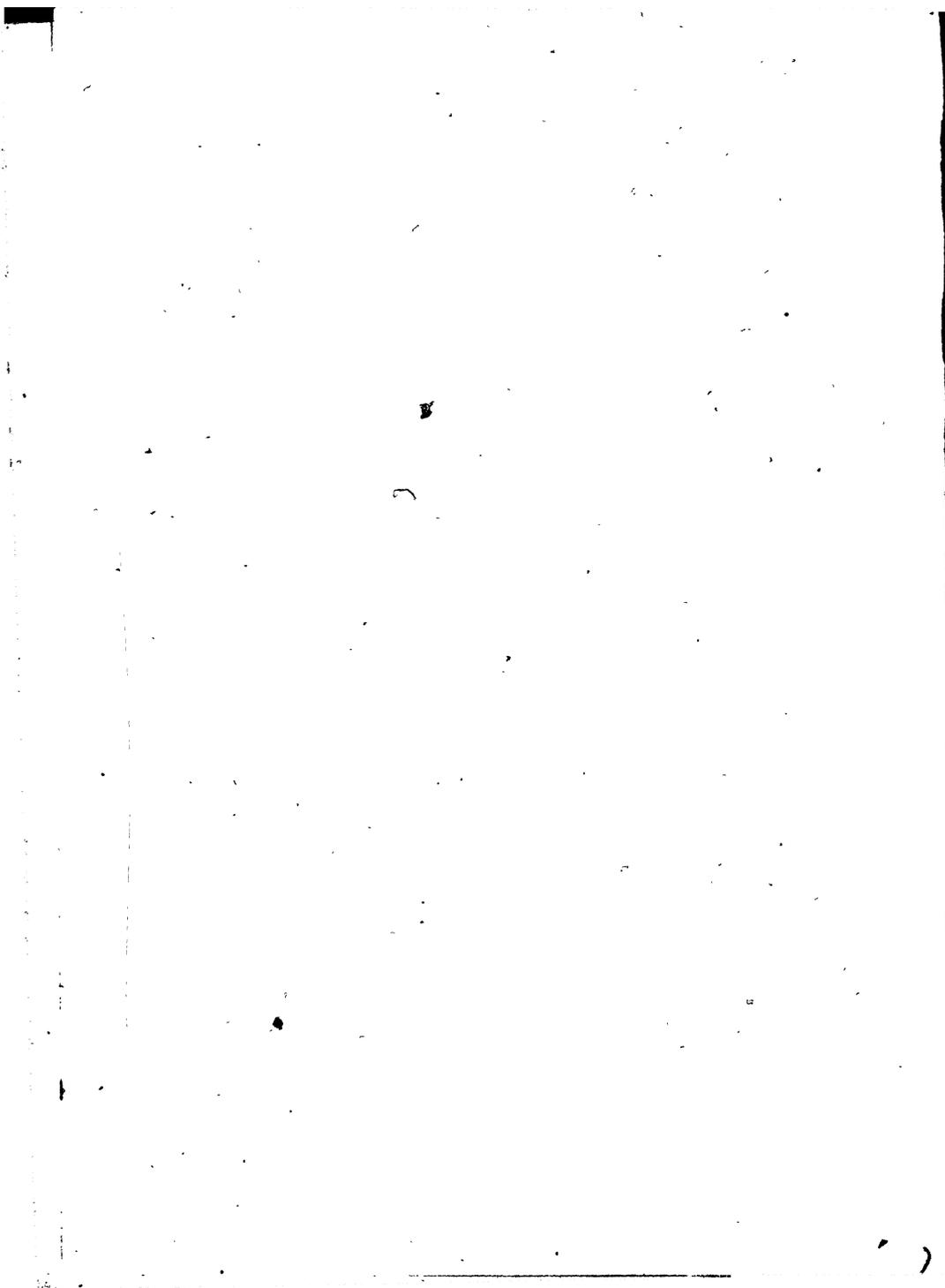
PREFACE.

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 Beaufert, 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.



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 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, affable and highly honourable. Unfortunately his health was not very robust, having met with a serious fall in his youth which resulted in a life-

1822. 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 were voluntarily subjected.

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 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. 1822.

"JUNE 2, SUNDAY.—A fine day. After breakfast, 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 morning, but I watched as long as I could see a glimpse of land. (It was the last for ever.) June 2nd.

"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 July 1st.

1882. 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 safe 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 nursing. My maid, Anna Maria, and Ellen 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 retire to 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 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 ^{1822.} wrote, and as yet we have made very little progress. July 10th. 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 body of the creature; but we have often seen a smaller species very near, which spouts 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

1822. 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.

July 14th. "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 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.

"MONDAY, JULY 15.—We liked to see all we could July 15th. 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.

1822. 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 16th. " 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.

July 17th. " 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 up, as the wind is contrary. We saw in 1822. the distance the beautiful and famous Falls of Montmorencie, which I should have enjoyed visiting, but 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 July 21st. 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 this 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.

On July 26th the voyage was continued to Mon-July 26th. treal, 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."

1822. "AUGUST 1ST.—The sun was very overpowering, and
Aug. 1st. 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 could not sleep, on account of *bugs*; the remainder of the trip was better. "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; 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,

1822. 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 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." 1822.

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, 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." Aug. 12th.

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

1822. 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: "I am 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 at our door, and two puncheons of soft water for washing. These little attentions make almost more impression than great ones, as the knowledge of how to procure these necessities was 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 the 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 1822.
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; our
business being the subject of conversation, Major Hilliar
said, that the Governor was so anxious to give us every
advantage, that he would, without reserve, grant every-
thing we could 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 Sept. 9th.
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: "Be-
yond all expectations, and in every point equal to our
wishes. The land is excellent and the country beauti-
ful; 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 back-
woods 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, particu-
larly the Rev. Mr. McAuley, the English Church clergy-
man, to whose house he was removed when so ill. He
wrote to my mother, giving her an account of his

1822. explorations, but omitted 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 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 with a bed on it, and 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 sick 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 blankets as a substitute. 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

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with heavy timber on both sides. The timber is very large, principally maple, elm, beech, cedar and what you call arbor vitæ, but we call hemlock. . . . Mr. Reid's house is about three quarters of a mile higher up the river. I stayed with Mr. Reid two days, and during my stay 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 Mr. Reid and the working party, consisting of twenty-four men, were stowed away, a huge boiler full of pea-soup and pork, and another with potatoes, and 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.

"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 English 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,

1823. obliged to walk over, 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 forest 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, 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.”

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

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“ 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.”

In August : “ We are going on here 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 commenced 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 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 laid up for some time with ague. All new-comers are subject to this fever, which is considered simple and easily cured. Seven of them dined and drank tea with us last Sunday. We observe that holy day in the following manner : The Reids come

1823. however, we have some good potatoes, turnips, and oats. 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*.

"The first year in the 'bush' (a name given to the woods in general by settlers) was thus passing with only a very rough beginning of the house and that not nearly finished. There are only a few families scattered in the neighbouring townships of Smith, Monaghan, and Otonabee; with the exception of Lieut. Rubidge all are farmers, and a few miners from England. 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."

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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. "I was quite ignorant of the treatment of this disease and there was no doctor within reach, the nearest, Dr. Hutchinson, 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, volunteered 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 October. 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

1823. 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, 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 seemed almost 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."

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On the 5th of November, 1823, my mother received 1823.
the first *box* from Ireland. These boxes were the great Nov. 5th.
annual event for many years. "That wonderfully
stuffed box has at last arrived without having been
opened, without one article of its many valuable con-
tents having been shaken out of the little nest where
your dear hands had placed it, and without any injury
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. . . . Our kitchen chimney is nearly
eight feet wide and our other chimney nearly four feet.
We seldom use logs in the kitchen quite so long as to
fill it up, but in this room we have them nearly four feet
long, and now I will describe the sort of 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, and pile on
chips and pieces of pine till we have it as high as we
require, and you cannot think what a lovely pile it is,
or 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 put on
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 ashes 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

1823. 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 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.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

THE events just mentioned caused the little settlement a shock, as they realized the distance they were situated from a doctor, clergyman or neighbour, and the difficulty of procuring the necessaries of life. 1823.

When flour was wanted, 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 brought a hand-mill from Ireland. This 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 (black and bad as 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, and 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 near to do more work. The road was nearly impassable in summer ; in

1823. winter the snow filled the rough places and it was much easier to travel. Some idea of the slow mode of travelling may be formed from the following letter of my mother's to Miss Beaufort :—

“ Mr. Stewart having occasion to visit Cobourg, the necessity of having to go himself was a great undertaking. He started on this tedious journey, going through Otonabee packed up in a rough ox-sleigh box, a man driving—can never be forgotten. Saturday morning went nine miles, that night he 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 formed 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. 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, where he was to await his ox team. There was no inn or stopping place near; this being the appointed place 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 came which you have sometimes heard about, 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 and buttoned

his greatcoat tight round him, and tried to gain an island which he thought he must be near. At last becoming uneasy, not knowing where he was nor how to find his way back, he was becoming cold. In this anxious situation he was considering what to do when he thought he heard a call; lifting up his cap he distinctly heard a human voice call. He answered, and soon afterwards a man came and told him Major Anderson saw him wandering about, 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. 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 a stoppage and to be prepared for accidents."

In the midst of my mother's troubles her servants left, Betty, a young girl whose mother gave her into their charge before leaving Ireland, and a boy named John Delaney. Betty became discontented, got it into her head to return to Ireland, and so went away. Without assistance in her solitude, and in this extremity, one of the Reids kindly came to her assistance, and Mrs. Reid kindly 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 one could be heard of as suitable for servants

1823. my mother wrote home to have two sent out ; this was willingly responded to. The great want of wearing apparel was also mentioned and arrangements made to send out a chest of useful material yearly. These consignments were various and wonderful ; besides the commissions were cloth for men, 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 many of our friends in Cobourg 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 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 in many other cases.

“ 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 neighbourhood. 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 I am very tired every night; my appetite is much better; that is easily satisfied with bread, potatoes and pork. Mr. Reid and I expect to have ten or twelve acres of wheat and as many of corn and potatoes. This day I am busy sowing wheat; it is the first that has been sown in Douro, and I did it all myself." 1823.

The settlement was enlivened during the summer by the arrival among them of Mr. Sidney Bellingham and others. In the autumn of 1824 my mother paid a visit to her Cobourg friends; here 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, was left with Mrs. MacIntyre to be weaned. The visit, though short, was a great benefit to us all.

Improvement about the house 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 birch—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 view was more confined as the ground was comparatively level. On the west the river wound in a rapid, noisy course towards the south-west. A short distance from the

1823. house the ground sloped to the river edge, which was partly wooded with cedars, white birch, and shrubs of various sorts. The cedars trailed their boughs 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 the ground rose again into ridges at a little distance, covered with tall and graceful pines. To the south-west, about a quarter of a mile, the river ran through clefts of limestone rock which 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 the rocks into the water, which ran with much greater swiftness than further up, the bottom being covered with numerous boulders over which the water rolled and dashed in white capped waves, sometimes dashing against the steep wall of rock, then rolling back with wild turmoil, the echo from the dark forest on the opposite side, added to the sense of wildness and loneliness, suggested the name of "Lion's Den," by which name 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, the Cobourg road, as it was called, and terminated at Mr. Reid's, 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 of the day nothing could be done in this.

The following letter from Captain Beaufort, who afterwards became a Rear Admiral and Hydrographer to the Admiralty and Knight of the Bath, will show

what interest was taken in my father's affairs by this 1823.
excellent friend, who was so distinguished for his ser- Aug. 1st.
vices both in action as well as 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 immedi-
ately, 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 extreme informa-
tion, 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 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 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.

“ FRANCIS BEAUFORT.”

1823. Their friends in England and Ireland at this time were deeply interested in the settlement, pushing on for an emigration to open up the country was causing our needs to be known. A church, stores, mills, and a bridge were the great wants felt. Going to Cobourg for all our family requirements, spending money at an extravagant rate 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, very excellent sugar was made, and a regular and large supply of it was laid in, and was then considered a delicacy, but the hemlock tea was not at all to our taste.

The life of hardship and toil became almost unbearable, 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 almost unbearable from hardships unnamed. The great length and severity of the winter, and great labour and anxiety connected with the clearing of the land was trying to my father's physical strength, unequal to the labour required 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 letters, reaching over a long period, were destroyed by the burning of Goodwood House.

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 the future town 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 laid out by actual survey 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. 1823.

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 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" was a wild state of nature. The ground west of the river was densely wooded with pine, interspersed with oak, beech and maple, a creek running through the woods from north-west to the river, near Scott's mill. The trees were second growth and stunted from a fire having run through long before our time. Small brush, shrubs, and occasional grassy spots bore traces of Indian camps or hunters' solitary fires. The wild flowers grew among these shrubs in great beauty, variety and sweetness. The perfume of the wild thyme, mint and other herbs, struggling in the uncultivated, gravelly soil, was 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

1823. straggling hunter or wild Indian. The frame structure was about 18 x 24 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 machine to clean the wheat, and the machinery was for ever breaking down.

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 sound 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 the deer's track. Bears also were very plentiful and troublesome and would attack the animals near the house fearless of man—these lords of the forest so long undisturbed.

Early this year my father had a French family help- 1825.
ing on the little farm. One very dark night the old woman was roused out of her sleep by the cries of her 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, there she found a bear attacking her pig. The bear was as determined as herself, she could not drive him off. Feeling afraid of this great brown monster, so close to her, she got the fence between her and the bear, holding the candle up singed his whiskers, so she said. Her distressing calls did not arouse her lazy sons, who did not come to her assistance, the pig was killed, but not carried away as was usual. I remember this perfectly as she told us next morning. Mr. Sidney Bellingham went in pursuit with his gun for some distance, and shot at it, 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 swum across the river and lay close by, dead. The creek has always been known as "Bear Creek." The skull was brought home and preserved as a trophy, nailed up in the verandah and there it hung 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 to cross 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, although he regretted the choice had

1825. 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.

July 31st. On the 31st of July, of this year, a great event took place, in the birth of the first white male child in the township. A dear little son was born, 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 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 even saw a special Providence over her, her bravery was wonderful. The annoyance caused by the Irish servants at this time is remarked in a letter Oct. 25th. from her aunt, Mrs. Sutton: "Surely my own dear Fanny you are under the care of a kind superintending Providence, having got through the greatest trial of female life, whose peculiar care 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 had placed you. So true is it that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' I rejoice with you at the birth of your darling little Willy." This letter will show something of the privation of assistance and want of comfort my dear mother went through; no wonder fellow-creatures were wanted at that time.

TO MRS. WILSON.

1826.

"I often think of the happiness it would be to return Jan. 26th. home, than to live as we do here in a never-ending scene of bustle, turmoil and hard work. Now but three years are over, though we have a fine wide light opening in the woods, and 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, boughs or branches of trees interwoven, and mud plastered over this. 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, the first lady who has settled here. The Doctor is liked among the poor Irish, he is a very humane, hospitable, friendly, little man. The poor creatures suffered a good deal, and many 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, they plan and scheme for this world without thinking that we may

1826. be called home at a moment's warning. 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 silence or quiet in any corner of this little dwelling, between four children and two clumsy, uncouth, bold servant girls, with heavy feet and loud voices. You may guess we have a good portion of noise of every kind that tongues and feet can make. The mill at Scott's is again stopped. We have recourse again to grind the wheat by hand-mill. The wheat is winnowed by sifting in the wind. Whatever blows off is all that removes the smut, which it is full of. The bread is coarse and black, besides, we have barrelled pork and pea-soup.

“Mr. Stewart is at present in York. When leaving home he takes his bugle, as he goes down the river in the scow, which is used to bring the immigrants and provisions up from Rice Lake, as the boat goes further on we can hear the last sound of his farewell to us. You remember Mr. Stewart's dog, the French poodle, his faithful old friend “Cartoosh,” when in his early days he went abroad on the continent with his man-servant John, and this faithful dog. He cries pitifully when his master goes from home. When he hears the bugle when Mr. Stewart is returning home Cartoosh is the first to welcome the sound, although miles away. The echo causes joy to all.”

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

1826.

“ My eyes are sore and my candle is rather dim, but Feb. 14th. 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 Harriet about a month ago, about 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, and in all weathers. It carries 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, stormy and intense frost— poor fellow, he was nearly famished with cold, notwithstanding all the coats and other muffings. 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 he had been exposed to.

“ 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 at a grand ball at Mr. D. Boulton’s, Mrs. B— is a sister to Mr. Robinson, he

1826. 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 expected. . . . 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 Peregrin 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 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. . . . He had a large party with him—five sleighs. All seemed pleased and gratified—Sir Peregrin 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 Peregrin 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 and Anna and William. You know to this I could send no refusal. In some little time T— came home, he came for me. The Governor's sleigh had broken down and could not come; but he had borrowed another. 1826.

“You may imagine what a fine fuss this put me into. How should I dress myself? 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 for making my preparations. 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 all 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 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

1826. better than the cabins are at home. Dr. Reade's house is a very small, miserable, inconvenient place, but is 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 Peregrin 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. 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 Peregrin Maitland joined our group, so you see what a circle I had all round me. I was very glad to meet Col. Talbot whom I had heard so many curious anecdotes of; but in his manner there is nothing remarkable, which disappointed me a little. He has a great-coat, made of sheepskins, with the wool on, either of black sheepskin or dyed black, 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 had a large party. Besides we three ladies, and 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 looking, rather handsome young officer; Major Hilliar, the secretary, also in uniform; Col. Burke and Dr. Connin.

"Sir Peregrin 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 retired to Dr. Reade's 'little hôtel 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. 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 it was a messenger at first from some other officer, he called to his servant to go out to him, and 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.’ The Colonel looked again and saw them coming, two or three before the

826. rest. One opened the door and walked in. The Colonel with much composure welcomed him and gave him something 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 would go out and welcome the rest of the party, he saw them at a little distance outside of the house. Walked leisurely round making signs of welcome; and unconcernedly examining the posts of his verandah, which had been hurt by the cattle. Still edging on and on by degrees till he had turned the corner of the house, and was hid from their view. He jumped into a ravine behind the house, where he knew he could run without being seen, and ran 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 what 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 every individual thing. He had nothing left but his 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, he sends all his acts, or laws, to be ratified by the English government.”

“ He went out originally with four followers, he has now twelve thousand 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. This opinion that the Europeans have of the natives, being of a race so much inferior to themselves, and not entitled to have any of the comforts of life, proved most troublesome to King Talbot, who still finds it difficult 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. 1826.

“ 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 Feb. 26th.

1826. 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 30° below zero, being often 18° and 20° below zero. My little 'damsels' are grown tall and stout, 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, or how much flattered and really gratified I feel by 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."

Owing to false reports having gone abroad about the conduct of the immigrants, mentioned in a former page, Rev. Mr. Crowley requested my father to write a letter for publication, to contradict them. The following is a copy :

1826.

TO REV. MR. CROWLEY.

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 conceive 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 was until now. In general, they are making great exertions in clearing land, which has astonished 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 studying their wants. No 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.”

1826. At the time the Governor visited the village, it was settled at the dinner party given in the Government House that the village should be called "Peterborough," in honour of Col. Peter Robinson. The name was suggested by my mother. Orders were given to have it laid out in park lots, to be valued at one dollar per acre. A bridge was built, and a mill soon after.

Looking back to the poor Indians, the original owners of the soil, we see what civilization has done. In our early intercourse my memory of them is of the strange wild savages of the forest. In their morals and mode of life, their enemies were the traders from the States, who came for the furs and traded whiskey to them. When in a drunken state they alarmed the settlement. They came in large numbers down the river in their bark canoes, and often came to our house to sell or trade venison, fish, baskets and birch brooms. They were sometimes very troublesome, when excited their worst passions were aroused. Oh, what a terror to us children to see these strange people coming through the trees from the river, rolled up in a blanket, red leggings, moccasins on their feet, long black hair matted and hanging loose over their face and shoulders, red eyes always turning about, looking at us with great curiosity, trying to bargain for their articles. When we could exchange pork for venison, or flour for any of their goods, they were hard to bargain with, but we always found them honest. A hideous old man often came, known by the name of "Handsome Jack" from his ugliness.

One day we saw a party of them coming from the river through the trees towards the house, Handsome Jack and two squaws walking after him; these were his two wives; one, the favourite, was happy, and walked

with him with her pappoose hanging on her back in its Indian cradle. One arm was loaded with baskets, brooms and the heavy skin of a deer; the other squaw was crying most pitifully, loaded more like a beast of burden than 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 next. 1826.

Men and women, even in the coldest weather never wore any covering on their heads, but drew the blanket higher up when they felt the cold. All had jet black hair and eyes, very dark skin. When excited with whiskey the red glare about their eyes gave a shocking, wicked appearance. Poor creatures, they knew nothing but the misery of savage life.

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. They lived in wigwams made with birch bark, and built in the shelter of the spruce trees; hemlock branches were laid on the ground and skins of deer or other animals spread over them; then they rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down at night, or sat in the daytime, with a fire in the centre which they kept burning all night. They turned their feet to this for the warmth and drying their moccasins.

A visit to the wigwams was curious and interesting, seeing the women making baskets and moccasins from the tanned hides of the deer. The squaws tanned the skins better than any white man could do it. Brooms were made from the white birch and baskets from the ash

1826. tree, and many very pretty ones were made from the birch bark, ornamented with dyed porcupine quills. These they bartered with the trader and settlers for bread, pork, flour and whiskey.

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 prayer; 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 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 appeared 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, 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 his prayer was so affecting that those present older than I was, 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. 1827.

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, men, women and children, came to church, our log schoolhouse, 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. After the service was over they came forward with their primers and cards of letters, requesting the ladies and gentlemen to instruct them, seeming really very desirous to be taught. They had been converted to Christianity in the summer before by a converted Indian who had been taught by an English missionary, and, though they had been continually drunk, since their conversion have become quite sober and well-behaved. My January.

1827. TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK (HER SISTER).

Jan. 24th. "We are extremely busy altering the house. We have been in the midst of confusion and dirt. The house will be made much more convenient.

"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 came frequently to sit with me, and help me to nurse T— when he had the ague."

Feb. 9th. An event of great interest to the household took 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.

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, at 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. 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. 1827.

"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 which he makes good use of. He is a very endearing, sweet-tempered wee pet."

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

"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 in shape. 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

1827. 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.

TO MRS. WILSON.

June 3rd. "For many months the ministerial changes have sadly interfered with my writing privileges, and have been the cause of my not writing to many dear friends, but my thoughts were still at liberty, and I think, if possible, have been with you oftener than ever, for you are connected with everything that 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 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, that His mercy has increased and is increasing. He gives me His grace, which draws my heart and mind to Him and His Word. Our time in this life is short to His everlasting kingdom. My best endeavours are nothing, so mixed up with sin, so divided that 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

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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, which will lead me to call upon Him and to pray without ceasing, to study His Word where we find His promises. How little I know. His love is immeasurable, boundless. Our best endeavours are poor attempts, yet we are encouraged to hope and trust He will not despise us. To study His Words where we find His promises and answers, where we shall find light. How totally dark are our minds, all dark and ignorant. Oh! let us try and pray using the means He has given us. Still after all how short we come. 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 cousins. 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 almost anyone else. I owe much to you my best and dearest Mrs. Wilson. The Great Physician of all employed you and my 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 dealt with me, in whose hands I am. He gave me His grace to feel I valued them too much; I forgot Him, my best friend. He made me

1828. 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 have been placed in very trying situations, found my foolish heart rejecting those friends from whom I could procure advice. At last 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, I know, loves me, who is my Father. 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 our family to 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." |

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 1829. 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.

In the spring of this year there was a heavy loss of April. 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 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 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 and affections to hopes and affections above and beyond this world. They have good dispositions and fine minds to work on, but I am an

1829. 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 new places starting around us, so this pretty place 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 proposed.”

Nov. 22nd The following letter to Mrs. Major Froot gives some 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. I regret the difficulty of teaching the children. I own it grieves me to see Anna and Ellen growing up with so few advantages. Ellen 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. Anna 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. Bessie is a queer little oddity, a brunette, with

dancing, merry eyes and as full of tricks as a kitten. 1829.
Willy is a Garner and like Mr. Stewart's mother.
Frank takes after my family; he has large, dark eyes
and a high colour; he is a fine, bold fellow. Johnny,
the baby, born on the 15th October, 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 young ones."

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

"I intended long before this to have written to you December
but various and endless are my obstacles to any employ-
ment which requires quietness. I am almost in despair
about being able to do anything but nurse or fuss about
the children and housekeeping; even now I scribble
with Johnny sleeping on my arm, and the two next
making all sorts of noises in the room. I sit in."

PART III.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

1829
36

OWING to many letters being lost a long blank occurs in these years, some of the events of which I can supply from memory. Peterboro' was now becoming quite a town. Many nice families were settling both in town and 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, only a board partition between them and the workmen.

The improved appearance of the house, with a new chimney, a kitchen and rooms partitioned off up stairs. The parlour was the admiration of all, visitors as well

as our own household, the walls lined with books. The cheerful fire-place with the bright fire lighting 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 round the table, this was great enjoyment to us young people. 1830.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

“Mr. Stewart has finished his shrubbery walk, and Nov. 26th. 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 room 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 bed room. In addition, I have a new bedstead, I am making curtains for it, and have all my young family to fit out for the winter, they grow so fast.

“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

1830. 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 had to be boiled, and dried at a fire to harden before they began 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 them, they 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. The wigwam was seven or eight feet wide of an oval shape, made by poles covered with birch-bark and branches of evergreens, spruce and pine, the floor covered with branches of hemlock spread over the ground, then skins and blankets were spread over that, and on this they sit through the day and sleep at night. a fire in the middle, a pole across on which they hang bits of venison to dry and smoke. One squaw had a baby a few weeks old, was making a little frock of cotton for it quite neatly, putting green braid on the band and round the top. Another was preparing a deer-skin for making moccasins, another making a pair, a squaw making a basket. An old Indian whose name is "Squire Marten," was making a pair of snow-shoes, his son a boy of 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, 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." 1831.

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

"Many, many sad thoughts pass through my mind when I sit or walk, and many pleasing recollections come also, but in all I think you have some part. A few years back my happy childhood and youth, in place of present cares and anxieties, for my life now is certainly full of cares. 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. Anna and Ellen 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. Anna 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. Ellen 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 at home.

1831. "We have been too much interrupted of late by strangers coming at all hours, after being so long almost entirely deprived of all society, but everything is changed; now we are 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, local occurrences in our village. We have some characters who give some 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 like characters 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.

"Mr. Stewart is going to make me 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 well just before a larger or better house than this rustic log house.

"Mr. Stewart and his little boys have burnt away almost all the stumps around the house for some dis-

tance. The ground has been ploughed four times and a crop of peas sown there this year, potatoes next 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.

"I have much pleasure this year from my little Oct. 18th. 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 both in the management of the kitchen and flower gardens. The little boys are good farmers and assist 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 Brown 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

1832. go in the the autumn of 1831.. He started off in high hopes of success.

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 occurred 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, 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 eldest sons got situations. But the cholera broke out. The eldest son

took ill during the service in church. Mrs. Brown 1832.
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.

FROM MISS BEAUFORT.

"Sophy Edgeworth enjoys hearing your letters, my April 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."

On the 8th of January of this year another son, 1833.
Charles Edward, was born. The event caused no little

1833. commotion, as neither doctor or 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, as all the former events of the kind had gone on well, in my mother's words, "A special Providence has been over me and mine." A finer infant could not be. As Charles grew in size, a fine, intelligent child, he early got the name of "Prince Charlie," from being a great favourite with all who knew him.

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

"This happens to be one of the anniversaries, which April 20th twenty-eight years of my life have never passed without bringing to my mind thoughts both pleasant and melancholy are strongly connected, and I feel such an inclination to sit down and put you in mind of it, that it is quite irresistible. This 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 such happy months with my friends, whose kind and affectionate attachment to me has never ceased since. How many events have taken place since!

"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 so much by family duties, which, although pleasing when

they go on smoothly, become tiresome when there are 1834.
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 quietness and 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 do I think it a very great loss, as after they have engaged themselves in the office of wives and mothers, I find now these things are always laid aside in this country in its present state, at least it can scarcely be avoided. I am afraid you will think I am discontented. It is a dark, sultry day which always affects the spirits, besides this it always brings to my mind so many recollections of home. But I can assure you I have really become fond of this country. This 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."

To Miss F. Beaufort, daughter of Rev. William Beaufort. She was deaf and dumb, but very well educated:—

"I think you must be a very happy family party. Feb. 17th.

1834. How pleasant it is when so large a family grow up all united and attached to each other, which sometimes happens not to be the case, when riches or expectation of riches or some such things come to cause jealousy and ill-will. This is one good effect of poverty, as I think 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 and pickles, cakes, etc. She also has the care of Johnny, the third boy, who is now five years old, whose wardrobe she attends to, 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 care of George in particular, he is three years old; besides this she is manager and

caretaker of all the poultry. In spring she attends to 1834.
the sowing and raising of plants and nurseries of 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, and
can make the most of her own underclothes and knits.
William and Frank, eight and six and a half years old,
are very independent and manly. William is very use-
ful 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, grave and 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 a friend nor
acquaintance there where some of the happiest years of
my childhood were spent. I still have some household
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
amongst my most loved friends. I think your father is
one of those I remember longest.

“ These are busy times, for we are actually making a Sept. 25th
dam for the mill, which is by far the most troublesome
and expensive part. 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, by felling trees

1834. and 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 is in the bed of the river, and is solid limestone. These holes are made by 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, and with a broadaxe beginning at one end in a wonderfully rapid and exact way chops on, taking off the chips made by the scorer, and makes 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 the island, to prevent the force of the current from carrying away any of the island. Several of the men are in the water and in the bed of the river, some churning the jumpers up and down, others shovelling gravel away, others 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 1834.
 where they are at work, and 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 from going. Anna and Ellen come with me by
 turns, as we do 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 collect-
 ing shells and petrefactions, mosses and other curiosities.
 Mr. Stewart goes 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.

"Stevenson's mill goes on well and he has great Oct. 19th.
 business, but I rejoice that Mr. Stewart has no share in
 it. . . . He thinks he has made a very good bar-
 gain, as after a time the rent is to increase. . . . I
 fear, my dear, you think I am terribly harassed and
 worried with all I can 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, baking, cooking,
 washing and cleaning, and all parts of the house ad-
 jacent to her belongings in the kitchen, and occasionally
 attending to spinning wool in spare hours. The other
 maid, a tiny little girl of sixteen, cleans up all the
 rooms, lays the table, cleans knives and candlesticks,

1834. 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.
- Nov. 4th. "I have been very busy preparing winter clothing for Mr. Stewart and the three elder boys off a web of cloth made from our own wool, which made Mr. Stewart wish they should be made at home. I cut them out on Monday, and they were finished on Saturday, so they are all very comfortable and warm with good thick trowsers and strong socks, all from our own sheep. The yarn for knitting was spun in the house, as well as knit by our own fingers. You will think I am making 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."
- Dec. 19th. Another son, 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 gratification, and the admiration of others.

"Thank God we are all well. I do think we are in a most peculiar manner under the hand of a special Providence. Our large family has been preserved to us through constant dangers in health and 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 escaped. 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 undeserving are we. But God deals not with us according to our deserts, but according to His own rich and boundless mercy and goodness. 1834.

“From the many calls on my time I have laid aside Sept. 2nd. my usual letter writing, not wilfully. . . . Surely when any 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; 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 clearer and clearer till the perfect day. Anna Maria is very fond of the flower garden, but our *little large* family requires so much constant care, and so much absolute work between nursing, needle-work 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. The two girls manage the ironing between them, as also the care of little Henry, whom they are just now weaning. He is a fine, good-natured little fellow.”

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

“This memorable day must not close without my Dec. 17th. beginning a letter to you. I have reason, indeed, to be thankful for reaching this nineteenth anniversary of my

1834. 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. 24th. "Were I to follow my inclination I should 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 purchase or give even what he requires, which is twelve dollars per acre, for uncleared land within one and a half miles of Peterborough. Admiral Vansittart and 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."
- Dec. 27th. "I wrote so far on Christmas day, and now will continue. We went to church immediately after breakfast. Mr. D'Olin gave one of those excellent sermons of White's on Christmas Day, and the first in the volume which Aunt W—— sent me. Anna Maria 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 was so cold it would be impossible to heat it 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 and floor laid and windows glazed. It is a most respectable looking building, and a beautiful object from every side. On a hill prettily wooded with oak and Weymouth pine, which from

being in their native soil on the plains, are not drawn up as they are in the middle of the forest grove, but growing up in a branching-out way. 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 given for this one." 1834.

"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 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 Montréal. I fear I have offended them by my constant refusal, but I could not see I would be right in sending my poor little girl, innocent and ignorant of the world and its ways, from her little cabin in retirement, at once to a gay city and far from the parents' wing, to stay with a person who, though kind and affectionate, is not accustomed to children. So much society, and at such a distance from home, among perfect strangers, it might make them discontented afterwards with their poor little home. In all of these cogitations, though I am writing in the singular number with my opinion, I do think this the most tiresome letter I ever wrote, so entirely confined to my own

1834. 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 all my family are healthy and amiable. Ellen is very healthy now, and would be a pretty girl, only her teeth have suffered from bad health. She is a little like my sister. I 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, sometimes 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 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 improvements of Peterboro', and the country; in every way a most useful person and a great acquisition, particularly to us. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a very pleasing, lovable young person."

One of the most important and most to be regretted circumstances connected with the loss of my mother's letters and journals, is of those referring to the arrival in the neighborhood of Peterboro', and the frequent visits to my father's house of Mr. and Mrs. Traill, who came in the year 1832. How little we then thought of the life-long friendship formed at that early date. Well I remember the friend of my youth, the delight she gave us with the wonderful power she had to fascinate children, and entertain the grown-up, and cast a bright smile on all whom she addressed, rarely met with in those early days. My father and mother found a con-

genial mind, full of information on many subjects, particularly her love and knowledge of plants, and natural objects generally, Mrs. Traill's searching mind drawing us 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 is a wee mite." This became a household word in later times. Happy days and hours were enjoyed when this dear friend came; and that early friendship never ceased during my loved parents' lifetime. She is still my dearest aged friend living, drawn closer by the years of trial both have been called upon to pass through, ever receiving from her sincere and heartfelt Christian sympathy. My memory goes back to the scenes of my youth, the large open fireplace, and great wood fire, the family circle, when Mr. and Mrs. Traill ever added to my parents' happiness, and is still a bright spot in my life.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"I have been very dissipated since the receipt of Jan. 30th. 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 so large. Though our house is old, small and noisy, we enjoy more comfort than many who have more show. We have many acquaintances who began handsomely with nice house and everything as near 'home style' as they could, and have lately been obliged to draw in or

1836. return to smaller dwellings and reduce in style. We feel better satisfied now still living in our old log house.

“I must now tell you about our trip to Cobourg. Mr. Stewart has had a great wish to show the two elder boys something of the outside world, so 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 had nearly forgotten Cobourg. I preferred 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 *hôtel d'amitié*. So on the morning of the 12th we were all up at 5 a.m. of Tuesday 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 lightish 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 on a journey so early, you cannot think how odd it seemed. Everything looked lovely, even the trees covered with snow in the sunshiny day looked 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. About eight miles from Peterboro' we came to the top of a hill. After being so long shut up among the pine trees all the way, here 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 here 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 by appointment, where we promised to break fast. It was a very cold morning, freezing so hard 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 other elderly ladies, also a sister who is the widow of Mr. Pringle who was the author of 'African Sketches.' These old sisters and Mr. Brown's mother are about ninety, they came from Scotland last year to live with Mr. Brown. Their extreme hospitality I shall never forget. Mr. Brown's wife, son and daughter made a large family. The latter so young and bright, taking such loving care of the aged aunt and mother. The elderly ladies are great talkers, much to tell us fresh and pleasing ; 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 without cessation in a 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

1836.

1836. 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!' Willie said to Frank. 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, 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. The third day we returned home through Port Hope. The boys were delighted as 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."

TO MISS HONORA EDGEWORTH.

Mar. 20th. "When I see and feel my own age I often think, are all my contemporaries as old looking as I am? If so, there must be a great difference, 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, and it will be of use to them 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 never give parties, the gay world leaves us to ourselves."

1836.

TO MISS WILSON.

"The pleasure your precious letters give me is unequal for me to thank you sufficiently for. 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, all united and attached to each other, this makes us able to bear some of the little 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, who 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 rest who can mind this life, let us be ever so happy? Indeed mine on the whole has been a very happy life.

Mar. 31st.

1837. I have always been particularly blessed and favoured in every situation by the Lord in a most remarkable manner. 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 there is some intention among the managers of applying at home for some small help, as we have seen in the papers 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.”

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.

Jan. 1st.

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

TO MRS. WILSON.

1837.

"I feel the responsibility of my situation as a parent. Apr 15th. 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 learning, from want of time on my part to attend to them. It is impossible for me with such a set of little ones, so much to do for them, to attend to the teaching of so many sufficiently to bring them on as well as I could wish. The constant call on the elder ones for help is another difficulty.

"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 worked hard for his country, and had the satisfaction of succeeding, and gained 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 memory of the excitement and alarm that flew from house to house. My father took a very active part, 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 all the young men belonging to his own and Mr. Reid's households and set to work to drill them, using all the fire arms old and new, short

1837. or long, that could be had at the moment. Loyal and enthusiastic all went cheerfully; loyal blood flowed in the veins of all. When the Governor's order for marching was promulgated in 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. Cowel. My father went off with his "brigade" to join them. He always took his bugle with him on these occasions, and 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 those who were at home 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. In a few weeks the rebellion was quelled and all returned to their homes.

TO HER SISTER.

Dec. 8th. "I have just heard from Allenstown 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 always 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 was not for the blessed assurance of salvation for sinners by the Redeemer's blood. Then if we let our minds rest in the abundance of unending mercies of our Lord, to us unworthy of anything but condemnation, how humbled must we be, and what sweet peace this brings to our soul. Our Lord will have no one perish if we will only look to Him, lean on Him and leave all we have in His keeping. How many kind friends I have. Mrs. Wilson was the first after dear Mrs. Stewart, my mother, at Lakefield (*Ireland*), 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 of them without learning something. Their first object in life is the glory of God and to be of use to their fellow mortals. Mrs. Wilson, Mary, Aunt Waller and Maria are two pair of my 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 we have a good master. It is a long way for them. Sometimes the road through the woods is knee-deep in mud; there is a very dangerous bridge without battlements or anything to keep them from tumbling into the rapid current 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 seen him, and carried him into the

1838. Reid's. He was so tired, poor little fellow, 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. "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 of this world which sometimes oppress him. He still retains his wonted sweetness of disposition and cheerfulness, which makes him almost always the life of whatever circle he is in, and a general favourite with young people, and indeed universally beloved and respected in this part of the country. Our children are all growing in size and I hope in wisdom in every sense. 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 from teething."

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Sept. 29th "Since I wrote last to you I have seen more people

and places, and have been further, besides having done 1838.
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, an invitation was sent to Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Stewart. From many causes we made up our minds not to go, so there it remained for some days, nothing more thought about it. I had been very ill, which 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 entertainments, and proprietor of the Fenelon Village, Mr. Jamison accompanying him. They talked in such persuasive terms that at last T— gave a sort of conditional consent, that he would go if I was better by that time, but said nothing of his daughters going, and, 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, made of white flannel, and bound all round with black galloon, to have ready for the old gentleman. We were all sitting round a little deal table at our homely tea, the boys with little tin mugs with plenty of milk and potato-cake, of Ellen's making, when a knock 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 was 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

1838. nice boat, and that he was to be one of the rowers back, and would ensure me a comfortable, safe and easy passage, a well aired bed at his own house ; in short, would take no refusal. So he got me to say that if I was 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 leaving my dear Anna at home, on her birthday too, but she, unselfishly as ever, enjoyed our prospects as if it had been her own. She had been at Fenelon sometime before on a visit with Mrs Jamison our old friend. Arriving at Mud Lake, we took the boat, for some hours it was rather monotonous, though the islands and little points and bays were pretty, but it grew tiresome, and we grew hungry, and very glad, after rowing eleven miles, to stop at a place called 'Billy McKue's,' here we had luncheon. We sat on the grass, and eat 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, with 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 the Sturgeon Lake. Saw a most glorious sunset, after which the shades of evening closed quickly over us. For a long time nothing was seen but the dark wood on either side, the sound of the steady oars, and the quietness of the scene had settled over the little party, till a light appearing showed we were opposite an inhabited house. This was Mr. Langton's, so T— blew his 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 we reached our destination, but were refreshed at finding ourselves at Mr. Wallis's very comfortable house, 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 the 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 in the morning.

"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 across the river. There is an open passage across the river under the falls. T— went near it, but the spray rose like a mist. I was afraid of the damp. On retiring to the house, there were various amusements for the public. I remained quiet in the house reading 'Woodstock,' and feeling very tired. There was to be a ball in the evening. T— and Mr. Wallis were very busy decorating the hall and stairs, with oak boughs and lamps, which they did with great taste. 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, as I was afraid Mr. Wallis would have asked me, as I was his oldest acquaintance, also the oldest matron. I kept quiet and enjoyed it much. The host is a most pleasing, gentleman-like

1838.

1838. young man in manner and appearance. The company soon 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 returned home. Several gentlemen came with us about sixteen miles; it was near sunset when we reached Mud Lake. We were hot and weary, as we proceeded homewards, 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 seeing.”

In the early part of this year great efforts were made to complete St. John’s Church, and pay off the debt remaining on the building. The following circular, which was sent to England and distributed there will better explain the situation of the building committee:

“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

would only contain about 150 persons. In a few years 1838.
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 attached to the Church of England. A subscription was immediately commenced, which by the blessing of God amounted to nearly £700. In the early part of 1835 the building was commenced, and in 1836 opened for Divine worship. The Building Committee having taken upon themselves the responsibility of finishing the work which they had begun, were 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 large enough for the increasing congregation, part of which is composed of Indian families, the original 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 was 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 above mentioned will be happy to

1839. receive subscriptions or give any information relative to Upper Canada on application or by letter (post paid) addressed Charles Rubidge, Esq., 22 Arundel Street, Strand."

About this time the old log house was becoming much 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. Plans and preparations were made for a new house to be commenced the following year.

My father was full of plans, and consulting with Mr. Haycock, a gentleman who lived near Ashburnham (then the "Scotch Village"), a plan was agreed upon, and material was collected. The boys who were growing up gave a good deal of assistance in this work. But little relating to this year of 1839 can be found of interest in my mother's letters. One little incident, however, taken from her journal interesting to naturalists may be mentioned. "When out walking to-day about some old half-burned stumps, I was surprised to see a garter snake cooling itself in a little pool of water, the intense heat and burning the stumps may have driven it there." One day, some time before, when out among the stumps (always plenty in the fields), I pulled down a stump which was shaky—a snake drew my attention. Seeing the danger of its little family under the stump, the old one opened its mouth and the young ones ran quickly down its throat for protection, a place of refuge from danger. They were very small. I think there were about seventeen of them."

PART IV.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

“AN interesting fact was told to me by an eye-witness, 1840.
J. B —. When chopping down a tree to-day, he observed a red squirrel rush out of the tree which was hollow. She cried pitifully and presently went back and brought out a young one, the size of a small field mouse, she carried it by the under side of the stomach, it held on to her by its little claws, she brought it about the distance of a hundred feet, left it on a high tree, ran back in all haste and brought another. She was making the most pitiful cry. She succeeded in getting her four little offspring safe, though she appeared completely out of breath and exhausted, as she carried the last, from the weight, and laid it on a brush heap, going in the meantime to where she had deposited the others. She became wild from fear as J — took the little thing out of the brush, putting it in his cap, the poor mother came up to within a few feet of him, crying most bitterly till he put it down, she caught it up and off she went quite happy, he saw no more of Mrs. Red Squirrel.”

TO MISS WILSON.

“I long to hear more news; your last, in which you Oct. 12th. 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 must have happened. But I am always inclined to hope that all is well and right, and so all must be when we recollect that

1840. our affairs are guided by an unerring wisdom and goodness, to whom every event, even the most trifling, are known; that the youngest and poorest are equally under His protection, as the greatest. What a comfortable 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. Through His mercy we have all been kept in safety all these years of anxiety and some difficulties, and our minds kept happy, which indeed I do think we have much reason to be. Here we are growing old, it is true, and in a house much too small, 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 a better one, which we find must be built, and which is 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 turned out remarkably 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 will be ready for William to take possession of when he has attended school for a few years longer. We have a little farm besides on which Mr. Stewart has potatoes, oats and hay. This gives him occupation and amusement, along with his garden and orchard, which are all doing well. 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; 1840.
they are much liked, but there are few here we could
give them to, few young men are independent, and it is
a tedious business to become so."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

"I suppose you know that we have a young friend Dec. 12th,
and inmate who has lived seven years with us, Edward
Brown, whom we all esteem and value most highly, as
he well deserves. 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 to shoot some of
them for Ellen. By some accident the gun went off
and shot him in the shoulder. His brother came run-
ning 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, and he took the sleigh down for poor dear Ed-
ward. I set all the girls to work making lint, bandages,
etc., and tried to urge calmness and presence of mind in
others as well as practise it myself. But when we saw
the poor fellow carried in apparently lifeless by three
men, oh, how our hearts shrunk! He was laid on my
bed, as the nearest and most convenient. By degrees
we loosened his clothes, and very slowly he recovered
his senses and opened his eyes. He saw me and said,
'Oh, I am dying; where shall I go to, where shall I go
to?' and burst into tears, which relieved him. We
then spoke of his state, but weakness overcame him and
brought on faintness. When the doctor came and pro-
nounced 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

1841. you can conceive, between the great artery on one side and some particular muscle on the other, that if touched would have been of very bad consequence."

FROM MY SISTER B—— TO MISS BEAUFORT.

Feb 28th. " Later 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. Wolseley 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'Brien and myself in one canoe, R—— with our baskets and lunch in another small canoe. About six miles on our journey, we came to Young's mill, where the water became so rough it was necessary to land and walk till the canoes were carried over the rapids; this delayed us half an hour. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; admired the scenery, as all must. No idea can be formed of the wild beauty of those lakes from description. About noon it grew cloudy, a sudden thunder-storm threatened, but on we went. At last heavy rain fell, so we landed on an island; supporting the canoes on rocks to make a shanty or shade, 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 at another island and lit a fire, got the canoes put up before it became heavy. So there we stopped and sat round the fire, ate a hearty lunch, and made the best we could of our situation. We had intended going to Burleigh Falls, being only two miles further. From the storm having delayed us, we did not like to attempt it. We walked over the island and viewed the lake. The rocks were

exceedingly high. We climbed up and had a fine view. 1841.
Gathered moss, berries and flowers. We then set about to return home. As we went on it began to get dark, and we were afraid of running on sunken rocks, which made it exceedingly dangerous to venture in our slender bark canoes. So we landed again, lit a fire; but the wood was so wet it would not burn; so out went the fire to our great dismay. However it was not the time to give way to low spirits. They brought the canoes out of the water in the dark, and chopped some boughs of hemlock. Luckily we had landed on a fine smooth rock. Mrs. W— and I spread the branches on the rocky floor as they were cut. We put one canoe at our heads and the other at our feet, and down we sat to pass the night as well as we could,—not to sleep; we talked and 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 day was fine, made up for all the discomfort of the day before. The immense rocks looked at a distance like a town. Some of them rise perpendicularly out of the water. It is wonderful to see the trees grow on them; large red cedar and soft maple are the principal ones. They grow to a good size. We arrived at Lakefield about 2 p.m., found some of our friends were coming to look after us. Unfortunately my flowers were lost when the canoes were lifted out of the water. I enjoyed the stillness of the night, only disturbed by the horrid screech of the loon, and the bull frog's noise, like a calf."

MY MOTHER CONTINUES THIS LETTER.

"B— has given a long account of her adventures; they had a great escape. I feel thankful, for neither of the lads had much knowledge of managing

1841. 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, without even shawls; they did not catch the slightest cold, which was miraculous. I suppose the hemlock boughs preserved them from it. It is a fact that men when they are dripping wet may sleep on them without taking cold. Some aromatic virtue in the hemlock, which, it is said, warms the body and preserves from chill. It is the usual thing when camping out to use the boughs for the softness and warmth. Hemlock tea is often used for a cure; if made weak and drunk hot it promotes great perspiration."

TO MISS H. EDGEWORTH.

Mar. 24th. "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 years the snow has not been nearly so deep, and was off by the middle of March. I am longing for the little hepaticas, which are the first flowers to appear; they completely cover the ground like a carpet. Then come the yellow dogtooth violets. Then in May we have the pretty duckfoot in great bunches along the road side, where they are sheltered by the forest trees. In wet places the brilliant cardinal flower. 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, which the beginning of winter interrupted; we really cannot live in our present wretched old house 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 in time. Now it is likely to go on, and if we are disappointed we must only bear it as well as we can. I am almost afraid now 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 or happen, and try to wait and see." 1841.

TO MRS. ROTHWELL.

"I should like to know exactly what you are all about now, where you are and when 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, but his trials were not so 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 His will, who we know 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 careth for us, and into whose care and keeping I commit you all constantly in my prayers. What a comfort it must be that you have good pious friends and those good 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 sermons, looking so devout and sanctified, when all of his actions are contrary to Christianity. He and a party with him, who he styles his 'select

1841. vestry, have insulted Stafford Kirkpatrick, and published a pamphlet stating that he has acted in a dishonest manner.

“Well Mr. Kirkpatrick’s friends had an address written to him assuring him of the esteem and confidence and so forth, and 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. All the respectable people as well as all classes attended; all the ladies of the neighbourhood too. The address was touching and beautiful indeed. 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’ and a good distance around, all listening, deeply interested. But his answer was the most interesting I ever heard, and came from his very 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 more cheering and shaking of hands with Mr. Kirkpatrick, 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 proces-

sion, 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, and 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 soon caused them to 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 I could have kissed her. She is naturally exceedingly timid, so you may suppose she was covered with blushes. Then 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 pretty large party, 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 baptized in church on Sunday, and named Catharine Adelaide." 1842.

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

"Having given H—— B—— a hurried account of Feb. 5th. 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 it, without first speaking to him;

the frightened young colt kicked him in the face and head. I write in extreme anxiety, and the shock we all received put all 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 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, dirt and uncomfotableness 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 filth 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 house is a very busy place as we have masons, plasterers and carpenters all at work. The outside plastering and roughcasting is nearly finished, but the inside part will not be ready for some time; however it is progressing. Mr. Stewart has given George up to, help Edward as an assistant; he has a taste for carpenter work. Our need for this change now is so great that are deluged with rain 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 on so slowly. Not having a comfortable room when strangers call is very trying, and many call to see the progress."

TO MISS WILSON.

"Mr. Stewart had a serious illness; for weeks 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

1842. pains and exertions, but no one knows what it cost in trouble and anxiety, which really has been so 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; Anna, Ellen and Bessie have all grown up to be women, good and steady. Kate 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 the 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 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 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 so for 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 feeling 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 no one 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 Allentown. How I wish you could see our new house ; though it is not yet finished, but 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 then have the ground levelled ; as soon as four rooms were fit to sleep in we all moved in. The last storm which came while we were in the old house obliged us to take shelter in the cellar for safety. The library 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, we only sat in it at meal times, and did not feel the chill and damp, though the door was not hung, we put a screen up in its place. We have been just a week in now, 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 carpenter 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 the rest was done by one pair of good hands. The old house was so full of air-holes and leaks, the wind and rain drove us out. We have a large stove in the hall, it warms the whole house, as the heat ascends and warms all the upper part. The large sitting room is not yet plastered, the plasterers were obliged to go away, but think they will be

1842.

1843. 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, 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 needlewomen, and can cut out 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, and cause a want of ideas and feelings, which is exceedingly perceptible among all the young in this country. There is a dearth of intellectual pursuits and too much confinement to the business of the day."

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, and a broad white stripe from the eye down the neck. The neck 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 by a friend of ours. 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. In the following autumn a flock passed over this 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 them 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 away 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 from this place, as we soon found by seeing the planks and upper part all

1843. fastened together, like a floor, coming down the stream. However, thank God, Mr. Stewart and William got safe over, but he was not satisfied, for he 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 sent William and Ivan out in the boat to try to 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 to dinner in rushed John Reid, who is district surveyor, whose duty it 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, they caught a beam about eighty feet long and tried to get it to the 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 the boat to a pier at this side of the dam, it stopped the boat. 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..

1843.

“ I hope, my ever dear friends, you don't think me May 18th. ungrateful and careless, for I wrote in a time of distress last summer, and you answered so quickly, and in a way just likely to soothe our hearts and give us that grèatest 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; when our love and praise will be pure and perfect; when our trials, which are but short here, will be turned into rest and joy which 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 is 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 are right, it would be as easy in His infinite power to have ordered every thing 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 everything, 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

1843. 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 this winter. Dear Ellen 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 to enlarge, and the snow disappeared so quickly. Sickness, which had been prevalent in winter, disappeared and now our good doctor lends Ellen his pony to ride out very often. Doctor Hutchison is still in Scotland. Doctor Hay is still attending Ellen; he is such a kind-hearted, amiable, sensible man, highly educated; but we still 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 a comfort as well as improvement to the house, the sun is so very hot, the windows so large, it shines in too plentifully. The verandah will give shade and a nice place to sit or walk in its one hundred and sixty-four feet from end to end.”

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

1843.

“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 think it is twenty-one years. Time has passed so quickly that its passage is scarcely perceptible, except from seeing rich green fields, gardens and plantations, when all was a dense thick unbroken forest. Young women and clumsy boys in the hobbledeehoy 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 little circle of children within our own family, there I am at my ease, 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 Ellen'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 tell you how we do. As there is a good deal for the girls to look after and do in the forenoon, which falls on the one who is housekeeper, she looks after the kitchen for a week, the other the dusting, etc. Before dinner they change all, and lay aside their morning costumes, etc. I attend closely to the boys,

1843. to have them acquire cleanliness and neatness, even when working hard as they do. Dear William has had few advantages, and is indifferent to this, his poor eyes give his whole face such a sad look. He works very hard, and is a dear amiable fellow. Now they all work till past 8 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, which is a great job, 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 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 young people suffer a good deal from not seeing more of their fellow creatures and how they get on, and require mixing 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 very much 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, as I think it necessary for the little bodies to have some variety, and rest from the everlasting fatigue of mind and body they con-

stantly and most willingly bear here. I am sure it is 1843.
useful to see people and hear what goes on and what
others do, have a change of scene occasionally; it must
refresh them. There is always a difficulty in getting
'Papa's' leave to go anywhere. Dear Anna is a devoted
daughter; she is like the mother and mistress here com-
pletely. She looks thin and pale and careworn since
Ellen's illness. All duties and house-keeping business
are divided between Anna and Bessie. I do some of the
needle work 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 peo-
ple 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 a singing humour. She used to
sing all day long, but now seems to be too busy. Anna
keeps to her own departments, lectures, scolds and doc-
tors the little ones at a great rate, as no one else is able.
Ellen, whose hearty laugh and smile used to gladden all
around her, sits 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, try to keep up
my heart and those of all the rest without interfering
more than I can help with the heads of the family.
Anna and her father, who are as like as two peas in
their ways, keep us young ones in great order. I some-
times strum over some of my old tunes on the piano.
Mr. Stewart cares little for music now, though he likes
to hear Bessie singing as she goes through the house.
Edward's violin remains silent on the piano; he seldom

1843. 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. He played the Rosa waltz which I admired; he requested I would play it for his sake. He also sent Bessie a pretty song which she will learn to sing I hope; she has a sweet voice and remarkably quick ear. We read aloud whenever we can, but Anna often has business to attend to, or else must work in her flower garden. Ellen has been ordered by Doctor Hay to have her mind amused as much as possible by change. She has been twice with our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and is going again to-day; and in a few days to stay with Mrs. Hutchison, and 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 Ellen to go and stay with them. He cured her twice before and I hope he may be able to do so again. Doctor Hay is an excellent and clever man, and most kind and attentive. But Doctor Hutchison has known Ellen 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 Tachamahack, which we planted many years ago just a little sucker, 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, shumachs, maples, balsams, wild cherries and different kinds of plums, apples, etc. It is quite a large plantation."

TO MISS WILSON.

1843.

"You will be surprised to receive this letter from me Sep. 18th. 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 on really cordial and friendly terms with the brother of one, who seems 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 of our new house, he has also seen our children, a good room full of various sizes, complexions and characters, from the dignified house-keeper 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, 1842, the first wedding in the family took place in the drawing-room at Auburn. My mother's account of the ceremony is lost. A quiet family gathering, with the addition of Mr. and Mr. 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 book, although it was much tattered and worn. Otherwise the event was quiet. Dr. Hay was the third son

1844.

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

" 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, after so many years of misery from asthma and weakness, I am 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 Ellen and Bessie. Our dear Anna 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. 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 sometimes their music is not at all scientific. Ellen'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 Lieut.-Col. Hay of Seggieden, Perthshire, Scotland. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1825, came to Canada in 1840, and died on the 9th March, 1857

of nature in everything she does. Both commenced to learn music, 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 comparatively useless, and gave up, but they exercise their vocal powers. Bessie's artless ballads please many. Anna 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.

"I am glad you liked Anna's journal. There was no great variety to give it interest. She has not Ellen's knack of making something out of nothing. Anna 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, in unfrequented lakes and rivers. Some people say they cannot fly, but this must be a mistake, as they migrate in autumn, and come from the northern cold climates returning in spring."

TO MISS WILSON.

"Often when I think of the great portion of happiness I have, and that our family have, and look around and consider it 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

1844. 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 one can open their heart, 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 enjoy having her with us this summer. Mr. Stewart has been so cheerful and happy with his sister this summer. 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 Ellen with her to spend a few weeks and take change of air, not being well during our hot summer months. We expect Ellen home soon. She does not seem at all pleased with the manners of the Americans. Great excitement about elections, and a religious state of mind the people are in, caused by a man named Miller, his followers are called 'Millerites.' The spread of this became alarming. He settled the day that Christ was to come, and

all of this. Ellen 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. 1844.

“ 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 a bad feeling. I am very much with dear Anna, and enjoy her lovely little home, and the preparations for my expected grandchild. 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, often bad pay, is the general complaint. Doctors are exposed to danger both by land and water. On dark, stormy nights he is obliged to be out. One awful night last week the trees were falling on all sides for ten miles on his road.”

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

“ The great excitement for some weeks is past and Nov. 5th. the elections are over. They have been held all over the Province. Great fears prevailed for some 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 or 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. Ellen 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

1844. 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, it 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 good 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."

TO MRS. WILSON.

Nov. 7th. "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. Anna Maria 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 Ellen has returned after an absence of six weeks. When the time came for her leaving Albion we found 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 cross the lake under the care of the captain of the steamboat by day time, and only eight hours and that she would get safe. Her cousin came to Rochester and put her under the care of the captain. However, there was a friend nearer than she was aware—Mr. Wallis happened to be on board. Ellen 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. Mr. Wallis very kindly took Ellen 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. Ellen says she can never forget the kindness

1844.

1845. and attention she received from Mr. Wallis. He never left her till he placed her in Mr. Chatterton's care. She left Albion the very 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 such horror. One of the passengers told Ellen they had seen fifty-five bodies lying on the shore that had been amongst 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 Newfoundland dog; he was a fine, gentle, playful animal and fond of children.

Feb. 25th. The next great event was my own marriage with Mr. A. C. Dunlop. Again a wedding party was assembled 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. 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, commencing my married life with every prospect of happiness, the sorrows of after-life happily unknown.*

* 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 of 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 Ashburnham, and of late years resided in Peterborough.

TO MISS WILSON.

1845.

" Since last I wrote my dear Ellen has flown from her 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."

TO MRS. WALLER.

" 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 always 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 were 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 through the anxious hours 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

1845. symptoms went off, and our beloved child was once more himself. Now a slight discolouration is the only remaining trace of the whole affair. I can trace a merciful Providence through it all. A wonderful circumstance was, the place where he fell down was the only spot 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, and are allowed to make known our difficulties and ask assistance, what a comfort and happiness it is. No one can know it unless they have experienced it, and to feel 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, knowing it must be right, therefore, to ask for submission if He sees right to withhold our request, or thankfulness if He permits what we wish to have. I think, to ask for the influence of the Holy Spirit is the first object to pray for. 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.' 1846.
These books keep me alive; indeed we require it, for we have no help from our clergyman."

TO MISS WILSON.

"Having been very much from home this winter, I Feb. 20th. was obliged to put off much of my usual writing, attending to dear Anna, who had two attacks of inflammation in her chest. After that I was with Ellen, 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 warm and 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.

"You do not know how delightful it is to us here, March. separated as we are from our kindred, to hear of, and from, our dear distant friends. Your letters, my dear friends, tell us much that is interesting and do us good. I generally read out 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, seeking for knowledge. He is greatly interested now in the great and wonderful events going forward all over the world; he searches the Scriptures

1846. 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 almost all now men and women. We are coming to the end of life. It is a serious reflection, yet how seldom we allow our minds to rest on it. Dear Mr. Stewart has felt better through the winter than he did for some time past. He and his two young farmers, William and John, are just commencing 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 two such young creatures. Our dear children often meet here. Last week the Hays and Dunlops, with their children spent a happy day here. Jim is a dear, engaging boy. Mary a very fine healthy love. Mr. Stewart enjoys seeing them rolling on the carpet with his fine dog, Cæsar, whose gentle patience was a little tried."

TO MISS NOBLE.

July 23rd. "Our dear Anna and little James spent last Monday with us, we enjoyed it greatly as I had all my nice newly arrived treasures to shew her, the box from home having arrived the day before. Frank drove her home to town in our conveyance in the evening. Bessie went to take care of Jim. You must know that the bridge at Peterboro' had been partly carried away last spring, and only patched up since, so that part 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. How-

ever 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 just time, and great presence of mind, to draw up his horses as close as possible to one side, the other horses dashed past, the drunken driver was thrown off, they expected destruction every instant, as the wheels almost touched them, and a great plank on the top of the load almost touched Bessie on the shoulder and head, but all was guided so as not one of the party were 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 started all must have been destroyed, so you see how Providence has again guarded and guided all. The man was taken up bleeding from a great cut in his head. Dr. Hay was on horseback just behind our conveyance, and saw all the great danger. Dear Anna 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 many 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 1846.

1846. Brooke's Doctrines for the church. The lady was a clergyman's wife, she said: 'Oh! I never have time for those kind of books, 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 that long at one of your good books, it supplies many things to think of, 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 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, that Dr. Hay sends us. We read out every day we can, when sitting together after two o'clock, a long adopted habit, each with work of some kind busily employed, while each one in turn reads.

"Tuesday was called the 'quilt day,' when a patch-work quilt was the choice piece of fancy work. Good progress was made, too. What nice work and drawings the Rockfield girls do! They sent Bessie a nice book of drawings, and some pretty collars done by 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 has a loud voice. She is growing a very useful girl, and can hem, sew, and stitch very neatly, but dislikes it so much 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 so volatile and likes of

all things going 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. Sometime ago he found a curious insect's nest made of mud into a sort of mortar ball. 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 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; we let them fly away." 1847.

TO MRS. WALLER, ALLENSTOWN.

"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 polluted by the masses of putrifying bodies of animals and decayed vegetables. The pestilence may not be confined to those who have suffered from bad food, and 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 intellectual or scientific society. What a desolate wilderness 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

1847. 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 always 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 anything of that sort. I am never at a loss for variety, for every hour there is so much going forward there is constant change. As for religious companionship, I have dear Mrs. Fowles, who is a treasure to us all, and occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Rogers 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. Now we have everything to make us happy. We live so retired. 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 neatly and becomingly dressed, clean, neatly-laid table, a plentiful supply of good wholesome food. We have oatmeal now, which for many years we could not procure. Now there are two good oatmills, one our own property. We have also Indian meal, as both are liked. We have a substantial breakfast for the boys, soon after six o'clock as all can be assembled, when the horses, cattle, and pigs and fowls are attended to. Mr. Stewart

reads a portion of Scripture and prayer; after this the smoking porridge and smiling potatoes and cold meat, eggs, toast, bread and butter, two large jugs of milk, besides the teapot. All set to work with much energy according to taste or fancy. After this all set off to their different employments. Bessie and Kate 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 could 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; 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.

1847. "I am happy to say all my children and grandchildren are well. I have just heard that Anna and her child were at the other side of the river, but the boat was away, so they could not come. Ellen came to see us the other day; her heart seems with us still, though she has a sweet little home; she is very thin, but that does not signify. Little Mary is growing more and more engaging every day. Ellen says she has sense beyond her years. Poor Willie has had several attacks of ague; quinine stops it after some preliminary medicine. There is a great deal of fever and ague still in the county, which is a great loss. Many are prevented attending to the spring work, which is a serious loss.

"Poor Dr. Hutchison has had another attack of apoplexy, his life depends on 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 kept apart till restored. My father did all he could for their condition, with the help of the people of the town, but owing to his own anxious disposition signs of debility began to show themselves early in the summer. He had much care and anxiety too, for his sister, Mrs. Fowlis, whose declining state plainly showed she would not be long with him. His daily walk was from Auburn to the Park Cottage, where they held sweet converse, the house he gave her and her widowed daughter and two children "as long as they required it," were the words he used when they first entered it. 1847.

TO MISS WILSON.

"About the end of May dear Mrs. Fowlis was seized June with ague, which changed to intermittent fever. On the 13th June she rallied and gave some hope. Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Reid were with their dear sister. I constantly read to her from some of her favourite little books. The Bible was her constant desire. All her symptoms were alarming. Our family came to help. Dr. Hay was constantly with her. Those were days of pain and anxious watching. 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 prayers and singing constantly. On the 16th she was so low we knew her release was close at hand, which took place 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.

"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

1847. in the early and tender leaf. The coffin was placed on tressels under a spreading beech grove 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, formed the mournful procession, which bore the body to the grave in the little spot where Bessy was laid in 1823, allotted at that time by Mr. Stewart for the 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 Bible, which was his daily study; the Psalms his favourite part of Scripture."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

July 7th. "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 us during the short space she was with us; but 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 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 the States, and that we were all with her to hear her last words, and to wit-

ness 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. 1847.

“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 going with the consciousness that they were neglecting the work, 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, which John gladly accepted, and got on very snugly to Cobourg. George went to Mr. Faulkner's near Rice Lake, and went on to Cobourg next day in their waggon (our Mr. Faulkner is brother of that Mr. Faulkner of Manchester, who travelled with you and dear Aunt Sutton long ago from the north of 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

1847. 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. "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, he had an attack of apoplexy some time before, which made the complaint more fatal and hopeless. His poor wife with but 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, neither man nor woman could be had to undertake this. Mrs. Hutchison and E— were left alone with a 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, put the arms into the sleeves, as the funeral had to take place without delay, and no bad results followed this painful task, which these two loving friends had to fulfil for the dead. We have had great anxiety about

Anna's baby Fanny, who became seriously ill with symptoms of water on the brain, it reduced the dear child very low. 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. 1847.

"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 to the fountain-head for hope, comfort and strength, ever open, ready and overflowing for us to take and be refreshed, we may in all cases have a sure and unfailing remedy. We have had a large share of trial for the last few months; we cannot see where it may end or where, but meantime we have a little rest. Little Fan seems to be recovering, and our dear William 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*).

"I am sure my dearly loved and loving friend will Sept. 21st. be anxious about me. I must not let this mail go without bearing some intelligence of your poor desolate and afflicted child. Knowing 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

1847. 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 our 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 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 perfectly clear and calm, though restless and sick—most exhausting. All usual remedies were tried. The following week he appeared better, his tongue better, but on the second Wednesday it began to return, 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, 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 resignation; his most earnest desire was for the safety of the souls of all around him. He spoke repeatedly to each one; had us to 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, which 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 on 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

1847. 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 it 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. 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 he was in his Saviour's atonement,' and he longed 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 R— B— 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 sound 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. 'O 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 never awoke; he opened his eyes once, 1847.
turned himself and looked at me, but the eyes were dim
and a strange look in them; he breathed quite regularly
till it gradually stopped.

"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.

"I can do nothing but think of my loved departed. Sept.
His mind for the past year had been rapidly weaning
from every tie and care that could draw his thoughts
from heaven. 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— R— 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

1847. 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.

“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. 5th. “Only two months ago I wrote about sickness and death in other families, how little did I know 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 evidently gave much thought and attention to the arrangement of his affairs, it often struck me he wished to have all settled, wishing 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 of the termination his illness would take, 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 surveyor, and has already commenced working. He is fond of study, and is a truly excellent lad."

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TO MRS. WALLER.

Dec. 1st.

"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 is 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.

"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 nearly all 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 deal. But I believe it was occasioned by his warm attachment. About a month afterwards I wrote him an answer, which I hoped might be of use to him, but he never took any notice of it since. 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. Roden gave a short exhortation, which I came from my room to hear. And then the procession moved up the shrubbery walk to the last narrow 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.

"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

1847. 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 REV. J. C. R. TAYLOR.

Sept. 20th "I am so desirous to remove from your mind an impression which has caused me much sorrow, and weighed on my mind most heavily. I can no longer defer writing you a few lines of explanation in hopes of proving to you that you were misinformed on some points. I am deeply grieved that you could allow yourself to be thus misled by a report or misrepresentation. On your last visit to my ever-lamented husband on Friday evening, your agitated manner and some expressions you made use of about 'intruding' puzzled us all, and grieved the dear invalid greatly. He could not understand how the visit of a clergyman at such a time, or at any time, could be considered an intrusion. He was too weak to seek explanations, and you made your visit in such a hurried manner there was no time for it. A few days afterwards your note to me confirmed me with the painful certainty that you considered you had been slighted by us, and some other clergyman preferred and summoned to attend the death bed of our venerated and beloved friend. Dear Mr. Taylor, do believe me this was not the case. On the contrary, it was always the nearest wish of his heart to consider and to find in you our spiritual pastor, adviser and friend. In truth his great source of regret was that you never visited us

in this character. On Sunday afternoon when you came here along with Mr. Ferguson, you saw how very ill he was under the influence of fever, restless and uneasy, and confused in mind, still to his latest hour here below his most earnest and first concern was for the salvation of his immortal soul, and the souls of all mankind. His earnest desire and prayer to God was indeed that all might be saved. His sincere and earnest prayers were also most particularly offered for you, my valued friend, as our clergyman and as a minister of the Gospel of Christ our Saviour. You were the first clergyman who heard of his illness and came to his bedside, and he felt happy at seeing you. He and all of us would have been grateful if you could have come more frequently and given him the comfort of prayer and Scripture reading or serious conversation, which he constantly cried for during the last two or three days of his life. Mr. Roger was not in Peterboro' till a few days before his death. Then when Mrs. W. R—— called in and asked her uncle if he would like to see Mr. Roger he answered, 'Oh, yes, surely.' He always had a sincere regard for Mr. Roger as a Christian minister and friend, and enjoyed his society and conversation, most particularly as it turned upon serious subjects, which for the last year interested him more than any other. These are times when the heart seems open to receive the only true and solid consolation that can be given, and naturally withdraws as much as possible from the trifling vexations of life, and believe me, my ever dear friend, that it never occurred to me that you could feel hurt at us for receiving a visit so kindly meant, and so kindly paid, as the few times Mr. Roger called at such a time. You were well acquainted with the universal benevolence of his heart and his wish to promote union amongst

1848. Christians of all denominations. He admired Mr. Roger as a Christian, and for this reason he bespoke a pew in the addition lately made in the Scotch Church, but he never intended to leave our own Church when he found its doctrines as he said, 'those of the Catholic Christian Church of England.' I think he said this to you about the last time he spoke distinctly to you; just as you left his bedside he called it out aloud. Forgive me, my dear Mr. Taylor, if I have encroached too far on your time or attention, but it was a subject too near my heart to be touched upon lightly. With every feeling of sincere regard and affection for you and dear Mrs. Taylor."

TO MR. MITCHELL.

Jan. 11th. "If you did not hear at once from me of 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 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, delightful state. He delighted in hearing scripture, and hymns sung. Constantly requested whoever was with him to 'pray,' and assured all he was

'happy,' repeatedly requested that all should 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. 1848.

"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.

"The day Bessie and Edward wished to be married May 31st. on was chosen for my birthday, May 24th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Taylor. We had merely our 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 two eldest 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

1848. 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. . . Everyone felt interested in both. Then came in tea, 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 room. In the middle a table with plain and other cakes, all made by Bessie, and Annie Faulkner, her bridesmaid, Anna Hay helped. The brides-cake was excellent, nicely iced and ornamented. At nine o'clock we had some nice 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 goes out and in tune of its own accord. I never allow any common tuners who come here to touch it, 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, salad, with cake and fruit. The bride and bridegroom's healths were drunk. The gentlemen sat at a glass of punch, the ladies had 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; green, luxuriant wheat. The woods are 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. 1849.
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. I cannot blame him as 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 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 those who were 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 them 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."

TO MISS WILSON.

"I am more anxious than I can tell you to hear Nov. 5th. 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

1849. you have. I am confident you now have this strength, that you are standing on the same Rock on which she stood, can still hold fast and wait though waves of trouble may surround and dash over, yet the Rock is firm, immovable. Friends must be separated, but when we see a life of consistency drawing gradually to a close, an aged saint ripening for glory, it is a different sort of sorrow. 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 of assembled friends, 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 it hourly, such a loss to my family. Mr. Roger is a truly excellent man, but has his own large congregation scattered, 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, and 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.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

BUT few letters have been preserved which can give 1850.
us a glimpse of the life at Auburn. The following
gives an account of the death of my own little son :

TO MRS. WALLER.

“ My late letters have had much rather saddening Aug. 19th.
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 very ill for some days, when Dur-
ham became ill. On Friday the 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 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

1850. 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 had 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 Dunlop's 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, 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." 1850.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"No doubt you have heard of my intention to try a Sept. 18th change of air, recommended by Dr. Hay. A long and severe attack of asthma weakened me so much, I have been very ill. Mrs. S. Fowlis has kindly offered to take care of me when returning home to Brockport. This arranged, Bessie came with me to amuse and take care of 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., and 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 scenery there. Our road went up the hill, alongside of the high cliffs on the northern bank of the Genesee River. After some time.

1850. 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, then we got on board a canal boat, which are called 'Packets,' 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, it is quite a large town. When I got to the hotel I could hardly stir, 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 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, though a Yankee, is one of the best and kindest persons I ever met with. Mr. Palmer is quite a superior man, a mechanic, has invented several farming implements, for which he has patents.

"I can only give a hurried sketch of my life here. 1850.
There are lovely peaches, grapes and apples. This new, quiet place is such a treat 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.

"Tuesday was the 17th, the anniversary of my wed- Dec. 19th.
ding, 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

1851. 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 learning 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 soon 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 evening, 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 where there are marks. 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 to-morrow with Anna Hay, and now literally at the eleventh hour I am making a last trial to write.

"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, amongst 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 1851.
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 importa-
tion 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 myself. If
I had not been wonderfully and most mercifully I
sustained, I should indeed have sunk. All last year
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 in
securing the affection of Louisa, daughter of Dr. Mc-
Nabb. She is an amiable, affectionate girl, and I hope

1851. 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.

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 1852.
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 are 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 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.

"Another year has begun. How grateful to our Jan. 3rd
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, I have been so 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

1852. 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.

Mar. 23rd "A good part of this winter has passed in illness and weakness, which causes a deadness often. This has also been a disagreeable winter. This, together with the plagues and perplexities, which all must have more or less who have families and establishments to take care of, 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, went off with M—F—, 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 and helped them out, and 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 got a hot drink. 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 perceptible.

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 it, 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. 1852.

“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.

“Receiving such pleasant accounts of your con- July 6th.
tinued good health, my beloved aunt mother, 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, having recovered from a dangerous illness lately. He is well now and walks to town, three miles, every Monday morning to his business, returning on Saturday evenings, preferring to walk, though his

1852. 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 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 now passed since I have been 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, never allowed me to take any active part in his affairs or property. 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. The first 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 the oldest and most attached friends for years. I am called in every way to help the widow and orphans. Dear Ellen is far from strong. She went to see Mrs. Taylor.

They 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 leaving the little home, the garden, trees and place they have ornamented." 1852.

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"When I hear of such awful storms, which have Nov. 19th. taken 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 at night, and were surrounded by wolves. At their next camping grounds they fell into a company of bears. One of them pursued one of his men for some distance, nearly overtaking him. After they reached Lake Huron, 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 lake is always dangerous in the autumn and winter, at this time the weather was boisterous; he could not procure anything but a canoe. Five or six vessels had been wrecked just a few days before, they saw the wrecks quite near. He felt little hope of getting safe 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.

1853. and difficulties to surmount. John surprised us 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. 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 favourite, 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.

"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.

May 13th. "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 near friends I have so often described to her, and mentioning as 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 by hearing me express my love for you, and receiving many tokens of love from all, ever since she could understand or know anything. It seems as if her going home and visiting you all had brought me back among you all, and has brought me back more amongst you, and renewed an old intimacy, which long separation was making misty." 1853

TO MISS BEAUFORT.

"I am now living here (Auburn) on a new plan, and Oct. 19th. I think it will save me much trouble. After so many of my sons left me I had no one to attend to anything here. John began 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 room, and pay him a regular sum for myself, Kate, etc. After due consideration and consultation, William settled it would be best for him too, and all came back, bag and baggage arrived, old Betty and all, so 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.

"I suppose you have heard that our dear Ellen has Nov. 14th. safely and prosperously reached her new home, and is now living in their new house (Malone). She arrived here on Tuesday morning, October 25th. I had no idea

1853. she had arrived 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 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, 'When shall I have rest?' So many are now declining that I cannot help feeling the time seems near, and oh! dear M.— I do wish some were more inclined to think seriously, and 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 companionship. 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.

Dec. 25th. "I am happy to find you all approve of my having 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.)

"I am sorry to say I have, for too long a time, had 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 had measles; 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 nicely 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. Mar. 18th.

"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 in the dear doctor also. 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

1854. 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."

TO M. NOBLE.

April 10th "Associations of every kind bring back memories of 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 all 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 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." 1854.

"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.

"Month passes after month and year after year, Dec. 20th. 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 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

1855. 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.

Mar. 20th. "In my continued anxiety about your dear mother I cannot help having hopes, as her strength still seemed to keep up, 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 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 our 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." 1855.

TO MRS. WALLER.

"My dearest aunt,—You were decidedly better when your 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 wishing 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 don't 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

1855. 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, and both married the same day and have settled. Frank has got on very prosperously, but poor John seemed like Job; for some time 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 encounter. His brother 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; they are prospering and have much comfort and 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." 1855.

TO MRS. WALLER.

"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 Bessie and I were reading that 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: May 30th.

"I looked beyond this tottering tent
And waited for its fall,
Faith's wings were fluttering for ascent
When 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.

1856.

"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 Jan. 16th.

1856. 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, now the snow is as deep and the tracks out here so few, it is tiresome work ploughing through the 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, and a fall which hurt his chest of which he never told any one till his illness came, he could not then

conceal it, and it was the cause of his illness; he went 1856.
to his usual employment and walk, but was more 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 without 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 continually."

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. A large party gathered at Auburn for the
last wedding that took place there. A terrible storm
raged; 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 no account in my mother's writings of these events.

Charles Edward, my fifth brother, was married to Miss 1860.
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.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

TO M. WILSON.

1860. "YOU must not judge of my true and warm love 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, this 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 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."

1861.

TO MISS WILSON.

Jan, 6th. "And now we have entered upon a new year. I 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 in this life, with health and the clear use of your faculties, without which this life must be one of 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 this life, 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? 1861.

"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."

TO MISS WILSON.

"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 Mar. 11th

1861. 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 January, and Charlotte has only been once, 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 for those sorrows we anticipate. 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 with all appearance of health till the

attack came on which was caused by taking cold. It 1861.
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 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 their happiness and
safety in their journey through life, and security and
peace and joy in that which is to come."

TO MISS L. BEAUFORT.

"Though very late I must add a little incident Aug. 6th.
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 hearts' 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

1863.. these for fifty years nearly, and that was in Ireland. 'And were you in Ireland' said he. 'Yes, I had been,' I said. 'And did you ever know a place called Dündalk,' 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 know 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.

April 6th "This Easter Monday brings forcibly to my mind 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, when we shall find so many dear to us, but 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 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 prevents 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 the plans he had formed. 1864.

"I have lately lost a very dear friend and cousin, Miss Louisa Beauport, 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 caught 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.

"I think I have written since last September, but May 17th. 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 puts 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 then 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

1864. brought through, and still be able to praise the Lord for His goodness and mercy 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 the great sorrow, since I last wrote to you, of 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 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, 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 great comfort 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. It is a fortnight old, and very delicate— 1864.
named Cecil for his mama's sake.

“ Since that we have had much adversity from pecuniary affairs having been mismanaged, which has sacrificed much of the property, which my own revered husband had procured for his sons, and by which some of them are plunged into poverty. This is very sad; I cannot enter into particulars. By too kindly assisting others of the family whose hopes were too sanguine, disappointment followed, and ruin came 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 Stewarts 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 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.”

FROM MRS. ROLLESTON.

“ On Monday morning, September the 5th, a happy Sept. 8th. 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 all set out in two canoes for another day of pleasure. But, alas! how uncertain are all our

1864. enjoyments! My 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 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. 1864.

“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, 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 to 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

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

1865.

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 drawing her to place her whole trust for salvation on her Saviour, having been 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 (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 we 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, which 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 nearly all my things and all the furniture has been saved, but a great deal lost. When I found I could do nothing more I took dear little Harriet and Polly 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 off. I walked all the way up to this place, what I had not been able to do for nearly two years. Fortunately the day was fine, but cold and calm and very delightful, and being early in the day the people had not gone to church."

TO MISS WILSON.

"Your most precious and welcome letter of Decem- Feb. 13th. ber 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 friends' 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

1868. 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 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 her 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 (D.V.), to be in it by next winter.

“In the midst of all of our confusion, my dear Kate's confinement came, and her fifth child was born—a deli-

cate child. We feel anxious about her, and the effect 1866.
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 just 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 they ever come in the way of your nephews, I
am sure you will ask for James Hay, from Canada.
Any kindness shown him will be rejoicing to his mother,
and also to myself. They were to be away two or three
years, perhaps at some British port, before they returned
to Quebec. Anna 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. Ellen
is pretty well. Mary 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 all making great exertions for all are
reduced by the mismanagement of some, but I trust
they have trust in the promise of better and happier
times, where sin can never enter.”

1872. 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 the 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:—

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 was feeding her little bird in the hall, she looked pale and said she felt chilly, 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; I then sent for Doctor Burrit who 1872.
came as soon as he could, and he said mother was very
ill with bilious fever. Kate and R—— 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 daylight Feb. 20th.
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 the boys
(who were ill), that she thought or said little about her-
self. On the night of the 21st she was restless all night, Feb. 21st.
no pains, but a troublesome cough. She had a slight
pain in her side to-day, she spoke little but was inclined
to sleep. On the 22nd she began to spit up blood, and Feb. 22nd
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 looked very grave when he saw her,
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. R——
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

1872. 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 'T is 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 dear 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
- Feb. 23rd 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 night; she knew her time was near, but was so patient and considerate for others, and 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.
- Feb. 24th " 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 R— 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 stood watching her dear spirit depart to that loving Saviour, whom she had loved for so many years. The face lit up with a glorious light as she entered into that eternal glory unseen to us." 1872.

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) desires to pay this last tribute of affection to her memory.

"Having for forty years been intimately associated with Mrs. Stewart and her family. . . . Many there are who will mourn for the loss of Mrs. Stewart besides the members of her own family, and none

1872. more sincerely than the writer. . . . Much might with truth be said of the worth, the Christian grace, the lovingkindness, 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.

APPENDIX I.

A Norman gentleman, 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 race 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 Boïdh 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 Larges, 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 Boukyl," 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 of 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 Garlis, who was one of the prisoners taken at the rout of Solway in 1542, and 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 Ballydiane. 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 Lisbun, 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 Anne Johnstone; George married first Cecilia Ward, second Frances McCormack; Charles married Charlotte Ellis; Henry married first Georgina Innis, second Caroline Mathias; Catherine married R. 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 only male representatives of the Irish branch of the Galloway family.

APPENDIX II.

The family of Browne, from whom 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 Dunleary, 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 Drumore in 1745, 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 Touch, and his brother, Major George Marley, married Lady Catherine Butler, daughter of the Earl of Lonsborough.

Mr. Browne married the eldest daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Hutchison 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 Drumore, 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. Brown 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 Allentown in the County of Meath, and had three children. The eldest, Catherine, was born on January 26th, 1793, and was married to Rev. George Kirpatrick, rector of Craig's in the County of Antrim, in 1829. The second, Francis, 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, to whom he had been talking. 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. Brown 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 Allentown, 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 Allentown, 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 Allentown 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 at Vinegar Hill, 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 Ferard, 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 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 so on, as to their respective ages, all giving their opinion and trying 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. Brown'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 was to be educated and refined. In all of Mrs. Brown'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. Brown'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 of 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 induced 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 Laggan, 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 costume 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 16th of December, 1816, Frances Brown 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 Whiteabbey. 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.
