THE FAMILY PARTY AT BLYTHE.

THE

STORY OF OUR FAMILY.

BY

ANNE LANGTON.

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PREFACE.

THESE writings I must dedicate to my Nephews and Nieces, as they were undertaken at their request. The earlier pages are literally a family record, but as we increased and multiplied, and became scattered, I found it difficult to gather up all the different threads, and consequently my work has very much degenerated into a personal narrative. It is much to be feared that my young relatives will be disappointed with the result of their suggestions; however, they will excuse an old woman whose powers they have over-estimated. I have inserted some matter extracted from letters from my Father, written when we were travelling on the Continent of Europe, and my Brother John has contributed information and anecdotes connected with our Backwoods life. In one respect I am afraid my performance is very unequal. I have passed over portions of our life in a very hurried way, and at other times have been too diffuse and recorded very trivial incidents. In short, it is with great diffidence that I make over my manuscript even to the most indulgent.

ANNE LANGTON.

June, 1880

THE STORY OF OUR FAMILY.

IN my little family record I need not go further back than my grandfather; for if any account of our ancestry is wanted it may be met with elsewhere. My grandfather was the last of his race, or at least of his branch of the family, for I never heard of any living relative of our name, other than those sprung from him, nearer than sixteen degrees of relationship removed. There was an old uncle, the Rev. Zachary Langton, who left no descendants. His work ("An Essay on the Human Rational Soul") is in our library, but I do not think any of us ever got through it. He was the only author of the family—so much for its literary character.

My grandfather resided at Kirkham, in Lancashire.* He had five sons and one daughter. He left his property to his sons according to seniority, in a gradually diminishing ratio, and my father being the last of them came in for the least share, the one daughter being, I believe, equal with him; but, being comfortably married, she did not need a great deal.

* NOTE BY W. L.—He inherited property in Preston from his ancestors, and Ash Hall, in Kirkham, through his mother. This he rebuilt. He had also land through his wife. All this went to his eldest son.

John, the eldest son, inherited the house, and I suppose sufficient to live upon without business, for he never entered into any. He left one son and three daughters, but of these none survive, and only the eldest daughter married; she became the mother of those of our Birley cousins who still remain at and around Kirkham.

William, the second son, also left one son and three daughters. The son, Joseph, was father to the Langtons, now of Liverpool; the eldest daughter died early; the other two were married to two Mr. Earles, of Liverpool. Of Joseph's sons the elder, William, died unmarried; the second, Charles, though blessed with ten daughters, has but one son.

Zachary, the third son, had six children, but his eldest, Skinner, of Barrow, has long been the only surviving one. The second, Richard, also married but left only one daughter, married to the Rev. Mr. Brancker.

Cornelius, the fourth son, was blind from early childhood and died unmarried.

Cicely, the only daughter, married Mr. Thomas Hornby, of Kirkham. She had many children—four sons and five daughters lived to grow up; but of these only one, the Rev. Thomas Hornby, survives.

Thomas, the fifth son, was my father, and the three children he left (one had died in childhood) still live, and these, with S. Z. Langton, of Barrow, and T. Hornby, vicar of Walton, near Liverpool, are the only survivors of the generation; that is, of the grandchildren of Thomas Langton of Kirkham, and of Jane his wife. This lady was a Miss Leyland, a co-heiress; her sister was mother to our Feilden connexions.

My father was born at Kirkham in 1770. His mother died when he was quite young, so that he had scarcely any remembrance of her. His sister was ten years older than himself, so

that she would partly supply the mother's place. I have not heard many particulars of his childhood; he was sent to school in the neighbourhood of London, and at the age of seventeen went to Russia to learn business in the house of Thorley, Morison, and Co., at Riga, on the understanding that he was to become a partner on attaining his majority. My father relinquished a portion of the share promised to him for the sake of a clerk in the house, who was admitted into the partnership at the same time.

He continued at Riga until the unsettled state of Europe made the continent a very unsafe residence for Englishmen, and then he withdrew from business altogether and came home. This must have been about the beginning of the present century, for in 1802 he was married to my mother. She was a daughter of the Rev. William Currer, vicar of Clapham, in Yorkshire. This grandfather was also the last of his race, and the family may be said to be actually extinct, for it is now only represented by one very old lady, my cousin—Mrs. Margerison, of Burnley. My grandfather Currer had married a Lancashire lady, and through her there was a very large connexion in that county and in the circle of my father's friends. Through her my mother was connected with the Feildens and Hornbys in a degree that had not died out in those early days, and one of her cousins, Miss Starkie, was married to my father's brother William, so that my parents knew a great deal of each other before they were actually acquainted, and they seem to have come to an agreement very soon. The engagement, however, was not a short one, on account of the declining health of my mother's sister, Mrs. Briggs; and when the marriage did take place (April 6th, 1802) it kept them a good deal asunder, for my mother was much with her dying sister.

1802. My father had taken for a residence Farfield, near Bolton Abbey, and there both my brother William and myself first saw the light. He had not wished to separate my mother very far from her remaining parent, who was very old, and he and his unmarried daughter spent a good deal of time at Farfield, Clapham being left under the charge of a curate. My grandfather died at Farfield at the age of eighty-seven. As my father had grown very fond of the place, and as he had at that time no intention of going into business again, he would gladly have purchased it; but the proprietors would not sell, and Blythe Hall being then in the market he bought it and took up his abode there before I was many months old.

I have heard a great deal about the first year we spent there, which must have been one of extreme discomfort. It had belonged to an intimate friend of my uncle William Langton, and out of delicacy there had been no very minute inspection of the house, which was found to be in a most dilapidated condition, full of dry rot and all sorts of decay. Every floor had to be relaid, and my parents had to migrate from one room to another whilst each was being put into habitable order. It seemed an endless and almost hopeless work, but my mother has told me that if one despaired the other would get more hopeful, and so they supported each other; and finally I must say their success was perfect, for never was there a more comfortable, fresh-looking house. Those new floors, especially, have left an impression on me as always looking so bright and white. Amongst other troubles the house was overrun with rats; whether they were ever quite exterminated I doubt, for I have a recollection of some battling with them; but one measure resorted to, and I believe to some extent a successful one, was having a couple of drummers to drum all night long and frighten them from their strongholds.

FARFIELD

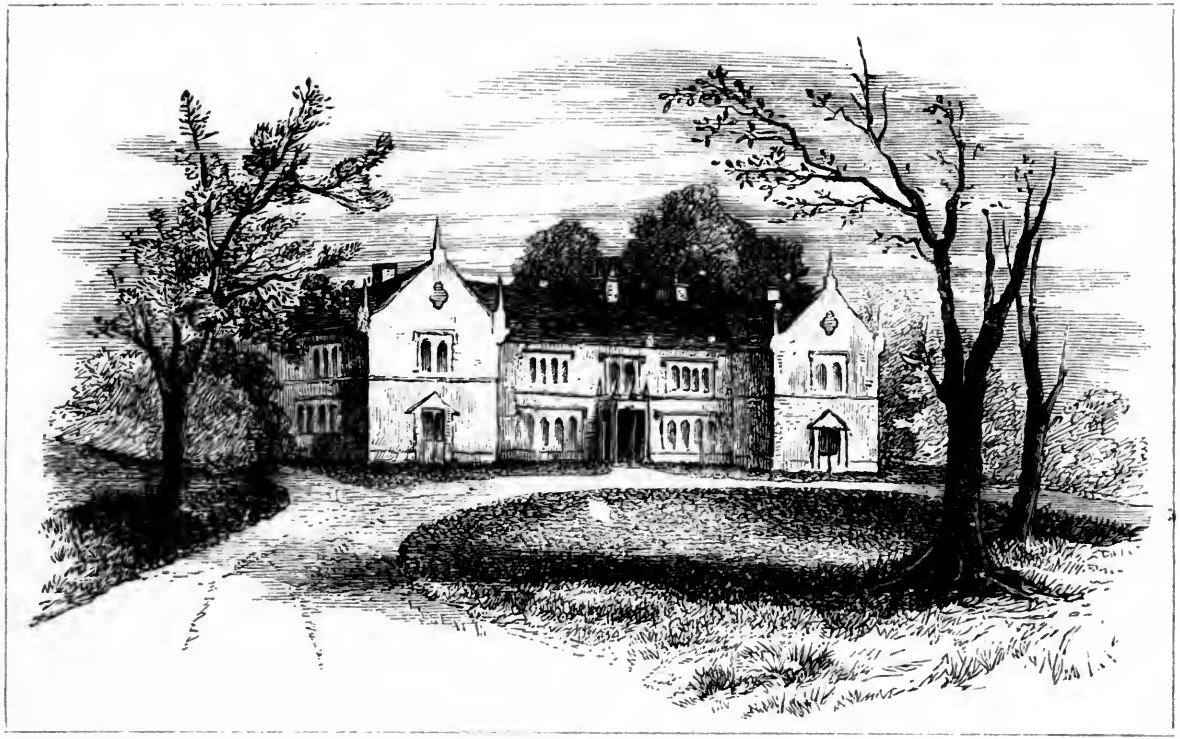
It is time that I should mention my mother's sister, aunt Alice, as she became altogether one of the family. When she was left alone my father offered her a home; he also renounced in her favour my mother's share of the inheritance, and she would have had an ample sufficiency for her private wants if the money had not unfortunately been in her brother's hands. His business had not been flourishing, and when he died he was found to be insolvent.* My aunt lost almost all she had; the little that remained was sunk to make an income for her—a very small one, for it was only thirty pounds a year—so she became in a great measure dependent, a great trial which I never enough considered or appreciated, until I had reason to be thankful that I was preserved from a similar fate. My father made her some yearly allowance in addition, which must have been sufficient for her necessities, as she had saved a little matter, which, when my father's misfortunes occurred, she laid out in rescuing a portion of his books, with the understanding that they were to be for my brother William, who was her godson. However, a selection from that selection came with us to Canada, that we might not be quite without literature. When my father was thus incapacitated from doing as he had done, aunt Alice's two nephews Briggs, who were flourishing bankers at Halifax, came forward and allowed her what made up her income to a hundred pounds a year. But I am going on too fast, for these calamitous times were still a

*My uncle Currer's principal business was a carpet manufactory. His foreman in that concern afterwards followed the same business with very different success, for he made a large fortune which he used munificently, presenting a fine row of almshouses and a public park to his native town, Halifax. His son and successor became a baronet, and his residence was pictured a little time ago in the *Illustrated News*, on occasion of his having entertained there the Prince of Wales when he came to lay the first stone of some public building. So much for the anomalies of business. The present and second baronet, Sir Saville Brinton Crossley, succeeded in 1872.

great way off, though a circumstance which eventually led to them was on the eve of taking place, namely, my father again entering into business. My uncle William Langton persuaded him to become his partner in his business in Liverpool, without either of them having the intention of living there. There were two junior partners; one had been a confidential clerk, the other captain of one of their ships. These two managed the daily routine, whilst one head resided at Kirkham, the other at Blythe. No doubt there was plenty of correspondence, and my father and uncle used to go over to Liverpool for a day or two every month. It was rather a singular arrangement, but it appears to have answered at that time very well, for, during the years we lived at Blythe, there seemed no decline in prosperity; household arrangements were on a most comfortable scale. There was some land belonging to the estate; how much I cannot tell, but a good many fields and some cottages. My father farmed it, or a portion of it, himself, so that cows and horses, pigs and poultry, belong to my early recollection. Of horses there used to be four, besides a pony for the use of the children. Out of doors there used to be coachman and gardener and farming man, or rather cowman, for he was a subordinate, and indoors a house servant and four women. Such was the ordinary establishment.

But the Blythe life only lasted about ten years. What a long time it appeared to me then, and it still seems longer than any other ten years of my life! Two other children were born there—Tom and John. The former only lived to be six years old; he had a long illness, never quite recovering from the whooping cough.

As long as I can recollect we spent a part of every summer at Southport, sea bathing being recommended for me, as my childhood was not as vigorous as is my old age. It was a very



BLYTHE HALL.

BLYTHE—END VIEW.

insignificant place when we first frequented it, but it grew a good deal even in our day. The annual migration was quite an event to us children, and we liked going there very much; we saw a little more of the world, and sometimes met other children; at home we scarcely saw any. Those of the Rev. Mr. Mayow, almoner at Latham, were absolutely our only playmates, and they lived at least a mile away; but we had no other neighbours at less than twice that distance.

A visit to Kirkham used to be a great incident, and, with my uncle William's family especially, we had a great deal of intercourse. They were often at Blythe, and the numerous nephews and nieces of both my parents were very frequent inmates likewise, but mostly too much our seniors to be companions to the children of the family. My brother William and I were taken one journey with our parents into Yorkshire, where we stayed in some half-dozen houses with friends and relations. I was only just six years old, but I remember a great many incidents of that journey and of all the families that we visited, and am only a little concerned that I am puzzled in one instance as to the sequence of them. My attention was very much called to this circumstance, when I made a journey through the same country with my nephew and niece, Jack and Marian, the last time that I was in England.

Our teachers were altogether my father and mother, excepting that, when we began music, the Ormskirk organist used to come over twice a week, and, for a few months at the last, an emigrant French priest, to instruct us in that language. My father gave me Latin lessons along with my brother, but they were dropped afterwards. I am afraid I was stupid, as he came to the conclusion that the feminine intellect was not on a par with the masculine one. He likewise took great pains in initiating us into the mysteries of grammar, and I am sure I

could parse better at eight years old than I could now. I remember thinking it a great hardship that we had not regular holidays as school children had, but we certainly were not overworked.

1813. For one year before we left Blythe my brother William went as a pupil to the clergyman at Kirkham, the only part of his education that was carried on away from home. My father was considerably out of health at the time. My uncle William Langton had died very suddenly, and the great shock had a very serious effect on my father. This was in 1813 (I ought to begin to mention dates). My uncle's son Joseph, better known as Joe, was just of age when his father died, and he, succeeding to the business, became my father's partner. He had had a mercantile education in Liverpool, and he took up his residence there, and after a time was joined by his mother and sisters.

1814. In 1814, when the allied armies had entered Paris and Buonaparte had been sent to Elba, my father began to revolve in his mind a favourite project, that of taking his family abroad for a few years, where education might proceed without the necessity of sending his children to different schools, as must have been the case had we continued at Blythe, where there were no facilities within reach. So Blythe was advertised to be let. Meanwhile he and my mother availed themselves of the unlocking of the continent to pay a visit to Paris.

In this expedition they were joined by some of their relatives, and were a party of eight altogether. They were likewise in London when all the allied sovereigns visited it, and my mother was able to be present in the gallery at Guildhall, when the city of London entertained the Prince Regent (afterwards George the Fourth) and all his royal guests. My uncle Zachary resided in London, and being a member of the Common Council had

two tickets for his ladies. We children spent the time of their absence at Kirkham, and then we went home for our last winter at Blythe. My father found a tenant for the place and made all arrangements for leaving it for a four years' absence, when Buonaparte made his escape from Elba. Europe was again in commotion, and we had turned ourselves out of our home.

1815. We left Blythe early in the spring of 1815, going in the first place to ~~one of~~ our relations at Kirkham, whilst various plans were discussed for our future. At first we were with my aunt William Langton, then at my uncle Hornby's and other houses in that town. A Scotch journey was undertaken to pass away the time; this was again conjointly with other relatives, and my brother William was of the party, John and I going under aunt Alice's charge to Lytham for a few weeks. From what I have heard or seen in old letters I think that Bath would have been fixed on for our temporary home; but the hundred days came to an end, and we were free to set out on our travels.

During the summer we had a longer spell than ever before amongst our relations; and one great interest during the time was some private theatricals that were got up. There was then a very large unscattered circle of grown up young people, to enter into the thing with spirit. My two brothers had each a little part, and I felt somewhat mortified at being out of it; but a much greater trouble was my dear papa having to personate a dishonest lawyer, and I cried over it. The piece was "The Heiress," and excepting those two little messengers, all the *dramatis personæ* are gone to their rest, though my father was the only one of the seniors who took part in it.

1815. The battle of Waterloo had been fought in June, and in the middle of August we set out on that journey which kept us out of England for more than five years. My father

had purchased for our travelling carriage, a landau; it held six persons inside very well, and had seats both before and behind holding two each. It could be either open or shut, but it had not capacity for all the luggage of a large family, so besides it we had a gig well piled up with boxes, which our man George Lee had the management of, and I may as well say here that more space was wanted for our possessions from time to time, until at last we had a little covered cart, which always travelled separately under George's care. When we had horses of our own, they drew it by short days' journeys, at other times it went post like ourselves. Our own carriage when loaded with the family always required four horses.

Aunt Alice did not go abroad with us, but, as she had visits to pay in the south, she accompanied us as far as London. There we picked up another travelling companion, namely my uncle Zachary's son Skinner. He was then about nineteen years old, and it was thought a nice chance for his getting acquainted with foreign languages. He continued for about a year to be one of the family. In London we engaged a maid who had been accustomed to travelling, and spoke French and German, and early in September we crossed the channel.

As I am not writing a book of travels I shall make very little mention of what we saw on our road. I possess a good many letters written by my father to his sister, and journals of my mother's, where details may be met with; but here I have rather to refrain from details than to multiply them. We crossed from Dover to Ostend, and went by Bruges and Ghent to Brussels, where we remained a few days, and so were able to visit the field of Waterloo.

Though only three months had passed since the battle, traces of it had well nigh vanished, save in some ruined buildings, and sundry grave mounds. We encountered a

cavalry officer who had been wounded and remained in the neighbourhood; he was riding about thinking it all over again. My father entered into conversation with him; he got very animated in his descriptions and said, "and we cracked their skulls like lobster claws," of which illustration I was reminded in Byron's poem, the Siege of Corinth, where after the battle he says of the prowling dogs, "From a Tartar's skull they stripped the flesh, as we peel a fig when the fruit is fresh." The similes match I think very well. If the field had recovered from the carnage, not so the hearts of the people. One woman said most bitterly in speaking of the Duke of Wellington, "I saw him smile as he walked over the dead bodies." But I must proceed with the narrative of our journey.

We not unfrequently experienced delays, when we could not get four horses at the post-houses, so that we were thrown into not very comfortable sleeping quarters. At times they looked so wretched that my mother, who dreaded very much the insect world, would sleep in the carriage, or sometimes have the carriage cushions brought out to rest upon instead of a bed. I have no doubt there were plenty of insects besides the one I shall name, which was not of the dreaded kind. We had a capital illustration of the story of a man who was saved by a spider having spun its web across the mouth of a cave where he was concealed, those in pursuit taking it as a proof that no one had entered there, and so passing him over. A doorway through which not only the whole family had passed, but likewise a large feather bed had been carried for our accommodation, was in the morning entirely closed by a large spider web.

I must pass over hastily all the beauties of the Meuse and the Rhine, and take you at once to Frankfort, where we were detained for about a month, first by my mother's illness, and afterwards by my brother William's. This might have been

a very dull time for those who were not immediately concerned in the nursing, and for all during the slow process of recovery; but there was a great deal going on to enliven it. In the first place there was Frankfort fair just taking place, which lasts a fortnight, and the square in which our hotel was situated was just the focus of everything. There were all sorts of shows, merry-go-rounds, &c. &c., and music going on most of the time—this last a very questionable advantage. There was one big drum belonging to one of the shows that used to be booming all the day. However, there was plenty of fun for the children in looking out of the windows. Then there were a great many of the dispersing troops marching through the town, with some noted characters, generals and royalties, to be seen, and best of all, after the fair was over, a troop of Cossacks bivouacked in the square. It was extremely amusing watching them living in, or under the waggons, performing their toilet, or preparing their food. Some of the officers lodged in our hotel, and the military carriages of these looked extremely comfortable—long ones that allowed of their lying down. I suppose I was not content with all that there was to amuse me, but craved to know what was going on in the next room (female curiosity), for I put my eye to the key hole, and what do you think I saw?—another eye on the other side—you may be sure I never looked again. Finally the invalids were well enough for the journey to be resumed, and we pursued our way via Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, towards Switzerland, which we entered at Basle. Our destination was Yverdon, where Pestalozzi's Institute, which was in great vogue at the time, had its home, and where my father planned that the boys' education should be proceeded with. Before going on with my narrative I will give a little account of Pestalozzi and his work, extracted from a letter of my father's, written in 1816 :—

"Induced by a benevolent heart, Pestalozzi undertook in 1788, at the age of 53, the care and management of an orphan house which had been erected in one of the little cantons of Switzerland, where the ravages of French and Austrians, and the resistance of the inhabitants *en masse* to the former, had reduced the country to the highest state of misery. As the women joined in the ranks, numerous families of children were left totally unprotected, and beggary, vice, and the worst habits increased the horrors of this once happy and innocent little people. Pestalozzi, with a single female servant to superintend the domestic concerns, undertook this unpromising office. The difficulties that he had to encounter were far greater and more various than can be well conceived, or than I could well describe if I had room. He lived, ate, and slept in the midst of eighty of these little unfortunate beings. He never quitted them, but by his kindness and unremitted attentions he gained such an influence over them that not only order, regularity, and good behaviour were prevalent, but also, before the end of the year, the poor children had made such progress in their reading, writing, and arithmetic as excited general astonishment, and the more so as he had not had a single assistant. Before the end of the year, however, the scourge of war fell again upon this unhappy district. Pestalozzi's flock was dispersed, and the orphan house converted into a military magazine, or hospital, by the Austrians. His success with these boys, however, determined him to prosecute this experiment further, and he opened a school in another part of Switzerland, where one of the cantonal governments gave him the use of a building. Hither he took many of his first scholars, at his own charge, who afterwards repaid his

generosity by proving his most valuable assistants. The general attention however had been roused, his school had been visited, and his method approved by many competent judges, upon whose report several men of ability came to offer their assistance in his establishment. Some of these had been impressed with such an idea of the importance of the method that they left lucrative permanent situations to become fellow labourers with one who, instead of being able to reward them, was in the general opinion, sacrificing his little fortune to his benevolence and philanthropy. The building which had been lent to him was soon after wanted for other purposes, and he had new quarters to seek. The establishment was now become numerous (for the terms on which he took boarders were so low as to tempt even the economical Swiss), and, for want of an appropriate dwelling, was obliged to separate for some time. Soon after this, the authorities of the town of Yverdon, having the castle in which the Berne Bailiff had formerly resided on their hands, offered it to Pestalozzi, and there he fixed himself in 1805, and has not since been disturbed. The use of the building without rent is, I believe, the only assistance the institution has ever received; but as an innovation it has experienced often not only detraction, sneers, and ridicule, but even active opposition, in spite of all which, and the poverty of its establisher, it has drawn the eyes of Europe upon it, and has sent out young men into Russia, Spain, and several countries of Germany, at the call of the governments of these countries, to found similar institutions. There are at present three men of talent and great respectability sent from a German university to study the method, besides several others on similar errands."

I will give here another extract from my father's letters, but it was written a year later, in 1817 :—

"My old friend Pestalozzi has had a great deal of chagrin this last winter. Several of his teachers have been enticed from him by higher emoluments than he could afford to give, and have gone, or are going, to other institutions in Germany, and it is not easy to re-man his vessel with subjects disciplined to his mind. Add to this, his circumstances are in bad plight. He was never a good manager, and in his old age the evil was more serious. On this latter score, however, he is likely to be soon relieved. His works are now publishing upon a footing that will make him easy, and is at the same time highly flattering to his reputation. The Emperor Alexander subscribes 5000 roubles; almost all the Princes of Germany have subscribed also handsomely, and ordered certain of his works to be introduced into all the schools of their countries. The King of Bavaria has ordered them to be revised, so as to remove anything that might be inconsistent with the established religion (Catholic), and then, that the work altered should be sent to Pestalozzi, and if approved by him, should be published in his name, so as not to interfere with the profits which he would have had, if the original work had been purchased for the Bavarian Schools. This is all very gratifying to the old man, but in the mean time the Institution halts."

Though I have given this extract here as finishing the subject, the decline alluded to in it had not set in at this period of my narrative, which I now resume:—

November must have been advancing when we reached Yverdon, and it was not long before we were settled in apartments. There was one other English family living there

(Stricklands) to whom we had an introduction. We were soon well supplied with acquaintances, for there was very kindly hospitality shown to us; invitations from all quarters came, and my father and mother appeared to have the prospect of quite a gay winter, when everything was arrested by my brother William again falling seriously ill. This was a far worse attack than the one at Frankfort, in fact severe inflammation of the lungs, and for many days his recovery seemed very doubtful.

Though sociability was at an end, the kindness of our new friends did not cease; we received many attentions and offers of assistance. When William got better, before he was well enough to leave his room, I was seized with a similar attack. I do not suppose I was ever so ill as he had been, but quite enough so to create serious alarm, and on my recovery my brother John was laid up with a sort of fever, so my father and mother were kept in trouble and anxiety all the winter; and take notice, my mother had not a servant who could understand a word she said, for the travelling maid we had engaged in London proved so unsatisfactory that she was sent back from Frankfort.

This was most trying to her, and not less so to my father, upon whom all housekeeping naturally devolved; he alone could communicate with anybody.

Amongst the good people who took an interest in us was a certain Mademoiselle Bourgeois, who became very fond of my mother, and ever remained a firm friend.

These illnesses had secluded us so much, that we young people had made very little progress in acquiring the language, and evidently young companions would now be very desirable for us. Mademoiselle Bourgeois said she knew a little girl, who she thought would be a very nice companion for me, and proposed to bring her, which being at once acceded to, she

CHAMPITET.

gave me my first friend, Rosalie Morel, with whom I continue to correspond, though it is more than sixty years since we set eyes on each other.

Another good old lady I fancy had been pleased with us, for she proposed that we should come and inhabit her house in the country, not as guests, but as boarders, as they call it in Switzerland "en pension," and the first people are willing to admit inmates for the usual consideration, so as to have the pleasure of company without increasing their expenses.

1816. So when spring came we took up our abode at Champitet; our hostess, Madame de Peyrou, an old lady, I suppose between sixty and seventy, a widow without family. We were, with my cousin Skinner, a family of six, and had a maid, two men, and three horses, and for this we paid fifty pounds a month, so we were living at the rate of six hundred a year—remarkably little for so much accommodation.

We had our own separate drawing room, though we were free of hers in the evening. We lived well, and saw a great deal of the best society in the place. She had a nephew living with her, unfortunately paralytic, but a cultivated and charming young man. Both these became friends for life, but alas! their lives were not long. Other of her nephews and nieces, who were often staying with her, we became much attached to; I corresponded with one of them for some years; the correspondence dropped at last, and afterwards I heard that she was dead.

Champitet was about a mile and a half from Yverdon, and as our studies were chiefly now under masters from the Pestalozzi Institute, Mademoiselle Bourgeois gave us the use of one of her rooms for a few hours each morning, and we went into town for our schooling every day. My brother John continued to go to the Institute itself for his lessons, but William after his illness never went again.

On one occasion I was returing alone from our lessons in our little Swiss carriage, when a person stopped it and said there was an English gentleman, who could not speak a word of French, and wanted some one very much to interpret for him. The gentleman then came forward and gave his name as Dr. Andrew Bell, saying that he came on purpose to see Pestalozzi's Institute, but was at a loss to explain himself; perhaps my papa could help him. I said I was sure he would, and I invited him to take his place beside me in the charabanc. So we drove out to Champitet, and I ushered him into our drawing room. I had a very good idea who he was, for Bell's educational system had been much talked of. Of course my father was glad to be of service, and we accompanied him to the castle, and saw the two old men introduced to each other.

Our Doctor, true to his vocation, was quite as anxious to teach as to learn, and a class was formed chiefly of the masters and older scholars to illustrate his system. But when Pestalozzi saw how emulation entered as a mainspring into it, he quite shrank from his visitor, deeming it scarcely christian to work by means of such an engine. From some letters which I have recently seen, I find that my father's sympathies were altogether with our Swiss friend.

Dr. Bell's name and fame have pretty much dropped from the minds of men in this generation, nevertheless his dust rests in Westminister Abbey; and as I have allowed Pestalozzi's judgment to be recorded, I must add that of a still more distinguished personage. The following is an extract from Coleridge; I copied it from a paper in *The Friend*:—

> "What may not be effected, if the recent discovery of the means of educating nations shall have been applied to its full extent! Would I frame to myself the most

inspiring representation of future bliss which my mind is capable of comprehending, it would be embodied to me in the idea of Bell receiving at some distant period the appropriate reward of his earthly labours, where thousands and tens of thousands of glorified spirits, whose reason and conscience had through his efforts been unfolded, shall sing the song of their redemption, and pouring forth praises to God, and to their Saviour, shall repeat his *new name* in heaven, and give thanks for his earthly virtue, as the chosen instrument of Divine mercy to themselves, and not seldom perhaps turn their eyes towards him, as from the sun to its image in the fountain, with secondary gratitude, and the permitted utterance of a human love."

From the poet's rhapsody I must come back to the commonplace. Dr. Bell presented me with his account of his own system (the Madras system), inscribing it "From the author to his little pilot." I ought to have taken it into my special possession, but it remained amongst the literature of the library, and I am afraid in some of our numerous removals my poor little pamphlet has vanished.

As education, not pleasure, was the motive for our being in Switzerland, we did not do much travelling amongst its beauties, neither did our parents without us. My father made one or two short excursions, and my cousin Skinner some independent pedestrian expeditions. We made one tour round the lake of Geneva, and also went for a few weeks to Interlachen, accompanied by one of the masters of the Institute, that our studies might proceed all the same. This gentleman, Mr. Heldenmaier, came some years afterwards to England and established a school on the Pestalozzian system; one or two of our young relatives became his pupils there. From Interlachen my father and mother made a mountain excursion,

taking their youngest son with them; but William and I, being still looked upon as delicate from our winter attacks, were left behind with the master. In the house where we boarded we met our future friends Mr. and Mrs. Weld. The gentleman my father had seen at Yverdon, where he came, as all strangers did, to see Pestalozzi's Institute, so we naturally became slightly acquainted; how very well in after years!

Our sojourn at Interlachen was cut short rather abruptly by hearing that aunt Alice was on her way out to join us. My father had suggested that she should do so in consequence, I believe, of the very desolate state of my mother when her children were all so ill; and the letter announcing her intended departure had miscarried, so that though we hastened back to Champitet she had arrived there before us, a stranger in a strange land. My father however prolonged his tour a little alone. When the autumn came it was deemed advisable to seek a warmer climate on my brother William's account, and Montpellier was fixed upon for our winter's sojourn. We proceeded there by Geneva, Lyons, down the Rhone to Avignon, and so forth, and on arriving began to look out for lodgings at once; but we had to remain a week at an uncomfortable and not very clean hotel. My mother, too, was extremely unwell. At last some very neat-looking apartments were met with, to which we removed, and my mother, on getting into bed, remarked what a comfort it was to lie down in a clean place. At that moment my father saw a bug run across the pillow, and very soon another, and then going to look at the children in their beds he found all in the same condition. As it was most important that my mother should get some rest, he sat up all night picking off the creatures; and such a basin full of them there was in the morning!! Then off he set to look for other apartments, for that we could not remain another night in

these was obvious. And now he "fell upon his feet," as the saying is, for he discovered beautiful rooms, in the house of very charming people; so we were soon settled again. The house belonged to an old lady, but her daughter and son-in-law lived with her, and became our very good friends. They were quite aristocratic, but I suppose their means were not equal to their position, for they were content to live on the second floor and let the rooms on the first. In these large mansions built round a courtyard and inhabited in flats, the ground floor is mostly devoted to stables, coach-house, and other offices. The de Bonalds often came down and spent their evenings with us, and Madame de Bonald and my mother improved each other in their respective languages.

It is only two or three years since I saw the death of the Visconte Victor de Bonald reported in the *Athenæum*, at the age of ninety-two; his brother was Cardinal de Bonald.

We had other society, several young Englishmen, I think mostly studying medicine. Montpellier had then a good medical school. My father likewise met an old Riga acquaintance; there were also two Scotch families, about whom I could very willingly digress, but I refrain; their names have not become household words like some others. I think we must have sold our horses here, though I know they brought the baggage wagon under George's care, but I do not remember driving about or seeing much of the neighbourhood of Montpellier. My father and mother made an excursion to Cette, to have a peep at the Mediterranean, my brother William only accompanying them. They likewise made one into the neighbouring mountains, partly with a view to a summer location, but nothing came of it.

1817. The plan now was to proceed into Italy by water from Marseilles, but some epidemic reported of in those parts,

decided my father to return for another summer to Switzerland, to my very great joy. Madame de Peyrou was quite ready to receive us again, so we were once more at Champitet, driving daily into Yverdon for lessons in good Mademoiselle Bourgeois' rooms, where she used to place before us many a nice luncheon of fruit.

On this return journey into Switzerland we took a different route; leaving the Rhine at Valence, we came through Dauphiny and Savoy, passing through a country of great picturesque beauty, but alas! terribly famine-stricken at this period. One sad scene is deeply impressed on my memory, but an account of it from my father's pen, written soon afterwards, will better describe it than my words :—

"At Chamberry, in Savoy, a new scene presented itself, and such as I would hope never to see again. The poorer peasantry, unable to find the means of subsistence in their villages, where their neighbours are not rich enough to relieve them, swarm to the towns to beg a little food, and Chamberry as the first town in the country has its full share. The towns relieve their own poor pretty well, and do something for these poor wretches, distributing to them daily, soup, but not sufficient for the demands of nature. Hundreds of these poor creatures lay in every street, or trailed their languid limbs slowly along; in most of them the skin seemed drawn tight over their fleshless skeletons; lice and itch and dirt added to the loathsomeness of many. These were of all ages from the infant at the breast to decrepid old age. Where a few cabbage or lettuce leaves, or potatoe parings had been thrown by some wasteful cook into the kennel, you saw these miserable creatures run to gather them up, and wiping off the mud upon their dirty rags, seat themselves against the wall, or in a corner,

to devour their booty. Begging would have been a useless resource where the numbers were so great, and one might pass through the midst of the shocking scene, and observe it unobserved and at leisure, without being assailed by a single application; but the moment some object, more pitiful than the rest, had made you deviate from the only means of passing quietly through the street, and had drawn ~~upon~~ from you a little donation—a few instants and you were surrounded by fifty or a hundred, crowding, pressing upon you, stretching out their hands to snatch the next sous that should appear in sight. I endeavoured to obtain a little order, and having previously supplied myself with small money, I desired them to place themselves in a row against the wall, promising that every one should have something if they did so, but that no one should have anything who left his place. Some townsmen offered to assist me, but it was in vain; such misery could listen to no reason, and no one seemed to think he should have anything if he was not the first. A second attempt was rather more successful; about a hundred of them were let into the lobby of the inn, like sheep in a pen, and each as he went out had his pittance, one of the waiters officiating; but when the process was half gone through the crowd from within and those from without, some wanting to thank, some to have something more, and some complaining that they had not got in, made the disorder as great as it could be. Weak, feeble children were separated from their mothers, and almost stifled in the crush (fortunately none were hurt), and some cripples and very old people were not much better off, whilst a sturdy lad of sixteen, with a pole which he seemed to carry as well for defence and offence as for support, came in at one time or

another for half a dozen shares. I am in no fear for him, he will see the new harvest, or it will not be his fault; but many of the others will sink to rest before that day, I fear. Some of the objects that presented themselves were heartrending, but no description could give any idea of them. Mothers with children at the breast affected my wife the most. I felt for children, poor weak tottering children of six, seven, or eight years old, big enough to be left to themselves, and not big enough to do anything for themselves; they would not even come in for many cabbage leaves or potatoe parings."

During the last summer in Switzerland we went with Madame de Peyrou for a fortnight to a mountain residence she possessed in the Jura, called Jolimont, a very agreeable variety; and from there we made a two days' trip into the great watch-making villages of ~~Ledc~~ Locle and Chaudufont. The women in these parts are mostly lace weavers, and spin their own thread from a very fine flax obtained from Holland. These were our last peregrinations in Switzerland, until we paid a visit to another part of it in returning from Italy, but Yverdon and Champitet we never saw again. Our good friend Madame de Peyrou, on the *very day* we parted from her, discovered that she was threatened with cancer, and that complaint, or, I believe rather, the treatment of it, soon terminated her life. Her nephew, who lived with her, Alfred de Pury, lived a few years longer at Champitet, but not many. A good many letters from these two were in my hands lately, which I looked over and then burnt.

I should say that my brother William passed through this part of Switzerland in returning from Italy in 1844; he saw one or two old friends, and heard how many more had passed away into another existence.

1817. In the autumn of 1817 we wended our way across the Alps. When we had made a journey of a day or two we found that we could not pass the frontier without a further signature of some official at Berne on our passport, so we had to wait about a week where we were (at Sion) whilst a messenger was sent over the mountains to Berne, and then we gladly pursued our way towards the Simplon. We reached the foot of the mountains early in the day, but not early enough to commence the ascent. An English gentleman and his son were just in the same case, and, as we had secured the one good private sitting room, my father proposed that after rambling our several ways, we should dine together in the evening, which we accordingly did. Whilst chatting over the fire afterwards, a large travelling carriage drove up,—another party to cross the mountain. After a time, my mother told my brother William to go and enquire from our man George who these new comers were. George understood him to ask who the gentleman was he had dined with, and told him it was Lord William Russell, so my brother returned with that answer. Whereupon my mother began considering aloud what she knew of Lord William, and who he had married, but the gentleman said immediately, "It's a mistake, ma'am; it's a mistake," which silenced her, and presently our two gentlemen got up and took leave, and no doubt had a laugh at our blunder. That same Lord William Russell was afterwards murdered by his Swiss valet, whose effigy in wax may be now seen in the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

The next morning the three parties ascended the pass. What the others did I do not know, but we slept at the summit, and had the drive down into Italy in the morning; a truly magnificent one it was, and the first view of the plains of Lombardy lovely beyond description. At Milan we paused

for a few days. We had an introduction to a party of German ladies staying there, whose acquaintance we made, and had opportunities of cultivating afterwards elsewhere. At Florence we rested longer, but Rome was our destination. In getting there we had many delays, for there was Royalty on the road, and horses secured, or not allowed to be secured by others until the great people were served, so we were thrown out of the regular sleeping places, and had some very miserable ones. One looked so wretched that my mother and I slept in the carriage, and found in the morning that we had been locked up in the Custom House all night. At another place we could not manage to eat what they set before us, but we got some eggs and a bottle of wine, the inside of which things we could rely upon being clean, and cooked some mulled wine for ourselves over our own fire.

A last detention was within a very few miles of Rome, but here too very little eatable was to be had, and our coffee was heated in a frying pan. St. Peter's we could just see from this last resting place, and we entered the Eternal City at an early hour of the day. Before I detain you there, where we spent several months, I must, contrary to my usual practice, mention one thing we saw on the road between Rome and Florence, namely, the Falls of Terni, because I consider them, taking all in all, the general scenery, &c., the most perfectly beautiful and picturesque I ever saw, and strange to say they are artificial; that is, the Romans for some purpose or other turned the course of the stream, and sent it over those rocks where it now falls.

At Rome lodgings and masters were soon hunted up. One of the first things I remember was hearing of the death of the Princess Charlotte, which threw all the English there into deep mourning. We soon had many acquaintances—Mr. and Mrs.

Weld we found at Rome, and our intimacy improved, and other friends we made, whom we never lost sight of as long as we were all above ground. One thing, in looking back, strikes me very much, that is, how rapidly our intimacies ripened; in later days it appears to me to be a much slower process. Amongst the first of our acquaintances were Sir Walter Synnot and his family, an Irish gentleman, who in quite old age had married a second wife, and had a young family. He died at Rome after we had left Italy, and one of his children lies with him in that Protestant burial ground, near the tomb of Caius Cestius.

Then there were the Miss Hills—as they were seven in number I wonder we did not give them names from the hills on which Rome was built; but we didn't. They were two maiden aunts bringing up five orphan nieces with infinite care and pains, for we heard that they even contrived disappointments for them as exercises in submission—one would think that disappointments came often enough to serve the purpose. If such was the fact, it did not prevent their charges from being very bright and happy looking girls, and very nice companions. We did not come much in contact after we returned to our respective countries (they were Scotch); we saw some of them again when we were once for a few days in Edinburgh. I found out a married one, and the moment she set eyes on me she knew me, though I was only fourteen when we parted, and was then in my thirtieth year.* Another had married some

* This speedy recognition reminds me of another. A young midshipman, who had got leave from his ship to spend a few days at Rome, was entering it in one of the public carriages, when he cast his eyes on my father and mother walking in the street, and instantly jumped out to greet them. He was the son of a former clergyman at Ormskirk, and must have been quite a boy when he last saw them, for his father had died, and the family had gone from Ormskirk, before we left the neighbourhood, and he knew nothing of my father being in Italy. Of course he became our guest while he stayed.

time before, and came to a most sudden and lamentable end, being shot by a young cousin, who levelled a pistol at her in sport, not suspecting it to be loaded. She had her infant in her arms, which was unhurt.

Another intimacy formed was with General Davidoff's family. They were living in the same house as ourselves, and the acquaintance began by our noticing their English governess and inviting her sometimes in an evening. From the governess, Miss Hasterly (a descendant of Shakespeare), acquaintance spread to the children, and from the children to the mother, who was an Orloff. Of the General himself we knew as little as possible. He was a very gay man, not in the pleasantest sense of the word, and quite out of our line. With the young people the intimacy had time to ripen, for we met again at Naples, as well as during our second winter in Rome. My correspondence with Catharine lasted as long as she lived, and I possess a great many memorials that she sent me from time to time from Russia. Perhaps the most noticeable of our friends was Madame Herz. She had been very remarkable for her beauty, as well as being much connected with the literary world in Germany. I have more than once seen her name in the *Athenæum*, mentioned in connection with some of the learned celebrities, and never without its being noticed in addition that she was beautiful, once the expression was "royally beautiful;" and beautiful she remained even when we knew her, though upwards of sixty. It was more as a correspondent and friend of authors that I have seen her named than as one herself; but one book she did write, she translated into German the early travels in America of our friend Mr. Weld. The author and translator had never met until they were brought together in our drawing room at Rome. There was another German lady of whom we saw a

1818

great deal, the Baroness Schumacher; she shall be named again when we met her another year at Florence.

There being so many English at Rome, it was desirable to have a place of worship where we might have our own service when any English clergyman was there, which was almost always the case. At one time there had been an intention of applying to the Pope for permission; but he (Pius VII.) hearing of it, said "Let them please themselves but not ask me." We had rooms for the purpose in the Piazza Colonna Trajano—certainly not a very private location, for many English carriages used to be drawn up on a Sunday morning, whilst the cardinals would be driving through the piazza on their way to their service at the Quirinal. This first winter that we were at Rome the clergyman who mostly officiated proposed to hold a class of young people during Lent, for instruction; it was not a large one. I do not remember many besides the Synnots and ourselves who stood up to be catechized, but various others came and sat by to hear the teaching. At the close of his course Mr. Walker gave us a very nice address, saying that in after life it might be interesting to remember that at Rome, within sight of the Capitol, and within a quarter of a mile from the Pope's palace, we had been instructed in the tenets of our own religion.

1818. In the spring of 1818 we left Rome for Naples. On this occasion we did not travel post, as was our custom, but by vetturino, which means that we contracted with a man to take us with his own horses, providing everything on the way, ordering our dinner, and paying the hotel bills. Of course it is a more tedious way of travelling, but likewise a great deal more economical, and in our experience of the journey from Florence to Rome we had found ourselves quite as long on the road as another family travelling by vetturino.

As we were crossing the Pontine Marshes, and the horses

were being rested at a solitary wayside inn, the house took fire, or rather a shed adjoining it, and if there had been any promptitude in pulling this shed down the house itself might have been saved. There were plenty of people about, for a public carriage full of Italians was also resting at the place, but they stood with their hands in their pockets, looking on and doing nothing. The Italian character did not rise in our estimation that day. Our vetturino, when he had got his horses out of the stable, would have had us set off and leave the house blazing; but our man, and our maid too, were working as hard as they could, carrying water from a deep ditch or canal across the road. Our Swiss maid was most energetic; she took a vessel and put it into the hands of one of the Italians, but he filled it once and then set it down. Never was there such provoking apathy, and in the other extreme the woman of the house (the man was absent) was screaming and tearing her hair, throwing herself on the ground and pulling up the grass, perfectly demented, not much regarding her little child (for I had taken it from the house and put it into her arms); but all her lamentation was for her "scudi." When the worst was over we departed, and this was the only noteworthy adventure on our road to Naples.

At Naples we again met several of those we had become acquainted with at Rome, amongst them, once more, the Welds. This was quite a holiday summer: I only remember a music master, and a dancing master. We made excursions, and enjoyed ourselves, went up Vesuvius, visited Herculaneum and Pompeii and Pæstum—this was a two or three days' excursion. From Salerno we took a boat to go to Amalfi. The water was very rough, and my brother John, who was quite a little boy, got very much frightened, turning quite pale. My father, not liking to see him suffer, ordered the boat round to return, but this roused his courage, and he said he would not be

frightened any more. I was reminded of him by his son Tom, when, at two years old, I was driving with him down from Blythe to Peterborough; at each piece of "corduroy" the shaking distressed him, and made him cry, but when I said, "Now, Tom, we are coming to another corduroy," he manfully declared he would not cry, and he did not.

Another and more important excursion was the tour of the islands—Procida, Ischia, and Capri—and in this Mr. and Mrs. Weld joined us. On the last day, or what was to have been the last day, we had a stiff head wind, and some of the party, being very sea-sick, we landed on the coast as soon as we could, and walked over the hills to Sorrento, leaving our boat to come round the point, and meet us there. It was dark night before we got to the place, and reached a poor hotel with very insufficient accommodation; but hearing of a possible lodging further on, my father and Mr. Weld set out in search, and being successful, another mile and a half's walk took us to the "Coccomela," a building that had once been a convent, and here, after all our troubles, we enjoyed a good supper, and had, I recollect, an especially merry evening.

After a night's rest, going out upon a terrace adjoining our rooms, we were perfectly transported with the scene that presented itself. All the beauties of the Bay of Naples, seen from the very best point, of course baffle my powers of description, so I leave you to exercise your imagination to any extent you like; but the effect of it all was that the Welds and ourselves secured our quarters for the following three months, and only went back to Naples to make the necessary arrangements for removing ourselves to Sorrento. Here we enjoyed all the delights of "far niente," delicious bathing in the tepid waters of the Mediterranean in the morning, with cool caverns for dressing rooms (by

the bye we were once locked up in them), a luxurious siesta in the afternoon, a walk in company with friends in the evening, generally adjourning together to one house or the other, often finishing with a dance—these are my principal impressions of our life during those charming three months. Besides the Welds we had other friends at Sorrento. To begin with, Mrs. Starké and Mrs. Ramsey, who had united to form one household; notwithstanding the dignified prenomen, both these were maiden ladies, the first a literary character. She had published her travels in Italy during the last century, at a time when few English were to be found on the continent. Mrs. Ramsey, though not literary, had a romance belonging to her early life, which made her interesting, and a niece who was her adopted daughter added to the brightness of the juvenile circle. Mr. Mathias too, the author of Pursuits of Literature, had joined himself to this party, and was an especially pleasant member of our society. He and my father corresponded for some time afterwards. He had become almost an Italian, wrote poems in that language, and made Naples his home to the last. General Hay's family came to Sorrento for a time, and an acquaintance began with the young members of it which after circumstances greatly ripened. We also became rather intimate with the young members of an Italian family. My brother William visited the place once later in life; he found our young Italian friends both dead, but the daughter of the house, where we had lodged, threw her arms round him, and gave him a good hug, and all the kindly enquires about us were very gratifying. The dog of the house, which of course did not survive, had likewise become a character amongst us, and I think was our only special canine friend during our sojourning abroad. Its parting with us when we left Sorrento was quite pathetic. It had accompanied us down to the beach

where we embarked, and when it saw the whole family enter the boat, it seemed quite to understand how matters stood, and it turned its back to us as if it could not bear to look, and yet kept looking over its shoulder as if it could not bear to lose sight of us.

We spent one more month at Naples before repairing to Rome for a second winter. We met again many old friends. General Hay's family was settled quite close to us. It was a most painful winter for them; Mrs. Hay had a long and suffering illness, and died in the spring. The elder daughters were in constant attendance on her, but three younger ones, and the youngest boy, used to come over to us almost every evening, and often joined us in our walks, so that, for the time, they were more identified with us than any companions we ever had; but circumstances never brought us together in after life, excepting in the case of one of them, who married a Mr. Currie and lived in the neighbourhood of London. Twice when visiting the metropolis I have spent a few days with her, but now I have quite lost sight of her, and do not know whether she be alive or not; the other three are certainly dead. What a large proportion of the friends of one's youth never reach middle age! This second winter we met some relations of my father—Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and two Miss Woods, their nieces. We had never known them personally before, and had very few opportunities of following up the acquaintance afterwards. General and Mrs. Walsh and their nieces, the Miss Coddingtons, were added to our acquaintance, and with these last we have had a great deal of subsequent intercourse. The friendship was very much promoted by my brother William living in London when they were resident there; similarly it prolonged the acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. Ainslie, whom we had known both at Rome and at

Paris. Their daughter and only child became the mother of Mr. Grant Duff, well known now in the political world.

1819. We made in the spring an excursion to Tivoli, the Walshes and Coddingtons being of our party. In walking together a rather tragi-comic incident occurred. A cow at the road-side suddenly turned and made an attack on aunt Alice; she was exceedingly slight and therefore was caught between its horns, and it raised her aloft on its forehead. However, her gentleman companion never left hold of her, but handed her gracefully down, when the cow turned away. The only ill consequence was that I, who witnessed the adventure, felt nervous for some time after in passing cattle. I do not think she ever did. Having just been reading the memoir of Madame Bunsen, I ought surely to mention our acquaintance with this pair. It was only a slight one, but I quite remember going with my mother to call at their house on the Capitol Hill, and the first winter hearing the marriage, which had just taken place, talked of. We had a great many other acquaintances, and seemed to live more in the world than at any other period of our lives. But I need only mention one thing, namely, our receiving invitations to an entertainment given by the Pope at the Capitol, on the occasion of the Emperor of Austria's visit to Rome. On this occasion young ladyism superseded seniority, and I was the one taken to it. The Pope did not appear himself; his Cardinal Prime Minister received the company. There were fireworks, music (a complimentary cantata, I think), and supper tables; but what was most noteworthy in the entertainment was the tastefully illuminated statue gallery. There were several royalties besides the Emperor and Empress, to say nothing of some of the highest noblesse of different countries.

1819. In the spring we left the Eternal City and spent a few

weeks at Florence again. My father and mother and my brother William made an excursion to Leghorn and Pisa; I was silly enough to decline it because I did not want to lose my singing lessons, which fascinated me very much, though they did not succeed in making me a songstress. Here we met again our friend the Baroness Schumacher. She was a maiden lady, and was living in small lodgings, but was very desirous of showing us some attention in return for our former hospitalities to her, so she asked a gentleman friend to invite us to his house. The whole family were to dine with him, and a sumptuous dinner he gave us, after which two carriages came to the door, when we were driven to the public promenade and entertained with ices, and on our return liqueurs were handed round; so the little Baroness's hospitalities by proxy were on a magnificent scale. Not long after we parted she died suddenly; she had been driving out, and when the carriage stopped at her door, she was found to be dead.

From Florence we travelled by Bologna, Ferrara, Verona, to Venice, which last city kept us a week, and afterwards through the Tyrol, staying a little at Innspruck, to the lakes of Constance, Zurich, and Lucerne, thus seeing a little more of Switzerland. We ascended the St. Gothard and the Rigi, and left that beautiful country by Schaffhausen, stayed two or three days at Stuttgart, and two or three weeks at Heidelberg, because my father had an intimate friend—Mr. James Mitchell—living there, and then took up our abode at Frankfort for a year. Furnished lodgings were not to be met with; we had to take an empty house and furnish it ourselves; perhaps the lack of such accommodation may have been one cause why no other English had located themselves there. We met our countrymen everywhere else, but it was

said that the Frankforters objected to their city being overrun as other cities were. We certainly did not make many acquaintances, but our opportunities were very much limited by various causes. We had scarlet fever in the house during the winter; afterwards my father was absent in England for a considerable time, and my mother was entirely ignorant of the German language. William and I acquired it chiefly through our intercourse with one young lady, whose portrait now hangs in my room; without this intimacy we should not have got on as well as we did, though doubtless we learnt a good deal from the masters who attended us. My brother John picked up the language at a school during the winter, but his German career was soon cut short, as my father wished him to go to a regular school in England, and took him over there, placing him at Midhurst, in Sussex.

1820. This was the first family separation, and henceforth my story cannot always run in one line. Our man George also left us, not our service altogether, for he went to take care of Blythe, the term for which it had been let having expired; but he never resumed his place in the family, for why will in due time appear. My father and brother William made a journey to Dresden during the summer, leaving the ladies at home. Towards the end of September we quitted Frankfort, chiefly regretting our musical vocal society, and our friend Elise. We were now on our way to Paris. We did not make a rapid journey, as we lingered a little on the Rhine, at Coblentz, sketching under the auspices of our drawing master, who accompanied us so far; but some time in October we reached Paris, our last resting place abroad. We had masters again as usual, and here I first began miniature painting, which was my style of following the art for a long time. Two of my cousins Briggs joined us,

and spent part of the winter with us, and my brother John came over for his Christmas holidays. When these were over we all left for England. So this winter at Paris was the last of our career abroad, and in other respects it terminated one chapter of our existence.

1821. I shall have now some less pleasant things to say. My father had all this time continued a partner of the house in Liverpool, and had regular reports of its proceedings from his nephew Joe Langton. These had not for some little time been as satisfactory as formerly. I think a year before this I was aware that there was some cause of anxiety connected with business, and the winding up of 1820 left no doubt of matters being in a bad train. I think that my father had resolved any way to take up his abode in Liverpool, for a time at least; his children were ever his first consideration, and he wished to keep the family together, and that his son William should have a home whilst learning business.

1821. Joe Langton was employed to secure us a suitable house in Liverpool, and in January we returned to England. Our travelling carriage was sold at Paris, and we made acquaintance with the diligence, travelling two days and one night consecutively, to reach Calais. We stayed a few days in London, and then my father went to Liverpool, my brother John to school again at Midhurst, aunt Alice to visit friends in the south, and my mother, William, and myself to Kirkham. We had no intention of settling in Liverpool until April, or we should have had taxes to pay upon two houses, as Blythe was still in occupation; so until then we were my uncle and aunt Hornby's guests. We had bought in London a second-hand carriage, to use when wanted with hired horses, but we never had horses of our own again.

It was rather awful coming home amongst our relations

after such a long absence, knowing that some would be inclined to expect a great deal from us on account of our advantages, and that others would be very ready to detect any evil arising from a foreign education. However, we spent a very pleasant time with our cousins. They were good linguists, though brought up at home, and we took, first to reading, and then to speaking Italian with them, and had a great deal of amusement in getting up a little Italian play, which we acted together.

When April came, my father and mother and my brother William went to do the packing up at Blythe. I remained at Kirkham until they got to Liverpool, and joined them there, just stopping on my way at Blythe to see the old place. The carriage had been left to come with me, and I had an escort in my cousin Hugh Hornby, who was going to Liverpool at the same time.

The house in Liverpool had been taken before things were found to be so bad, and was larger than was suitable for the establishment we proposed having, which was only two maid-servants, but we lived in it five years. The other Langtons contracted their style of living at the same time. Joe was just about to be married, so it came rather hard upon him, but his mother and sister continued to make one family with him, though they were not affected by these calamities, for my uncle having died in prosperous times, their fortunes were secured.

In my account of the next five years spent in Liverpool, I shall generalize very considerably. In the first place, I could not follow our story year by year, and in the second place it would not be worth it if I could. My brother William was placed in Messrs. Earle and Co's house to learn business; John, after the holidays, did not return to Midhurst, but went daily to a

school in Liverpool, denominated The Institution, so we were once more living all together. We did not enter very largely into Liverpool society, for we declined all dinner invitations, the usual way of entertaining there, because we did not intend to give such parties ourselves; and excepting occasionally, when my father had a few gentlemen, or some of our own relations came to us, we never did so. My father now went regularly to his office, and took up the drudgery of business after being a gentleman at large for so many years. Things, however, did not mend much, and in a year or two, I do not remember exactly when, my father and Joe Langton dissolved partnership. The latter never engaged in commerce again; he did some under-writing, then became sub-agent of a branch of the Bank of England, and finally head manager of the Bank of Liverpool. My father continued to follow his old business on the more contracted scale he was able to do.

1824. In 1824 my brother William went to London to be in the house of Mr. Mitchell, an old friend of my father's, and a merchant on a very large scale; neither with Messrs. Earle nor Mr. Mitchell did he receive any salary. My uncle Zachary kindly received him as a member of his own family, and this for several years. My mother, being the daughter of a clergyman, was very desirous that one of her sons should go into the church, and that was proposed for my brother John, who consequently went to Cambridge in the autumn of 1825.

1825. I have nothing much to tell of myself. I occasionally paid visits at Kirkham, sometimes with my parents, sometimes without them, or among my Yorkshire relations, to some of my married cousins at Manchester, or other friends. On one occasion my father and mother and I went and stayed for a few weeks with my uncle Zachary in London. Once or twice, when my brother William was able to have a little

holiday, we went into Wales; it was the most accessible place we could go to for enjoyment, and was therefore chosen for our excursions.

1826. I have paused some time in my writing, partly perhaps with a little shrinking from all that must now be recorded, the painful events of 1826. It opened with a fearful commercial crisis; there was seldom a day that some important failure was not reported. My father's business had not been doing great things, but there would have been no cause for alarm as to its stability but for this unfortunate state of affairs. It is well known how in the network of commerce, when one loop gives way, it loosens many others, and so it was that in that year my father decided to call his creditors together. He felt he was doing the right thing; if he had struggled on perhaps the ship might have righted itself, but if it had gone down after all, it would have drawn many more into the vortex. As it was he had every expectation that he was stopping in time for every farthing to be paid. He was not made a bankrupt; it was all done by private agreement, but it came to the same thing. An unfortunate law-suit frustrated his hopes of paying all himself, but his son William did it for him. It was only accomplished after we came to Canada, and the letter announcing it was the first that reached us after my dear father had been laid in his grave—but I am anticipating. I was at Kirkham when the crisis came, and, unfortunately, could not return home at once as I would have done, because aunt Alice had just been attacked with scarlet fever, and I was to be kept away from infection. There was of course a question whether my brother John could remain at Cambridge in these altered circumstances; but my aunt Hornby settled it by coming forward with her daughters to furnish us for his doing

so. They say that misfortune tries friends; it certainly brings a great deal of kindness to the surface. One friend of ours (Miss Hasterley, a governess) volunteered her savings to prevent my brother being removed from college; happily there was no need for us to be indebted to any but our nearest relations. My mother's brother-in-law, Mr. Briggs, sent her £300 to buy in the plate, and aunt Alice, with her small savings, rescued a portion of the books. What was allowed from the estate was £600, and with that we had to begin the world again, buying in as much of the furniture as was requisite for the small house we were going into. We thought ourselves fortunate in finding one to suit us on the north shore, about three miles from Liverpool, a semi-detached house, with none other at all near but that of our landlord. The place began to fill up very much during our residence there, and it is now one continued street all the way to Liverpool, the docks extending far beyond where we could then ramble in solitude. The situation was especially convenient because of a canal running close past us, on which there were passage boats going to and fro several times in the day. Of course my father was now unable to do what he had done for aunt Alice, and it was at this time that her nephews Briggs, as I mentioned in a former page, came forward and added to her small income what gave her £100 a year. Our house, too, was so small that there was not room for her, and she went into a lodging in Liverpool. She had two bedrooms, and it was a great convenience to us at times to make use of one of them, whilst she was very frequently over with us at Bootle. I feel as if her name had not appeared as much as it ought to have done in this record, for she was a very prominent feature in the household, most devoted to my mother, and ever ready to be of use in all sorts of ways; taking care

of the children when the parents were away, or keeping house for any left at home when no longer children; and she only ceased for a time to be one of the family, for circumstances re-united us afterwards, as will be seen.

In our house at Bootle we came down to one female servant, and still more rigid economies. The efforts that my father made to retrieve his fortunes were of course on a very contracted scale; his business was now chiefly in the commission line, but prosperity was not to be recovered—disappointments succeeded each other. He became a candidate for one of the municipal offices in Liverpool, which would have given him £800 a year, and he lost it by one vote. He became manager of a new bank at a salary of £500, but after a time the Directors decided to reduce the establishment, and only give £300, so that came to an end.

1836. This was the final effort; emigration now became the project. My brother John was already in Canada; ten years had elapsed since my father's misfortunes in 1826. I have given them quite in outline, but I must now go back to the careers of his two sons and their influence on his own. My brother William continued for a time with Mr. Mitchell, with some salary; he afterward travelled in the employ of the Messrs. Cortazzi and Hornby, which, though not very lucrative, was pleasant in some respects, as he visited different parts of the country, Ireland, Scotland, &c., and so was brought into contact again with many old friends.

1829. In 1829 my brother learnt, I do not know how, that Mr. Heywood (afterwards Sir Benjamin) required a person to assist in his bank and to qualify himself to take shortly the post of chief manager, as the present one was old and wanted to retire. My brother offered himself and was accepted at a salary of £500 a year, with the understanding that he was

not to expect any advance when promoted to the chief post. The old man soon left, and my brother proved himself competent. Within six months after he went into the bank, he was trusted with the principal management of it, for Sir Benjamin went into Parliament, and of course was absent for months together.

1831. When in 1831 my brother announced to Sir Benjamin that he was about to be married, Sir Benjamin immediately advanced his salary to £750. My brother had been living at the bank in St. Ann's Square, but he now took a house in George Street, near to the Infirmary. His future father-in-law, Mr. Hornby, of Ribby, was very kind and liberal, and made him a present of £1,500 to furnish with. What he allowed his daughter I do not know, or do not remember, but he died soon afterwards, when of course she received her fortune. My brother William was now pretty well off, and able to do something to assist his parents, which he did in many ways, and always continued to do; he at last indeed was their only support. By what steps Sir Benjamin raised him I do not know, but he was liberally renumerated, until he left his employ to take the more public post of Managing Director of the Manchester and Salford Bank.

1829. My brother John left Cambridge in 1829, and as he then contemplated taking pupils, we secured the house adjoining our own, which was now vacant, and opened a communication to make it one house. Having so much additional room, and also additional expense, aunt Alice joined us again, and now instead of free quarters paid for her board. My brother never had but one pupil in the house, though some other young men came to read with him; but he began to find that the clerical profession would not suit him, and so turned his thoughts towards emigration, much to my mother's regret.

My father had always taken an interest in such schemes and——the result is known.

Having brought the history of the sons to this point, I must say a few words respecting the daughter. No doubt if there had been more of us, we must have made some effort to turn our education to account, but there are plenty of home duties for a single one, especially where the parents are so far advanced in life as mine were—my mother was sixty years old when the troubles of 1826 occurred. Still in following my favourite art, I always had it in my mind that some day or other I might look to it for a livelihood, and as my pencil was often employed for the benefit of others, I once urged my father to allow me to make it profitable as far as I could; but at that time he had reasons which he stated for not giving his consent. A year or two afterwards, however, he overcame his objections, and I painted likenesses, charging for them. I earned, in this way, something which, after providing me with some clothes, helped to lay the foundation of my little fortune, paying the instalments on a share in the Liverpool and Manchester railway, which my father had purchased in my name before his misfortunes. Any little present that I had was always devoted to this accumulation; however, it melted away at last, and my present provision comes through an insurance on my father's life, kept up with some difficulty in our adverse circumstances, and which at last must necessarily have been dropped, had not my uncle Zachary volunteered to take the annual payment on himself. He had it only one year to pay, but his deed of kindness was just the same as if it had cost him more.

1833. After my brother John left us for Canada in 1833, we moved into a smaller house in the same neighbourhood, and

the next summer (1834) we let it for three months, intending to spend them somewhere in the Highlands of Scotland; but just after we had set out came the offer of the post of manager of that bank of which I made mention, so that instead of locating ourselves for three months, we made a three weeks' tour, and came home again, my father to enter on his new duties, whilst my mother and I spent a little time with my brother at Manchester, and afterwards, along with my father, stayed at my cousin Hugh Hornby's, at Sandown, until our own house was at liberty again, aunt Alice in the meantime visiting other relatives. This was in 1834, and when in 1836 my father's engagement at the bank terminated, we had the opportunity of letting our house for the remainder of our term, provided we left it immediately; so we had a very hasty packing up and stowing away of our goods, without in the least knowing what in the future was to happen to us, but with a strong suspicion that Canada would be our next step. It was very clear that my father now desired it, but he would not have made such a move without the free consent of all the party. He put it to us each separately, aunt Alice included, for he would not have done anything which he believed would have made the rest of her life uncomfortable.

I do not ask you to realise what it was for my mother, who was now seventy years old, either to face the prospect before her, or to bid adieu to her first born child. I believe we never realise such things ourselves, but are supported in our trials partly by the very limit of our capacity. There was such a consciousness of its being rather a wild scheme, all things considered, that when the step was resolved upon it was kept most strictly secret, and it was painful in some cases to see almost the last of our friends without being able to allude to the coming parting.

1836. When we left our home at Bootle so suddenly, my brother would have us come at once to him, but we went for a short time to a lodging in Wales, returning, however, to spend our last winter with him.

1837. When in the end the Canada project had to be made generally known, you may imagine it created much surprise, and was met by many remonstrances. It was curious to see the different ways in which people viewed it; I allude to outsiders. I recollect one gentleman saying to me, "I do not think much of it on your account—you're young, and may enjoy the excitement, but for the old people it is dreadful;" whilst another gentleman said, "I do not think much of it for your father and mother; at their age it does not much matter where they are; but for you it is being buried alive." The only opposition that was really very much cared for was my brother's. He had been for some time allowing his parents £200 a year to help out their very uncertain means, and would have increased that allowance to anything in his power if that would have induced them to give up the plan; and one of the most painful things was, that in some quarters it was surmised that it was for lack of adequate generosity on his part that we were leaving our country.

When the time approached there was a great deal to be done. We had packed up our possessions in a hurry—some were stowed into one place, some in another, some in Liverpool, some in Manchester; everything had to be opened and repacked, suitable selections to be made, and suitable additions to our stores; it was a most exhausting time, both for mind and body. I recollect once during these packing labours finding myself at six o'clock in the morning, thoroughly chilled, kneeling at my bedside, where I had been saying my prayers the night before. I had just time to jump into bed,

and get warm before rising to dress. No doubt bodily fatigue helped to smother mental emotion, but it is a time that I do not like to recall, so I will pass at once to the twenty-fourth of May, 1837, when we embarked at Liverpool, having spent the last day or two with our good friend Mrs. Cardwell, my brother and sister, with their little girl Alice, being there, as well as the departing ones. There was a great muster of relatives on the wharf when the "Independence" set sail.

My last pages have been somewhat gloomy, and I have gone through the events of several years very hastily, not having much pleasure in dwelling on a period that was not the brightest of our lives. A gradual and persistent descent is naturally not exhilarating, but I have perhaps left it too much of a blank. For one thing, I find scarcely any names mentioned, and it might be supposed that, during our sojourn in the great town of Liverpool, we were less well off for society than in our backwoods life, of which you have still to hear. I shall therefore name some of our associates, though there is much danger that in entering into details one may be induced to give too many and become tedious. We did not come to Liverpool quite as strangers; to begin with, there were our relations, the other Langtons, one of whom had already united that family with the Earles. My cousin Joe Hornby was settled there and just married; he and his sweet young bride were amongst the first we saw in England when we returned from the continent, for they were on their wedding trip, paying a visit to his father and mother at Kirkham, when we were added to the family.

A year or two later, his elder brother Hugh returned from abroad, bringing with him an engaging foreign wife, and settled likewise in Liverpool; and as the lady knew scarcely any English, and we had not lost our familiarity with the

French language, we naturally assorted a good deal with our new cousin, and a very lasting friendship was formed. The Cardwells too were at that time living in Liverpool, and our near neighbours. The youngest, Eliza (Lady Thring), was not born until after we came there, and was always a sort of pet with us. When we were living at Bootle my mother used to like to have children staying with us sometimes, and Eliza and one of Hardman Earle's boys were amongst our occasional visitors. Mr. Rawdon, who had married my mother's niece, Charlotte Briggs, came likewise to reside near Liverpool. He and his two brothers were extremely musical, and as I was in full practice at that time, we used often to have Beethoven and Mozart trios and quartets together. On one occasion, at Manchester, I heard Hallé, with proportionate talent round him, perform on the same evening two of the pieces which the Rawdons and I had executed together. I enjoyed it very much you may suppose.

Besides these relations we had some old friends, and others who naturally became so from being connected in one way or the other with members of our family. Of the first were the Dicksons. Mr. Dickson had been of old an intimate friend both of my father and my uncle William Langton, and his children had already been our play-fellows when meeting in early days at Southport. After a time the family moved to a distance from Liverpool, and we lost sight of each other a good deal for many years. Then there were the Roughsedges, relations of the Hornby's. Mr. Roughsedge had been for a great many years Rector of Liverpool, and his daughters, who knew everything and everyone in the place, were a regular chronicle and a very amusing one. They were living close to us, and another near neighbour on the other side was Mrs. Neilson. She had been one of several

Miss Backhouses; one sister had married into the Hornby, and another into the Birley family, and there were four unmarried. Mrs. Neilson had been a great beauty; she like ourselves had a fall from prosperity, and was left a widow with several children to bring up. It was her youngest son who married Mary Langton. With the eldest daughter I was on the high road to intimacy, though it had scarcely reached that point when she died. She was a nice gentle girl, and I recollect my brother William saying that though he liked to flirt and dance with other girls, if he wanted a quiet chat he went to Fanny Neilson.

The four unmarried Miss Backhouses lived out in the country, and were extremely kind to my brother William, in affording him the benefit of fresh air, by asking him to come and breakfast with them at any time, and as he was not strong, and being chained to a desk was a very new thing to him, he often availed himself of their invitation, and rode out on a pony he had at that time. The greatest individual intimacy that I had whilst we lived in Liverpool, was altogether a new acquaintance, Miss Salisbury, afterward Mrs. Peter Ewart. She was an only child, and having been very delicate, was not going much into society, and I think I was sought by the parents as a suitable companion for her. We were about the same age, had both been abroad, consequently linguists, and we had many tastes and pursuits in common. They lived some miles in the country, and I often went to stay a week or ten days at a time, and found them very pleasant visits. We did suit, and liked each other very much, but first we left town to live quite in another direction, then she married, and our lives fell asunder.

It was not until some time after we went to Bootle that my intimacy with Miss Lowe began, which continued very

steady whilst we remained in England, and how it was renewed, and what new ties arose between us, all my nieces know full well.

My life both in Liverpool and Bootle was a good deal diversified by visits amongst my cousins, married and unmarried, and also my second cousins of the Willis and Feilden family, to say nothing of those to my brother William, both before and after his marriage. Once, too, I went, along with
1829. aunt Alice, to pay some visits in my mother's old neighbourhood, being myself quite a stranger, but as her daughter looked at with interest, and, I am afraid, sometimes with disappointment. I was introduced to an old gentleman in a room full of company, who took hold of my hand, and, after gazing at me for a second or two, flung it away, saying, "Not half so pretty as her mother." It was during this visit that, fortunately for me, Miss Swale took a fancy to me, for, though my host and hostess were very kind, they could not have lionised me over the country as she did. She began by seeking me out whilst I was sketching, and afterwards we did a great deal of walking in early mornings, more than our elders thought good for us, but we were young and took no harm.

Besides these visits, I was no less than three times in Ireland. The first time it was to stay with the Welds at their place, Ravenswell, near Bray. Of all our foreign made friendships, this, I think, was the closest, and Mrs. Weld was with every one of the family, old and young, a very first favourite. Both of my brothers were there part of the time, but mine was a longer visit. The beautiful country, and Mr. Weld's art collections, gave my pencil plenty of work, but at this time I did not go further than a very few miles from Bray; however, I also spent a fortnight with Lady Synnot in
1830. Dublin. My second visit to Ireland was when Miss Swale

first came to see us at Bootle. It was a holiday time to both my brothers, and we four young people set out to make a little tour by ourselves. We were only away from Monday to Saturday, but we accomplished a very great deal, considering that it was before railway times. We went through the county of Wicklow, saw Dublin, returning *vid* Holyhead, came across Anglesea during the night, and then gave ourselves one good day's rest at Bangor. There, whilst we were lying on the grass most luxuriously in the gardens of the Penrhyn Arms, we little thought what wild, hot work was going on in Paris, for it was that thirtieth of July, 1830, which tore the crown from Charles the Tenth.

From Bangor, Jack will be interested to hear, we took that self-same round that he and I did so long afterwards, by Lake Ogwen, Capel Currig, and the vale of Llanrwst to Conway, and the gloom of the evening was almost as favourable to the grandeur of the Pass, as was the gloom of our storm; from Conway, however, we took a small boat, and met the steamer coming from Bangor. All our weather that week had been most beautiful, but just about the time that we were entering the Mersey we were powerfully reminded of the description in Scripture of the cloud arising "like a man's hand," for such a one most suddenly overspread the heavens, and we landed in the midst of a tremendous rain storm; indeed, it must have been quite remarkable for its severity, for we heard afterwards that one or two persons had been drowned in cellars in the lower part of Liverpool.

1833. The third time I was in Ireland was with my father. We went for a short visit to the Welds, and from there made a two days' tour in Wicklow, taking along with us a young friend of Mr. Weld's who was staying at Ravenswell, a youth of about seventeen or eighteen, who had never been more than ten miles

from Dublin. He was most amusingly excited over his journey, sleeping at an inn seemed to him quite a romantic adventure, and he took the greatest delight in everything he saw. The pleasure we found we were giving added very much to our own.

I joined my father in London once, when business detained him there for some weeks. It was just after my brother William's engagement, and my future sister-in-law was in the metropolis at the same time in lodgings with her brother, so, as we neither of us had a lady belonging to us, we used often to meet and do our shoppings and other wanderings together. Very soon afterwards I was called to Ribby to be her bridesmaid.

As I have mentioned or alluded to so many visits, I will just say a few words regarding our own hospitalities.

Various members of the cousinhood were often our guests, but we also had occasionally some of our foreign made friends with us. The Walsh and Coddington party stayed with us once, and Lady Synnot and her family, on their return from Italy. Miss Hasterley, too, when she came to England to see her own friends, spent several weeks with us. I may mention, also, as an interesting incident, our receiving at dinner Sir John Franklyn and all his party, on the eve of their embarkation at Liverpool, when starting on his second Arctic expedition.

1832. When my parents became grandparents there was a new interest in our lives. Four children were born to my brother before we left England, and alas! one dear little fellow died; it was during a visit they were paying to us at Bootle. The eldest had already won her way very deeply into my heart, and I think I felt the parting from her almost more than from the elders; they would not change, I should always know what they were, but the child would never be the same. I

found her, when I returned to England the first time, almost grown up; before my second visit she had been married to Mr. Arthur Heywood, and had died, leaving another Alice in her place.

One circumstance I have to relate, which I wonder did not come into an earlier page, namely, my brother John's coming over from Canada in 1836. He, and his companion Mr. Macredie, very economically took their passage in the steerage. They landed on Sunday morning. John walked out to Bootle, arriving just before church time. He thought it a pity to excite us just at that moment, so he stopped short of home, watched us go into church, and then entered the deserted house. Our surprise, however, did not come by finding him there, for he had been seen by other friends, who prepared us for the meeting when service was over; in fact I believe he had purposely shown himself to them, lest the surprise should be rather too sudden. He only remained a few weeks in England to talk over his affairs with his father and brother, and also raise a little money towards the stipend of a clergyman at Fenelon Falls, where the young backwoodsmen had already put up their little log church. At that time we were quite unaware that, in less than a year, we should be ourselves making preparations for following him to his distant home. My next business is to record our journey, and arrival there.

SECOND PART.

I CONCLUDED the first part of this narrative at our embarkation in the "Independence" (May 24th, 1837), surrounded, in the midst of our sorrowful parting, with every sign of rejoicing, for it was the day on which the Princess Victoria, so soon to become our queen, came of age, and all the shipping in the harbour was dressed out to do her honour.

When we had really seen the last of our friends, there was a great sense of relief that the much-dreaded parting was over, and that after so much harrowing excitement and bodily fatigue we had nothing to do but to submit to the evils of a sea voyage. We were fortunate in having a quite calm day to start with, and we were all able to sit down to dinner and make necessary arrangements for comfort in our small quarters. When I had seen my two old ladies settled in their berths, I walked with my father a good while on deck, I believe until near midnight, whereby I got an exceedingly bad cold to add to the other miseries of the voyage. As I have talked of being on deck till midnight, I may as well say here that in these sailing packets we had not to submit to the same strict rules as at present in steamships.

Our lights were safely hung, but not in boxes; they were quite under our own control. My mother often kept hers burning all night, and the captain, about dawn, used to put in his arm and extinguish it. Two young men had joined the ship at the last, when the state rooms were all occupied, and the captain rigged them up some sort of a shakedown with a curtain before it, and would not have refused them a light, but of their own accord they very prudently made a point of going to bed in the dark.

Instead of the saloon occupying the whole width of the ship, as in Sarmatians and Polynesians now-a-days, it was a strip down the centre, with state-rooms off it on each side, more like our river boats, but a good portion of one end of this strip was partitioned off as a ladies' cabin. Those gentlemen who had ladies belonging to them, and the captain, often frequented it, still it was properly the ladies' quarters, ladies and married pairs occupied the state-rooms off it; moreover the ladies were not seen in the gentlemen's part, excepting at meal times, so the society was never quite promiscuous excepting on deck. Owing to these arrangements only being known to me, I made a great mistake in my first voyage per steamer, by securing my berth in the ladies' cabin, which in lieu of being a cabin with state-rooms off it, was itself only a state-room, with four berths instead of two, so that, having the very first choice, for I had applied early, I found myself in about the worst quarters. However, my business now concerns ~~my~~ our life in the "Independence." Of course rougher weather soon came, with all its consequences. I do not think that my mother was a much worse sailor than many others, as far as direct sea-sickness went, but it brought on spasms in her head, and many nervous and distressing symptoms, and a very great increase of the deafness, which

had been c ing on, and this remained permanently. Aunt Alice, too, got ill and feverish, and generally upset, when all sickness was over, so that it was a very anxious time. My incessant cough must have been almost as disagreeable to fellow passengers as it was to myself, but they did their best to cure it, for I was most abundantly supplied with lozenges; everybody seemed to be provided with such things. We had made a little provision for my father, who was in the habit of swallowing a raw egg the first thing in a morning, and one rough day, when the captain had given his arm to my mother to conduct her to her stateroom, on opening the door the eggs were found rolling about on the floor. The captain seemed extremely indignant; it looked as if his providing had been mistrusted.

Towards the latter end of our voyage we had some very fine weather, so things mended a little, and I must say, that when it is fine, there is much greater enjoyment in sailing than in steaming. One fine day the captain brought his letter-bags on deck to sort; he seemed to be his own mail clerk, and we had evidence that he remained so long after, when we received a letter with "Captain Nye's Compliments" written on the back of it. How different now! the mail bags seem to give full occupation to the mail clerk; one of them told me that the letters alone, independent of parcels and newspapers, average 18,000 each week, whilst the packets were monthly when we came out. Amongst a great many, we had some very pleasant fellow passengers, both American and English, and some decidedly otherwise; amongst these were several children and their nurses, who in bad weather crowded the cabin terribly, besides adding to all the incessant noise. One child had been considerately provided for its diversion with a toy that we used to denominate a barrel organ, which

kept up a horrible tinkling. With such invalids as I had, I cannot tell you what the misery of noise was. One drawback to the separation of gentlemen and ladies was, that the former used to indulge in toasts and speeches, and hip, hip hurrahs, and my poor mother had been obliged to have her state room off the gentlemen's cabin, as the ladies' was full before we had taken our passages. It gave one a feeling of desperation sometimes, that no stillness whatever could be obtained. Mrs. Bloor, of Toronto, was a fellow passenger; we did not know that we should one day live in a street that had taken its name from her family. One English lady was going out alone, or in the care of the captain, to fulfil a matrimonial engagement, and as her friend did not appear to meet her when we landed, we took her with us to our hotel, and though, when the gentleman appeared, he provided her with other lodgings in the interval, she was married from our hotel, my father giving her away, and I acting as bridesmaid. I had become rather intimate with her during the voyage, we had one interchange of letters after we reached our destination, and, about two years afterwards, I had a letter from her husband telling me that she was dead. I am going on too fast, for I have not yet recorded our arrival.

1837. We landed at New York on the 18th of June, and all the British shipping in the harbour was decorated in honour of the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo; so the flags were flying both at our embarkation and at our landing.

I did not feel as joyous to see land as I ought to have done; after all, our life at sea was comparatively restful, and with such a party as ours the travelling prospects seemed formidable, though we did not know how much trouble was before us. There were a great many anxious countenances as we approached land, and much excitement when the pilot

came on board. There was a financial crisis at the time, somewhat resembling that of 1826, and America was suffering greatly. Many of our passengers were business men hurrying home, and dreading what they might hear when they arrived. One old gentleman, who had been very kind and attentive to us, learnt the downfall of his house. There were a couple of Montreal merchants who never seemed to have much to say to each other during the voyage, but when the pilot's news was disclosed they fraternised, and walked up and down the deck together in earnest conversation. Others of our principal acquaintances had their sources of depression. The bride-elect was more nervous than joyous, and one gentleman who had gone to Europe with a wife, was returning a widower to her mourning relations. There was enough to make all serious, but I hope we were thankful likewise, for our voyage had certainly been a favourable one, and also short, only twenty-five days.

We landed on Sunday morning, and those who were able went to church in the afternoon, notwithstanding our very dilapidated travelling costume. We had not taken the precaution of putting on good things to come on shore with, and we were not allowed to take away our luggage until it had been examined the next day; so we had to return to the ship on Monday morning for the satisfaction of the custom-house. I have not mentioned one of our travelling companions. We had our little dog "Fury" with us, and a great care and anxiety she was, both at sea and afterwards. In the "Independence" we heard that there was a conspiracy amongst the sailors to throw her overboard, and we dared scarcely let her out of our sight. At New York it was worse, for the laws were so very stringent about dogs not being seen in the streets, that we had to watch her very closely. Aunt Alice was "Fury's"

chief guardian, and she was generally fastened up in her room. Poor little thing! she did not live long after we got to our home, but survived the first winter and felt the cold very much, especially the frozen snow to her poor little feet. If she had gone out with anyone she would sometimes throw herself on her back and hold up her four paws, complaining bitterly, and once, when she was heard screaming somewhere away from the house, she was found on her back, not having resolution to put down her feet and trot home.

Instead of recruiting on shore my mother became more unwell. After trying such remedies as blisters and leeches, we at last called in medical advice, and from day to day our onward journey was postponed. Occasionally my father and I left the two old ladies and explored a little. We exchanged calls with some friends we had known in Liverpool, the Maurys, and once dined out at the house of a gentleman to whom my father had a letter of introduction, which gave us a ten mile drive into the country. It was a very pretty spot, and as we were standing on the terrace admiring the view, I received what appeared a slap in the face; it was our host killing a mosquito on my forehead, so I enlarged my experiences and made acquaintance with the enemy. Our drive home at night was beautifully illuminated with fireflies. The coming off of our wedding, too, was another incident to fill up the weary time of waiting.

At length my mother was a little better, and very anxious to pursue our journey; so we managed to set out on the third of July, sailing up the Hudson, but only to make a short day's journey as far as Westpoint. The beauties of the Hudson are well known; there is a good deal of variety in the scenery, and at Westpoint it is especially romantic. The hotel is beautifully situated on the edge of the cliff, and a wide terrace verandah

runs round three sides of the house, so that notwithstanding a wet afternoon we could enjoy the lovely prospect. The fourth of July (anniversary of independence) was celebrated by a great dinner for the young cadets of the military college there, a service in the church, and at our hotel a dance in the evening. The company was numerous, but I believe it assembled there not so much to celebrate the anniversary as to avoid the celebration at New York, and enjoy peace and quiet instead of bustle and confusion. We, too, were glad to have got out of the city, and in this fine elevated situation there was a better chance of my mother recruiting. We rested until the sixth, and then again set forward in the river boat.

1837. Embarking or disembarking was rather confusing work, it had to be done so expeditiously; the stoppages are always exceedingly short. We had twenty-one packages to look after. Our proceeding used to be, first to collect them all together in one spot, and the moment our boat stopped, either I, or my father, went on shore, the other waited to see things off, counting them as they went, and similarly the one on shore counted them as they came out. It is a great help to know the number; on one occasion, long afterwards, when one package out of six only was missing, I could not for some time recall what the package was, and if I had not known that my number was incomplete, might not have observed the loss in time to take the proper means for recovering it. On this journey we got over twenty-one packages all safe without any alarm. Aunt Alice took charge of the dog, and my mother had quite enough to do to look after herself. She was quite ill again at Albany, and we fully expected to be once more detained; however, we did get on by short days' journeys, and at Utica embarked on the Erie Canal. We were fortunate in having very few passengers, and the ladies' cabin entirely

to ourselves, so we made up our minds to sleep on board, and this one night and two long days brought us to Rochester. We passed through a great deal of very wild forest country, and I say in my journal that for the first time I felt really like an emigrant making my way to the far west. Our direct course would have been to cross Lake Ontario from Rochester to Cobourg, but our plan had been to go round and see Niagara before burying ourselves in our backwoods home. My mother, too, was really improving, so we proceeded with our original programme, and coasted the lake on the American side to the Niagara river (July, 1837), sleeping at Lewistown, and reaching the Falls on the twelfth. Of these, as I could never say enough, I shall say very little. As many have expressed a sense of disappointment on the first view, I remark in my journal that I did not, but that I had an unsatisfied feeling arising from a consciousness that the weakness of my own powers of conception prevented me from grasping the idea of grandeur and magnificence which the scene was calculated to inspire, that each succeeding view removed this in part, but that I felt still convinced that two days were very insufficient to give me an adequate conception of the grand scale on which nature is exhibited at Niagara. We remained the first day on the American side, seeing all the various points from Goat Island, and the second day crossed the ferry to the Clifton House. The spray was driving down the river and seemed to take away one's breath just as when first plunging into cold water.

After seeing all the beauties of Niagara from the British side, we made our first acquaintance with fellow emigrants. A college friend of my brother John had settled and married here, so we went to call on them. Curiously enough the lady he had married was a school-fellow of my sister-in-law, Mrs.

William Langton, and the baby's nurse came from the neighbourhood of Kirkham, and knew all our families by name. They were naturally very friendly, but their discourse was anything but encouraging; here is a specimen I copy from my journal:—

"'It is a horrid country,' says one. 'It is well you should know what to expect; you will have to be your own cook and housemaid by turns.' 'Can you wash and iron?' says another. 'I hope you can bake, or else you will starve.' 'You are literally going amongst bears and wolves; I am sorry for your sake that John should have fixed himself in such an out-of-the-way place,' &c. &c. Well! well! so am I; but it does not signify much. Cabin passengers do not escape sea sickness, and those in the steerage reach land just as soon and as safely. May we look forward to the better land we are bound for, and care little for the discomforts of the present!"

I went on to the end of the passage, with its commentary and the little metaphor derived from recent experiences; for as this history cannot be very lively at present, you will allow of the serious. More than forty years have gone since those days; we have been cook and housemaid and baked our own bread, and done many other strange things, and both Mr. and Mrs. Sawbridge have been long since at the end of their earthly career.

July, 1837. On the fourteenth we drove to Queenstown to embark for Toronto; in passing over some high ground we looked over an ocean of forest, as flat, and apparently as interminable, as that on which we had been sailing a month before. It was a singular and striking view; I have never seen a similar one since. At Toronto we got our expected letter from my brother John, but it was not altogether a cheering

one, for we found we had hurried him by our premature arrival. He had intended us to come out later in the season, but we had been desirous to get the journey over before very hot weather. However, we gave him a little more time than we expected, for here my mother fell ill again, and three weeks more elapsed before we could proceed to our destination, or rather a month, for there was another delay at Peterborough. One of the twenty-one packages we had to look after belonged to our fellow passenger Mrs. Bloor, so we called to deliver it somewhere in the country, I should say from my then impression, but most likely it was the afterwards well-known Bloor Street. Our principal acquaintance at Toronto was the doctor, and of him we saw a great deal, for my mother was again quite ill, a pretty prospect for us who were going to the backwoods to be miles and miles away from any doctor.

I really do not remember any incident outside the walls of the North American hotel, excepting my father and I once dining at Government House, as we had special letters to Sir Francis Head. A little shopping, too, for here we heard of the death of William the Fourth, and thought it our duty to show our loyalty by wearing black, as we were still in the midst of the world, and had to appear at a public table.

I cannot be as particular in my dates now, as I dropped journalizing when we got to Toronto, but it must have been about three weeks from our arrival there that we once more started on our journey, reaching Port Hope the first day. Here we received some attention from a gentleman known to my brother, Colonel Kingsmill. He invited us to breakfast at his house the next morning, as it lay on our route towards Rice Lake, which accordingly we did. His lady was more dolorous in her reports of the country even than the Sawbridges, but I do not think that we felt much damped; we had

heard all about it before, and had made up our minds. I am sorry to say that such complaints are much more common among the ladies than among the gentlemen, but then I certainly believe that their trial is the hardest; their drudgery is more uniform, and there is no romance to cast a little glitter upon it.

We drove to Rice Lake, whence the steamer took us up the winding Otanabee to Peterborough. When within two or three miles of that place the captain called out, "Here is Mr. Langton." He came down to meet us in his canoe, which was soon drawn on board, and then we received a more cheering welcome than that letter we met at Toronto had been. One of my brother's friends had come with him, but he and the other passengers, with great discretion, withdrew from that end of the boat where the family reunion was taking place.

It was quite dark when we reached Peterborough. I well remember my impressions on the first look out in the morning. How wild! A waste wilderness of wood,—not so much the growing woods, which were not far off, but the precious article seemed thrown about everywhere. There were sticks and logs in every square yard of the little plain before us, to say nothing of stumps; it was the first bit of genuine "backwoods" I had seen. I have seen a good deal of them since, but that first impression is indelible.

The next day we were introduced to some of my brother's friends, who were soon to become ours, and on the next Saturday a party of young backwoodsmen came down for the purpose of rowing us up the lakes on Monday. But alas! now I was ill and not fit for the journey, and we had once more to make a medical acquaintance, so the young men went home again. In a day or two I was all right, and the delay enabled us to see a little more of Peterborough and its people. One day I

astonished the guests at the public table by showing that I was much better acquainted with the geography of the district than any one of them. The fact was, I had copied maps of it when my brother first came out, and I knew quite well where every individual township was situated, which I am sure I do not now. The next Saturday another crew came down, and we finally did get off on Monday, driving six miles to Mud Lake and arriving at Bobcaygeon about dusk. I thought it a lovely spot,—such beautiful trees overhanging the water, and all so still and solemn looking. As Bobcaygeon was a regular stopping place, there were one or two houses where accommodation could be had. We travellers were deposited in one, and our young men withdrew to their accustomed quarters, and, as I heard, spent a very jolly evening after their labours.

I do not think we felt exactly jolly, but, no doubt, very thankful to be so near the end of our journey. The last day came, and on the fifteenth of August, 1837, we reached our new home. How anxiously we looked for it as we were being rowed up Sturgeon Lake ; but it does not come in sight until you are quite close to it. Certainly my brother had fixed upon one of the most attractive spots, where a creek finds its way into the lake in almost a bay, for a beautiful point of land projects into the water on one side, and the ground rises considerably at a little distance from the lake. There on the hill stood our still unfinished house, looking quite stately in comparison with anything near it. There was nothing to dishearten in the aspect of things, and we had had it fully described to us. The only thing that did startle me was the extreme roughness of the ground. My fear was for my old people. I felt as if there was no spot where they could take a little turn without stumbling upon a stone, or catching their feet in a root. I daresay John felt anxious, too, to see from

our countenances how we were impressed by our new abode. I do not think he found anything unsatisfactory there. So we ascended the hill, not to our own house, but to his. The first incident was that our little dog "Fury" made a violent onslaught on John's cat, so there was discord in the camp at once, and puss was a great favourite, and moreover quite a character. Fury had been incorrigible in her behaviour to cats, but she had to learn respect for the older inhabitant, and did so.

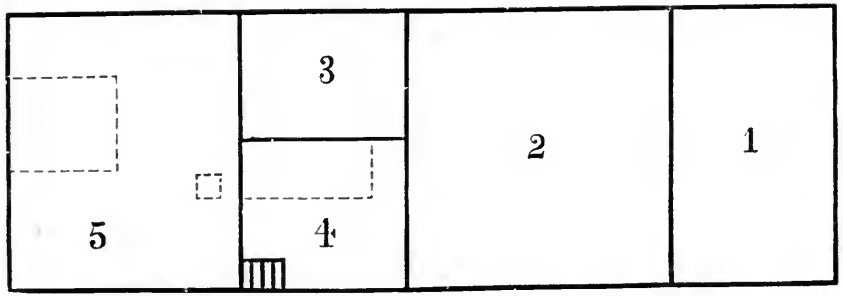
Before going on with my narrative of our life at Blythe, you should hear something of the then state of the settlement, and how my brother came to fix himself there. When he came out in the spring of 1833 he had no definite purpose as to what part of the province he should locate himself in, but he did not waste much time in looking about him. The lands bordering these lakes were looked upon very favourably at the time, and several of the new comers were meditating making their purchases there. The long string of lakes running one into the other, and with no great extent of land dividing them from some of the larger ones, made it almost certain that with some canal cutting they would soon become a great highway connecting Lakes Ontario and Huron, and if it had not been for the rapid development of the railway system, then quite unforeseen, it most assuredly must have been so. As it was, progress was much slower than had been anticipated, and later on, one by one, almost all of the original settlers moved away to follow their fortunes elsewhere, some to find them, some to do little better and some, I fear, a little worse. But I was about to go back and not forward. I think one visit of inspection decided my brother's choice; at my request he has given me a little sketch of his own first coming out, and it has the advantage of introducing the names of many who

formed part of our community, names which may be mentioned again in the course of my narrative:—

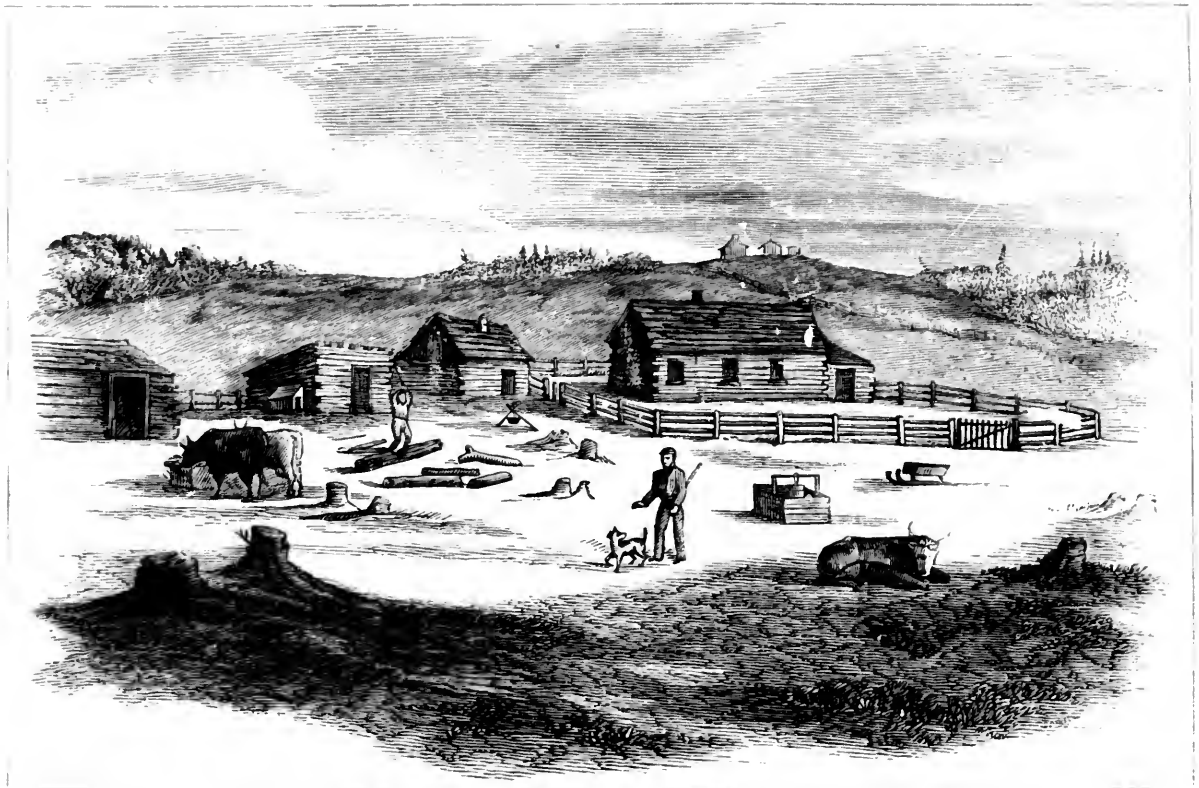
"I landed at New York early in July, 1833, and from thence went to Peterborough, where I had some letters of introduction. A plan had been devised at that time of having a water communication between Lake Huron and Lake Ontario, by a canal from Lake Simcoe to Balsam Lake, and thence down the chain of lakes to the Trent and the bay of Quinte, and a surveying party was just about starting to explore the route. There appeared, therefore, to be a favourable location along that chain of lakes, and I was furthur induced to look at the country because Need, to whom I had a letter of introduction, had already located himself on Sturgeon Lake. I went up with an Indian and explored. On my return I found McAndrew at Peterborough, and went up with him for a second exploration. We liked the prospects, and on our return, at the next sale of Crown lands, we made our purchases. Besides the particular lots which I selected for my own location, I purchased very cheap some United ~~States~~ Empire Loyalist rights, which I located on adjoining lots. This gave me an opportunity of selecting my neighbours, and as I sold the land to them, to be paid in three or four years' instalments in work, it was a great convenience to them, and I always had labourers when I wanted them. Just before the winter set in, McAndrew and I went up to take possession of our lands. I believe I chopped down the first tree chopped by a settler in Fenelon, except on a lot at the extreme end of the township next to Ops, which I think was in advance of me. The men I had taken up with me handed me the axe, and looked on while I chopped the tree.

"At that time our only settlers were, Need and Sawers, near Bobcaygeon; Fraser and Darcus a little further up on Sturgeon lake; McAndrew and I further still, and about four miles apart; and Jamieson, who had purchased Fenelon Falls and had commenced a settlement there. That winter McAndrew and I were delighted with an incursion of visitors. Jamieson, who was not much up the lakes himself, brought a party of friends—Wallis, McCaul, McCredie, and others. Wallis went into partnership with Jamieson to build mills at Fenelon Falls; McCaul and McCredie took up their quarters with McAndrew; and Dennistoun some months afterwards came out and established himself on Camerons Lake. About a year afterwards Atthill established himself amongst us; Dundas came to live with Dennistoun, and afterwards went on a farm of his own; Major Hamilton, with whom we had been intimate at Peterborough, took up his grant on Camerons Lake, and after his death his family came to live there, and McCredie's brother Tom came and joined us; it was not till two years afterwards that Boyd came out and settled. Where are they now? McAndrew was the first to go. His brother failed, and as he lost his means by the failure he went home to go into business in Liverpool, and in 1847 settled in New York. McCaul went home, and not long afterwards died. McCredie went home with me in 1836, and did not come out again. He went to Bermuda first, and afterwards to Australia. Tom, whom I left in charge of my place when I went home, soon after my return went home likewise, and he, too, is in Australia. Darcus soon left, and went first to Peterborough and then to the States. Sawers went into the army, and soon after

PLAN OF JOHN'S HOUSE.



1. Porch. 2. Sitting Room. 3. Closet Pantry.
4. Bedroom. 5. Bedroom.



JOHN'S HOUSE AND YARD.

N.B.—The sketch of which this is a copy was really done from dictation, before I had seen the place; but in some respects it gives a better idea of it than the view done from nature, and includes the building which we afterwards burnt down.

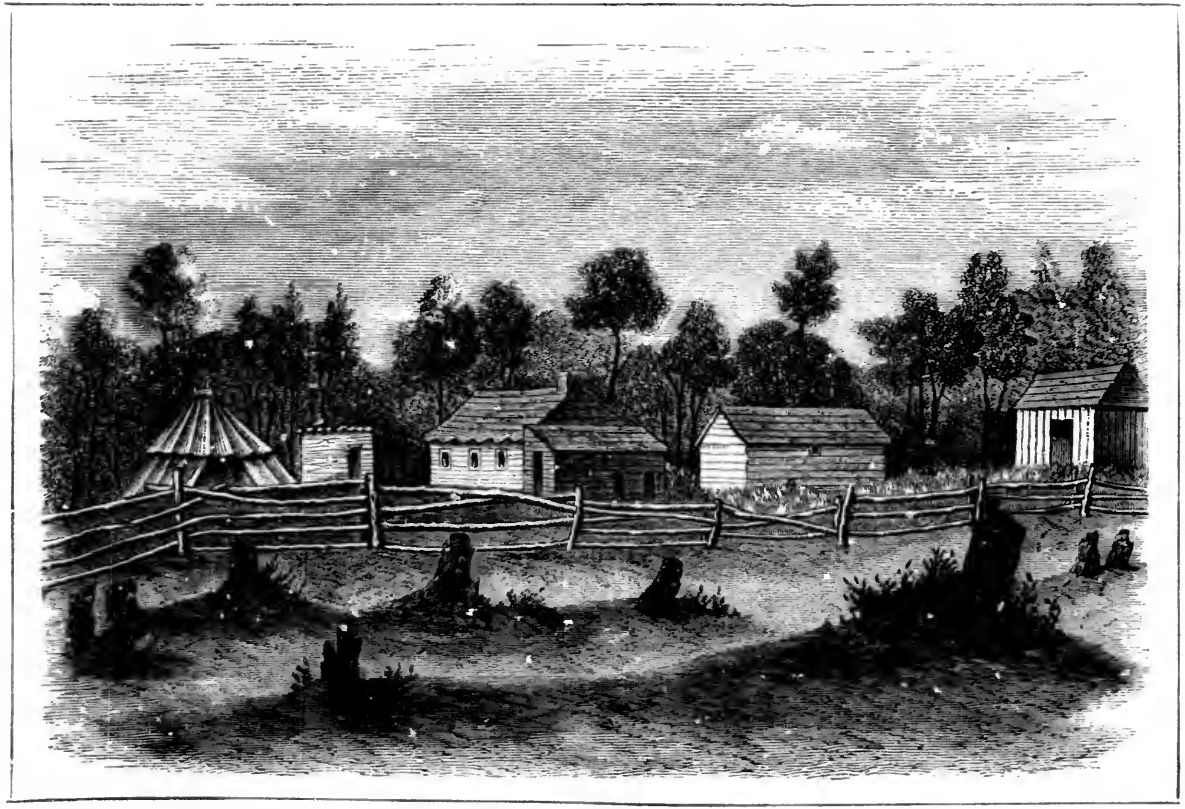
died. There were left when my people came out, Dennistoun, Dundas, and the Hamiltons on Camerons Lake, Wallis at Fenelon Falls, for Jamieson rarely came amongst us, and latterly lived at Liverpool, where he died, and Atthill, who afterwards went into the Church, and was curate at Newmarket. He went home also, and died. He left his younger brother Ned, who also later on went home. Fraser remained for some years and then went to Peterborough. Need remained for some time, having left his farm for Bobcaygeon, where he built a saw-mill. Boyd was on his farm for several years till he succeeded Need at the mill. These were my neighbours when my people came out. The Dunsfords came next—Jem and Hartley first, and then the rest of the family—and afterwards Wickham, who bought Atthill's place. The only one now left is Boyd."

I may now resume my own narrative. John contrived to lodge us all in his own habitation, and we continued to occupy it from August 15th to November 20th, when we were able to take possession of the big house, as the neighbours called it. The sketch opposite will show what the accommodation was. The master of the house had rigged up for himself some sort of a couch at the end of the porch, with a curtain before it. My father slept in John's hammock, slung at night in the sitting-room, until he got ill, when he changed places with me. Previously I slept with my mother in the larger bedroom, No. 5, and aunt Alice occupied the small room leading into it. The large bed and some other comforts were lent for a time by Mr. Wallis, and whilst the fine weather lasted we had for dining-room a commodious marquée. The kitchen was a detached building—the first habitation John had put up for himself; his present one had been built more at leisure. There was a good

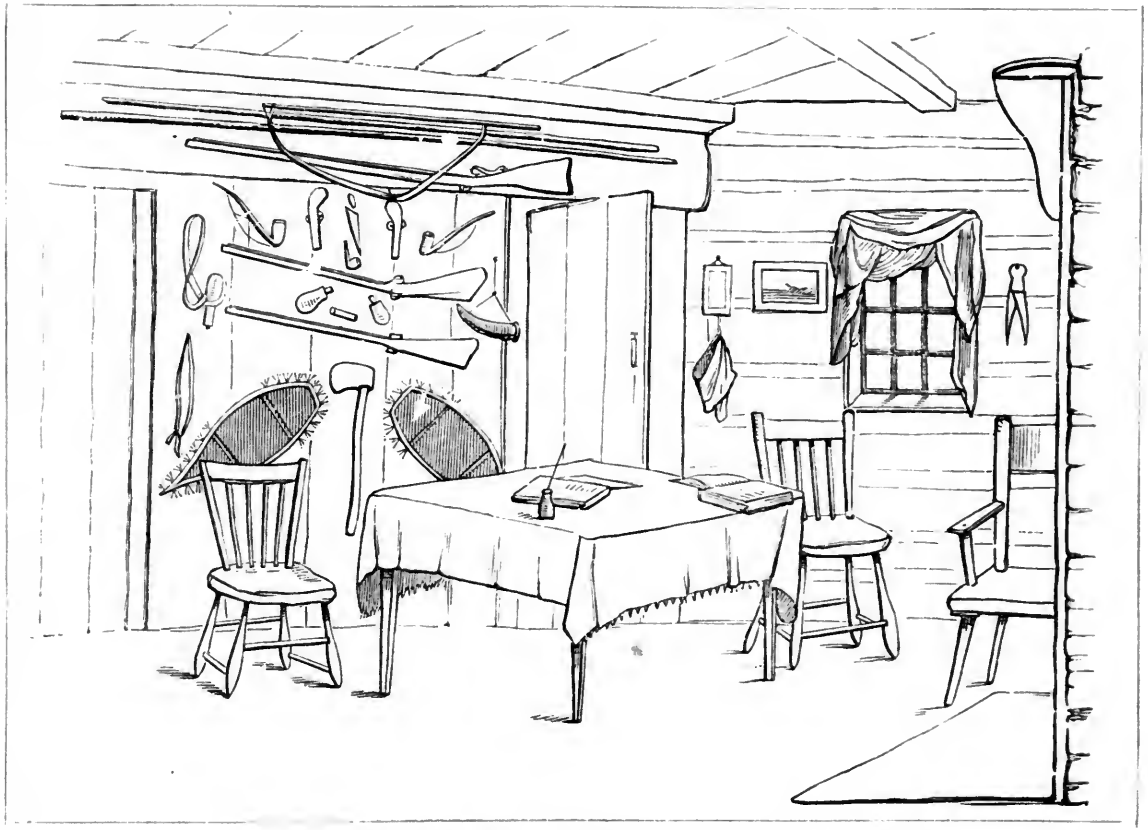
loft over all, which you entered by a little ladder-stair in the corner of the passage bedroom. Sometimes John had a servant, sometimes none; at this time he had an elderly woman who occupied the kitchen building, but not very long after our arrival it was discovered that it was swarming with bugs. They never had got into his own house, but there was great danger that they would do so; so after a cabinet council it was decided that the place should be burnt down. It was very near to the house, but we had blankets soaked in water spread over the end of the house next to the kitchen building, and a careful watch kept whilst the conflagration was going on. Of course we were now deprived of a place for a servant, and had nowhere to cook our dinners but our own fireside. We made one attempt at having a domestic by letting her sleep where the farming man and his wife were living, but they had only a little dark closet for her, and it was not much that she could do for us when not in the house; so we found it much better to dispense with a servant altogether. We did all our cooking at our own fire, excepting that the farmer's wife used to boil us a pan of potatoes, and she would carry away the worst of our cooking vessels to scour, the ordinary washing up, &c. &c., we undertook ourselves. Were we not in the Backwoods, and had we not been told that we should have all these things to do *in turn*? But we had them not in turn, but altogether.

However, we went cheerily to work as long as we were all well, and at first we had only to provide for the wants of each day as it passed; but our troubles and necessities began to accumulate, the weather to get worse, and when it became time to look after the cleaning of the new house, we could not hear of a servant.

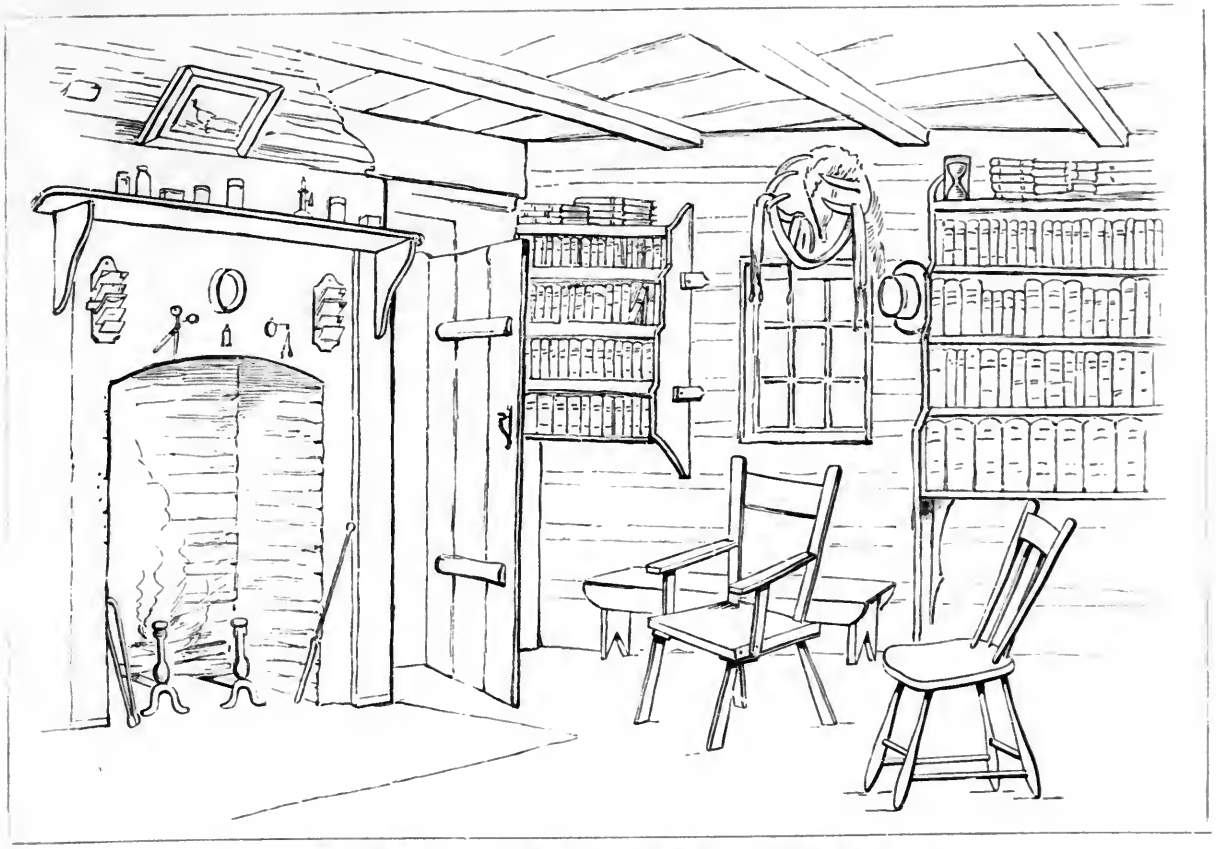
Our furniture began to arrive, and whenever a scow load of



J. L.'S HOUSE 1837, WITH MARQUEE FOR DINING.



PRINCIPAL ROOM IN JOHN'S HOUSE—No. 1.



PRINCIPAL ROOM IN JOHN'S HOUSE—No. 2.

it was coming up the lake it was sure to be raining, for we had a very wet fall, so that bedding, as well as other things, arrived all wet, and there was nowhere to dry it but by this one fire; so the pots and pans must make way, and all who could do so retreated to the inner bedroom, where there was a little stove. Aunt Alice had become quite ill with neuralgic pains, and my poor dear father was beginning to suffer from that complaint, which some months afterwards terminated his life. My mother, who had been so ill on the journey, seemed now the most capable and active of the three, but at one time she too seemed threatened with a return of the ailments she had suffered so much from at New York and Toronto. I never shall forget my feeling of despair at that time. So much to be done before we could possibly get into our house, and nobody to do it. Now, it did seem a rash step for such a party to come out to such a place, but we were very careful in writing home to say as little of our difficulties as possible. That time has now faded into a dim distance, but as I write and bring the details again to my memory, I am not surprised at any amount of despair possessing me.

At length one day a man from the other side of the lake, who had often worked for John, one Dan Flynn, came and offered us his sister as a servant, so she came. We located her at the "big house," making no use whatever of her in our present quarters, and busy she was kept in cleaning, not only the house, but all the household goods that had come out in such a miserable state of wet and dirt. Mary Scarry was a treasure in her way. I used to spend most of the days in rubbing and polishing furniture, and getting things into some sort of order; so at last, November 20th, we moved up to our real home. How magnificent it seemed, notwithstanding its uncovered log walls, and unplastered ceiling; we had a kitchen

to boil our kettle in, and when I rang our little handbell, to have the tea things taken away, did I not feel grand!! The same Mary became a sort of family friend, and lived with us off and on a great deal; she had considerable faults, but she had also a *head* and a *heart*.

I have dwelt on our many troubles, but they did not come all immediately. The loss of our kitchen, and consequently of any comfort from a servant, came quite early in the day, but did not prevent us from making a little acquaintance with the neighbourhood, at least my father and myself; the old ladies did not move about at all. We went up one day to dine with Mr. Wallis at Fenelon Falls, and saw our little log church on the top of the hill. In coming back we saw two deer swimming across the lake, and followed one, and were very near enriching our larder with some venison, but the animal scrambled on shore just before the oars could reach it. John said, "Now you will think that this is an every-day occurrence, but I assure you it is not," and true enough, though I have seen other wild animals, I never saw another deer alive.

My father and I had some walks together. I was a great deal his companion, for my brother in the busy autumn season had no time to devote to him; but I always felt that it was at the expense of leaving my mother with too much to do. I remember one walk we took at her suggestion, to carry a jug of very nice strong broth she had made to a woman who had been confined a few days before. We found the new mother looking exceedingly jolly, and when we complimented her on seeming so well she said, "Oh, yes! on Monday (the baby had been born on Friday) the big pig ran away, and I chased it all over the clearing, and I was no worse, so I have

been logging ever since."* So much for the hardiness of a settler's wife. Not this baby, but a later one, they begged to call Ellen Langton after my mother, I being godmother. I lost sight of my godchild before she could speak, for they left the neighbourhood, but she may indirectly have profited by my instructions through an elder sister.

When once settled in the "big house" we were soon pretty comfortable, and very glad that we had brought out our own furniture, though it was thought that we might have got the needful in Canada at much less expense. But how long it would have taken to supply ourselves! and now, ill as my dear father was, he could be made almost as comfortable as if we had never left our home in England. He grew gradually more and more of an invalid, and never, I think, left the house after we once got into it. He read a good deal, and for some time was not unable to enjoy seeing a little of our small society. On Christmas Day we were to have had all the young men settled round us to dinner, but our party was very much reduced. The rebellion had broken out, and orders arrived from Government for a party of the settlers to intercept the

*For the sake of the uninformed I must give an idea of what "logging" is. When the trees are first chopped down in the winter they are left lying just where they fell, and in the spring, when the ground is pretty dry, fire is employed to carry on the work, but only the branches and small stuff are consumed. The trunks, which were at first cut through once or twice to leave them in practicable lengths for removal, must now be collected in heaps for further burning. This is done with oxen, a chain being fixed round the log and attached to the yoke; but it needs a great deal of help, both in getting it over the rough ground, guiding it to its destined heap, and especially in giving it the first start. This is done with handspikes, and is called logging; very hard work it is. When a large fallow is being cleared it is usual to call a "bee." All your neighbours come to help, each bringing his own team. You provide meals for the company, but give no wages, being yourself ready to render the same assistance in your turn. By this means a great deal of work is got through in one day.

arch rebel Mackenzie, who was supposed to be escaping in that direction. That my brother might not desert his guests one of our young men (Mr. Savage) took his place, and he was to follow the next day; but when the morrow came it had been found that Mackenzie was elsewhere, so the party was recalled. The country was in a very anxious state for some time, and we felt as if any day the male part of our population might be summoned to the front; however, the tumult subsided without further disturbing us in our remote district.

1838. As the winter advanced my father grew rapidly worse. We never saw any medical man; he corresponded with the doctor we had made acquaintance with at Toronto, and he, and we all, were fully impressed with the belief that it was not a case where any advice could have availed. I believe we were right, but at any rate the conviction seemed a providential support. Towards the last, at our request, the clergyman from Peterborough came up, that we might have the comfort of receiving the Communion once more together. Mr. Wallis received him as his guest, and he was still at Fenelon Falls
1838. when the end came (May the 3rd), and officiated at the funeral on the 7th. So my father, who had been so much interested in this scheme of emigration, was soon taken from the good and the evil of the new life. I have often thought that if his life had been prolonged, even in his ordinary state of health, it would, when excitement and novelty were over, have been a dreary existence. He could not, at his years, have partaken of the pursuits of the young men, and there would have been no food for either his social or literary tastes. Whether he felt any regret at having brought us all out, I scarcely know. I am sure he thought that my mother would not be very long after him; and I daresay he felt in looking forward, as I do in looking back, that she would be as happy

in her Backwoods home, as she would have been elsewhere. She was of an active nature, and took an interest in her household, and had pleasure in showing hospitality. My brother William continued his allowance to her as long as she lived, and the insurance money in addition made her comfortable in her means, and able to be in some measure the "lady bountiful" of the neighbourhood; and if this was a gratification it does not imply either pride or worldliness. Our Saviour himself said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." With regard to myself, my father was rather urgent in recommending me, when I should be left, to return home, but I did not lead him to expect that I should do so, for I had a presentiment that my lot was cast in Canada. He did not know then how easy it would become to go backwards and forwards. Up to that time it had been held very doubtful whether steamers could ever carry fuel enough to bring them over the Atlantic; but I read to my father, in the paper, of the first steamer having crossed, the very morning that he died. He had been sitting up by the fire, and then lay down on his bed and slept, and it was almost immediately after rising from that last sleep on earth, that he sank finally to rest. On the 7th of May his remains, attended by all our young settlers, were carried by water, under falling snow, to the church hill at Fenelon Falls.

We had already, during the course of the first winter, experienced what it was to be without a servant, for Mary was wanted at home for a time. The farming man's wife, when she brought up the milk in the morning, would sometimes remain a few minutes, and help us over any difficulty, and we had a nice active lad, whose chief business was to keep us supplied with firewood, but he would give a helping hand sometimes in an evening. This youth, William Dick, grew up and

married whilst we were still living on the lakes. He afterwards migrated to Manitoba, and we heard lately that he was a member of parliament there. He had just the qualities for rising in the world. He did us an essential service that summer, and in all probability saved my mother's life. She had gone out to feed some young chickens, when she was attacked by a vicious cow. It had rather a bad character before, and the points of its horns had been sawn off, or matters might have been worse. As it was she was rolled over and over, and considerably bruised, but William Dick heard her from the wood-shed, and came to the rescue. Much alarmed indeed we were, seeing her brought in as white as a sheet. My brother was away, and of course no doctor within reach. I took upon myself what we conceived ought to be done, and applied the cupping glasses for the first time in my life. I had various occasions to use them afterwards for her and for others, and instructed this same William Dick in the use of them, to operate upon a neighbour. We learnt to act for ourselves, and a sort of self-reliance was given to us in our needs, which disappeared again when we came to be within reach of doctors. In a few days my mother was pretty well restored, but at first her breathing seemed so much affected that we were very uneasy. The cow suffered for its misdeed; my brother had it killed at once when he got home.

1838. Our family party was enlivened during this summer by a guest of my brother's (Mr. Atthill) who was preparing to go into orders. He had found it difficult to study in his own house, where his brother and Mr. Toker were living with him, so my brother invited him to Blythe. I do not think, however, that he studied much more than he would have done at home, for a regatta had been proposed, which was to come off in the autumn, and my brother's two boats were of course to appear

in the contest. What with preparing the boats, practising with the oars, making sails, flags, &c. &c., there was a great deal to be done, and much excitement about it. The flags were mostly the ladies' share of the work; we all got interested and talked of little else, so that aunt Alice pronounced a regatta to be as bad as a bazaar.

I should mention that when we took possession of our house my brother still continued to sleep in his own, and likewise all his gentlemen visitors. The meals were taken at our house, and the evenings mostly spent with us. When we wanted to summon them to breakfast or dinner we used to blow a horn, or, if we were very imperative, spring a watchman's rattle in addition. I recollect on one occasion, when we had an alarm of fire late at night, either from nervousness or from cold (it was a bitter night) I could not bring a sound out of the horn, so I had to run down to John's house and then run up the hill again as fast as I could; and I should recommend anyone to avoid running when the thermometer is twelve below zero, for to get thoroughly out of breath at that temperature is most exquisite pain.

When the regatta came off we entertained company for the first time—that is ladies (Frasers and Fortyes). Mrs. Fortye was a Miss Hamilton. Before this I had counted ten months during which time we had not seen a single lady. The other houses all had guests, so that there was a large assemblage at Sturgeon Point, the chosen locality. My brother's boats were the "Alice" and the "Fairy." A rowing match in the latter we were sure to lose; a sailing match in the former as sure to win. Unfortunately the last did not come off; for on account of some noisy, rough work in the crowd the party broke up prematurely. There were some gaieties the next day at the Falls for the strangers, which of course I did not attend. Though

Though my brother's boats were often in use going to and fro, yet his private trips were always taken in his canoe, and I often accompanied him—more this first summer than afterwards, partly because, the place being still so much in the rough, there was no garden to look after; and partly because I wanted to do a good deal of sketching to let our people at home see something of our surroundings,—and this had not to be done again. I used to fear that, with only this watery highway, my mother would have many anxious moments when we were out of her sight; but she took it all quite easily, thoroughly trusting that John knew how to take care. There had never been any accident on the lakes at this time. Alas! they came, and then we were more ready to take alarm.

Soon after the regatta Mr. Atthill left to be ordained, and the lakes knew him no more. The Dunsfords came out about this time, and occupied his house whilst one was being built for them on their own land. The two eldest, James and Hartley, had been out some months, but the circumstance of a family of ladies coming, occasioned a good deal of expectation. I was not able to see anything of them until sleighing time enabled me to drive down, and call upon them. My brother took me one day in January, 1839. It was my first sleigh drive, for the winter before I never dreamt of going anywhere. I felt just like a child who is going a journey, and walked about with my wraps on, in the greatest impatience for the sleigh to come to the door. So we drove down and made our call, little dreaming how the future would unite us with the Dunsford family. In coming back we got an upset, had sundry minor mishaps, broke the harness, and finally came home with a pocket-handkerchief taking the place of a strap. I do not remember all details, but I know John said it was a regular

epitome of bush sleighing; I might consider that I knew all about it now.

I had sundry other upsets later on, for they are very common on those rough roads; nevertheless, I consider bush sleighing pleasanter than sleighing on the best of roads. The very excitement of it is agreeable, and you are so much more sheltered in the woods, and, above all, the beauty that surrounds you, with the wreaths of snow arching over you among the branches in the most fantastic forms—you scarcely see what it is that upholds the snow—it seems quite a fairy structure. This is only in the depth of winter; towards the end of February, however much snow has fallen, the growing power of the sun soon carries off a great part of it.

Our first winter had been a mild one; this second was extremely severe. We had a great deal of wind, and so many storms happened on a Saturday, that we got into the way of saying, "It blows like Saturday night." I saw it observed afterwards, that it was remarkable how many storms there had been on the Atlantic on a Sunday. I remember when, on one of these dreadful nights, we had never been able to see the lake all day from the driving snow, we received two visitors, who had been struggling through the drifts coming up from Peterborough. They had attempted to take shelter in a deserted shanty, but fortunately at last made their way to Blythe, or I think they might have been frozen. After suitable refreshment they went down to sleep at my brother's; the one who had not a regular bed had his shake-down in front of a large log fire; the heat of the fire had melted the snow drifts in the loft above, and from the water dropping down, there was a little pyramid of ice on the top of him in the morning. I have often after washing found my towel stiffen in my hands, though standing before a blazing fire, and on one occasion I recollect finding a

good snow drift behind a chest of drawers, that had remained unthawed since a storm a fortnight before, though there had been regular fires night and morning in the room. It is marvellous how the fine powdery snow will penetrate where you would not imagine it possible, and I could give you other instances of its power of resisting such heat as you can obtain.

Our house was at its coldest this winter, for a summer's heat had shrunk the unseasoned timbers, and no plastering could have been done until that shrinking was, partially at least, over. A second summer we plastered the house outside, and some of the rooms inside; but those that had been hung and panelled for the sake of appearance at first, were not plastered, and remained very cold in consequence. I recollect the thermometer being only three above zero at our bed head one morning, and, with the best fire we could keep, it never got many degrees higher, until at last we lighted a stove in an adjoining room, divided from ours only by a board partition, when we raised it to twenty, still, at the highest, twelve degrees of frost!! This was Canada, and we were not aware that cold could be excluded any better; happily we know it now. It was a regular thing to find any water left in a basin at night a block of ice, and if we ever did have any water in a jug, it was sure to be cracked, so we always used tins. My mother had an insuperable objection to stove heat (aunt Alice shared it), and when later a necessary alteration in a chimney compelled her to the use of one, she was quite out of spirits at the thoughts of losing her open fire-place; but she acknowledged afterwards that it had been infinitely to the increase of her comfort.

1838-9. This second winter we were not so well off in the domestic department. Our Mary was wanted at home. We often had a change of servants, when there had been no dissatisfaction on

either side, but there was no class looking to service as their regular career. The farmers' daughters were willing to hire out for a time, when there was nothing to do at home. When we lost Mary we thought to make ourselves comfortable by having a man and his wife, with a young girl to help; but they got up a quarrel amongst them, which led to the elder pair departing, and leaving us with only this girl of about fourteen years of age, and so we remained the whole winter. I undertook all the bread making, and took a great interest in it, being as pleased to turn out a nice batch of loaves, as now an elegant bit of fancy work. I had already set down confectionery as one of the arts by which I might gain my bread if need be. My mother always liked to have something nice in the house in case of visitors, and though so far in the wilderness, there were seasons when we had a great many comers and goers, and of course, the further out of the world, the more need was there that hospitality should include feeding. We were not always very well provided. I recollect on one occasion—it was during the short interval between my mother's death and my aunt's—two gentlemen arriving when there was nothing in the house but a small bit of cold fish. By the help of plenty of bread crumbs I contrived to manufacture a dish that could be set before them, helped out by extempore bread rolls, and I congratulated myself that I had cleaned the windows that morning. One of these gentlemen was Mr. Daintry, the possessor now of a fine estate in Cheshire, not far from the Oak House, living, I presume, on the fat of the land, for I heard when in that neighbourhood that his son-in-law had buttoned up himself, his wife, and his child altogether in one of Mr. Daintry's waistcoats.

1839. I do not think there was any particular event during the summer of 1839. We began to be very busy making the

outside of the house respectable, and getting the garden into order. Once or twice we had a clergyman up at the Falls, who gave us one service in the little log church. At other times we always read a portion of it at home, and a sermon, and used to have a very fair congregation of neighhours, sometimes between twenty and thirty. John had always done this before we came out. Twice in the week I used to have a little school. I began with the children of John's farming man, an old Waterloo soldier (neither he nor his wife could read), and afterwards several of the neighbours' children used to come quite regularly, and from a considerable distance. I kept this up until we had a school established.

In the autumn there was a second regatta at Sturgeon Point. I do no think it excited us as much in anticipation as the first, but there were more boats in the race, and more company invited to all the different houses, and the hotel at the Falls was well filled. Alas! the day ended with a most melancholy catastrophe. One of the men who had been rowing in John's boat (the winning one this time) fell backwards into the water. No one was in the least alarmed, for he was known to be an excellent swimmer, but he never once appeared on the surface. Then indeed the excitement was terrible, and every effort was made to rescue him, but all fruitlessly. When this had been going on for an hour, and life could most certainly not be saved, the search was dropped, and a most melancholy procession of boats returned to their respective homes, or went up to the Falls. The next morning several boats went down again with grappling irons, but it was some time before they succeeded in finding the body. From the position in which it was found it was presumed that he had been in the act of taking off his coat, and that his arms had been in some way pinioned; either that, or that he had

fainted after his exertions in rowing, could alone account for his disappearing so completely. The accident had happened at a very short distance from the shore, but the water was deep. He was a neighbour, and was married to the daughter of another of our neighbours, and he had been very frequently working at Blythe, so that we felt it a very great shock. This was not quite the first drowning accident we had had. A few weeks before two men were upset, and drowned, on Camerons Lake; one of these likewise had been occasionally working at Blythe. There were to be various gaieties at the Falls after the regatta. At first it was thought these ought to be given up, and my brother much wished it should be so, but there were so many strangers who had come from a distance, and who could not be so deeply interested as we were, that it was decided not altogether to disappoint them, so the amusements were resumed, but a sad damp was thrown upon everything. The unfortunate man left one child, a little girl, and a collection was made for its benefit amongst those who were present at the accident. A boy was born soon after his father's death, and the last time I was in the neighbourhood I heard from their grandfather that both these children had prospered very well in the world. We never had another regatta, nor anything of sufficient importance to be the excuse for a regular gathering of strangers, though the advent of visitors, in one or other of the houses, would often lead to some small attempts at gaieties.

1838. Late in the autumn we invited our new neighbours, the Dunsfords, to stay a couple of nights with us, so we ceremoniously entertained the future mistress of Blythe. I had met them at the regatta, and during the winter before at Mr. Wallis', but I think the elder ladies had barely just seen them. It seemed very tardy hospitality, as they had been about a

year on the Lakes, but I have no doubt there were substantial hindrances besides our very limited accommodation. We never could have any ladies without my mother and myself vacating our room, and quartering ourselves with aunt Alice; so that we began to contemplate making an addition to the house. I have no doubt that one reason for not asking visitors until the autumn was the bareness of the larder, for during the summer we could never have anything but salt pork or bacon. We could not kill any of our animals, for the meat would not keep until we could consume it, so that, unless it were an occasional fowl, we lived entirely on salted meats. We invented new ways of cooking them, so as to give ourselves a little variety in our diet; but, though the consumers of the meal might be easily contented, it was very trying to the provider to have so little opportunity of doing credit to her housekeeping. The preservation of the salted meats, too, was a great trouble, for there was a vicious little beetle that was given to infest them, and all the stores had to be perpetually looked over. Though going to market every day is not pleasant, yet it is a great comfort to have a butcher at hand. About October the slaughtering of our beasts began. Oh! what a vision rises before me of sheep, and quarters of beef and pigs, cutting up, boiling down, stewing and potting, &c. &c.; and then to look into the larder, one felt as if one could never possibly get to the end of all that meat; yet it used to disappear in due time. Then all the garden stuff had to be gathered in, and stowed away in the root house, and flower seeds had to be collected against the ensuing year, so that of all busy seasons the autumn was the busiest, and from morning till night one was never able to sit down. A great deal of the cutting up used to devolve upon me. A man would have done it in half the time, but my mother was very par-

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ticular in having the joints properly shaped, and it was not easy to get anyone else to take her directions; the men were all too much in the rough-and-ready line. I acquired a good deal of experience. Once I displayed my acquirements very much to the astonishment of the company at a dinner party in England. It was at the house of a Scotch gentleman, and the conversation turned upon their national dish, the sheep's head, and the way of preparing it for cooking, when I quietly said, "This is the way I do it." How they looked round upon me! I must confess that it was only once that we dressed the sheep's head, but on that occasion I did prepare it with my own hands.

1839. Near the close of that year a clergyman was appointed to Fenelon Falls. There had been a collection among the friends of all the settlers to form a little stipend along with the grant, which at that time the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel gave to eke out the result of such endeavours, so that there was a maintenance in readiness. Mr. Fidler and his family were at first located at the tavern, but a parsonage was put up the following year. Both he and his wife had had a previous marriage, so there were two families to begin with, though only numbering four children together. Mr. Fidler was not exactly the sort of man we had wanted for our pastor. He had most certainly not the faculty of winning hearts, a great step towards winning souls. Peace to his ashes! he came at last to a fearful end, but this was not until the year 1847. It was in the spring of the year, when the waters were very high and the currents strong. He and two other men had been in his boat on Camerons Lake, and were just in the act of mooring it at the usual point, when, through some inadvertence, it got twisted round and into the current beyond their control, and they were carried over the Falls. Only a boy had

witnessed the occurrence ; he gave notice immediately, but nothing could be done. It would not be many seconds before the fatal leap had been taken, and it was, moreover, getting dark. A messenger was sent down to Blythe, and my brother went up the first thing in the morning, to give what aid or counsel he could in the search for the bodies, but it was many days—I think, nearly a fortnight—before that of Mr. Fidler was found. His watch appeared to have stopped at the hour of four—could it have gone so long under water? I was haunted with the idea that he might have sprung to the bridge, or caught some projecting bough, and been suspended some length of time over the inevitable doom. Had it been so, in the roar of waters no cries could possibly have been heard : it is to be hoped there was no such protracted agony.

But I must return to 1839. Another event of that year was the marriage of Mr. Dennistoun, the first of our young settlers who took a wife. We had often looked forward to such events as what would bring us some lady-society, and, though a daughter of Mrs. Hamilton properly already belonged to us, yet she spent so much of her time in Peterborough that the arrival of Mrs. Dennistoun was almost a new importation. However, these marriages had not quite the results we had anticipated, but rather led to a more speedy dispersion of the community. Mrs Hamilton's youngest daughter was quite a child, only about nine years old, when we came to the Lakes, and we often had her to stay with us at Blythe. She was a very nice bright little girl, and soon very companionable, and a pleasant variety ; but as she grew up into womanhood she drifted off more into the world, and at last, during a visit to Toronto, engaged herself to a young clergyman, a Mr. McAlpine, and was married when only seventeen. He afterwards had the church at Kemptville,

between Ottawa and Prescott, and when I have passed it, and looked that way, I have often thought of "poor Maggie," for the match was a very sad one. Clergyman as he was, he was a very bad man. She, I believe, never knew the worst of him; she lived to have two children, and then died. His subsequent career was very disgraceful, and ended in suicide.

1840. The next year, 1840, began with another engagement—Mr. Wallis to a Miss Fisher, of Kingston. We alone were told of it, for it was to be kept quite secret until he appeared with his wife up the Lakes. However, when at Peterborough, on his way to be married, he saw first in the paper the death of one of his sisters. He wrote off the intelligence to Miss Fisher, omitting to say that he was too much overwhelmed with sorrow to appear as a bridegroom on the appointed day; so the wedding guests assembled, and there was no bridegroom! After this awkward circumstance she put him off longer than he wanted; however, they were married in the spring, but without the *éclat* of a surprise. They settled at the Falls for a time, but in a few months went over to Europe, and when they came back, took a house at Peterborough, and were no longer residents on the Lakes—so matrimony again proved of very little benefit to us.

That summer my brother paid a visit to Newmarket, where his friend Mr. Atthill had been appointed to his first church after taking orders, and had already engaged himself to a young lady there. The match never took place, but he introduced my brother to the family, and this led to their receiving an invitation to visit the Lakes, and stay at Blythe, of which they availed themselves more than once, a summer and a winter visit. Undoubtedly we entertained more company when we lived at Blythe than at any other time in my remembrance; somewhat irregularly certainly, but at times,

especially when sleighing was good, there were a great many comers and goers, and my mother was most hospitably inclined, and always willing to make her comfortable home useful. The Dunsfords by this time had got a good house built (The Beehive), and this same autumn of 1840 invited me to stay a couple of nights with them. On the intervening day they took me down to Bobcaygeon, where I had never been since we first came up, and for long after I used to look upon Bobcaygeon as the great gates that shut us in, and felt very much as if I had entered a convent.

During this summer we had been building a new room, so as to have a spare one for visitors, all ready furnished before the following summer, when we had the first visit from Col.
1841. Cotter and his three daughters, Mr. Atthill's friends. We had some of the Dunsfords to meet them, and got up an expedition to Balsam Lake, by way of entertainment. We filled two boats. One gentleman in our boat told the story, how a year before, when he was up there with Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, the latter, whilst walking across the portage from Camerons Lake to Balsam Lake, lost her brooch, and how they paced up and down but could not find it. Of course we never thought of looking for it a year after, but one of the ladies in the other boat (Miss Dunsford) who had not heard the story, happened to see it, and picked it up, after a winter's leaves had fallen upon it, and the portage had been trodden over and over again both by Indians and whites. As we were to finish the day by spending the evening at Mr. Wallis', where there was a little gathering to meet the strangers, Miss Dunsford had some amusement in putting on the brooch, and observing how Mrs. Wallis' eyes fastened themselves upon it immediately, though she forbore to make any claim to it; however, the general titter soon enlightened her as to the curious recovery of her

loss. In coming away from Balsam Lake, we, or some of us, came down the rapids in canoes that had been brought on board the boats. My brother had not his canoe with him, and did not like the responsibility of bringing down another person's; but Mr. Dundas had wholly declined the responsibility of bringing down his sister, so it seemed rather doubtful whether I should not have to go by portage; however, the canoe was not quite so valuable as the sister, so John assumed the risk, and brought both it and me down quite safely.

In the autumn of the year 1841, my mother, who was now seventy-five years of age, had a very severe illness. On our first serious alarm we sent down for the doctor from Peterborough, and the remedies he prescribed seemed to have done her some good, but mercury had been amongst them, and she must have taken cold on leaving her bed for the sofa, for she became dreadfully salivated. Her mouth was in such a state that for many days she could not have spoken a word to save her life, whilst taking nourishment was a matter of the greatest difficulty, and she got alarmingly weak. We sent for the doctor again, but communication was at that season so uncertain that a succession of messages failed to reach him until after more than a fortnight; he received them all together. In the meantime he had been up to Bobcaygeon, and had there been told that she was better, so had not come on, whilst we were waiting for him in the utmost anxiety. Many weeks elapsed before we had the happiness of seeing her again improving, but by the end of the year she was so far recovered as to come down stairs. In cases of sickness, when so far away from medical advice, there is, whilst waiting for a doctor, at least something to look forward to, but when he has been, and must leave you again, it is then that the heart sinks, on receiving instructions upon which so much may depend.

For instance, in this case, when my mother was so much reduced, the doctor took great pains to impress upon us that she must be supported: "She must have wine; you must not be afraid to give her wine often," &c. &c., and then he seemed to fear he might have said too much, and began to caution us lest we should overdo it. That trial happily came to an end, and we had been mercifully upheld through it. A sad and unforeseen one was about to visit the household at The Beehive. Mr. Dunsford's third daughter, Caroline, had become engaged to a young man (Mr. Jones), who lived on the opposite side of the lake, and his visits to the Beehive were naturally very frequent. They were necessarily interrupted when the lake was freezing over, and it was understood amongst them that he was not to attempt crossing, until one of the family, all more experienced than himself, went for him. Accordingly, one Sunday, one of the Dunsfords went to bring him over, and was dismayed on learning that he had started to cross the lake the Thursday previous. His non-arrival told the whole sad story, and this news had to be carried home to the poor affianced girl. It was then remembered that on that unhappy Thursday those who had been employed outside of the house had heard some strange cries, at the time attributed to wild animals, and as such they had been discussed with each other. This seemed to add to the great trouble, though if they had been recognised for what they were, in all probability no assistance could have arrived in time, and it might have led to serious danger of another fatal accident. Of course, it was very desirable to find out where the ice had given way, that the body might be sought for, but snow had fallen in the meantime, and the first efforts were quite unavailing. My brother was giving his assistance, and at last, remembering the sagacity of the Indians in distinguishing marks, went in search of some. This

measure proved effectual; the Indians pointed out the spot with confidence very soon. So the body was recovered, and taken to his own house, and afterwards interred, where the present burial-ground at Bobcaygeon now exists, my brother reading the service, for Mr. Dunsford was too ill and too much overcome to do it, and no other clergyman was anywhere at hand. My brother had a second time to officiate on such an occasion; it was at my aunt's funeral, for the clergyman at Fenelon Falls had gone away ill.

It is said that misfortunes never come single, and, if it be so, I daresay it is a wise and providential arrangement that the calamities we have to undergo should succeed each other at short intervals. One affliction may prepare the mind to receive another, and the second may in some degree serve to divert it from dwelling too much on the first. I saw the remark somewhere lately that "it is easier to bear two troubles than one." In this case the family at The Beehive were soon called upon again to mourn. The third son, who had not come out at first, had joined the family the previous autumn in very bad health, and during the whole of that winter had been manifestly declining. He died in the spring, and was interred on the place at no great distance from the house. Others of the family afterwards were laid there; but I believe all the bodies have since been removed, and placed in the cemetery at Peterborough.

The summer of 1842 must have been an uncommonly late one. A ploughing match took place at Blythe, on the seventh of July, and I recollect that it was the first tolerably warm day we had had. No doubt we rejoiced in the fine weather, for we had a large assemblage on the occasion, and quite a gay scene. One division of the company was entertained at our own house, and another in the barn, made ready for the day. A substan-

tial supper in the first place, and a dance afterwards. Our supper at home came after the dance, where we made our appearance for part of the time, and of course as the servants were enjoying the dance, we had the more to do with the preparation for it, and for the breakfast the next morning. We had to breakfast in two rooms. for the party numbered I think about twenty-five. One of our maids, fortunately for me, was a shy girl, and did not care much for the dance, so she came up early and helped me with the arrangements, but we were neither of us able to lie down until about six o'clock in the morning. I often found when we had company, that it was most convenient to do the room and lay the breakfast table over night, and I have sat up the night through and merely changed my dress before appearing to make breakfast. This only occurred once, but more than once we have been obliged to keep one of the servants up to bake bread, for the influx of visi-
1842-3. tors was often unexpected. We had one of our great gatherings the following winter, when the Cotter family paid us their second visit. It was rather a memorable one, for the weather became uncommonly severe, and the snow so deep that travelling was almost impossible, so we had to entertain our guests as well as we could without being able to invite our neighbours. John made a desperate attempt to add to the party by driving down to The Beehive, and bringing up Miss Dunsford, but he said that in the drifts the snow was up to the horse's ears. To add to our trouble, the drawing-room chimney caught fire. We had to get a wet blanket to stop the draught, for the wind was very high. The fire was put out, but there was a great fall of soot, and a proportionate cleaning and taking up of the carpet was requisite. We should have done better to let the chimney burn itself out, for just when we had got all made straight again, it took fire a second time, and once more we and our

company had to take refuge in the small dining-room. At last the storm subsided, and before the visit ended we were able to get up a small party for our guests. There were strangers staying at the Falls likewise, so it produced something like gaiety, and we had even a little dancing, our music being the cornopean and French horn, played by two of our young men, for we had no piano in those days. The one we had at home was old, and not worth transporting. We always contemplated getting one sometime, but eight years went over our heads, and we still existed without one. When my brother took a wife out of a musical family, we borrowed Mrs. Hamilton's piano, for which she had then no use, and afterwards my brother William sent one out as a wedding present Very acceptable this piano was, and there was great pleasure in reviving the taste; and, partially, the power over it. I think it would always be better in Canada to procure a piano made on this continent, than to have an English one. The change of climate is very trying to every manufacture into which wood enters. Almost all the furniture we brought out, desks, work boxes, &c., suffered from contraction in our drier climate, and needed alteration to make them shut or open, or overcome some other difficulty, even if not actually requiring repairs. Veneering generally started somewhere, and sundry unaccountable noises indicated the cracking process. I recollect our being once startled by a sound like a pistol shot coming from the interior of our poor piano, but it survived, and did good service for at least twenty years.

1843. I never recollect the snow being so deep at any time as that winter. It was over the tops of the fences in the clearing, and, where there were drifts, far above them. The weather, too, continued so uniformly cold that the snow never diminished at all until April set in. On the first of that month my brother walked in snow-shoes over a fence seven

feet high. Generally, the more of snow remained into the spring, the better was our travelling at that season; but this year it was quite the reverse, for as soon as a thaw did set in the amount of soft stuff the horses had to wade through made the roads almost impassable. The cattle suffered dreadfully, fodder became exhausted before there was anything to pick off the ground, and the cows were so weak that when they had once laid themselves down they had often to be helped to rise again. Any that had wandered into the woods became an easy prey to the wolves. This year was memorable, too, for another thing,—the ague made its appearance amongst us; hitherto we had been a very healthy community, but that was over for the space of some years. Every new settlement has its turn. The miasma is generated from decaying vegetation, of which there is abundance, of course, in the unbroken forest, but as long as it remains under the shadow of its own woods it is comparatively innocuous. When sunshine is let in upon a sufficiently large tract of country, it is then that the evaporations become so baneful, but time again remedies the matter, and as cultivation increases, and with it the proportion of purer air, the evil lessens or disappears. I believe that part of the country is quite healthy now, but it had to go through a severe ordeal first. In our case the evil was very much aggravated by the waters of the lake having been raised in constructing the dam and locks at Bobcaygeon, and a great deal of low land near the lake shores submerged, so that in dry seasons, when the water became unusually low, there was an immense amount of new decaying matter exposed to the rays of the sun, and after two such seasons our ague was intensified into fever. When the people were suffering from it so much in 1846, they were aware of this raising of the waters having been one of the principal causes, and they imagined

that to destroy the dam would remedy the evil. A party of them once actually congregated, axes in hand, to break it down, but, happily, Mr. Boyd became aware of their intention, and his influence put a stop to their operations, otherwise matters would have been fifty times worse, as no doubt he explained to them, and it is to be hoped they understood. Enough of fever and ague for the present. When 1846 comes to be dealt with you will hear more of it; at present we are
1843. only at 1843. Towards the end of that winter Mrs. Fidler died. Another lady gone from us! and though the females of a family moved about so little that we were not apt to meet each other much, yet it was pleasant to think that there were some of our own sex within reach. Later on we had an unusual amount of intercourse with the ladies on the other side of us; for a portion of the family at The Beehive had been suffering from whooping cough, and we asked the convalescent to come to Blythe for change of air. Four of them came, and remained with us three weeks—a period which is always known amongst us as *the three weeks*, and no doubt they were sufficiently important, as tending greatly to ripen what finally united the two families; but this not being a love story, I pass over details. One circumstance, however, I recall whilst they were with us, our having an especial good view of a parcel of wolves in a meadow at some distance from the house. A sheep had been killed by them there the night before, and they had come back with their young ones to the spot, and the cubs were capering about amusing themselves with the remains of poor Ba-ba like so many puppies, we watching them through the telescope.

The next event of any importance, I think, was Mr. Boyd's marriage with Caroline Dunsford. Mr. Dunsford did not perform the ceremony himself, as in the next wedding; Mr.

Fidler came down from the Falls for it. I attended as bridesmaid, the third and last time I ever officiated in that capacity. Under what extremely different circumstances each time!

1845. In the next year came my brother's marriage with the second daughter, Lydia. He had no very long engagement, for the thing was settled in February and the wedding took place early in May, but in the interval we had again to suffer a great deal of anxiety on my mother's account. John very soon brought up his future bride to see his mother, and whilst she was there the illness began, and she never came downstairs again until the very eve of the wedding day, a great part of that time being in her bed, and at one time in great danger. We had, of course, the doctor from Peterborough (there was still none nearer to us), who stayed one night, and then we were again left to ourselves, though she was in such a state that the doctor reported at Peterborough that there was very little chance for her recovery. However, it pleased God again to restore her to us, but her amendment was slow.* When the wedding was fixed for the eighth of May, I could not have left her, so I failed to attend on the important occasion. A very simple but very uncommon wedding it was. My brother rode down to The Beehive before breakfast. Mr. Dunsford

* During the worst part of this illness I made some attempt at obtaining assistance in nursing; and an old servant (Margaret Kelly) kindly left her home to come and help me, but she was obliged to bring her child with her. We put the little one to sleep with our maids, but Margaret, hearing a dreadful screaming in the night, found that the poor thing had rolled out of bed, and neither of the girls had wakened; so we had afterwards to make up a little bed for the child in the sick room. In the day-time, too, it was a trouble rambling about the kitchens. Once the household keys were missing, and searched for all over. At last Margaret, acquainted with the tricks of the little urchin, bethought herself of looking into a barrel of water which stood under the spout at the back door, and there were the keys shining at the bottom of it.

married them in the family party, without any addition to it, the witnesses being all Dunsfords, with the exception of Mr. Boyd, the son-in-law, who, though living then at Bobcaygeon, was still part of the family. After the wedding, the brothers rowed the newly-married pair up to Blythe, where I was ready to receive them to dinner. The bride appeared in her white dress (you may believe it was neither silk nor satin), and looked almost as white as it, for she had had a fit of ague the day before. Of course she had a little more the day after, but it was dying away then, and was not severe. My mother came down to tea, and from that time was able to resume her place in the family. It is not easy to convey any idea of the weeks preceding this great event. There was the desire to get all spring work, house cleaning, &c., over before the accession to the family, my mother's illness so recent, and her needing so much of my care, many matters to be attended to that had necessarily stood still, the garden to be looked after, and my brother so much away at The Beehive. I planned and portioned out the necessary work to be done in the available time, and then the wedding day was first changed from the twentieth to the twelfth, and then from the twelfth to the eighth. I felt almost in despair, and yet most reluctant to show it, and damp my brother's eagerness and happiness. However, "all times get over," and so did this, but it remains conspicuous in my catalogue of busy times.

1845. I do not think anything particular happened the remainder of that year. We had naturally a little more intercourse with the Dunsford family, and general sociability would not be lessened by the accession of a new member to the family; but details have a good deal faded from my recollection. However, I may here mention an event of the previous year, which, being quite unconnected with any other, will not interfere with

the order of my narrative by coming out of place. I made my first visit to Peterborough after being over seven years completely stationary at Blythe. It was a winter journey, we crossed the lake on the ice, and drove down to Peterborough. The occasion of my visit was my being asked to stand godmother to Mr. Wallis' little son. I think I was not more than three nights away, but besides performing the duty I went for, I looked in at the shops, not having seen the inside of one for seven years, but I did not find that feminine vanities had any attraction for me, rather the wares of the tin smith, &c., for my heart was in the housekeeping, and pots, pans, and tubs had the most of my notice. How one is changed by the circumstances that surround one! Very soon afterwards I had another godchild, Mr. Boyd's first-born. A younger generation began to be springing up in the community. Hitherto we entirely lacked the very juvenile element amongst us, we never used to set our eyes on a baby by any chance. When I paid my first visit to England, my sister-in-law told her young people that they must take care to be good and quiet, for aunt Anne had not been accustomed to children; how very well she became accustomed to them soon afterwards!

1846. The year 1846 was a very sad one. It opened with the prospect of an addition to the family, whereas it became grievously reduced. In May my brother and sister went down to Peterborough into lodgings, in order that the latter might have her first confinement where better attendance could be had than in our remote situation. They took one of the maids with them (Susan, known as "the beautiful"); my mother, aunt, and self remained at Blythe, with Mary Scarry as our domestic—the original Mary who had been our first servant. We were quite too busy to feel dull; besides our own feminine

matters, there were some of John's cares, the garden, &c., to be looked after.

On the 10th of July the first baby was born, on one of the hottest days that we, any of us, remember in Canada, and when the news reached us by a messenger it was so cold that we had to go to the kitchen fire to warm ourselves before going to bed; such are the sudden changes of temperature in this country. This atmospheric change I believe had a great deal to do with what I have next to record, namely, the death of the baby in less than a fortnight. This was the first trouble. About the same time commenced that fearful visitation of fever and ague, which brought sickness into every family. I was among the first to become ill, and two or three days afterwards my mother was attacked on her eightieth birthday with her last brief
July 25, 1846. illness. We lost no time in sending for my brother; a man who was in the house was started in the middle of the night for Peterborough. John set out at once, and brought our maid Susan back with him, my sister going to her father's; the family had moved down to Peterborough some time before this. On the first of August my mother died, all this time I being ill myself; but it became quite a familiar thing to us, that the sick should be nursing the dying. The day that my mother was interred, a message came to Mary that her mother had been taken ill, so she went home, and in a week's time she too was motherless. From the circumstances of her home it was impossible for her to come back to us, and in a day or two a similar message came for Susan—*her* mother was ill. I could not do otherwise than let her go likewise. We got a young girl of about sixteen, one of our neighbours, to come to us, but she was sickly, with ague coming on her from time to time. Harvest was coming on, and almost all the hands on the farm were laid up, really all I believe. Two or three of my

brother's friends on Camerons Lake came down to help him, and we had to do the best we could in providing for them, having nothing to depend on but fish and pigeons. My brother used to take his gun and bring down a few of these, and by stewing them with vegetables, we contrived to make a sufficiently substantial meal. Aunt Alice used to pluck the pigeons, and I used to clean the fish, and so we got along pretty well in a sort of way. I cannot but think that there must have been some salt pork in the barrel, and that these our great culinary efforts were in order to treat our good-natured workers more as they deserved; we certainly exerted ourselves to do so.

When I was first able to go out I saw the value of my little attentions to the garden, for I was quite startled with the way the weeds had grown up, and the wilderness that lay before me. It was during this busy time that the influx of guests occurred which I recorded earlier, when I had been devoting myself to cleaning the windows, and then, from the small remains of a fish dinner, had to contrive something to set before them. All these things were within six weeks from my mother's death. Then ague came on me again, and in a day or two my aunt was stricken down with it, not so seriously as to alarm us at first, but her strength gave way suddenly,
Sept. 20, 1846. and on the 20th of September, 1846, she was no more. Whilst I write, how many of the accompanying circumstances come vividly before me! but I cannot put them down on paper. This second blow seemed to hit even harder than my mother's death, because we felt that it was in a great measure owing to the want of proper treatment that my aunt sank. Later experiences have convinced us of it, but even then the thought left a very painful impression. I had flattered myself, too, that now, with no divided attention, I could have made my

aunt's latter days easier and happier than before they had been. But I cannot enlarge on all that weighed on my spirits doubtless I did not sufficiently consider that she was gone where she would be far happier than my utmost endeavours could have made her. ~~But~~ When my poor aunt was laid in her grave, my brother became very anxious for me to leave the neighbourhood, and breathe a purer air; so it was arranged that I should join some of the Dunsfords, who for the same reason were going down to Peterborough. My aunt died on Sunday, the funeral was on Tuesday, and on either Thursday or Friday, I am not sure which, I left Blythe. Of course there was a great deal to do after sickness and death, and I assure you it is a very exceptional experience to be compelled to exert one's strength to the utmost limit when debilitated by fever.

Times of difficulty test character, and when seeking some assistance from neighbours for washing, &c., both selfishness and great unselfishness were brought to light. My brother could not leave the house immediately, for we had still a patient in it, but he, too, came down to Peterborough as soon as the man was sufficiently recovered to be removed, and we remained away about three weeks, until, some cold weather setting in, it seemed safe to return. I was hospitably received by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, my brother went to his father-in-law's, where my sister remained all the summer after he left her, on account of my mother's illness. To have allowed her to come home would have been most probably only adding to the number of the sick. I had a little more travelling than I expected, which all tended to do me a great deal of good. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis had been planning an expedition to Rochester, so I accompanied them there. Some shopping, especially at a market gardener's, was the chief

object of the expedition; and, the garden being a great deal my own hobby at the time, I brought home a treasure in the way of a fuschia plant, which I nursed like a baby on my knee all the way up to Peterborough, having packed some garden pots inside my best bonnet.

One fine frosty morning, sometime in October, we three—my brother and sister and I—started homewards to our empty house; very deserted and miserable it looked, and very busy we were for some time, without any servant; but our maid Susan, whose mother had recovered, came back to us, and we spent a quiet, uneventful winter. My brother devised a very interesting way of passing our evenings. He gave his two ladies a course on astronomy. His studies in that science he made useful once again, when in Ottawa he volunteered a weekly lecture in a ladies' school. I believe he himself enjoyed them as much as his pupils. Changed indeed by this time was our community. Mr. Fidler was still at the Falls, but early in the spring came that disaster already recorded, which terminated his life, and left us without a clergyman. Mr. James Dunsford occupied The Beehive alone; the rest of the family had gone down to live at Peterborough. There remained only the Boyds at Bobcaygeon. Mr. Wickham, who in the meantime had married the eldest Miss Dunsford, was then with her in England, but he returned afterwards for a time to the Lakes. All the young men, who had once enlivened the neighbourhood, had disappeared from it. I, too, was looking forward to a long absence in England. We had many sad stories to hear when we came back; especially sad were those from the more unsettled districts, where the population was scattered, and people had died, where there was no help to be obtained—some actually alone. There was one case of a man and his wife; the woman died, and the man

was so ill and weak, that he had no means of removing the body from the house to such grave as he could dig, but by tying a rope round it and dragging it. In our immediate neighbourhood things were not quite so bad; for, though almost the whole of the population suffered, and families were in great extremities, yet everybody was not quite incapacitated at once. In the interval between my two great troubles I saw something of those of our neighbours. In one house I found the mother prostrated in the bed, and a young four-year-old child, looking itself like a ghost, rocking a cradle to keep the baby quiet. In another an old man and his son, on one narrow mattress, were lying like a couple of spoons, one within the other. When one knows what the burning heat and restlessness of fever are, one can imagine what those two suffered. In a third house the man was ill in bed, and his wife had just ushered a new baby into the world. The poor thing had retired to the barn for her accouchement.*

1847. Spring brought me and many others some return of ague,

*Note by J. L.—With regard to the fever year, my sister has naturally spoken principally of our own family losses and our internal arrangements, but it was a terrible time for the whole neighbourhood. I think that Colclough, Bill Hamilton, and I were the only people in the two townships who escaped the fever when it was at its worst, and Hamilton had an attack later, camping out. We had a terrible time of it, not only visiting the sick, but helping the poor debilitated creatures to get in their harvests. The whole of my establishment was laid up, and when I had with some difficulty hired a young man from a little distance to help, after a day or two he was laid up also. In Henry Brandon's house they brought the beds and laid them in a row on the floor, so as to be better able to help each other, and there the whole family lay, with one of the young children, who was not quite so bad as the others, going round handing them glasses of water, &c. Angel Brandon was especially distressed about the cows, as she had no confidence in my milking, but when she got better she complimented me on my success. We had a great many deaths, principally the very old and the very young, and sometimes we had some difficulty in finding men strong enough to carry the coffins up to the churchyard.

but I was then looking forward to my journey home, which appeared less formidable when my brother decided that he and his wife would accompany me. So we stowed away our things, shut up the house, left the farm to be managed by John's man, and took our departure about the end of June. So closed one chapter in my Canadian life. The record of it has not been, I am afraid, very interesting; it is quite an outline, but though I shall never make a finished picture of it, yet it ought to have a few touches to give it a little effect, and, to pursue the artistic metaphor, there are certainly strong lights and shades in Backwoods life. In any verbal account I gave at home, according to the preconceived notions of those I was enlightening, I had to dwell sometimes on the one, sometimes on the other, so much, that they might almost think, and I used to feel myself, as if I were telling two different stories. Some perhaps imagined that we got up at five o'clock, and milked our own cows, and certainly supposed that we laid aside all forms and usages of civilised life, asking curiously particular questions, by which to form their general ideas, one I remember being, whether we spread a tablecloth for our meals! Another class of questioners apparently thought that we must be sadly at a loss for occupation, and wondered how we employed our time, and amused ourselves, and to say the truth some of the residents in Canadian cities are almost as dark on the subject as old-country people. Certainly the principal trial in Backwoods life is not too much leisure, but too much work. I hope this may have sufficiently appeared in my narrative, but still it is not so much the work one has to do, as that which one cannot do, which troubles one. The old occupations have to be resigned, and you feel that all your exertions go just to keeping things straight, without either acquiring or producing anything as a result. One gets accustomed to this, and there is great

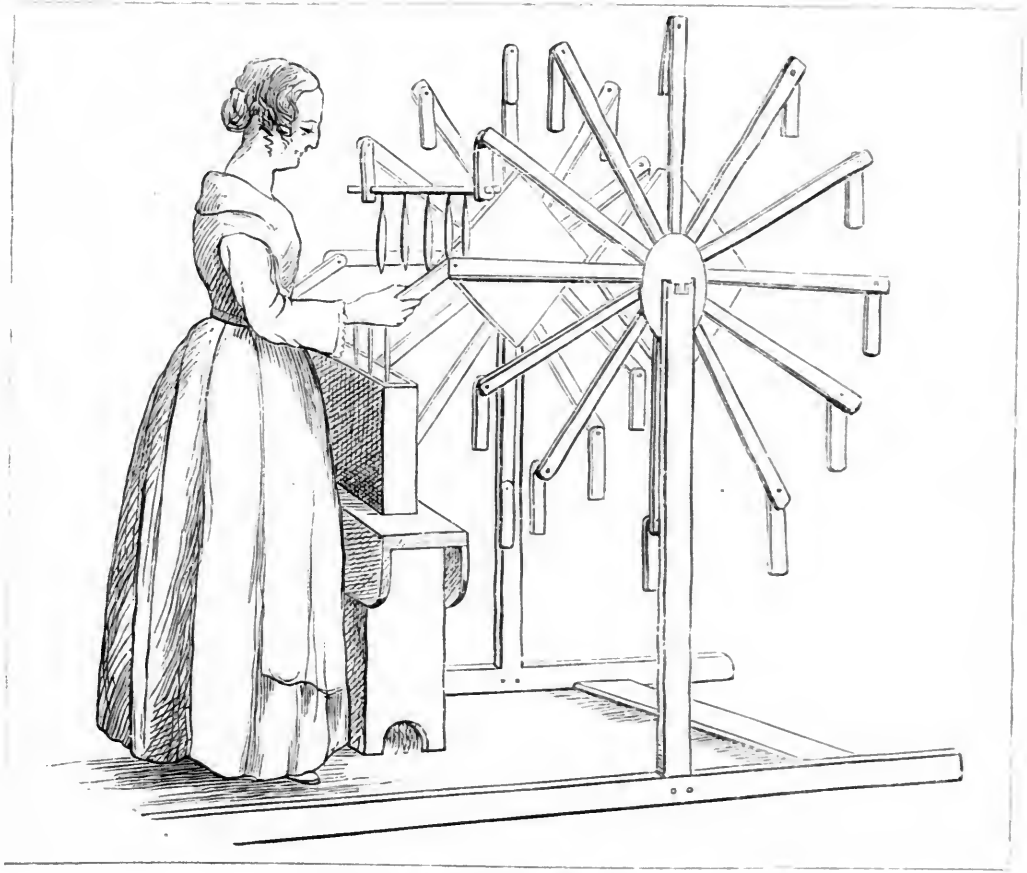
compensation in knowing that it is through your exertions that things do go on straight. One of the tasks that always drew a sigh from me was dusting the books. I got through it easily enough, by taking a shelf each morning before breakfast, but I used to feel sad in handling the volumes that I had no time to read, no doubt over-rating the ardour with which I should have perused them if I had had more leisure. The gentlemen of a family fare better in this respect, because they have no needle-work. I had not very much, my mother did more for herself than she used to do at home, and aunt Alice always undertook John's mending, still such as I had, letter writing, household accounts, &c. &c., all came into my evenings, leaving not much of them for reading. John's work was more irregular, and he read a good deal at times, though he often fell short of books. I recollect once he took to the Encyclopædia, and went regularly on with all the subjects that had interest for him. A box came out from home with several volumes of current literature in it; he got through these pretty quickly, and said, "I think I am rather glad to go back to the Encyclopædia."

One necessarily got into much more intimate relations with the domestics from having to help them so much, but I believe this rather increased their regard for one without lessening their respect, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, which there were sometimes. On one occasion we were going to have the dining-room scrubbed after dinner was over, and I had been making some of the preliminary arrangements, and interior polishings; so when Mary had brought in the dinner she began to look round her, and then said, "Miss Langton, you have not brushed down the walls." It had a very ludicrous effect, but I believe it was not so much a rebuke as a query. In Canada you never lower yourself in the eyes of your servants by doing any menial work, as I know from experience

you may do in England.* We had one servant who accounted herself particularly clever in the laundry, so I was quite afraid of giving her offence when we had been using one of our best and largest table-cloths, and I told her that I was accustomed to iron it myself. "To be sure, ma'am," she said, "every lady irons her own best table linen." Touching this long table-cloth, I am reminded how we were once quite in a dilemma respecting it. After it was washed it was put out to dry, but, instead of drying, it became very hard frozen. The question was, how could we get it into the house? If at all bent in this state, it would assuredly break, and it required a great deal of contrivance to raise it, support it in all parts, and turn it so as to get it in at the door. This digression is to illustrate the intensity of our frosts.

Perhaps I should say something of those works which are not performed in English households—the manufacture of soap and candles. The former is in one sense a most satisfactory operation, for you seem to be making something out of nothing; what you put into your boiler is the veriest refuse imaginable, and after the process, if you are at all skilful, what comes out is, after food, one of the most needful of supplies. Excepting for a few articles—prints, or anything stitched with silk—we used our own soap for all our own washing, and our servants were mostly very competent to manage the manufacture of it, but the candle-making devolved in a great measure on ourselves. We were not satisfied with the usual dilatory

*When living in Liverpool we had only two maids, and yet a large house, and often friends staying with us; so sometimes, when we had company, we found it convenient to relieve the domestics by making our own beds. My mother was dismissing a housemaid, who had misbehaved in some way or other, and sought to avenge herself by a little impertinence so she said, "I thought ye was no ladies when I see'd ye making yer own beds."



CANDLE-MAKING MACHINE.

process of filling a few moulds on a number of successive days, but preferred making a large quantity of dips at once. My brother facilitated the matter very much for us by an ingenious machine, which enabled us to make several dozen candles in one morning. The rods were suspended on the cogs of a couple of wheels, which, when gently turned, brought each in succession over the box of tallow, to receive immersion. Other things that you would put into the hands of a tradesman, where he existed, must be accomplished by yourselves, or your people. Had the masculine element prevailed amongst us, we should have done more of our own carpentering; as it was, we had frequently to employ a man from a distance, and board and lodge him, and it always seemed to create an occupation keeping him supplied with all he wanted for his work. We had to keep stores of a multitude of little needfuls, besides the obvious ones of nails and screws. I never knew before how many nails it takes, and how much work, to keep a house regularly in order. We were always provided, too, with a box of glass, in case windows should be broken, and many is the time I have been perched upon a ladder replacing a pane, after manufacturing the putty myself. There was only one woman in the neighbourhood capable of making a dress, and she did not know how to *fashion* it, as distinct from *making* it, any better than ourselves. I recollect finding myself at one of our social gatherings showing my ankles, when every other dress in the room rested on the floor. Once, when I wanted to make myself a new bonnet, I secretly slipped into the servants' room, and took a pattern from one of theirs. How much doctor's work we had to do ourselves I have alluded to before, but it was not only what our own family required, the whole neighbourhood relied upon us a great deal, and some even from quite a distance have come to consult us touching

their ailments. We did what we could without going ~~much~~ out of our depth, and nature often assisted in establishing our reputation. We had a boy who met with a bad accident to his foot, and my brother sent him off for regular medical treatment. He came home supplied with an ointment for the wound, which proved rather slow in healing, and when his ointment was exhausted he came to me. I gave him some simple salve of wax and oil, and the foot got well speedily. No doubt it had been just on the point of healing, but my ointment had all the credit of the cure, and was pronounced to be so superior to the doctor's that I had ever so many applications for it afterwards. When the fever came the medicine bottles and scales at last stood out upon the table all the time, as if it had been an apothecary's shop. Medicines were wanted every hour of the day.

I mentioned our first trouble with bugs, and the summary way in which we dealt with those gentlemen. We had another fierce battle with them later on, but came off victorious. It was in a building across the yard containing a washhouse, sundry other rooms, and amongst them our boy's sleeping apartment, and at one end a poultry house. We found bugs in the boy's bed, and notwithstanding all cleansing, including tearing down all the woodwork of the walls, and new lathing and plastering, &c., bugs continually re-appeared. At length we discovered that they made their way from the poultry house, and that that building swarmed with them, they must have subsisted on the poor fowls; every board and pen was crowded with them. We made a fire outside, and every movable was cast into it, breaking down likewise the partition wall, and leaving it all open to the washhouse. Then we threw boiling lye against all these walls once every week for the remainder of the summer, kept the place open a second summer

with more occasional scalding, and at the end of that time we partitioned again, and made all tidy with laths and plaster. The poultry had been quite removed from the house, and their quondam quarters became a man's sleeping room, and though frequently thoroughly searched, we never found another bug in it. The first effect of our conflagration had been to scatter the creatures, and one here and there would be seen in the unoccupied rooms, but we were always on the look out, and in the store-room every box was emptied and scalded—we spared no pains, and were rewarded with complete success. Vigilance is always requisite in a hot climate, and where the houses are all built of wood and the inmates not over particular, these creatures are sure to abound. The people take it all the more easily because they have got it into their heads that bugs are the natural inhabitants of the woods.

I must turn from this objectionable population to say a little more of our human society, or I shall leave the impression that it was limited altogether to those already named; certainly all the more prominent members of it have been mentioned, but from time to time there were other temporary ones. There was a Captain Dobbs, who possessed land on Camerons Lake, an elderly man, but he married and brought his bride to live at the Falls in what had been Mr. Jamieson's house; they stayed there a few months, but not very long. Afterwards it was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, the former Mr. Jamieson's father-in-law; they might have been permanent neighbours, but the old gentleman died, and his wife returned to England.* Mr. Toker, when he married a Miss Rub idge,

* This lady, Mrs. Hoare, was a rare instance of an unobservant mind. She had been six years in Canada, and had never discovered that there were no daisies! The way in which that little flower associates itself with home recollections was well evinced one day, when our boy, having found a little

came to Brandiston, Mr. Atthill's old house, which had sheltered the Dunsford family whilst The Beehive was being built, but they did not remain more than one winter. Mr. and Mrs. Wickham afterwards inhabited Brandiston, but they went up to Blythe when we finally left it. Besides these there were occasional young men residing for a time, whose names have not found their way into this history. Our general intercourse was chiefly with the gentlemen, ladies having so few means of moving about, and I remarked to one of my friends in England when I went home, that I had always felt afraid that I might get into gentlemen's ways, and make use of gentlemen's expressions. "Well," she said, "there is one thing you do more like a gentleman than a lady." I felt anxious to know what—"You carry your umbrella like a gentleman." I was relieved, if that was all, and moreover I knew that I did not learn it from our gentlemen, for the Backwoods men were not much given to carry umbrellas. The exterior of our gentlemen, abroad in their blanket coats, was picturesque, and these garments, if clean, are quite becoming; but to find a Backwoodsman at his own place, and at work, *may* bring before you some of the most extraordinary figures imaginable. On all suitable occasions our ceremonial and attire were quite correct. Once when we were going to have one of our state dinners to entertain a bride, the young men asked to meet her came early, and were employed all the morning helping my brother to paint a boat, just in front of the kitchen windows, where they must have seen the ladies constantly going backwards and forwards in their aprons, making preparations for the feast.

aster strongly resembling a daisy, brought it into the kitchen and introduced it as such, the two maids simultaneously exclaimed, the one, "Oh! England, England!" the other, "Oh! Ireland, Ireland!" according to their nationality.

BACKWOODS COSTUME.

As it happened, rain came on, and the bridal guests did not appear, so the two parties, who had been working in sight of each other all the morning, sat down in due form to the well-spread board, feeling very much like children playing at being gentlemen and ladies.

There were some more of our associates that I should like to bring before you, for they were not unimportant ones—I mean our animals. I have asked my brother to give you some account of them, thinking he would do more justice to the theme. The animal-loving members of the family will understand how in our seclusion our dumb friends often afforded a topic of conversation amongst us; how their various doings were recounted to each other, and commented upon. Even the inmates of a poultry yard, to an interested observer, exhibit varieties of character, and might often provide subject for a story.

"My sister has asked me to add to her account of our Backwoods life any anecdotes I may be able to give of our animals, and two or three other things have suggested themselves to me as I have read her reminiscences. She tells of some of the accidents which we had in the Lakes, and there were, besides, some very narrow escapes, of which I myself had three.

"I was going up just at the very highest water in the spring, with a young man who was staying with me, to spend the Sunday with Wallis at Fenelon Falls. Not having much confidence in my companion's management of a canoe, I landed him below the Falls, and took the canoe up alone. The method of proceeding during high water was this: You took the canoe up in an eddy almost as far as the Falls, on the opposite side of the river from the landing, and then you crossed the stream, being of

course rapidly carried down, till you met almost under the rocks another eddy, which took you up to the landing. The current was stronger than I had anticipated, and it carried me to the second eddy, just at a cedar tree which overhung the river. The moment I touched the branches the canoe was, of course, swept from under me, but I succeeded in getting hold with my fingers of the very tip of one of the branches. There was a pile of drift wood behind me, under which I should certainly have been swept; and, as there was no knowing what entanglements there would be under the drift-wood, I hung on to the twig, and after a while got hold of another twig with the other hand just as the first twig snapped, and so I gradually drew myself up till I got hold of a branch and climbed the tree and the rocks.

"Upon another occasion I was sculling in the "Fairy" down Pigeon Lake on a very hot day, and I thought I would have a bathe. I left a loop of a rope over the stern as a stirrup to get in again with, and I swam about a little till a curious faintness came over me. I was so weak that I had great difficulty in climbing into the boat, and then I longed to throw myself down in the bottom. If I had done so, I am sure I should have died there, for everything was swimming before my eyes. So I got hold of the oars and commenced trying to row, but I was so weak that the oars kept constantly slipping out of my hands. I persevered, however, and gradually gained a little strength, but it was not until I had rowed about a mile that the faintness and swimming in the head went off, and I broke out into a perspiration. Then I dressed and continued my journey.

"The third occasion was on the ice. I had been at

McAndrew's, staying there till the ice had taken, to enable me to get across. We had both been writing letters which we wanted to get to Fenelon Falls in time for the English mail, so we tried the ice on his side of the lake, and came to the conclusion that it would bear me; so I started. But at Sturgeon Point there was a place where the ice was much weaker, and I did not venture to cross that bit on my feet, but lay down and crawled over it on my face, the ice bending under me. However, I got safely over and reached home. I then started for Fenelon Falls. I must explain a peculiarity in the formation of the ice on the lake. When the ice first takes, the surface water on the lake above is the coldest, and the water has of course been very much cooled in coming over the Falls, so the part where the stream comes in was generally the first to take, but after the lake above is frozen over, and some snow probably on it, it keeps the water warmer, and the part where the stream runs in, though the first to take, is always the weakest, and often open water in midwinter. When I started from home the whole lake was frozen over with snow upon it, and I set out to cross opposite my place, but, in order to spread my weight, I took the precaution to put on my snow shoes. When I was getting near the other side I felt a peculiar sinking of my snow shoes, and upon feeling with my stick I felt no resistance, and my snow-shoe tracks were all filled with water. To stop would have been fatal, so I walked on, sweeping round towards better ice, and feeling with my stick till it really encountered ice. Then I went home, so that our letters missed that mail; and when I got to Blythe the part of the lake where the stream comes in was all open water. I must indeed have been

walking on a sheet of frozen snow floating on the top of the water.

"I have assisted in several cases where horses have broken through ice, and very difficult it often is to get them out again. One instance I recall with rather an amusing incident. I had wanted for some purpose some very long lumber, about 30 feet, and I had got ~~Beal~~ Need to saw it for me at Bobcaygeon. On going down for it I passed just at the head of "Little Bob" a piece of very bad ice; so I determined to be upon my guard on my return, and as I approached it I put my horses to a gallop. They did break through, but the impetus with which I was going shoved them ahead, and they scrambled out, and, as the sleigh was supported by the long lumber behind, they got it out also; but, from the jerk as they went in, I was pitched off into the whipple trees, and was thoroughly wet through, and thought I had gone completely under water. When I had got them safe on to the good ice I climbed up on to the lumber again and drove on. After I had gone a little way I was surprised to see little clouds passing my face at intervals, and found that my pipe had been kept going all the time."

These occasional accidents and dangers made the ladies at Blythe frequently uneasy. Once my brother had gone down to Mr. Boyd's in his canoe to bring up something in the evening. There came a thunderstorm and violent squall. Had he started, or had he not? He did not appear, so the very first thing in the morning our boy was sent down by land to inquire, and we received the satisfactory information that he was safe at Mr. Boyd's. Ten minutes later came the tidings that a canoe had been seen on the lake upside down. Had that news come a little earlier, we should

have been sure that he was lost. It was an old Indian who was drowned.

There are other serious perils besides those from water, frozen or unfrozen; that of going astray in the woods, and it leads to a more melancholy end than any sudden catastrophe. We had two great excitements on this account, but happily neither of them ended fatally. The first case was that of a young man who had recently come out, and had been sent on an errand where any experienced settler would have been quite safe, but it was four days before he was found, or rather before he himself stumbled upon a clearing; for though the whole neighbourhood turned out with guns and horns to make themselves heard, their search had been quite unsuccessful. The youth was considerably exhausted; for there is generally nothing eatable to be found in the woods. The second alarm of this kind was about a young girl of twelve years old, who got lost in going to fetch the cattle home; she was six days out. She had a little dog with her whose instinct might have led her home, but for that other instinct which makes it always follow and not lead. Again, it was not the searchers that found her, but her wanderings at last brought her to a clearing. She did not appear to be as much exhausted as the young man was, and it was presumed that she had cried herself to sleep, and slept a good portion of the time. The dog was in worse plight than the girl; she said she had never found anything to eat until the last day, when she got some berries. She was then most probably in the neighbourhood of a settlement, for though the wild raspberry springs up wherever the ground has been cleared, it is never found in the midst of the woods. However, in all cases where persons have been lost and found, they are never able to give any account of themselves; the entire

bewilderment prevents their having any idea of the progress of time.

How people get lost I can well understand, having twice gone astray myself. The first time I was going from ~~our~~ one clearing to another, not more I daresay than half a mile distant, and there was a path—that is such a one as is made by people going backwards and forwards. I duly reached the clearing I was going to, but in coming back (looking about me I suppose) I missed the path. Considering within myself, I thought I was going too much to the right, so changed my direction. Still I felt as if I was heading too much to the right, and obeying my impulse I altered my course more than once, till at last, when I thought I had reached the clearing I was making for, I found I had got back to the one I had left. I had completed the circle. I made a fresh start, and you may be sure this time I took good notice of the path. The second time I strayed, I was in search of a flower in a locality where I knew it grew, as I had seen it there in the spring; but at that season, when the leaves are not fully out, I could see the light of our clearing very well from the spot; but it was otherwise in the height of summer, and having turned round various times hunting for the flower, I could see nothing to give me my right direction. There was certainly one log that I thought I had stepped over in coming, but it appeared to me to be the other way that I ought to go, so I concluded I must be mistaken and started in the opposite direction. I went on and on and still there was no light from the clearing. At last I knew I must be all wrong. I was not at all alarmed, but very much ashamed of myself; I knew I should be missed and immediately sought, and I resolved not to go very far; but I am not sure whether I should have adhered to my resolution, for I still rambled on. Reason seems always to give way to impulse.

BLYTHE, FROM THE WOODLANDS.

At length I heard the sound of water. "That must be the creek," I thought, "I will make for it, and, if I follow it, it must lead me home." So I made my way towards the sound, and lo! and behold! the lake appeared before me, quite in a contrary direction to the one in which I supposed it to be. Of course then I was all right. It was a very long time before I ventured to tell any one of my mischance.

"My sister has given you some instances of the hard work she had sometimes, which recall to me some cases of hard work of my own, some of my journeys especially. I remember once walking up from Peterborough just at the breaking up of the sleighing. The distance was only about 30 miles, but it took me from half-past five in the morning to ten o'clock at night, walking all the time, excepting about half an hour at Mud Lake for breakfast, and half an hour at Bobcaygeon for dinner. Where there was a low place one had to wade knee deep in water, but the worst was in the sleigh track in the woods. In a bush road the track where the horses and the runners go is about a foot or a foot and a half below the level of the ridge between the two tracks and the snow at the sides. When the thaw comes these tracks are almost down to the ground, with the raised part almost ice. So that one had to choose between scrambling through the brush in the woods, or walking in the narrow track between two ridges of ice, carefully putting one foot before the other, and slipping at every third or fourth step. I had to cross the bottom of Pigeon Lake, and the ice was broken away at the shore. I generally carried a small axe with me, and I chopped a tree down to get into the lake; but when I got to the other side there was no tree to chop down, so I had to

select a convenient spot, and walk on till the ice gave way and dropped me up to the middle in water.

"Upon another occasion I started to walk up from Bobcaygeon to Blythe with Tom Macredie. There had been seven or eight inches of water on the ice, and a crust had formed on it. This crust was just so strong as to be 'touch and go' whether it supported my weight or not, and I had to step up seven or eight inches, and then crash down again. It was just like going upstairs for the ten miles to Sturgeon Point, with every other step crashing down under you. I was quite exhausted when I got to Sturgeon Point, and sat down, saying I must have a little rest before proceeding. But Tom Macredie, who was much heavier than I am, never had to rise up a step at all; the ice broke through with him at once, and, though it was hard work for him also, he was comparatively fresh, and he said he would go on to Blythe and bring the ox-sleigh to carry me on. I remonstrated, but he would go, and he started. I could not stand this, so after a minute or two's rest I started also. Now there was almost always a difference in the character of the ice in that reach from Sturgeon Point to the Falls from what it was in the body of the lake. I found that the crust would now bear me, but with Tom it was just as it had been before with me. He had to rise up upon the crust, and then it generally crashed down with him. So I went along pleasantly, and I saw Tom, who had gone round by the shore, looking to get better ice, toiling away just as I had done. I got comfortably home, and, yoking the oxen, I brought the sleigh down to the landing just as Tom had arrived, and [illegible] himself down on the ground exhausted; and,

above 100 yards to the house, he thankfully accepted a ride in the ox-sleigh.

"I had several pretty hard journeys. To avoid head winds, I was very much in the habit of taking my trips at night, when there is rarely any wind. I once had three nights running of it. I was at Peterborough on District Council business, and they wanted me to go down to Cobourg about some question between the two counties; so I got a horse and rode down, and, as I wanted to have the matter settled at once, I rode back during the night. Now, it was just the commencement of harvest time, and I was very anxious to see things started in the right train, and, as the Council adjourned for a day, I paddled up home the next night, and got laughed at for my pains by Henry Brandon (farming man), as if he were not competent to look after the harvest without my assistance. However, I superintended, and, as the Council was to meet the next day, I started for a third night's journey. I got on very well until I got into Buckhorn Lake, when the sun, rising just opposite to me, dazzled me so that I had to shut my eyes, and so fell asleep, waking up half a dozen times to find myself kneeling in the canoe with the paddle in the attitude for paddling. Thinking this was not safe, I landed at Bill M'Cue's to have a nap. I lay down on the grass with my watch in my hand, and gave myself a quarter of an hour. I took twenty minutes, and after that I got along very well in the canoe, but when I was walking in from Mud Lake, on the Long Cross Way, I fell asleep several times, and found myself standing in the middle of the road, balancing myself. As people were beginning to be stirring, I feared they would think I was drunk, so

on coming to the first clearing I went up to the house, nominally to light my pipe, but really to see if I could not shake off my sleep. When I got into Peterborough I had an hour to spare before the Council met. I lay down on the bed, but I could not get a wink of sleep.

"On one journey I had a spell of fasting. Dundas and some others called in for me very early one morning; they had breakfasted, whilst I had not, but they said they would wait for me to breakfast at Bobcaygeon. However, for some reason we decided on going down Little Bob. When we got to Mud Lake there was a dense fog, and as the water was very low we could not venture upon the mud banks. We came across the old steamer which lay at anchor, having been obliged to give up running on account of the low water. Here we spent the night, but could find nothing to eat. Next day Dundas told us he knew of a channel through the mud banks other than the one we usually followed, and that he could take us through it in spite of the fog. We tried it, but we got on to a bank, and in our attempts to get off we only became more embedded. There we stayed all day, hearing the dogs bark and the cows low, not half a mile off. Pretty late in the afternoon the fog at last cleared, and we did get off. I had been very hungry the first night, but it went off, and, when we got to the tavern at the landing, we preferred walking in to Peterborough, seven miles distant, and getting a really good dinner. This was a fast of forty-eight hours or more.

"Besides the anecdotes of our tame animals which I am asked to tell, there are some facts connected with wild animals which may be interesting. As to bears, there are endless stories; a "bear story" became almost

a proverbial expression in the Backwoods. Boyd had one. He had grown a crop of wheat in an adjoining clearing, and there were the log walls of a shed in which it was to be housed, but the roof had not been put on when the crop was reaped and stored in it. They found that a bear used to come every night and help himself to the wheat, so Boyd lay in wait for him, gun in hand, covering himself up with wheat; when he heard the bear coming he got his gun ready. The bear, however, did not come in at the door as he expected, but climbed up the logs and jumped down upon the top of Boyd. The bear was as much surprised as he was, and cleared off without a shot.

"A friend of mine, Mary Conner, in who lived in Otanabee, when walking alone through the woods, once met a bear in the path. She had been told that bears were quite harmless if you did not meddle with them, but that it would not do to run away, as they would certainly follow you. So she stood still, and the bear quietly walked up to her. She had a basket in her hand, which the bear smelt at; upon which she dropped it. The bear deliberately examined its contents, but I forget whether he found anything to his taste. This done, he looked up in her face, and quietly walked away. As for myself, I never came into close quarters with a bear but once. I was walking in a Backwoods path just at dusk, when in a little opening in the woods, at one side, I saw some raspberry bushes which were moving. I thought it was some children of neighbouring settlers who were picking raspberries, and as it was getting dusk and I feared they would get lost, I went up to the spot, when on looking over the bushes I found a bear sitting

on his haunches after, the manner of the beast, picking raspberries, with his nose up within a couple of feet of mine. The bear was as much astonished as I was, and cleared off in one direction as fast as I did in the other.

"Of our other wild animals, the wolf is the one I am best acquainted with. There used to be a law, but I believe it is repealed now, by which a wolf scalp was a legal tender for taxes to the amount of six dollars, so I used to lay myself out for wolf-killing, and for several years I paid my taxes in scalps. I have shot and trapped them, the latter only once, as they are very difficult to trap, but my usual method was by strychnine. I found out a good deal about their habits; they take a regular circuit, coming back to the same locality after an interval of a few weeks. I got to distinguish ~~those~~ three different packs which had different routes. They generally used to stay a couple of days about before they continued their route, and so if I saw wolf tracks round our place, or from seeing tracks elsewhere, knew they were coming, I put out my strychnine. Besides the wolves, I used to kill a good number of mice and crows with my bait. If they had killed one of my sheep I considered it rather a profitable transaction, for they were certain to come about the place next night, and give me one or two wolf scalps instead. I once killed a wolf bitch, which was certainly not more than a day from her confinement, and I got four cubs out of her. I explained the transaction to the treasurer of our county, and he thought them quite legitimate scalps, and gave me certificates for them. I have twice been followed by wolves; one time was on the lake in winter, when I was walking

down to Bobcaygeon with Tom Macredie. We saw five wolves following us. It was evidently my dog that they were after, and he was well aware of the fact, and insisted on walking between my legs, which, as I was walking in snow-shoes, was very inconvenient. Sometimes they would come within twenty or thirty yards of us, when I used to turn round and shout at them. They would then shy off the track for a while, but soon return to it again. They followed us in this way for about four miles, till we got opposite Fraser's; so we went in and had some tea there, and gave them a chance of dispersing before we continued our journey. The other time I was riding up from The Beehive at night, when the horse got uneasy, and I heard a rustling in the bushes. I turned round to look, and saw two glaring eyes behind me. I had my gun with me, and, leaning back over the horse's rump, I gave a shot at the eyes, upon which my horse started at full gallop, and, from the awkward position I was in, nearly threw me. I went to look at the place next day, and, from the tracks, found that they had followed us for a considerable distance, but Prince was a match for wolves in galloping. I had evidently hit my wolf, for there was a good deal of blood about, but I got no scalp. Though wolves will follow people, I never heard of anyone who was injured by them. I have on three occasions rescued, or helped to rescue, the carcase of a deer which wolves had pulled down. Once McAndrew and I saw a deer pulled down on the ice about a mile off, and, though we made what haste we could, when we had driven the wolves off, there was barely enough left for us to have some venison for dinner, so rapidly do they tear the carcase to pieces. Once I was

housing my boats and canoes for the winter on the lake shore, just after the ice had taken. The first ice had extended about a hundred yards from the shore, and there was some snow upon it, but beyond that it was quite glare. I saw a deer coming along, followed by two wolves. He kept on the snow-covered ice, and, from the pace at which he was going, it seemed that he would escape, but just as he was opposite to me a third wolf came out from the shore and headed him. The deer had then to take to the glare ice, slipping at every step, and in a very short time the wolves had him down. I at once started, with a tomahawk I had with me, to the rescue. At first the wolves did not seem to notice me or quit their prey, and when I was within ten or twelve yards of them, though they stopped devouring the beast, they still stood over him, and showed their teeth at me. I slackened my pace a good deal, but still advanced, and at last they did shy off a little to one side, and I got hold of the deer, but though they followed me quite close I now felt perfectly safe, for if they had changed their minds I had only to leave them the deer, which I felt certain they would prefer to me. As I got to shore they left me and returned to the place where they had pulled down the deer, as a good deal of his entrails and other remains lay there. Now I am sure the place where they pulled him down could not have been more than one hundred and fifty yards from my landing, and I made what haste I could to get to them, but the carcase I got in that short time had been completely gutted, the neck and breast torn all to pieces, and besides other rents in the body, the haunch, which lay uppermost, was torn almost to the bone.

"I have known several of our wild animals in a tame state. Bill McCue used to have a tame beaver, which was a great nuisance, for at night he used to pull everything about in the house, and as it was winter at the time they had him, he used to collect clothes, and all sorts of things to stuff up the opening at the bottom of the door. I knew an otter, too, which was quite tame, and would come to a whistle like a dog. They told me he used to pay a visit to the lake every day to fish, and often used to bring a fish he had caught to eat at home. I have known three or four fawns which had been tamed. Tom Fortye had one in the town of Peterborough, which used to run about in the streets, and was good friends with the dogs. He (namely the deer) used to get up a deer hunt, which he evidently enjoyed, galloping about with all the dogs after him, and swimming the river; after which he would come back to Tom's yard and reduce them to order. But at last he became so pugnacious (he was a buck) that Tom had to destroy him.

"One of the most easily tamed wild animals is a racoon. A friend of mine, an old naval officer, used to keep one who took his glass of grog regularly with him at the table, but, he used to say, the worst of it was that the animal got drunk too soon. Some other friends of mine were trying to tame a racoon, and one day he got on to the top of an open door, and bit and scratched every one who tried to get him down. I offered to try, and got some whisky in a saucer which I held up to the racoon. He lapped it all up and presently began to stagger, and soon came crash down upon the floor. This racoon got to be a great nuisance; he was always pulling things about, and once got into a bedroom, where a drawer was open,

unfolded all the clothes, even the stockings, and scattered them all over the room.

"Colonel Dennis had a bird sent to him from Manitoba. I do not know its correct name, but it was a long-legged fellow, something like a heron. It had had a sore leg, which Mrs. Dennis used to dress. When I last saw it the leg was quite well; the bird was perfectly tame, and used to walk about with the dogs or with the cocks and hens, but if it saw Mrs. Dennis in the garden it always came limping up to her, apparently hardly able to put the injured leg to the ground.

"Ashworth had two crows, which had been taken quite young. They were very tame, and were in the habit of coming with the eight or ten dogs, the macaw, and the cocks and hens, to assist at the meals in the verandah. When one walked in the garden the crows were always flying about, and would perch on one's shoulder. Once one of them nestled itself between my waistcoat and shirt, and apparently went to sleep there. They were always on the look-out to pick up things. I have seen one or other of them sit on the table when the girls were at work, and suddenly pounce upon the scissors or a ball of thread, and clear out through the window, the girls having to chevy the crow all over the garden before it would drop the stolen article. When I last saw these two birds one of them had commenced associating with the wild crows, but without abandoning the family. When the 'fall' came he left with the wild crows. His companion came to an untimely end, I believe.

"I will proceed now to what my sister asked for—an account of our own pet animals. It will be going back far enough if I begin with those I had in Canada, though

some of the earlier English favourites would afford some good anecdotes. I do not remember anything particular about my first dog. He was the joint possession of McAndrew and myself in the first instance, till we left him to decide which of us should be his master, and after a great deal of doubt he selected me. He was a very good partridge dog, but I recollect very little else about him, and cannot even recall his ultimate fate. He was succeeded by a Newfoundland dog, 'Neptune,' who soon after had two companions in-doors, besides some hounds. The domestic companions were a pup and kitten in the extremest youth, and Neptune took to them at once. I have seen him sitting for half an hour at a time wagging his tail for the kitten to play with, and when feeding time came he used to stand over the trough to keep the hounds off till the pup and kitten had had their fill, when he would allow the hounds to share with him. Poor Neptune came to an untimely end. He had several times killed porcupines, giving me a great deal of trouble and himself much distress from the porcupine quills. These quills, when they have once entered the flesh, work their way forward, and you do not know where they will come out a week or a fortnight afterwards. He had two or three times suffered much in this way, but one day he came home with his mouth and throat so full of quills that I was hopeless of doing him any good, so I had to shoot him. I only remember one other anecdote of Neptune. He used, of course, to attend upon me at meal times. The only food in those days was, as a rule, bread, pork, and potatoes, the two former of which were too valuable to be given to the dogs, and potatoes alone he despised. If, however, I had had fried pork, and mixed up the

grease with the potatoes, he relished them very well. So I tried the experiment on cold-pork days of making believe to mix up the potatoes on my plate with grease till he got into a great excitement with the expected meal, and then when the plate was handed to him he gobbled the pure potatoes up at once. As to the pup ("Rock" by name) and the kitten, they became most important members of my establishment, and were great friends. Rock was a large water-spaniel, and a very good sporting dog. When he was quite a pup, and about the first time he had been out with me with my gun, I had had a shot at a flock of pigeons, and had killed several of them, but, as I was just starting to go down the lake in my canoe, I had not time to hunt them all up in the under brush into which they had fallen. It was late at night when I got home, and Rock, as usual, hearing me, met me at the landing, and after the first caress set off at full gallop. Presently he returned, and rubbed up against me in a queer way, till, putting my hand down to him, I found he had a pigeon in his mouth. When I had relieved him he started off again, and presently he came back with another. In this way he brought me three, which he had found after I left, and had stored up for me somewhere during the whole day. Rock's principal characteristic was honesty. I had never given him any especial training in that way. It seemed to come naturally, and he never took anything, however tempting. Once, when we had a fire in the woods, I had gone across the little bay in my canoe to an outlying meadow with a pail, to save some cordwood which I had piled there, and Rock went with me. There I found one of the cows, and, as she could not get home on account of the fire, I milked her after I had made the

cordwood safe, and went back in the canoe. When I landed I found, from the shouts of the men, that there was danger of fire on the other side of the farm, and, leaving the pail, I ran up to help them. It must have been fully two hours before I returned for my pail of milk, and then I found Rock standing guard over it, with long strings of saliva running down from his mouth into the milk, of which he had not touched a drop. Once, indeed, he slightly diverged from his rule. I had left a quarter of beef in a tub to thaw all night in the kitchen. Rock had been left with it, and in the morning I found about an inch of the flap had projected over the edge of the tub. This I suppose Rock had considered legitimate prey, for he had eaten it off close to the edge of the tub, but otherwise the meat was untouched. One peculiarity of Rock's, which I never could break him off, was a method of eating himself into or out of any place. A favourite way was to eat through the bars of a window, when he could break the glass and get in or out. Once I had been with Boyd spending an evening at The Beehive, and, as Rock was not admitted there, he was left outside. When we took our leave I found Rock gone. I went home another way, and Boyd returned to his house. Now Rock had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone to Boyd's place, and, finding the door shut, had eaten his way in at the window. In those Backwoods days we only made our beds periodically, and when Boyd got home he, without lighting a candle, undressed and threw himself into his bed. Rock had done the same thing, and Boyd tumbled upon the top of him. The dog had apparently swum along the lake, for the bed was deluged with water. This habit was the cause of Rock's death, for one

morning I found he had eaten his way in through our dining-room door, and, as he had done several things of the kind before, I shot him.

"The cat had also some peculiarities. The first year she never left me and Rock all day. I do not know which of us was the attraction. She did not indeed follow at my heels like the dog, but she always went out with us, and on whatever part of the farm we were, there was always the cat, following her own amusements on the nearest fence, whilst keeping an eye on us; but when kittens claimed her care she dropped this habit. When the family came out to Canada, their house was two or three hundred yards from mine across the fields. The cat knew the horn sounded for breakfast as well as I did, and almost always accompanied me up to their house; but though she would often spend a good deal of her time there, she always came home with me at night. When she had kittens, Rock took almost as much interest in them as she did, and he used to turn them over and lick them, evidently to her great satisfaction. I have often watched this process. When the cat wanted to go out to hunt, she would come to Rock, who was probably asleep before the fire, and with a peculiar touch and noise would wake him. He knew very well what it was for, and would go to the kittens in their basket and sit over them, licking and caressing them till she came back. Once in the night time, when I suppose Rock was out of the way, I woke up to find that she had put a kitten into bed to me. When my mother wanted to have one of the kittens, I took them up to her house, so that she might take her choice, very much to the distress of Rock and the cat. At last she and Rock

each took one in their mouths and went off with them across the field to my house, and then came tearing back together to carry home the rest.

"As for the hounds, their principal characteristic was greediness. I have seen 'Melton' sitting over the pot in which we used to boil potatoes for the pigs, watching till one boiled up, when he would make a dash at it, and after dropping it to yell a little he would pick it up again and run off with it, with little intervals of yelling. Once, when I was putting up my horse at night in the stable, he suddenly left me in the dark by carrying off my lantern for the sake of the candle in it. 'Juno' had a special partiality for eggs, and upon hearing a hen give the peculiar cackle, she used to rush off for the egg. I hardly got any until I managed a boarded yard, into which she could not penetrate. Both Melton and Juno were drowned by breaking through the ice. 'Jezebel' was a very old dog. I had her only a short time, and have forgotten what her end was. I had caught a chipmonk, which my sister kept in a cage, and one morning when she was cleaning the cage, the chipmonk somehow jumped out, clean down Jezebel's throat. There was no mastication of any kind, but only a swallow, and Jezebel sat there, still eyeing the cage, as if she expected another mouthful to jump out. 'Mowbray' was once with me whilst I was painting my boat, and when I was going to dip my paint brush, I found that the whole dish of green paint had been demolished. I consulted my medical book, and found that sugar was recommended as an antidote to verdigris, so I crammed several handfuls down his throat. He parted with a quantity of green paint and then he cleared off into the woods, and I saw no

more of him for several days. At last he came back, crawling on his belly, his hind legs being completely paralysed. He recovered from this, however, but his greedy propensities proved the death of him in the end. I had lent him to a friend who was going out on a hunting excursion, and he shut him up at a place where he was staying for the night, in the root house. Next morning, when he opened the door of the root house, Mowbray rushed past him, and went straight off into the woods. It seems that he had contrived to eat his way into a barrel of pork, which was scattered all over the floor, and he must have been wild with thirst. That was the last seen of Mowbray.

"'Nettle,' a small terrier dog, was a legacy from Savage when he left us. She was a very acute little thing. I used often to take her with me when I went to Peterborough, and as I generally spent the evening at Tom Fortye's, she was quite at home there. We had often remarked how curious it was that she always jumped up when I was going to leave, and we wondered how she found it out; so we tried several experiments. I might get up and walk about, and even open the door and walk out; whilst she would go on sleeping before the fire, and only give a casual glance at me; but if I said 'Good night,' even whilst sitting still in my chair, she would jump at once, all excitement. My sister observed something of the same kind. Latterly, Nettle used to pay her a visit in her bedroom in the morning, and my sister observed that whenever she had determined to go down stairs, Nettle would immediately jump up and go to the door, and she could not make out how she guessed her determination. But one morning, before my sister

was ready to go down, in moving some things on her dressing table she happened to touch her keys, upon which Nettle immediately jumped up and went to the door. Of course, taking up her housekeeping keys was my sister's last act before going downstairs. I also remarked a similar kind of intelligence which I never could properly account for. I used generally to take her with me in my canoe. She used to lie on my blanket apparently asleep, and even if she had been awake, she could see nothing from where she lay; but when I got near my landing she used always to jump up. At first I thought that the sound of the paddle might be changed as one drew near shore, so I tried approaching the shore at other places, but Nettle took no notice, and unless it was by the sense of smell I do not know how she found out my approach to my landing. I remember another trait of Nettle's intelligence. She had once a very bad confinement, and was ill for a long time, during which she was nursed by my aunt Alice, and lay in a basket in her bedroom. Fully a year or more afterwards, Nettle had had an encounter at night with a fox, who had come after my poultry, and she got badly mauled; so I took her up to the house to examine her wounds, and the moment I opened the door she walked up to aunt Alice's bedroom to the basket which had been her hospital, but which the cat had taken possession of. The end of poor Nettle I will relate presently.

"About the same time I had a terrier called 'Rat.' He had a skilful device of his own invention by which he became complete master of the pigs. He used to seize them by the ear, and at the same moment jump over their backs, so as to hold them by the ear from the

oppos side, and so keep out of reach of their mouths. His principal characteristic, however, was obedience. He was not allowed to enter my garden, but would lie at the open gate watching me. Even if a squirrel was there (his favourite sport), he would not cross the line, but I have seen him on such occasions go and fetch Nettle, who was admitted inside. In one respect, however, he departed from his usual obedience. Nettle was admitted at The Beehive, but the old gentleman there always looked rather shy of Rat; so, as I used to go there every Sunday afternoon, the dog had to be shut up to prevent his following me. The consequence was that, after a short experience of this, Rat was never to be found on a Sunday afternoon, and in a little while not even on a Sunday morning; but as I was walking through the woods I always heard him barking at squirrels on the road ahead of me, and when I got to Mr. Dunsford's clearing there was always Rat, who used to sham surprise at what brought me there. Poor Rat came to a sad end. One night the dogs had been making a great row outside, and in the morning I found a strange dog lying dead in the wood shed. Several of the neighbours had seen this dog the day before, and suspected him to be mad, so I felt uneasy about my dogs, and kept close watch on them. I studied the subject, and found that there was no certain sign of incipient hydrophobia, but that the surest test was anything odd or unusual in the habits of a dog. About a fortnight after the visit of the strange dog I did notice something unusual in Rat which made me watchful. On a Sunday evening, whilst my sister was reading a sermon to the family and servants, I noticed a peculiarity about Rat, who was sitting by the

fireside. The strap of his collar projected a little, and he kept looking round, and, turning his head, made snaps at it. When I looked at him reprovingly he of course stopped, but presently began again as before. So after the sermon I shut him up. The next morning I took him out, having the most complete confidence in my control over him. His throat was somewhat swelled, and he wandered about in the vaguest way. If he got to a little distance, and I called him back, he would come towards me and pass me as if I had been a post, and he had not seen me; so I felt sure he was infected, and I administered strychnine. I shall never forget the reproachful look he gave me when he was seized with the first convulsion from the poison. Nettle had shown no symptoms of anything odd, but she had been out with Rat making a row that night when the strange dog was found dead, and, as she was getting old and lazy, and generally stayed with my wife instead of following me, I did not care to run any risks in that quarter, so I shot her.

"At one time I had a Scotch collcy, named 'Lassie,' of which I have only one thing remarkable to tell. Dennistoun and I had been pulling up from Peterborough one day, and when we got to my house we were refreshing ourselves with a glass of grog. I had put my glass down on the ground, and was amused to see Lassie first smelling at it, and then lapping it all up. She seemed to like it very much, so I made her another glass, putting plenty of sugar into it, which she finished. Then she got very amusingly drunk, and kept going up and down between Dennistoun and me, staggering and wagging her tail, evidently in very good humour. After a time

she curled herself up and went to sleep. When Dennistoun was gone she woke up very unhappy, and I have no doubt with a bad headache. Now, I had that dog for two or three years afterwards, but I never again could persuade her to cross the threshold of my house. She would remain outside, and be ready to follow me all over the farm as affectionately as ever, but when I turned towards the house she would sidle off and decline to accompany me. If I carried her in by force, in spite of her struggles, she would establish herself close to the door, ready to bolt out on the first chance.

"I think this is enough about the dogs and cats; for if I were to go on telling little anecdotes of our numerous pets I should never have done. I must, however, tell two stories about animals of a different kind.

"One of my sheep had died in giving birth to a lamb, and we brought this motherless lamb up by hand in the house. It soon became a great pet, and used to have tremendous games of play with a Newfoundland dog that I had, and, being a ram, it was able to hold its own with the dog. In time it became a great nuisance, for, besides making depredations in the garden, it kept coming into the house, and occasionally even upstairs. I in vain tried to put it out with the other sheep; it entirely repudiated any association with them, and they with it; so at last we let our maid Sarah, who had principally brought it up, and was very fond of it, send it to her father's farm. There it maintained the same habits, refusing to go with the other sheep and associating entirely with the dogs. Once a wolf made its appearance in the clearing, upon which the dogs set off in chase and the young ram with them. My recollection of the

story is that the dogs after a while came back, but without their friend the ram. My sister, however, tells me that I am wrong in this, and that upon that occasion they came home all together, but that some time afterwards the dogs had been away all day with some of the family, and the ram, very uneasy for want of its playfellows, had been looking out for them all the time. Apparently it had mistaken a wolf for one of them, for the tracks in the snow showed that it had been going to meet the wolf, and met its fate as well.*

"The other story is about my horse 'Prince,' a very intelligent creature, who knew how to open every gate on the farm. He had a great taste for music, and used to come galloping up from his pasture to listen to me playing the cornopean, nodding his head in time to the tune. But my story is about a practical joke he once played me. I was driving home one winter's night from The Beehive, and in crossing a part of the lake, Prince, who always required a tight hand, went at such a pace that I found it impossible to hold him in, and I wondered what I should do when I got to the bush road, where very delicate steering was required on a dark night. To my surprise, he at once moderated his pace on reaching the bush, and went home at a comfortable jog-trot. When I came to put him up I found that he never had had a

* That homestead was the scene of a sad occurrence a year or two later. The house was burnt. Our maid Sarah was then married, and the eldest son was likewise away, but the mother and five children perished, the father alone escaping. Afterwards, however, I saw the poor man in the way of having a comfortable old age, for he went down to Peterborough, was appointed sexton, and married a respectable widow with two grown-up daughters. In my organ-playing days I often called at the house to get the church key, and it always had the look of a thoroughly comfortable home.

bit in his mouth at all, and that I had only been pulling against the nose-strap. After that, when driving through the woods at night, I used to make him feel that I was not driving him, and, tying the reins to the sleigh, I used to leave him entirely to himself, and found he could see much better than I could what stumps or logs had to be avoided. I had told my sister of this, and one day, when I was driving her home from church, she wanted me to show off Prince's accomplishment, so I made him feel he was left to himself, and he trotted quietly home till he stopped with his nose at the stable door, and then he looked round at us. My sister suggested that we should leave him alone, and see what he would do next. He looked round at us once or twice, and then with a sort of grunt he started and jogged quietly up the hill to my mother's house. There was a sweep round to the door, and I always used to take the sweep first, and bring up with the horses' heads in the direction they would have to go, so Prince, as usual, went quietly round the sweep, but when he got to the door, instead of stopping, he started, and, kicking up his heels and screaming, went full gallop down the hill again, and, pulling up once more at the stable door, looked round at us with an air of defiance.

"I think I must tell one other horse story. I had once bought a pair of mares at the fair at Peterborough, and they gave me notice that one of them must be carefully dealt with, as she was inclined to kick, which I found afterwards was quite true. I left them in Hartley Dunsford's yard for a moment, whilst I went across to the blacksmith's to see if he was ready with some repairs to my sleigh, and when I got back, to my horror I found

two of the children already on the mare's back, and Buddy, swarming up her hind leg, assisting herself by the tail, whilst the mare looked round at her, rather liking the fun."

Here I thought I might bring my work to a conclusion, for though I became a resident in the Backwoods again for a short time after my visit to England, excepting that the life there was somewhat changed by the advent of young children, there were no especially new features or events to record; but I have been encouraged to proceed to some account of our after life, and as I perhaps may do so, I will only call this THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THIRD PART.

[I feel as if this third part needed an apology for having been written at all. For though our later career has not been altogether without incidents, they are only such as, with all sorts of variations, occur in the history of every one; for certainly whatever can be said against life it is manifestly not monotonous. If what I have put down is of any interest at all, it will be chiefly for those who have been most closely connected with the events recorded, and may like to go over the course with me again.]

I LEFT off in my narrative of our life at Blythe when we had resolved, all three of us, to return to England together,—my brother and sister for a very short visit, I, on the contrary, with the intention of remaining at least a year (I stayed really almost three). In resuming my pen I cannot flatter myself that there will be anything very interesting for it to relate. My life was no longer an uncommon one. I returned, a very insignificant individual, into a world well known. If any out of regard for me are willing to continue my readers, I can promise them that I shall be brief in running over the remainder of my history.

1847. We left Blythe (I believe) about the beginning of July, late in the afternoon, making a night trip down the

Lakes to avoid the heat, and remained at Peterborough only to take leave of our friends. Our passage was taken in a sailing vessel, the "Fidelia," from New York, as the expense was much less than in going by the steamers. Instead of taking the most direct route, we made a détour in order that my sister-in-law might not, after so many years' residence in Canada, return to England without having seen Niagara. So we took the steamer from Port Hope to Toronto, without, however, landing there, but only stepping from it into the Niagara boat. As this plan had been adopted quite at the last, we knew that we should have only time for a very short inspection of the Falls, but as it happened there was none, for when we reached the point where we could hear the noise of the water, and see the spray over the woods, we found our train for Buffalo just starting, and to miss it might be to lose our passage for England. It was most mortifying, and I felt greatly inclined to cry. The boat from Toronto had been longer than usual in making its trip, but I think in addition we had been told on the way, that, in consequence of some repairs on the line, the trains were sometimes delayed, or were not all running, so that where we thought we might have taken a later train, we found now it would not be safe to trust to it. At any rate we started immediately and bore our disappointment as best we could. We certainly, as it proved, had a day at New York which we did not need, but we could not have risked losing our passage by the "Fidelia." In her we spent just a month, and as our fellow passengers were few (we were only ten), we seemed to get pretty well acquainted with each other, and joined, ladies and gentlemen all together, in the amusements on deck, playing shuffleboard, &c., which I never dream't of in any other passage. Our Backwoods neighbour Mr. Need was one of us, on his way to England for good, and when we

parted on the quay at Liverpool it was the last time I ever saw him. My brother and sister visited him when they were in England some years later, no longer a bachelor, but with a wife and daughter. The "Fidelia" took a very southerly course on this occasion, and we came very near to The Azores. We were at one time quite becalmed, and as my brother and sister had such a short time to remain in England, it was very trying to find ourselves making no progress. The Captain, to relieve the tedium, one day proposed a boating expedition, so we were assisted down the side of our ship, and were rowed about for some time. The surface of the water was as smooth as possible, but, nevertheless, the swell was sufficiently great to make us lose sight of the hull of our vessel occasionally.

We neared the Irish coast in darkness, and moreover in such thick weather, that the Captain could not see any of the lights on shore, and when he found himself in the channel his soundings did not agree with his reckoning, which occasioned him some uneasiness, and he did not conceal it from his passengers. After a time we encountered some fishing vessels, and he was able to make inquiries which set his mind at rest. The next morning up till about noon the fog was most dense, and then it cleared away very rapidly, and we found ourselves just opposite to Holyhead mountain. The effect was exceedingly beautiful, and when the sun set it was so clear that it went straight down without a vapour, only showing us the outline of the Isle of Man just in front of it. It was dark before we lost sight of Holyhead and its revolving light. My brother, on one occasion, in crossing to Ireland, had counted a certain number whilst the light turned, so he began counting again, and exactly hit the moment of its re-appearance at the same number, so he had borne his time well in mind.

On reaching Liverpool, we were met at the ship by our cousin Charles Langton, and saw one or two other friendly faces on our way to the station, for we did not linger here, but proceeded as soon as we could to Manchester. In looking at our dear old England again, I could better understand the expression of a Canadian friend on first seeing it. Passing from Liverpool to Manchester, and writing thence, she said that England did not disappoint her at all, "it was beautiful, beautiful, beautiful." I felt surprised, never having much esteemed that especial piece of road, but there is certainly a softness—a something in the English landscape that is very charming, and very different from any other country, and clumps of trees and hedgerows looked lovely after stumps and snake fences.

Of our reception at Manchester, I need not say much. It can be well understood with what interest we looked at each other, the young and the old, and how much there was to tell and to hear.

Three weeks passed very rapidly, and longer my brother and sister could not stay, unless they made up their minds to remain the winter, as my sister was soon expecting her confinement. There was a great deal to say against this on their part, so they took their passage again in the "Fidelia." I went with them to Liverpool, intending to see them off, but the "Fidelia" was on some account delayed; so after receiving hospitality for a couple of days at our cousin's, the Rev. Thomas Hornby, I went back to Manchester, and my brother William came over to Liverpool and saw the last of them.

1847. If I proceed any further I am afraid I must be very egotistical, unless I leap over the next three years altogether, and such a gap would rather destroy the connexion of my narrative. But, as what I write is only intended for my most intimate

friends, and chiefly for the information of my nephews and nieces, I hope to be excused, and shall give a slight outline of my movements amongst the hospitable relations and friends from whom I had been separated for so long a time. Kind invitations soon came to me from various quarters. The first visit I made was to the remotest point (the island of Jersey) where my cousins Stansfield were residing. I am quite without dates, but I suppose I set out on my first journey sometime in September. My passage through London, where I had to remain a few hours, was made very pleasant through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Joseph Baxendale, who, knowing of my journey, met me at the station, bringing with him my dear old nurse Betty (Mrs. Lee), who, after living with us many years, had been in the service of the Baxendale family, and was now a widow residing in London. He committed me to her care, having ordered us a luncheon at his house, and the use of his carriage to take me on to the station on the Surrey side of the river, where Mrs. Lee saw me off on my way to Southampton. I embarked there about dark, and, though so recently coming across the Atlantic without any suffering to speak of, I was most miserably sea-sick on this paltry little voyage. I fared better on my return a fortnight later. The passage was chiefly by day, and there was an accommodation on this steamer that I never saw elsewhere, namely, sofas on deck, curtained round, so that, besides yielding privacy, they sheltered one from too much breeze, though allowing one fresh air instead of the close atmosphere of a cabin. I kept my sofa until the boat reached Southampton about one o'clock a.m., when all the other passengers went on shore, and I took possession of the cabin. I was thus able to pass through the Custom House quite early in the morning, before anyone else came, and only went to the hotel for breakfast.

My return to London was not a mere passing through it, for I remained a month enjoying the hospitality of our friend Mrs. Cardwell, at her house in Regent's Park. After my long absence in a colony, the glories of the metropolis were more than interesting. There was but one thing that I regretted, namely, that wherever we went it was always in a carriage, whilst I should have been very glad to walk about the streets and look in at the shop windows, being very "green" after a ten years' residence in the Backwoods. I used to feel very ignorant about things and persons that were mentioned in conversation, but I had a good cousin at hand (Jane Birley), from whom I used privately to seek information. I likewise went for a few days to see our friend Mr. Charles Weld, who was living with his wife in apartments in Somerset House, as he was then Secretary to the Royal Society. He showed me a good deal that was in his own line, but my enjoyment was marred by very aguish feelings hanging about me, and when Babbage's calculating machine was worked for my benefit I felt as if I could scarcely hold up my head to look at it. I had the advantage, too, of attending the Temple Church, but was quite unable to appreciate its far-famed beauties, for my recollection is of looking at the congregation and feeling to envy every one who was most probably going home after service. If I had not been so ill I should not have been so home-sick, for my friends were very kind. I met at Mr. Weld's a lady who was afterwards a good deal heard of (Lady Franklin). The anxiety respecting Sir John had scarcely taken root at that time; it was only beginning to do so.

I got home to my brother William's just in time; for now these aguish feelings broke out into much more than ague, and I had a regular illness. So the autumn passed away. During this illness news came of the birth of a little niece in

Canada (Ellen), who now sits beside me mending and darning for the many brothers that came after her.

1848. I had not done much more than recover my strength, when, early in the next year, I went for a succession of visits amongst my friends in Liverpool, Miss Lowe, Mrs. Langton and Sandown, and got back to Manchester just to fall ill again, of measles, and moreover to bestow that malady upon some of my brother's children. So thus far I proved a very troublesome inmate. After this I did not leave the neighbourhood of Manchester for some time, only staying occasionally with some of my relatives immediately round it, but in the summer it was settled that my visit to Ireland should take place. Thither my brother William proposed to accompany me, and see some of his old friends. The country was known to be in an unquiet state, and on the eve of the day of our departure my brother said to me, "There is a rumour that, if a rebellion breaks out, it will be to-morrow;" but this we kept to ourselves, and started all the same. We saw nothing to disquiet us on our way to Timolin, where our friend the Rev. Mr. Coddington was rector. Here, in a day or two, my brother left me, and during my fortnight's visit the rebellion (Smith O'Brien's) did break out, and also ended! we ourselves in that quiet place being perfectly undisturbed, excepting by what we saw in the newspapers. However, I was destined to see some last sparks from the dying embers, for the news of O'Brien's capture had been learnt, and I think it must have been expected that he would be brought to Dublin by the train on which I travelled on my return, for when we reached the station every street abutting on it was densely crowded. You might have walked on the people's heads, and as I passed through the skirts of the city, on my way to the county of Wicklow, I perceived a very military aspect of things, artillery

in motion, &c. not, I suppose, preparing for resistance, but going to be put by after the scare.*

After a visit to our good old friends near Bray (Mr. and Mrs. Weld) I returned home, and joined my brother's family in their seaside quarters near Blackpool, and in returning thence to Manchester, I paid a short and last visit to Kirkham, the scene of so many others in my earliest days. That little town is less changed outwardly than any place I ever re-visited after so many years; but as to its inhabitants, just the reverse. There was not a vestige remaining of my own generation, and regarding the younger one, descendants of only one of our numerous cousinhood still belonged to the place. This visit shall also be the last of which I shall take any particular notice; I paid a great many more, mostly in Yorkshire and Lancashire, repeating some of them more than once. The next year I migrated, along with my brother's family, from Seedley to The Rookery.

As time progressed my year in England was already considerably exceeded. I turned my thoughts seriously to Canada, but I had met all along with very great opposition from not only my brother and sister, but from all the friends who were entitled to express an opinion as to my plans. I fought a stiff battle, for my own judgment remained unshaken. I need not go now into the controversy; suffice it to say that the life I seemed destined to lead in England appeared to me objectless, whilst the Canadian one I proposed to myself had a distinct purpose of usefulness. When going through the oft-repeated argument with my friend Miss Lowe, I expressed this feeling, and said, if I had a career in England it would be

*I must say I felt very indignant, when Smith O'Brien came to Canada, to see the Irish, and loyal Irish too, I believe, make so much of him.

different; I should not feel that I was frittering my life away. Whereupon she replied, "Come to us, our assistant governess is just leaving, you can supply her place," laying before me the advantages of such a course; but it did not appear to me to be a natural one, to be earning my bread when I was really sufficiently provided for, and I thought no more about it. But after I went home, she wrote to me with the same proposal, asking me not to put it aside without more consideration, and likewise requesting that I would show my brother her letter, and have his advice. I therefore gave it to him, and to my surprise he at once advocated this scheme, and suggested that others of our nearest and best friends should be asked for their opinion on the subject. They were all of one mind, and feeling no great personal reluctance to undertake the duties of such a post, and believing likewise that in another way I should be able to promote the welfare of my less prosperous brother's family (for my salary would suffice for my wants, and I might lay by a little provision for the young ones that were beginning to appear in it, without separating myself from my many friends in England against so much remonstrance, and this, in a family to which I was by old friendship already attached), I allowed it to be so settled, and I was not unhappy, though suffering a little from misgivings as to my being really competent to fulfil all the duties expected from me. I communicated this change of plan to my brother in Canada, but when his reply came all my satisfaction in it vanished, and one letter after another so disturbed and unhinged me, that (was it weakness?) I could no longer adhere to my project, but disappointed Miss Lowe, and returned to my original plans. However, opposition to them was now over, and one thing was gained, for it was proved that the pair in Canada had no reluctance to receive me as an inmate, which one very good

friendship insinuated possibly might be. I did not, however, return to Canada immediately, for the cholera had broken out, and it was observed that travellers were very frequently the victims, so I was advised to remain at home for the present, and I had almost another year with my friends in England. It was
1850. early in the summer of 1850, that I finally took leave of them. I made arrangements with a young Scotch lady to unite as travelling companions. I had never seen her, but she was going out to visit a brother whom I did know. I served as a chaperon to her, and, as she was to be met by one of her brothers at New York, I benefited by her escort. To accommodate her, I went to embark at Glasgow instead of going by a Liverpool steamer. My brother took me there, and at my request allowed his little son Henry to be of our party. The boy was delighted, and so I was the first to inspire him with that love of travel which has taken him in maturer years almost all over the world.

Of the life of the Canadians during my three years' absence I can only give a slight outline. I recorded the birth of a girl (Ellen), which took place at Peterborough, so that when they settled again in their own home it was as parents, and their cares and pleasures as such were in due time increased by the arrival of a boy (Tom). Whilst a new generation was appearing death was making sad inroads with the preceding one. My sister-in-law lost two of her sisters during the time I was in England—both of decline. The youngest had already been seriously threatened before I left Canada, and only survived until the following spring. Soon after her decease the sister, who had been her constant nurse and attendant, showed symptoms of the same disease, and followed her charge to the grave before long.

My brother at one time formed a partnership with Mr.

Boyd. They intended to do something in the lumbering trade, but the business received some checks through an unsatisfactory commercial state of the country, and finally my brother withdrew altogether from the concern, not being able, on account of his health, to give that active attention to it that he should have done. He suffered for many months from a complaint in his throat, which he suspected was spreading downwards, and likely to attack his lungs, so that we were feeling great anxiety about him, when I rejoined the family in 1850. Sometime before this he had offered himself a candidate for the representation of the county of Peterborough in the Canadian Parliament, but he failed in his election. I do not remember the date, nor whether it was a general election or not. He certainly had not conceived any intention of leaving the Lakes when I returned, for I found them engaged in building a new room. Another clergyman had been appointed to the church at Fenelon Falls during my absence, who had proved quite an acquisition to the very small society, but he had left it again before I returned, and we were once more without a pastor. Another appointment, however, was made just before we left the Lakes altogether.

1850. I embarked at Glasgow in the unfortunate steamer "The City of Glasgow," about the middle of June. We were twice aground before we got out of the Clyde, each time having to wait for a tide to lift us, so it was two days before we fairly took leave of Scotland. I had made a great mistake in applying for my berths to be in the "ladies' cabin," supposing the arrangements to be similar to those of sailing ships, and was in some consternation when I found that it was only a sort of double state-room, with four berths instead of two, and with very little additional space to correspond, and even only one washing apparatus amongst us. When we first saw our

accommodation, with the luggage belonging to the four inmates, my companion burst into tears. However, when packages were duly stowed away, matters looked more bearable, but there were great discomforts. My carpet bag was hidden beneath the berths, and the first time I drew it out, to get at some article, I found it soaked through and through with dirty bilge water. I tried to persuade the stewardess to rinse out my linen for me, even in sea water, but it could not be. I could only hang it up to dry, dirty as it was, by the chimney, where all the sailors' wet garments were hanging. Fortunately I had a piece of rope, and I contrived to rig myself up a private line. I sent for the ship's carpenter and had a grand turn out for repairs, after which we kept out the water. Besides being so crowded, this nominal "ladies' cabin" was, during the day, made a regular passage room. The stewards were perpetually coming through it. I tried to make a little more space by rolling up my cloak and putting it under a bench in the saloon, but the stewards soon threw it back again. Many things combined to make this journey, both by sea and land, anything but a pleasant one. My young lady flirted a great deal more than I liked; besides this, I had to become the protector of another helpless young girl, coming out to friends who were not at New York to meet her, and she only knew she was going to Guelph, without having the remotest idea where Guelph was. As for our escort, Mr. M., the first thing we heard was that he had lost his own luggage, so I could scarcely feel that he was much to be depended on. Our principal possessions were placed upon the boat for going up the Hudson River in the morning, when my companions suddenly became bent upon staying another day in New York, and going by the night boat to Albany. So, when we got there, we had our luggage to hunt up, and I had

to rush along the quay to see that it was all safe. All troubles, however, came to an end, and after turning over one companion to the care of another fellow-passenger, and delivering Miss M. at her brother's house near Cobourg, I proceeded to Peterborough, and thence home. Two of the Dunsfords took me up in a canoe, leaving Mud Lake after sunset for coolness, and rousing Mr. Boyd up at Bobcaygeon at one or two o'clock in the morning. The next day my journey up the lake was shortened by borrowing a horse at The Beehive and riding up to Blythe. I say little of meetings. The most agitating one was with poor Angel Brandon, who had lost her husband during my absence. The little Ellen put her arms round my neck in obedience to orders; but the next morning she did it voluntarily, and from that time my place was established in the family circle. This circle was, however, soon to be broken up for a time. My brother had decided that it would be advisable for him to go to New York, in order to have the best advice about the complaint in his throat, and he had only delayed doing so until my arrival. At new York he had his friend Mr. McAndrew, whose hospitality was boundless, but there was something very mournful in seeing him depart alone in such very poor health; and indeed he told us afterwards that when he got as far as Bobcaygeon he felt half inclined to return home again. He was, however, really about six weeks away, and came back decidedly benefited, but still continued more or less a sufferer for many months afterwards. He was able that autumn to make a little excursion with his wife, and she did at last see Niagara. The children were now sufficiently at home with me to allow of my assuming the care of them for a time. The winter passed quietly away. I remember only one incident, viz., my going down to Bobcaygeon to stay a few days with Mrs. Boyd, and taking Ellen with me.

Mrs. Wickham came down with her children, and there were already three young Boyds running about, so they formed quite a merry little group, and were the principal amusement of their elders. A great change! The new generation was asserting its importance.

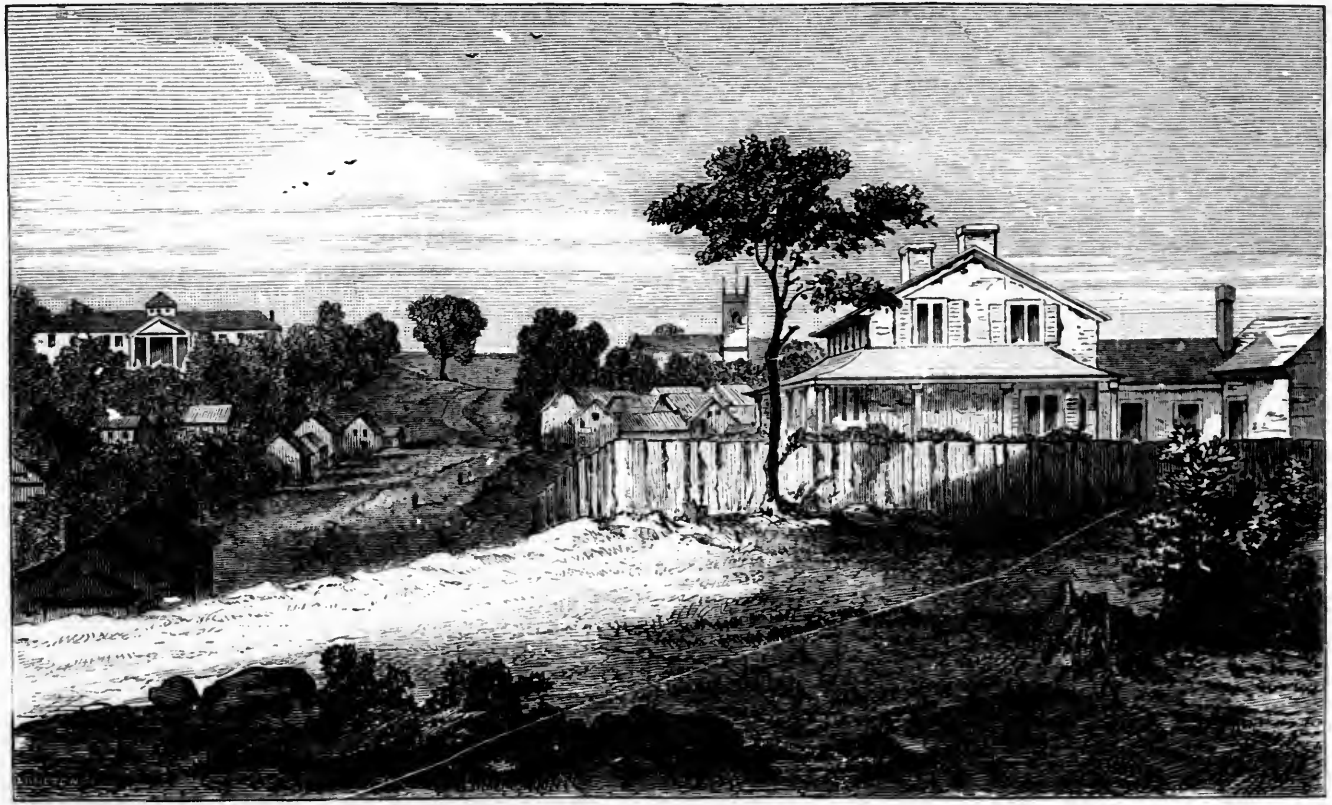
1851. The next summer brought another little boy into my brother's family (Harry), who kept us very busy, for he required more nursing and soothing than any child that came before or after him.

In the autumn an election was coming on, and my brother decided to offer himself again as a candidate for the county. He and Mrs. Langton went down to Peterborough, taking Ellen and the baby. I remained up at Blythe with Tom for another month, but we joined them afterwards, and remained altogether at Peterborough until the election was over, my brother having this time become the member. Sometime in November we came back to Blythe, but only for the remainder of the winter. The new circumstances made it expedient that Peterborough should become our home, and my brother was induced to make the purchase of certain mills near to it, with the hope of its proving a profitable investment, and giving him an interest and an occupation in the neighbourhood. A comfortable house was secured, and before the winter closed we packed the greatest part of our possessions, in order that they might go down by sleigh, and remained ourselves to come with the residue when the navigation opened. A removal from the Backwoods, where you are obliged to surround yourselves with so many things, is a formidable business. We left a good deal behind us. I daresay we at that time supposed that we should some day or other come back to Blythe, but we never did.

Our final departure took place one afternoon in May, staying the night at Bobcaygeon, in order to be ready to start

early by the horse-boat, which now went regularly as a passage boat. The next day we encountered such a head wind on Pigeon Lake that we could scarcely ~~stand~~ move at all, but having a row-boat on board, we ladies, children, and maids, were put into it, with a couple of men to row us down, and, though the journey was a tedious one, we got into Peterborough at last about midnight, with our little people all fast asleep. My brother remained in the horse-boat along with the luggage, which was considerable, and they were, I suppose, all night out. I do not remember details, but I recollect he told us that they were getting very hungry, and might have remained so, only one woman had a barrel of meal with her, so they opened it and made some stirabout.

We settled ourselves in our new home as speedily as we could, for we had asked Mrs. Hartley Dunsford to come to us for a confinement she was expecting, as she was now living in the Backwoods, and we enjoying the facilities of a town residence. So she came, and her son James was the first of four children that were born in our house within one year. The morning he appeared my sister came to my room early, looking very tearful. The confinement was happily over, but intelligence had been received that Mr. Dunsford was dead. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford had gone to The Beehive, to visit their eldest son, and there heart disease suddenly terminated his life. Mrs. Dunsford from that time made The Beehive her home, and when she came to Peterborough it was as a visitor. Of course we had not to make acquaintance with the society of Peterborough. It was pretty well known to us already, and was quite a place where everybody knows everybody ; but with a young and increasing family, it suited us to keep very quietly to ourselves, and without being at all unsocial we abstained from getting drawn into the small gaieties of the place. An



THE HOUSE AT PETERBOROUGH.

occupation came to me, which brought me into closer contact with some members of the society than I should otherwise perhaps have had, namely the church organ, through the absence, followed by the death of the clergyman's wife, who had always played it. When she went away to her dying husband, I heard she had said she did not know who could take the organ, unless it were Mrs. or Miss Langton, so I naturally assumed the post; and, having recently had a harmonium given me, I had been playing more organ music than anything else, and was not unprepared for the task. The widow would have taken it again after a time, but she died, not many weeks after her husband; so for the present it remained in my hands.

A great part of that autumn my brother was away at Quebec, attending to his parliamentary duties, and again in the spring, when we at home were awaiting the arrival of another
1853. little stranger. Mrs. Wickham came down from the Lakes, to see how her sister was getting on, and intending to be with her at the crisis; but alas! when our baby was daily expected, she herself took it into her head to introduce *two* into the world. One of them was not alive, and the other did not survive as much as twenty-four hours, but the event threw the household into great commotion. In the midst of the trouble it was impossible not to see something ludicrous in the affair. Happily, our own arrival was a little delayed. One of the worst consequences to me of all this derangement was that Easter Sunday was at hand, and I could not meet my choir for practice. When the day came, I gave out the Easter hymn, depending upon the words being in all the prayer-books, as they were in my own. This proved not to be the case, and when I played, expecting a full choir of voices, only one or two joined. It was a miserable silence for an Easter morn. However, if things did not go on well in church, they were at

that time doing so at home, and the little girl that had come to us (Agnes) was most welcome. But matters changed afterwards; my sister became ill, and the monthly nurse took fright, and at five o'clock one morning was found to be gone, leaving us in the lurch without the slightest notice. My sister now required a great deal of attention, and the baby suffered in its own way. We were dependent upon chance assistance obtained from some of the neighbours, and, for about six weeks, were really in a very bad way. I heard our friends said they were quite as sorry for Miss Langton as for Mrs. Langton, but I believe this arose from my having a bad inflammation of the eyes, and when I went to answer kind enquiries people thought I had been crying. I did not bear my troubles quite so badly as that, but they were more serious to me on account of my brother's absence. When he got home matters had mended, and I think we had quite an uneventful summer, though an illness of the baby made us fear we might lose it at one time. However, it still lives to gladden our house, I am thankful to say.

One thing at this time was very unsatisfactory. The mills were not answering to expectation. In a great measure the Crimean war was indirectly the cause, for the prices of everything rose enormously, upsetting all calculations and estimates, and they never went down again.

1854. In the spring of the following year John went home to England to see his brother, and consult him about his affairs. When he returned he had certainly made up his mind that the mills were a losing concern, and that the sooner they were abandoned the better. He brought our niece Ellen (now Mrs. Herbert Philips) back with him. Some of her friends rather marvelled at her heroism in being willing to accompany him. The journey is not so much thought of in these days. I think she was quite the first person from England I had ever wel-

comed, though one or two of our friends had appeared in the country during my absence from it. But this year we had quite an influx of visitors besides herself—Charles Weld, Salisbury Baxendale, and Henry Hornby. We began to feel ourselves not quite out of the world. The first arrival, however, after that of our niece, was another little Canadian (Willie), fifth member of the nursery party. He helped to make the house a very busy one during this summer, but other circumstances contributed. We received the whole McAndrew family (five in number) as our guests, and they remained with us about a month. There was also another election, but, as there was no opposition, it passed off without excitement. When our niece was about to return to England I accompanied her to Quebec, where we remained in lodgings together for some weeks, until the party she was to join on the return passage was ready to depart. We, the McAndrews, and Mr. Baxendale all left Peterborough at the same time, and went together to Toronto and Niagara, where we parted and went our several ways. Our life at Quebec was very different from that at Peterborough. There were dinners and evening parties at Government House, besides other gaieties, which might have been more enjoyed than they were; for Ellen was by no means in very good health, and I was strange to that sort of thing. So I believe we were both glad when we could return to our respective homes. We came in for an invitation to a Government expedition up the Saguenay in a couple of steamers. Several of the ministers were on board, nominally to inspect harbours; but some said the real object was to put on time, and delay some crisis. The political aspect of the affair I forget; however, when we landed at one of the points, we were greeted with salutes, and decorations, and a banquet!! This sounds extremely grand, but the banquet consisted of eggs

and bacon and other homely fare, and the gunpowder and greenery were all paid for beforehand by the Government itself, which was supposed to be the object of this demonstration. It does not sound a dignified proceeding, but we saw the Saguenay.

My duties at the organ were turned over to a German Professor who had come to Peterborough, but he afterwards quarrelled with a member of his choir, and resigned, when I resumed my post. Our professor, however, was in the meantime an acquisition, greatly assisting in getting up a series of concerts this winter in aid of the sufferers in the Crimean war—"Patriotic Concerts," I think we called them. We had another engrossing and less agreeable matter, a visitation of whooping cough, whilst the Wickham family were staying with us, so that both sets of children were suffering from this noisy complaint at the same time; I going backwards and forwards between Peterborough and Bobcaygeon, where the same trouble existed, besides other nursing and nursery work. The few occasions when one has found oneself distinctly useful remain among the recollections that one would not lose.

About this time we began to look forward to another change of abode. My brother had been promised the post of Auditor General, though the appointment was not made immediately. Our family party was not very long left to itself.
1855. The Wickhams could not leave until fine weather had set in, and during the summer we asked Mrs. Boyd—she was delicate and needed change—to come down to us with her young family. Mr. Boyd was at this time almost constantly away on business. I have no dates to refer to, and do not exactly bear in mind the progress of events, but a very painful one was at hand. Mrs. Wickham had been suffering from ague during the summer, and for change of air she and Mr. Wickham came

down to Peterborough. Our house being occupied with the Boyd family, they went to the hotel, and there Mrs. Wickham was taken ill and died, remaining perfectly unconscious from the very first alarm about her until the end. Her youngest child was still under a year old, and became immediately our charge.

Our removal to Toronto was now in contemplation. The Government had accomplished its four years at Quebec, and was now to be for the same length of time at Toronto, where the Auditor was to commence his duties. My brother and sister went over to look for a house, and when they came back, having taken one, they said we must be off in a fortnight, or the navigation would be closed. But, alas! our little Wickham was alarmingly ill, and during the time that all our packing was going on my sister, Mrs. Boyd, and myself were sitting up with the child by turns every night, besides giving it the closest attention at all times. We got through in a manner, and the little one, almost against hope, recovered sufficiently for us to remove, but we felt the effects of the hurried nature of our proceedings in various ways. A sort of feeling between desperation and indifference possessed us, and we left things behind that we afterwards regretted. The Boyds, I think, remained with us until very near the last. We certainly got off before the navigation closed, and a pretty specimen of what Lake navigation could be we had. Soon after we embarked at Cobourg, such a gale arose as our Captain had seldom experienced. He said he had been 25 years sailing on the Lake, and never had the cabin windows broken in by the waves as on this occasion. My sister, being at all times a bad sailor, was soon prostrate in the saloon. I, who had a better reputation in this respect, went down to the Ladies' Cabin to help to take care of the little ones, for sea-

sick nurses were not very fit to look after sea-sick children. The two elder children were able to manage for themselves, and stayed above with their parents, but below the scene was a miserable one. My reputation did not hold good. There was no standing this amount of motion, no lying down and taking care of oneself, with so many little ones to look after. We had generally two heads over one basin. The stove-pipes soon came rattling down, so that we could not have a fire, or make any warm food for the baby, and it was so cold that we were obliged to keep the children in all their mufflers. Then the cabin windows gave way, and a wave poured down upon little Harry, so we were obliged to rush upstairs, leaving some of our belongings floating on the cabin floor. When we did at last land it was as much as we could do to breast the wind in walking from the boat to our cab.

We were, for a few days, at a hotel, whilst making our house habitable. It had been taken for two years, but we did not remain so long in it. We sacrificed half a year's rent in order to move into a healthier quarter. We had a suspicion of imperfect drainage, for every little ailment of the children took an intermittent character, and the younger girl (Agnes) had a very severe fever. I was from home at the time, having gone to take care of Mrs. Boyd and another young arrival in that house. The Boyds had come down to live at Peterborough.
1843. I was there for some time, for when Mrs. Boyd was better she went from home with her husband and baby, and I remained in charge of the household. I rather enjoyed my reign. I gave a children's party. I visited my old friend the organ; and I had a horse and buggy at my command, which I never had before or after.*

* Mrs. Dunsford was down at Mr. Boyd's part of the time, and though she was a nervous, timorous person, and my experience with the reins not

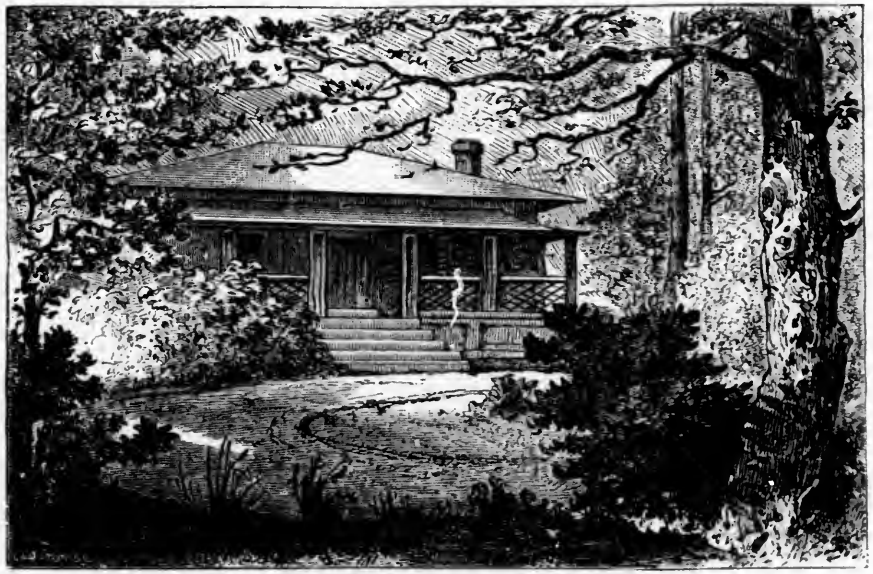
When I returned home, the little invalid was just beginning to recover the use of her legs, and was often patronisingly handed about by her younger brother.

Very soon after our arrival at Toronto, my brother was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University. I do not think there was any other particular incident to record whilst we remained in our first house, though I have many memories connected with the time, some agreeable, some otherwise. We renewed our acquaintance with Dr. Clarke and his sister, who had once visited our lakes, but we were chiefly brought together on account of their having been known to the Dunsford family in England, long ago. They lived at Oshawa, about thirty miles from Toronto, but the railway made that distance a trifling one, and they were very hospitable in occasionally receiving one or other of us, when health or any circumstances made a little change desirable. I must mention here, that Mr. Wickham came over from England and took his little girl back with him, to be under her grandmamma's care. She died when about seventeen or eighteen years old.

1857. In the spring of 1857, we moved up to Yorkville, and here, besides enjoying purer air, we were brought into very agreeable society. Many of the Professors connected with the University were residents, and also families belonging to the Civil Service, who, moving like ourselves along with the Government, were numbered amongst our associates as long as we remained connected with it.

very large, she always trusted herself with me; but one of our drives was a failure. We wanted to make a call, but the door of our friend's house was a little off the road. How were we to get to it? The old lady dared not trust herself to hold the reins whilst I got out; she could not get out herself without assistance; she would not let me get out to help her, unless there was some one to hold the horse's head. There was no one, so we had just to turn round and give up our call.

As soon as we were settled in our Yorkville home, Mrs. Boyd came to see us, and alas! it proved to be her last visit. I believe it was an enjoyable one. We took her to Niagara, and she appeared in excellent spirits. Soon after this another little boy (Jack) was added to our family, but whilst we were rejoicing in my sister's safety, the sad intelligence reached us that Mrs. Boyd, her last surviving sister, had died in a similar trial. I pass over these things rapidly, but this was a sorrow that sank very deep. Before these events I went up the Lakes to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wallis at Fenelon Falls, where they were staying during the summer—this was the second Mrs. Wallis. The first had died during the time that I was in England, and Mr. Wallis married again shortly before we came to live at Peterborough. I had Harry with me. It was a great enjoyment to the little fellow, especially a visit to Blythe, where his old nurse and her brother (our tenants) made a great deal of him, the one treating him to her thickest cream and the best dainties of the farm, and the other putting him upon horseback, which was a still greater treat. In going this expedition, we had to travel by the long railway bridge across Rice Lakes, which was reported to be in such a frail condition, that my brother recommended that we should stand out on the platform of the car, to be in a better position for saving ourselves should any accident occur; but we returned by the new Lindsay and Port Hope railway, though it was not nearly ready for passenger traffic. There were no proper cars, and we had to sit upon our boxes in a van. There were other movements in the family occasionally. I remember more than once, being in charge of the household whilst my sister made visits amongst her relations, and I made more than one visit to Peterborough myself. I cannot help here remarking that my old original friends, of the time when I first lived in Canada, occupy



YORKVILLE, TORONTO.

quite a different place to me, or I to them, from any recent ones. Increasing years and deafness operate in part; I do not go into society, and have in a measure lost my individuality.

To return, however, to my visits to Peterborough. The march of events does seem very rapid when I have to relate that during the last visit which I paid there before I left Yorkville another son was born to Mr. Boyd by his second wife. There was a little romance belonging to this marriage. When left a widower, with six young children, and no one belonging to him living near, Mr. Boyd was wise indeed to look out early again for a helpmate. In the family in which he had been reared in Ireland, when sent home by his parents from India, there was a young girl, quite a child when he left, but still remembered by him. His sister wrote him word that she had grown up a very charming person, and that if he came over she thought he might find in her a very suitable wife. But Mr. Boyd could not easily go away from his business and his family, and stay long enough to woo and to wed; so he wrote to the lady, not with any proposal, but upon the plea of making enquiries from her about her brother (who had been his particular friend, and was dead), and about other of his early associates. So a correspondence was started, and after a time he suggested that she should come and pay a visit to the country, and that possibly they might like each other well enough to remain together. She, too, was a good deal alone in the world, having lived with this brother, who had died. So the result was that she did come out, accompanied by an aunt, and before long they did agree to remain together. They were married, and the aunt went home. She took her place amongst all the connexion quite naturally, has ever been sisterly in her relations to this family, and always "Aunt Boyd" to the children of it.

A principal interest connected with our sojourn at Toronto was the raising of its beautiful University buildings. My brother had a good deal to do with the selection of the site, and laid the first stone, but without any especial ceremonial. It ought to have been the task of the Governor General, but he was away at the time, so the laying of the last stone on the top of the turret was reserved for him, and celebrated with all due *éclat*; my brother being still there to see the termination of the work. In leaving Toronto he lost a great source of interest in the University, as well as a salary which had been a comfortable addition to our income. At Quebec he held for a time the post of Inspector of Prisons, but an office which took him into other parts of the country seemed likely to interfere with his auditing business, and he did not long retain it.

1859. It was in the autumn of 1859 that we took our departure for Quebec. My brother went over earlier to look for a house; and I recollect feeling some alarm about the climate we should encounter there, when a Quebec gentleman asked him to look into the yard of his house to see whether the snow had been removed—and this was in June! Hitherto the children had gone to day schools in our neighbourhood, but when we went to Quebec Tom was left as a regular boarder at Upper Canada College. Harry was placed there for a time, only joining us when we were settled. The house, or cottage, we occupied at first was in the country, about three miles from Quebec, and it necessitated our having a man, horse, and vehicle. The children went into town daily to school, and the loss of so much time on the road, besides other inconveniences, made us glad, when spring came, to take one of the new houses which had been built to accommodate the increased population that came with the Government. It was a much more roomy house, and towards autumn we had a good many visitors. This was

the year that the Prince of Wales made his visit to Canada, and some of our relations living at a distance were glad to have the opportunity of seeing him, and partaking in the festivities and excitements which the presence of royalty occasioned.

The Prince landed at Quebec, and when he went forward to the Upper Province my brother followed in the stream, as he had to do some of the honours. At Kingston he was, as Prison Inspector, to have received the Prince at the Penitentiary, one of the important institutions of the country, but circumstances prevented the royal party from landing.* This was very mortifying, because a list of prisoners had been made who were to have received their pardon on the occasion of the royal visit. At Toronto, my brother, who still held the post of Vice-Chancellor of the University, took part in the reception. Sir Allan McNab had also asked him to be a guest at his house when he received the Prince on his visit to Hamilton. My sister was likewise in Toronto during the gaieties there.

I at Quebec was looking forward to the approach of another visit to England. I had been now again ten years absent from it. My sister-in-law in England had said in one letter, "Could Lydia make up her mind to part with one of her children? We should be very glad if you could bring one with you." And this led to a decision that Ellen should accompany me. The child bore the thoughts of the separation very well; there was pleasure in prospect to counterbalance it, but at the last moment she threw herself into her mamma's arms with a little shriek. She soon recovered herself, and she

*The cause of the Prince's not landing at Kingston was that a very large Orange demonstration had been got up, and this distinctly against the expressed wishes of the authorities, for it was earnestly desired that there should be nothing to arouse party feeling in any of the receptions. Therefore the Prince would not land.

says now that she recollects very little of that voyage. I remember it well, however, especially one stormy night, when we were fortunately allowed to ke our lights burning, for I found myself soaked in my berth, and had to get up and dress. Ellen, in the lower berth, fared better. A very graphic description of our storm appeared in all the papers, because the Prince of Wales was likewise in it. He had sailed from New York about the same time we did from Quebec (a day or two later, I believe), and he must have had a longer passage, for I recollect there was some anxiety about him at home before his ships were heard of.

The "North American" landed us in Liverpool about dusk. The arrangements on shore were the least comfortable I ever remember, for the goods of all the passengers were promiscuously scattered on the quay, where there was no shelter, and we had to get a lantern to hunt up our possessions. The Custom House officers, too, were not pleasant. In the case of one of our boxes, which was screwed down, they insisted upon inspection, and we had to wait some time until a screw-driver was obtained, and, after all, when the lid was off, they just gave a pat to the contents, and left us to screw it down again. However, with the help of my cousin William Langton, who met us, we got through just in time to go by the last train to Manchester. And so I found myself once more in England, after another ten years' absence. My brother William's family had just taken up their abode at Litchford Hall, a large house about five miles from Manchester. The changes were great. I had left a parcel of children, and now they were all grown up, or nearly so. Two had married,* and the elder had died, leaving a little grand-daughter in her place. The youngest of my

*The second marriage was that of my niece Anna Margaret, to Mr. Charles Heywood, June 18, 1858.

brother's children was very little older than Ellen, and they soon became great friends, and likewise schoolfellows. It was always intended that Ellen should be sent to school, but to a more economical one than that of my friend Miss Lowe, but my brother took the matter into his own hands, and said she should go where his own daughters had been, and generously undertook the cost. So, after the Christmas holidays, she accompanied her cousin Frances to the Misses Lowe, who had their school now at Southgate, about nine miles from London. Ellen was not like my Canadian friend who thought England "beautiful, beautiful, beautiful." She was chary of her admiration both of persons and things, and, I think, was afraid of being unfaithful to her own friends and country.

I resumed my old life, sometimes remaining quietly at Litchford, sometimes going to see other friends. In every visit to England I have somewhat extended my acquaintance with it. Now, for the first time, I was introduced to the beauties of the lake country, for my cousin Skinner Langton having settled himself at Barrow House, on Derwentwater, I went to stay there. I was glad that my visit was during the holidays, and that I was asked to bring Ellen with me, and could show her something really beautiful in England. Two of her cousins, Willy and Katie, were also of our party. We took Bolton Abbey, Settle, Clapham, &c., on our way. When we returned I went to see my friends, the Misses Lowe, at Mayfield, Southgate, and stayed with them for the remainder of the holidays, and likewise for the whole of the succeeding term, only coming back along with the girls for Christmas.

At this time public news was painful and anxious. The death of the Prince Consort was mourned by the whole nation; and that matter denominated "The Trent affair" occurred, which made me feel extremely anxious, as war with the United

States seemed far from improbable, in which event Canada would of course have been a principal scene of operations. The circumstance is almost now forgotten, and some of my younger readers may scarcely remember what it was, so I will briefly tell them. The war in America, between North and South, had just broken out, and a Northern naval officer had boarded an English passenger ship (the "Trent") and taken from it two obnoxious Southerners. We cared nothing for the men, but resented the insult to our flag, and demanded that the prisoners should be given up to us again. Had the American Government refused, war would have been the consequence. Great preparations were made in England, and troops already despatched to Canada, when the Yankees wisely yielded, and the trouble came to an end.

The private intelligence I received during my stay at Mayfield was very pleasant, namely, the engagement of my niece and godchild, Ellen Josephine, to Mr. Herbert Philips. The marriage took place in February, the two girls, Frances and Ellen coming home to officiate as bridesmaids to their sister and cousin. During the summer I made acquaintance with some more of England's beauty, through my cousin, Mrs. Rawdon being at that time at Clifton, where I visited her. I crossed the Severn and saw Chepstow Castle and Tintern Abbey, and other attractive parts of the country. I have always a great admiration for England's magnificent trees. The primeval forest, at least in our part, can show nothing to equal them.

1862. I was still in England when the great Exhibition of 1862 was opened, and had just made arrangements with our friend Miss Clarke, now living in England, to have lodgings together for a fortnight in London, when I received a summons from Canada, and made immediate preparations to sail in a week.

I was more disappointed for Miss Clarke than for myself, for to set against anything of the kind on my own account, I felt exceedingly glad of this proof that I had an amount of value in the Canadian branch of the family. The cause, too, of my being wanted, was not a serious one. The children had been ordered to the seaside, on account of that troublesome complaint, ringworm, and it was impossible for my sister to go with them, as she was expecting another addition to her family. So I made very few personal adieux, but took my passage in the "Norwegian," and, for the first and only time, crossed the Atlantic without any companion whatever. We had a very good passage. I occupied one of the best state-rooms all alone, and landed at Quebec sooner than they had at all expected me. They had not given me credit for so much promptitude. The landing and Custom-house work, without any one to help me, was rather confusing, but I got through my difficulties very well, and took my sister quite by surprise. She was alone, for the children were already sent away, with a very good, steady housemaid and one of their cousins, and my brother was gone to Toronto. I waited for his return, bringing Tom with him from school, who was to go with me to join the other children, and then he and I embarked in the "Victoria" for Dalhousie, in New Brunswick. This rather distant post was chosen because there was a telegraph direct to it. We were three nights out in the "Victoria;" that is, we landed about three o'clock a.m. of the third night. Most of the children, who had been full of expectation, woke up on my arrival; but Jack (the youngest) slept through the commotion, and it was only when I jumped out of bed, and went to his cot the first thing in the morning, that he saw me Though he was only just three years old when I left, and I had been away nearly two years, his greeting was as affectionate as that of the other children.

However, "aunt Anne" must have been merely a tradition, for he told me I did not look quite the same as I used to do, that is, I suppose, as his own imagination had pictured me.

I enjoyed my two months with the children at Dalhousie very much. We boarded with a Mrs. Carter, so had no household cares, and I wandered about with my charges all the time, seeing them bathe every day, and living almost altogether out of doors. Once, when they were playing in the hayfield, I went off alone for a sketch. The haymakers joked with them, and said that, as I was alone, perhaps the Indians would take me; so when I appeared again in the hayfield, I am sure it was to the younger ones a great relief, for they rushed into my arms in a transport. What the children enjoyed, above all things, was what they called "an expedition;" that is, a rather longer walk than usual, with a basket of provisions instead of coming home to dinner. It was but a very scanty meal that we could contrive to carry with us, but the "short commons" was abundantly compensated for by being consumed as we sat on the ground under a tree. Sometimes, by way of a treat, I gave them an expedition from our more settled home, but the last effort of the kind was a failure; it was from Ottawa. We took a boat, and crossed the river to a very inviting point of land, where we contemplated rambling about and enjoying ourselves until evening, when we appointed our boatmen to come for us. Alas! this delightful spot was an especial resort of the mosquito tribe, and we were beset by them to such a degree, that we were obliged to keep walking all the time, for the moment we sat down to rest the enemy was upon us in overpowering numbers. We kindled a fire and tried to shelter ourselves in its smoke. At length rain came on, so we planted some stakes in the ground, and with our shawls and wraps made a tent, under which we crept. We tried to be very

cheerful, telling stories and playing games. The rain, however, did us infinite service, for our thoughtful boatmen came for us before the appointed hour, and thankful we were to cut short our day of pleasure. I believe the mosquitoes even might have been fun in earlier days, but my children were getting too old to enjoy an adventure at the expense of comfort. There are a great many grown-up children, however, who take great delight in camping out for a few weeks together, and in some families it is an annual indulgence. I never partook of, and doubt whether I should have been fascinated with it. I visited such a camp the last time I was at Bobcaygeon. Some of Mr. Boyd's family, with a party of friends, had been two or three weeks in the woods bordering on Pigeon Lake. We went in his steamer "Beaubocage" (supposed by him to be the origin of the name Bobcaygeon) to visit the camping party. They numbered about eight besides three children, one of them an infant. There were four tents of various dimensions, and one besides, a little removed, devoted to cookery, under the care of a man. Some of the sleeping apparatus consisted merely in cloaks, rugs, and blankets spread on the ground; in other cases blankets were spread over logs raised from the ground, so as to form a sort of hammock; but this, though more comfortable in some respects, is less warm, as the air gets underneath. All seemed to be in excellent spirits, enjoying the fresh air and the *dolce far niente* exceedingly. We visitors were a large party; nevertheless, they spread their table, and gave us a substantial luncheon, including even various delicacies, such as sardines and orange marmalade; and when we apologised for making such an inroad on their provisions, they said "Don't be alarmed; we could keep you for a week." Later on, when they came home from their encampment and told us some of their adventures, it

did not sound so delightfully luxurious. They had some very heavy thunderstorms, and one night sat up in their tents holding umbrellas over their heads all the time. Some strange cattle came amongst them, too. I do not remember the details of that story, but I know the mother was in a panic about her children. On the whole, I thought people were better at home, or should give themselves an *al fresco* holiday nearer to their own doors.

This has been rather a long digression, and I must go back to Dalhousie. Some of the families there were very kind and attentive to us, and I was very glad more recently to learn a little about them from another frequenter of the place. A railway had recently been constructed in the neighbourhood, and some of the Dalhousie "belles" had married engineers. One, whom we knew, had been engaged to a young engineer who fell ill and died. But at the last he was anxious to make her his wife, so the marriage ceremony was performed at his bedside in the night, and he died the next morning, thus leaving her his name, and perhaps something besides; but the rest of her history I do not know. This young lady was in charge of the telegraph, and she came one night, bringing herself the telegram which announced to us the birth of a boy at Quebec. The stranger, Hugh, had arrived on Jack's birthday, so I told him the next morning that he had had a splendid birthday present. I am afraid he did not much appreciate it when he heard what it was. Tom and Harry left us at the expiration of their holidays, but I had three still with me. When our own time for departure came, as the steamer "Lady Head" came into the bay at all hours, but mostly in the night, only staying to discharge or take in passengers and going off again immediately, I got a young man whom we knew to watch for her lights and give us notice of her approach. Then, having

sent our luggage down to the shore, I let the children lie down on sofas and chairs in all their clothes, leaving nothing whatever but their comforters to tie on. Even then, when we got down, the passenger boat had put off, and had to go with the luggage loaded to the water's edge. If it had not been a perfectly calm night the transit would scarcely have been safe. The next night was as calm and beautiful, so I let the children sleep on deck, covered up with shawls, until about one o'clock in the morning. But our last night was of a very different kind. A tremendous gale arose, and we were all as sea-sick in the river approaching to Quebec as ever on lake or ocean; and in the cabin of a very small steamer, with the screw—sometimes in the water, sometimes out of it—just under your head, the noise and clatter is a great aggravation to your sufferings.

The excitement during this winter arose in a great measure through our dear little new baby. My sister, for the first time, was not able to nurse her child, which was at first a great distress to her. She thought it would not have the same affection for her, whereas there never was one of her children which manifested from first to last such a marked preference for its mamma over everyone else. The substitutes for the performance of her maternal duties were not all we could wish, and when, after some changes, we had a nurse in most respects quite satisfactory, we had suddenly to part with her under very unpleasant circumstances, as the end of the story I am about to tell will reveal. One day, when my sister and I had been out together, we were met at the door by two of the servants, showing great consternation. They said that "Mrs. Langton's watch had been stolen." It usually hung in the dining-room, which was an inner room, but it was gone from the nail. They said that Master Jack had left the door open when he went out, and that someone must have come in and

taken it. Here was a trouble—watch, gold chain, and ornaments belonging to it, all gone! There was nothing to do, however, but to give notice at some of the jewellers, where such a thing might be offered for sale Not very long after, when I woke in the morning and looked round to my watch, which always stood at my bedside, it was not there. Now, we felt sure the thief was in the house. Suspicion fell upon the cook. She was about to leave us. She had been down much earlier than the other servants, and, from these and one or two other circumstances, we were led to send for the police, and give her in charge, in time to prevent any abstraction or hiding of the booty. She said she had found the watch-stand on the rug at the door, as if thrown down by someone before leaving the house. We searched everywhere in the house where the watch might have been hidden, but without result. The cook was set at liberty, but we were not satisfied. It was about a month after this that the housemaid came running into the room one day, saying she had found Miss Langton's watch in the wet nurse's purse. It had seemed so heavy and bulky that she had opened it out of curiosity, and there was my watch, chain and all, and, besides these, the small ornaments that had been attached to my sister's watch chain. So the thief was found. We had never suspected her. She had had the run of the house, and used to take the baby about into all the rooms, saying she was giving it an airing, and we had never missed any of our small possessions. Of course she left. I recovered my property, but my sister's watch and chain never turned up. We then in our own minds acquitted the cook, but a workwoman we were employing at the time told me afterwards she was convinced that the two were in league; and I believe it.

1864. We were obliged to leave our comfortable house in the

spring, as the landlord wanted to let it for a term, and we could only take it from year to year, as the Government might move to Ottawa at any time, though as yet none was fixed. We could only get a house lower down in the town, so my brother, in order to give the children fresher air, took a small cottage for three months at Point Levi; where they could remain and their elders change about, now in town, now in the country. We were to take alternate weeks, my brother and sister one week and I another. I went to Point Levi for the first week, and then spent one at home quite alone. I really enjoyed my solitude, my liberty, and my reading, but I never had another turn of it, for my sister received intelligence of her mother's illness, and went to Peterborough to see her, and afterwards brought her back with her to Quebec.

Our Point Levi life was very like the Dalhousie one; not quite so free, for we were housekeepers, but we spent a good deal of time rambling about, and bathing was again the supreme delight, often enjoyed twice in the day. Whilst Mrs. Langton was away, my brother frequently came over to have an early dip with his sons, and breakfast with us, and he would often carry a basket and do a good deal of marketing for us on his way. We all assembled in town again for the winter.

Christmas unfortunately brought us several troubles. In the first place Rubidge Dunsford, who was to have added greatly to its brightness, became an invalid. Then my sister fell ill, and was confined to her bed. One day, when I was just taking her up her dinner, leaving the children at the table, we heard such an outcry as betokened something seriously amiss. Down stairs we rushed, and found that Willie and Jack had been quarrelling over a carving knife—that Willie held the handle and Jack the blade, so that in the contest the latter had the worst of it, and had received a severe wound across his

hand; whilst Tom had also been cut in separating the two. Though Tom's thumb was cut to the bone, he never said a word, but rushed off for a doctor, as Jack's wound was a great deal worse. Fortunately the doctor was close at hand; the wound was properly dressed, but Jack has never been able to move his thumb since. It is not stiff; he can move it with the other hand, but not by the force of his own will. Then, besides some more trifling mishaps, there was a great fight in the kitchen. Two of the maids quarrelled; one of them used her nails to the great disfigurement of the other, who became so bitter and so full of revengeful threatenings, that we were obliged to send her away at once, and unfortunately it was the better servant that we lost. So much for our private misfortunes. We had an earthquake, too, this winter, but it did not do any great harm. A much greater calamity was an explosion at the powder magazine, which caused considerable loss of life, and did a great deal of damage in adjoining parts of the city. The streets near it were strewn with glass. We had one window broken, and one of the double windows shaken down into the street, but ours was about the last house that suffered any damage.

1865. In the spring we had another move, and this time we took a house a little out of town, for half a year only, still expecting that the removal of the Government to Ottawa would very soon take place. It is customary at Quebec for all leases to date from the first of May, so that on that day there is a general "change all." It is extremely inconvenient sometimes, as it was on this occasion. Our predecessors in the country house were going to the Isle of Orleans, but it was so stormy that they could not get off, and, though they left the house themselves, a great deal of their furniture was still there when ours was going into it. In our case one of the

children (Harry) was so ill that until there was some decent room and bed ready we could not remove him. Mrs. Langton went to make preparations whilst I stayed with the invalid, and the incoming tenant seemed on the high road to getting settled before we were able to leave. He was an army doctor, and I was amused to see the rough and ready way in which these military gentlemen accomplish their moves. This one brought half a dozen soldiers with him laden with his carpets and curtains, and they laid down the one and put up the other in no time; his drawing-room was ready for occupation in an hour. We enjoyed our country house and garden very much. The only interruption to the "even tenour of our way" was Jack having his leg broken. The first night after the setting, when he lay on the sofa unable to move, the poor boy (the most restless of mortals) was in great trouble, but from that time he bore his month's confinement extremely well. I devoted myself to him, and what with games and readings I think he passed his time pleasantly enough, and even when he was able to be moved and sit in the window, from which he could watch his brothers at their play, he never manifested the least impatience to be amongst them again.

My brother and sister went over to Ottawa to secure a house for us there, and the family moved in the autumn, but the Government did not, so my brother had to remain at Quebec. He came up with us, however, and saw us into our new abode, and a very tedious and uncomfortable settling it was. Our own journey was well performed, but our possessions, which came up in a slower way—in barges—arrived at last in a lamentable condition. A great many of them were soaked through and through. The piano was found to be standing in two feet of water, and, if it had not happily been in a tin case, must have been ruined. Instead of getting into

our house, we had to make fires in all the rooms, and spread out our things before all the fires. Many of our books were injured, but, with regard to our clothes, we were rather fortunate, for it was happily the linen, and not the dresses, that suffered, and the first could be washed and dried. Bundles of bedding were very wet, but the packing of them had been good, and the water had filtered through so many wrappers that they were very little soiled. We had to remain several days at the hotel before we could begin to make things straight at the house, and then, of course, my brother had to return to Quebec. He had a bed in his office, and lived there altogether, the consequence of which was that he worked night as well as day, until his friends began to be uneasy about him. In the winter my sister, and her youngest child, went to spend a few weeks with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, near Quebec, where my brother joined her. This would have been a pleasant break, but almost immediately after she got there she received the tidings of her mother's death. First there came a summons for her, which, though forwarded immediately, did not reach her until another telegram to her brother at Quebec announced the end. So she was spared the necessity of a very long journey in the middle of winter.

For the summer months a cottage was again taken at Point Levi, where Mrs. Langton went with some of the children, thus taking my brother out of his office hermitage. Meanwhile I remained at Ottawa along with the three schoolboys. I felt very busy all this summer. One of my out-door tasks was to look out for another house, as we had determined not to remain in the one we occupied longer than we could help. Besides being a very cold house, the water came in so much in the basement story that we had to lay down boards to walk across the kitchen, and everything got damp and mouldy. I

had several long rambles in this search, but was, after all, unsuccessful. We had to spend another winter where we were. Then I had more sociabilities to do than when my sister was at home, to say nothing of hospitalities. I entertained one family of friends whilst they were packing up for leaving Ottawa, and another family I received whilst they were getting themselves settled in the place. Another friend came to stay with me whilst looking out for a house. Again, as we could not leave our damp abode, I had to employ workpeople to get it made more comfortable, to have a chimney built, and the drains inspected. It was something new to me to feel both master and mistress of the house. I had not my three boys all the time. Willy seemed rather delicate, and went to join his parents at Point Levi, and Harry was transferred to Upper Canada College, Toronto. Jack was at last my only companion. In the autumn the Government did really move to Ottawa, so when the family came home we had no more separations.

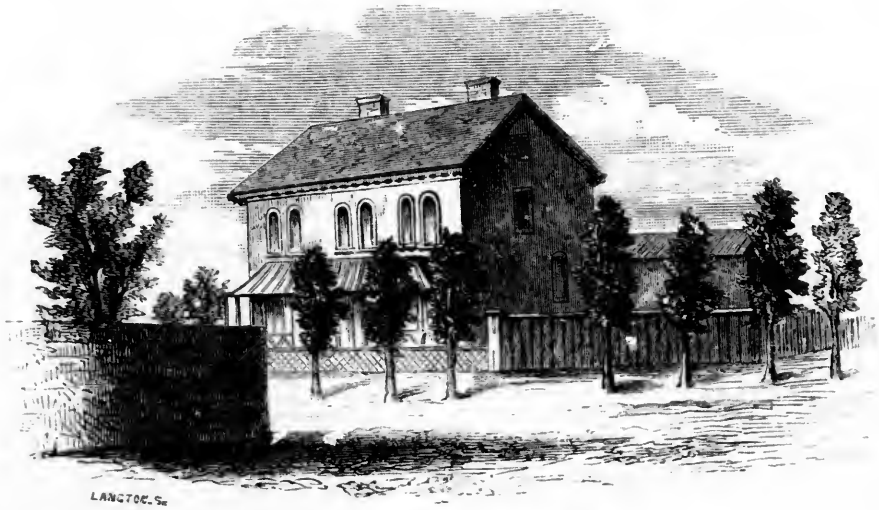
During this summer Tom, who had finished school and was about to enter the University, went on a visit to England, and when he returned brought his sister Ellen out with him. Her schooling had been over some time, but on account of the Government's and our uncertain movements, no steps had been taken for bringing her home, and she remained an inmate of her uncle's family. Tom arrived in England just in time to join in an expedition to Paris, along with his Heywood cousins and Ellen.

1866. The principal event of this winter was the severe illness of my sister from inflammation of the lungs. It was happily subdued, but she remained delicate for some time. In the spring she was well enough to go with my brother and Ellen to see her relations at Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, and Peterborough. They

brought back with them her niece Annie Boyd, who spent some months with us—the last of her maidenhood, for she was married from our house. In the meantime a house had been built—though not by us, still expressly for our habitation—and early in the summer we took up our abode at Sandy Hill, where a good deal of building had been going on, and where many of the families connected with the Government were established. We bought a piece of ground alongside it for a garden, and hoped we were settled for good.

There was a great deal of uneasiness in the country at this time on account of the threatenings of the Fenian brotherhood. Having such numbers of Irish amongst us scattered in all parts, there was no knowing how many might secretly belong to this organization. I believe that very few of the Canadian Irish had anything to do with it, but from the United States a very serious raid was made this summer. On the 2nd of June the battle of Ridgway was fought, and a volunteer corps from the University suffered largely. Besides several wounded, three promising young men were killed. All that we had of military were ordered to the front, whilst a portion of the Civil Service Corps, which had been organised at the time of the "Trent affair," remained to defend the capital. My brother at that time held the rank of private in it, and he had to perform the honourable duty of standing sentinel at the Governor's residence. At other times occasionally, on days of ceremony, he descended from his auditorial chair, donned his regimentals, and stood in the ranks to grace the display. When Confederation was established, and the corps reorganised, he became captain.

Annie Boyd's wedding took place this summer; her sister Mary came over to be present, and when she and the James Dunsfords (who were likewise our guests) returned home, I



SANDY HILL, OTTAWA.

went along with them, and paid a round of visits amongst my
1867. old friends. In the winter, my brother and sister went to England, Agnes was sent to school at Toronto, and I remained with the rest of the young party. Ellen, now grown up, shared my cares. We had not a very easy time of it. Our first operation was getting all the stove pipes taken down, which once in the winter is always thought necessary. We had just completed the work and got all cleaned up again, when our landlord came and told us that there was a great deal of imperfect plastering in the house, and that if the needful was done at once it would come into his contract with the builders; but that if it was postponed he should have the expense of it himself. We could not object, and so were obliged to have every room by turns submitted to the operations, and such a turning out, such scattering of lime and dirt, was never, I think, seen before in an inhabited house. There cannot have been a great interval between this and our regular spring cleaning, and then, having a little time to spare, we made ourselves more work by papering our basement parlour with pictures from the Illustrated News, for nothing was so pleasant as making preparations for the return of the absentees. The pleasure of my sister's return was damped to her, by meeting at New York, the news of her brother Martin's death. My brother and sister's visit to England had not been altogether to see their relations, though that object was attained by it. The former was a great deal in London, working along with the Canadian ministers, who were at this time negotiating with the Government the terms of the new Confederation, and Mrs. Langton was often with him there. They were both present at the wedding of John A. Macdonald, who became "Sir John" when the Dominion was publicly declared the succeeding first of July.

Business, now to be settled with our new provinces, took my

brother both to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and my sister was glad to accompany him on these expeditions. During their absence we had a great anxiety at home. Tom, who was with us for the long vacation, became seriously ill, alarmingly so, and we had no means of letting his parents know, for they were moving about all the time. Our own doctor, too, was absent from home, and we had only his young substitute. However, the worst was over when my brother and sister got home, though Tom was even then scarcely able to speak to them, for besides weakness he was salivated by the treatment. But we were all thankfulness for his restoration.

How the grave and the gay are mingled in this world! and in my little sketch they seem to come almost together, as there is nothing to show the number of months that divided them.

This winter we went into more gaieties than usual, and we gave two large parties, dancing the first, music the second. This last party was larger than we expected, for some young men played the ridiculous trick of sending invitations in our name. Some of those thus invited happily sent refusals, very much to our astonishment, and those who came never found out that they had really not been asked. My brother and sister had been away at Montreal, and only came back on the evening of this last party, the former unhappily quite ill. He did contrive just to see his guests, appearing in the room for a short time, but from that evening we had another long spell of great anxiety. The attack became inflammation of the lungs, at his age a very serious matter. At one time he was better, and then came a relapse still more alarming; but, thank God! he was spared, and re-established in health. In the spring of this year I went again to England, with Agnes for my companion. She was to go to school to Miss Lowe's, as her sister had done, again through good uncle William's means. We

went by New York, staying a couple of nights with our friends the McAndrews, at Staten Island. We sailed in the "City of Baltimore," and had a fair passage, considering the season, without much rough weather until our last day, when, after leaving Queenstown, a strong head wind checked our progress, and obliged us to lie off a whole tide before we could cross the bar at the mouth of the Mersey. Meanwhile, a tug came out to us, bringing newspapers, and it was rather amusing to read the news by the "City of Baltimore" some hours before she was able to land. So much for telegraphing facilities! We disembarked shortly before midnight, were met by my nephew Henry, and left the next morning for Manchester.

It is curious how the details of a visit to England not very far back have escaped my memory—not the circumstances themselves, but the succession of them. I have felt inclined to confound the doings of one visit with those of another. I have had some difficulty in bringing it all back to my mind clearly enough to feel sure that I give the outline of our movements correctly, which, when you hear the variety of them, you will hardly wonder at.

Just after Easter we went up to London, staying a week with my cousin Mrs. Rawdon, and I was able to take my little niece to all the principal sights of the metropolis before depositing her with my friend Miss Lowe. I stayed at Mayfield two or three days myself, and, returning to London, found my brother William there; so we visited some art collections together, and travelled down in company, stopping at Bath to see our cousin Jane Langton. We parted at Crewe, for I was desirous of visiting my Liverpool friends, whilst *en route*, so as not to make another absence from Manchester very soon. I just stayed a week at Sandown before returning to Litchford. The summer holidays brought Agnes down, and she went with me

to Barrow, and so was introduced to very kind cousins, and to the beauties of English scenery. I hoped that she would have had a peep at Wales likewise; but the house we were going to occupy there, lent by a kind friend to my brother William, was not at liberty until the holidays had expired, so she returned to school just as we set out for the Principality. We spent about six weeks at Penmaenmawr very pleasantly. The house (Plas-mawr) was large, and we had a succession of visitors to enjoy the beautiful scenery along with ourselves, making various excursions in the neighbourhood, but never longer than could be performed in one day. Later in the autumn I went to the Isle of Man, where my cousin Mrs. Rawdon was staying with her sister, Mrs. Robinson, so the company of both was enjoyed at the same time. When I left I claimed cousinly hospitality for a night at Liverpool, and proceeded thence to Barmouth, where my cousin Jane Birley had invited me to join her, and there I remained, extending my acquaintance with lovely Wales until after Christmas, reaching
1869. Litchford for the family gathering at the New Year. My brother's married daughters congregate with their husbands' families on the earlier festival, but the later one always unites our own circle.

Before Easter I set forth on my own rambles again, first to see Miss Clarke, who was living near Tewkesbury—quite a new neighbourhood to me. She took me for a day to Cheltenham, where I had never been. It reminded me a good deal of our Canadian towns, having so many streets beautified by trees. I asked Miss Clarke to come to me in lodgings in London for a fortnight, for, though there was no Great Exhibition to show her, it was still a pleasure for her to visit the metropolis, where she had never been. Before this, however, I went to spend the Easter vacation with Miss Lowe

at Mayfield, going for a night on my way to see Mrs. John Langton's relations at Faringdon. I passed through Gloucester, and attended service (it was Good Friday) at the Cathedral. When the school re-assembled at Mayfield I took possession of my lodgings in London, and enjoyed my stay there not less than my companion. I exceedingly like going about the metropolis in perfect independence, and I am sure one can there have more enjoyment for a moderate sum than in any other place. Whilst in London an invitation came to me to join my cousin Jane Birley at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. Without making a regular tour of the island I saw some of its interesting points. After a sojourn there of a fortnight, I proceeded to pay a visit to my friend Miss Coddington in Ireland. Passing through Liverpool without any pause, I embarked on a night boat, and found myself the next morning in Dublin. A fortnight was generally the length of my visits, and after spending one here I stayed another with Mrs. Langton in Liverpool, during which time I hunted up sundry old friends in the neighbourhood, and felt greatly amazed at all the changes. I had a drive along the north shore, where we had gone to live in 1826 almost in solitude, and found one continued street all the way from Liverpool to Bootle, the docks even extending far beyond our old abode. This ended my rambles for a time; but I must observe that I take no notice of little visits paid to nieces and cousins near to Manchester.

When Agnes came down for the holidays we had another invitation to Barrow, and a charming scheme was planned for a meeting at Bolton Abbey. Agnes and I were first to pay a visit to Miss Swale at Settle, and then join my brother and sister from Litchford, and the Skinner Langtons from Barrow, and see the beauties of the Wharfe together. But at Settle

Agnes fell ill, and we quite despaired of being able to get to the rendezvous; however, just at the last, we mustered courage and went to Bolton Bridge for one night—a too hurried view of those scenes for Agnes. The rest of our project was duly carried out; we returned along with the Skinner Langtons to Barrow, and had another spell of enjoyment there. I also took Agnes over to Lorton Hall to see her mamma's relations there. I must mention one pleasant incident on our return journey. I had carelessly mislaid my tickets—in fact I thought I had lost them—and I wondered what was to be done, for I should have to pay our fare a second time, and had not money enough. The moment I had said so a lady in the carriage, quite a stranger, put her hand into her pocket and offered me anything I might want. I got her address in order to repay her, and, curiously enough, the very first time we went into Manchester we encountered our kind lady. I may mention that I found my tickets when I got home, and recovered the second payment from the railway office on producing them.

Some of my minor visits were paid this autumn without Agnes. About this time we received very indifferent accounts of Ellen's health in Canada. It had been found necessary to give her the benefit of change of air, and a cottage had been taken at Rivière du Loup, but my brother and sister were unable to go with her, so her only escort was her brother Tom. It seemed so dismal to me that I felt as if I ought to go back, as I had done during Ellen's school-days; but Marian volunteered to go and help to look after her, and with very short deliberation she started, her brother Willy taking her there, but staying a very short time only, as upon his return he had almost immediately to set out for India.

In the winter I asked my friends at Sandown if they could receive Agnes and myself for the few days between Christmas

and the New Year. We went there on the 26th, and this
1870. being my cousin Hugh Hornby's birthday, we came in for the great family gathering. It was a formidably large party for Agnes, but to me really a very great pleasure to see so many of the Hornby clan assembled together. Some were new members of the family, but the majority very old friends indeed, and my young companion got on well amongst them all.

The holidays are always very noticeable landmarks. During the Easter vacation we had the pleasure of seeing Tom (who had just taken his degree), arrive from Canada. One night my brother brought word that the steamer by which we expected him had come in. So Agnes and I went to Manchester in the morning, supposing he would appear by the first train from Liverpool; but one or two came in and no arrival, when looking into a paper I perceived that the notice was that the steamer had come into *Moville*, not to *Liverpool*. So we took the omnibus home, and the first thing we saw on arriving at Litchford was Tom's luggage! He had reached Manchester just after we left ~~the station~~ it, and, coming by the other road and by a quicker conveyance, he was at Litchford before us. The Charles Heywoods soon took their two young cousins a trip to the Isle of Man and the Lakes, intent then, as ever, on giving as much pleasure as possible.

This next school term was to be Agnes's last, and in the autumn we were to return, all together, to Canada; so all my visits now were parting ones. I went once again to Barrow, along with my brother and sister, and thence to Sandown, where Tom joined me. After a little time we started together for London. Our friends wondered at our setting off without any pre-engaged lodgings, but we took a train which brought us in by the middle of the day, and were comfortably established before it closed. I had another spell of enjoyment in

rambling about the metropolis with Tom. All its interests were new to him, for he had only just passed through it on his first visit to England. We met our Canadian friends, Mrs. Tom Ross and her brother, and the latter joined Tom in some of his independent doings, and they went to more concerts and theatres than I cared to go to. Agnes came from Mayfield for a day or two, and Frances from near Windsor, where she was staying, and our lodgings accommodated the whole party. After a time I left Tom to take care of himself, and went to Mayfield for a last visit; it was in term time, and reminded me of my former sojourn when Ellen was at school, and it was pleasant to see something of her schoolfellows. From Mayfield I went for a week to Torquay, where Mrs. Rawdon was staying during the summer in the house which has since become her regular residence. Here some more beautiful scenes were planted in my memory, besides those I passed through on my way to Chester, where I went for a last visit to my cousin Birleys.

Marian was now on her way back from Canada, and I felt a great desire to meet her at Liverpool. Jane Birley kindly entered into my scheme, and came with me when the steamer had been telegraphed. We stayed all night in Liverpool, and surprised Marian by appearing on the "Moravian" before breakfast time. Her brother Henry was there to meet her, but we were before him. I finished my visit at Chester, and afterwards went once more to see my friends the Misses Lowe. This was at Abbots Bromley, where they had purchased a house (the Crofts), with the view of its being a home for them when they were able to retire from the school. They were now only spending the summer holidays there. This was the last of my visits whilst I remained in England, and the last I was ever to pay to my old friend. When I came home the

next time she had attained to a more perfect rest than the one she contemplated enjoying at the Crofts. After I left Tom in London ~~we~~ *he* paid a visit to Scotland, and, by dint of most wonderful economy, contrived to see a great deal of it.

Near the end of September I embarked, with Tom and Agnes, in the "Moravian," the ship that had brought Marian home, but had made another trip in the meantime. We had high winds, and a miserable three days at first, but our troubles came to an end. We landed on a fine frosty morning at Point Levi, and enjoyed a ramble amongst all our old haunts on both sides of the river before taking a night train for Ottawa.

The bush fires round that place had been most disastrous this year. We passed some of the burnt districts on our way, and heard many sad tales afterwards. The railways, I am sure, are often responsible for these catastrophes. The dry woods in many places come close down to the line, and we know how sparks from the engines fly about. I have seen the grassy banks on fire even in England, and our wood fuel is in this respect still more dangerous. We were the bearers of several packages of clothes for the sufferers, contributed by our friends at home. After this reunion, I find little for some time to re-
1871. mark upon, and during the year 1871 only one noticeable occurrence, but that a tragic one. We had three dogs—a fine Newfoundland in the yard, and two smaller ones that were free of the house and drawing-room. These had been with us, gay and happy as usual, at breakfast time, and an hour afterwards all our canine friends were dead, poisoned by some unknown enemy of theirs or ours. We never knew by whose hand this grief was inflicted upon us, though we were told of a source of certain information. But we did not wish to know. It could do no good, and we could give vent to our indignation more freely without a distinct object for it. There would

have been more bitterness in knowing the miscreant than in bearing the trouble. The vacancy was filled up by a small puppy, which is still, in his old age, the family pet.

1872. The summer of 1872 was a remarkably hot one. It is impressed on my mind by the recollection of our nephew Henry, who then paid his first visit to Canada, on his way from China and Japan, looking quite exhausted in our verandah, and using his fan as regularly as a Chinaman. My sister and Ellen were away from home at the time, attending Mary Boyd's wedding. Henry has been here various times since then, at different seasons, but he has never made acquaintance with our winter.

Our own Willy went to England during this summer, and, when he came back, it was accompanied by our niece Frances, who was destined never to return. But I must not forestall the sorrow that ensued on account of this dear girl. The winter was passing over quietly, though busily in preparation for a bazaar in which my sister held a stall, when towards the close of it I had a severe illness. The period of it is all haze in my recollection. I only know that I was nursed tenderly into life again, and that during the progress of recovery I felt full of gratitude both to my Heavenly Father, and to my kind attendants. I was sufficiently reinstated to assist at the sale of our bazaar goods, and as spring advanced I resumed a project I had entertained of taking my English niece and Agnes a little tour, to make the former acquainted with our old home up the Lakes, and with the beauties of Niagara. We paid six different visits amongst our old friends, and I think it was a great interest to poor Frances to see the interior of Canadian households, as well as the country itself. At Bobcaygeon we had to attend the wedding of one of Mr. Boyd's daughters (Caroline, Mrs. Macdonald), and Mrs. Langton and Ellen joined us there. My brother was to have been of the party, but some

special business prevented him, and very well it was that he had been obliged to remain at home, for a most disastrous fire occurred in the neighbourhood of our house. At one time it was thought impossible that it could be saved, and a great deal of the furniture had to be removed. The difficulties, too, of saving our possessions, might have been increased by our drawers and wradrobes being locked up during our absence. Perhaps, as it proved, this was well, for a small drawer of mine, which could not be locked, must have fallen out, as its contents were lost. A timely change of wind saved our house. Some of the boys were at home, and stood on the roof in different parts, quenching the burning brands as they fell. The fire was first perceived after midnight, and by six in the morning our furniture had been carried back again into the house, but there was a great desert all around.

After the Bobcaygeon wedding my sister and Ellen went home, whilst I and my two companions paid the remainder of our visits, proceeded for a few days to Toronto, and afterwards to Niagara, to which we could only devote a couple of days. Returning thence, we only stepped from one boat to another at Toronto, taking up Willy, whom we afterwards dropped again at Prescot on his way home, and were ourselves going forward to Montreal, when the attack came on from which our dear Frances never recovered. Details of the sad time that ensued have been narrated to all those who are likely to read these papers, and I will not write them here. We took her to the hospital at Montreal, by the advice of the doctor summoned, and telegraphed for my sister, whose capabilities of nursing I had so recently experienced myself; and after a five weeks' illness she was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near Montreal. Most painful it was to me to be obliged to leave her for a part of this time, but the doctor recommended that there

should be fewer persons round her, for we had but one room for every purpose day and night; so Agnes and I went back to Ottawa. When more alarming accounts reached me, I returned to Montreal, and remained beside her to the last. Her brother Henry and Marian came from England on first hearing of her serious illness, and reached Montreal two or three days before the end. I was to have gone back to England along with poor Frances. Now I returned with Marian after short preparations at Ottawa. Henry had started for home direct from Montreal. We sailed in the "Prussian," and had a perfectly uneventful voyage. Our arrival at home was naturally a painful one. I had to learn then, too, the commencement of another trouble; my brother William's failing eyesight.

A removal from Litchford had been some time in contemplation. The house was large, and the family was diminishing. Willy was in India, Katey was married,* and now another was gone. Hopefield, near Eccles, had been chosen for the new abode, and that autumn the removal took place. Just during the crisis I went for a few days to each of my nieces Ellen and Katey, but returned to Hopefield before the settlement was complete. My brother soon went up to London to take advice about his eyes, or rather the one that was then affected. An operation was recommended, and a time fixed for him to put himself into the oculist's hands. He, my sister, and Marian went up to town in November, and during their absence I went to Chester, to visit my cousins Birley. Jack had, by invitation in the meantime, come over from Canada and joined our party, in order to pursue his education at The Owens College. His

*Her marriage with Dr. Greenwood, Principal of The Owens College (and now Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University), took place April 18th, 1871.

Heywood cousins at Chaseley received him. Some weeks elapsed before we could all re-assemble. The operation was said to be successfully performed, but it was stated that a long time must elapse before the result could be ascertained. Alas! the event proved that it had not led to any permanent good.

1874. My visits to remote friends soon commenced. I saw the two remaining Misses Lowe, enjoying peace and rest in their comfortable home at Abbots Bromley.

During the short Easter vacation, Jack and I made a trip into Wales. We left Hopefield on Monday, saw Holyhead, its harbour of refuge and lighthouse, the suspension and tubular bridges over the Menai Straits, Carnarvon and Conway castles, Snowdon, and three waterfalls, went over a mountain pass, and through a beautiful valley, were two nights with our cousins at Chester, going with them on the intervening day to see friends near Liverpool, and got to the end of our travels on Friday. Blessings on the railways! what magic this would appear to our grandfathers!!! My Liverpool visits were paid later in the spring.

When the summer vacation set Jack at liberty again, my brother sent us together on a pilgrimage to London, kindly supplying us with funds for our expenses; so I had for the third time the pleasure of introducing a young companion to the glories of the metropolis. We trusted again to our luck in finding lodgings, and were settled in good time in the evening, near to the Paddington Station, as on both former occasions I had found the locality convenient. We certainly found accommodation more expensive than on my former visits, but in other respects we were very economical. We stayed a fortnight, going about the whole time, seeing all the principal sights, the exhibitions, an opera, a play, and another evening entertainment. We went to the Crystal Palace, Greenwich,

and Windsor (the last, Jack only), and this, with eating and drinking, only cost £10 15s. Certainly, locomotion in London is cheaper than anywhere else. On one occasion, on a former visit, when staying at Southgate, I came into town to see Tom in his lodgings, near the Paddington Station, two miles, I suppose, from King's Cross; I paid another visit in another direction, and when I got back to Southgate I had spent 2s. 5d. I was never afraid of going second class.

Jack and I returned by Cambridge, most interesting to us both, and, after only a few days at home, we went together to Barrow House, where we spent a couple of pleasant weeks; Jack being able to indulge his climbing propensities to his heart's content. A little later we were together at the Oak House, near Macclesfield. Our hostess, Ellen Philips, took us a two days' tour in Derbyshire—to Chatsworth, and Haddon Hall, the last above all things interesting—altogether a most pleasant excursion. During a second visit to the Crofts, that autumn, I made acquaintance with a new sensation, that of great danger. For, during a drive with Charlotte Lowe, the pony ran away, and for about a mile we were going at a gallop, swaying from side to side of the road, expecting any moment to be thrown out, and especially that when a sharp turn to his stables should come, a catastrophe would be inevitable. However, the pony came to its senses in time, slackened its pace, and allowed itself to be stopped at our door; but all the rearing and kicking that had preceded the running away had broken the carriage in more than one place. This pony afterwards played the same trick to his own cost, for he was himself very much injured and had to be shot.

This autumn, Herbert and Ellen Philips, who had each paid one previous visit to Canada, resolved to go there together. We mustered a large party at the station, on September 10th,

to see them off. In all such previous musters I had been one of the departing ones, and the adieux had been very different when a long and indefinite separation was looked forward to. This was only a pleasure trip, and not a very long one; they were about ten weeks away. They sailed to Quebec, and returned via New York, having visited our home at Ottawa, unfortunately in bad weather, and I am afraid brought away a dismal impression of the place. On the home voyage they became escorts to my niece's friend, Miss Carry Wickstead, and they had also another companion, of whom we had heard nothing. They arrived at their Manchester home on Sunday morning, towards the end of November, and were to come and dine at Hopefield on Monday, and meet the other sisters and their husbands. Henry went over to see them on Sunday, and being let into the secret, kept it strictly from our party, and assisted in giving *éclat* to the discovery, for he met their carriage at the gate, and abstracted the unexpected one, bringing her in by another entrance; so that all the first greetings were over, when Herbert slipped out of the room, and presently returned with our Canadian Ellen on his arm! It was a great surprise, and, it may be supposed, a very agreeable one. She remained in England, to return when Jack and I did, but was the guest of the cousins who brought her during her stay. However, we saw a good deal of each other, and sometimes she and I met in Manchester to do our shopping together, the omnibuses being very convenient on both roads. Also she came and stayed at Hopefield a little before Christmas, and helped to enliven the party very much. With the Canadians, the young people were in sufficient force to plan a little surprise for their elders and
1875. visitors on New Year's day. There was a little present of small value for everyone, servants and all, and these last were invited into the drawing-room to partake of the amusement of their

distribution. "Father Christmas" (Jack) appeared in a coat of snow (white cotton wool), long white beard, &c., and with a large bag, out of which he drew the several articles, handing them according to direction. To each was attached a card with some appropriate rhyme. Some of these rhymes were very telling, and added much to the amusement; indeed the presents were, in some cases, a mere excuse for the rhymes. The only difference made between the company and the domestics was, that the presents for the latter were substantial and the rhymes omitted. Another part of the entertainment was an "Art Exhibition," of which a neatly printed catalogue was handed to each person, upon the party being ushered into an adjoining room. Of what they saw there one specimen may suffice for this history. In the catalogue, "No. 2, The Red Sea and the plains beyond," by A Carpenter. A large letter C painted red, and a couple of planes lying behind it. There were twenty-eight of these *choice paintings*.

I do not recollect anything of much importance until May. The Philips family, with their guest, had gone to their summer home, near Macclesfield, and I joined them there in order to proceed together to Abbots Bromley, where the first stone of the Memorial Chapel to Miss Lowe was to be laid on the 27th. Others of the family, who wished to be present, met us in the train, and we were a large party to add to the assemblage for the occasion. The Chapel was to be in connexion with St. Ann's School for girls of the middle class. My cousin, Anne Mary Hornby, laid the first stone of the Chapel, and Mrs. Selwyn, the wife of the Bishop of Lichfield, that of a new wing for the school. The Bishop himself read the prayers, and spoke afterwards. A collection, for the work in hand, was made on the ground, and afterwards there was luncheon, spread in a large marquée, with more speeches. To all pre-

sent it was an interesting day. Bishop Selwyn himself was a remarkable personage, from his great work in New Zealand and Polynesia, and he was led to allude to it, and to his late coadjutor Bishop Patteson, from the circumstance of two of the latter's cousins being of the group present. All of our party returned home the same night, excepting myself. I was so far on my way to Malvern, where I was going to see Miss Clarke, that I was glad to stay, and as Miss Lowe's house was full I got a bed in the village, and pursued my journey the next morning.

Malvern was quite new to me, and my hospitable reception added to the pleasure of making acquaintance with a place so much famed and frequented for the sake of its charms. From Malvern I went for a last visit to Chester, and then completed the triangle by coming again across the country to Abbots Bromley. Here Ellen met me, and we paid a take-leave visit to our friends together.

There were some deliberations as to the details of our return to Canada, but it was at last decided that we should all three sail early in August, and our passages were taken in the "Sarmatian." There were a few weeks still wanting to that time, and we decided to have one more trip for the especial benefit of Jack. This time Marian was of the party; Ellen did not join us. Our Yorkshire tour was as successful as our Welsh one had been. Going by Lancaster, itself a very picturesque and interesting town, we visited Clapham, Settle, Wethercote, Gordale, Bolton Abbey, Ripon, Fountains Abbey, and York, where we spent Sunday, returning via Leeds. Plenty of interesting localities to be seen in one week. This was our last pleasure trip; our next journey was to Liverpool and the "Sarmatian." I have recorded a good deal of running up and down the country, but there were other minor movements un-

noted—short visits to my nieces, and a night or two sometimes spent with other accessible friends. I was twice at Southport, once with Jack, showing him Blythe on our way. The images of persons and places crowd on my memory as I write, and the names of friends young and old, deserving a place in this chronicle, have escaped unnoticed from my pen. I fear to make my narrative too long for the patience of my readers. Not much remains now to be told. Kind members of the family accompanied us from Manchester to see us on board the "Sarmatian," and Liverpool friends met us on the pier for those last words that I neither like to think of nor to write about. One always feels it a relief when the final adieux are over.

The tedium of those hours spent at Moville waiting for the mail bags was relieved this time, by our witnessing the process of sending down a diver to search for an anchor that had been lost. He remained a considerable time under the water exploring the bottom, but was not successful in his search.

Our voyage by the "Sarmatian" was the most perfectly beautiful of any I have ever had. Old Ocean was literally like an inland lake the whole way. That is not saying much when I recall our troubles on Lake Ontario. I had better simply say that there was perfect calm from first to last. The variety we had was from the number of icebergs we encountered, which afforded much greater enjoyment to the passengers than to the captain. They were really sometimes most beautiful in the bright sunshine. Jack counted sixty-two of them in sight at one time. Some were distant, but many of these floating islands came quite near to us. In shape, not large uniform masses, but broken into hill and dale, with manifestly lovely scenery, if one could have landed to enjoy it. We heard that, during the night, we had nearly touched one, and the captain had judged it necessary to slacken speed; nevertheless our

passage was a very short one, and could have been still more so, if a fog had not met us as we entered the river, continuing all the way as we steamed up the St. Lawrence, so that nothing at all could be seen of the land on either side of us. I felt very sorry for some of our English passengers, who, coming to make acquaintance with the Dominion, missed this noble entrance to it. We landed early on Sunday morning, and drove out to Glenalla to spend that day with our friends there. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were from home, but the sister of the latter, Mrs. Mercer, was staying there, and the old doctor received us with his usual hospitality. Mrs. Mercer likewise kindly suggested that we should rest at her house when we reached Montreal, instead of going to the hotel, as we had several hours to remain there. Some of our time at Montreal was occupied with a visit to the cemetery, where I made a sketch of poor Francie's grave. We travelled by a night train from Montreal, and reached our home at Ottawa to breakfast. I do not dwell upon meetings or partings, but I may just say that our little dog, Dot, though I had been two years away, gave me a most affectionate greeting. The family were no longer in the house in which I had left them. The removal from our old home had not been voluntary. The landlord wanted it for some of his own family, so we had to quit it. My brother was still fortunate in being able to place himself close to his own garden, and, though we had an ugly house in a dull situation, we were very comfortable.

We found the family at home all well, excepting Willy; he had just come back from staying with some friends at Portland, in hopes of being benefited by the sea air, but improvement did not follow. Month after month he became more miserable, more like a skeleton. So the winter passed gloomily. In the spring he was himself very anxious to try what a residence at

Dansville (a hygienic establishment near Rochester, U.S., of which he had heard something from a friend) would do for him. It seemed a last chance, and one upon which we could not build much hope, but he was very much in earnest, and our own doctor said he could do no more for him. It was very sad to see him go away from us to such a distance. Ellen went with him to Dansville, and remained there a few days to see him settled. He was happy and hopeful, and during the year that he continued under Dr. Jackson's care, we had the satisfaction of receiving almost regularly improved accounts. It was a marvellous restoration; no wonder that he retains unlimited confidence in Dr. Jackson and all his theories. Soon after Willy left us, Agnes became exceedingly delicate, and in the summer, with the hope that the change would be beneficial, she joined a party of friends going to England, and became once more an inmate of her uncle William's house. For a time she seemed to get worse instead of better, but eventually her going home had the best of consequences, for the advice and treatment of first-rate physicians by degrees restored her to health and comparative strength. She was with her uncle's family when they removed to a new home in the South. My brother William's second eye had soon followed the first. Even before I left England it was plain that total blindness would be his doom, and I had proposed, if as a reader or otherwise I could do any good, to remain in England altogether; but my own infirmity had much increased, and was becoming quite a hindrance to general usefulness, and I could perceive myself that I could be of little avail to lighten the burden of the family. My brother's resignation of his post in the Manchester and Salford Bank was a natural consequence of his blindness, and a house at Ingatestone, in Essex, that had been inhabited by a friend, becoming vacant, his son-in-law, Herbert

Philips, purchased it, and my brother and his family have been the occupants ever since.

But I must return to our home in Canada, and I am sorry to say to further anxieties. Now Ellen fell ill, and another
1877. miserable winter was spent. In the spring we were further alarmed by a telegram from Dansville which made us anticipate the worst for Willy, and my brother and sister set off there directly; but the wording of this telegram had been very misleading, and on arriving at Dansville they found their son not worse but a very great deal better—even ready to come away with them. He went for a little time to his brother Tom at Toronto, and then came home.

Ellen continued very much out of health, and an invitation to go to England as her sister had done, coming at the time that her friends the Wicksteads were just setting out there, she resolved, prepared, and started in two days' time. What a small party we were left at home! Jack was at Portland learning his profession, our youngest, Hugh, at school in Toronto, where Tom was definitely settled, Harry in British Columbia, only Willy at home, and he keeping Dansville ways and hours. We three elders used to sit down to dinner alone. It was not, however, quite so always, as Jack and Harry were backwards and forwards from time to time.

I have mentioned several sources of anxiety from which, by the goodness of the Almighty, we have since been relieved. I must now name a most signal mercy, my dear brother being saved from imminent peril. The affair happened in an addition to the Parliament buildings in process of erection. He was coming down a staircase round a shaft intended for an elevator, when, his foot tripping over something, he fell forward across part of the opening, his hands catching against the sides, but without any power whatever, by any effort of his own, to save

himself from an immediate fall to the bottom, which, from the height, must have been fatal. Happily, what caught the foot sustained him a moment, and a workman employed near the spot, contrived to seize hold of his clothes, and calling to another man near, the two were able to raise him. He received a deep wound under the chin, in some way or another, but the whole transaction was so rapid that he scarcely knew when or how. When it was all over he remained so calm that, after going into his office for a short time, he walked home, and was himself the first to give us the intelligence, and this so quietly that we only realised gradually the amount of danger from which he had been rescued.

1878. In 1878 my brother's connexion with the Government terminated. He had been Auditor for twenty-three years, just the same length of time that my brother William was Managing Director of the Manchester and Salford Bank. John was now seventy years old, and his years, together with some changes that were to be made in the organization of his department, led to his receiving the superannuation allowance and retiring. This brought about our leaving Ottawa altogether. My brother's eldest son was permanently settled at Toronto living in lodgings, his youngest a boarder at Upper Canada College, and destined afterwards for the University, so that making a home from them was a more natural course than living where we had no longer any tie; we therefore packed and took leave of our friends at Ottawa. At our departure there was just such a gathering by the railway as we have known on the quay at Liverpool.

We left Ottawa a little sooner than we should have done, in order to get the confusion of dislodgement over before our two girls came from England. A furnished house was taken temporarily at Toronto, to allow us the more deliberately to

look out for a permanent home. One was found before very long, and we became residents once more at Yorkville, not very near to our former home, which exists no longer, but in a nice airy situation; the house somewhat larger than we desired, but really not too large for the number that inhabit it. At present we sit down nine to table when quite alone, and from being so much nearer to old friends and relatives in the Lake region, we have many more occasions for filling our spare rooms than formerly.

We were scarcely settled in our new home, when Willy, Agnes, and I accepted a very sudden invitation from Mr. Boyd to accompany him back to Bobcaygeon. Mrs. Boyd gave ready hospitality to her unexpected guests, and we had the pleasure of seeing something of our old neighbourhood, and afterwards of visiting our friends at Peterborough. Whilst there, I was once more in great danger during a drive. I was with Mrs. Wallis, and in crossing a railway line a backing train came so close upon us as literally almost to graze us. At this point a large building conceals the line until you are close upon it, and the driver only saw the train when it was too late to draw back, and dashed across not one second too soon. The real danger lasted no more than a second or two, but the horror of it was much more enduring. My companion burst into tears, and it was some time before she could recover herself, but they were tears of relief and thankfulness.

This autumn, my brother undertook a mission to England. It had not all the results that were anticipated from it, but it gave him the opportunity of once more seeing his brother William, and many of our friends in the old country. He had never before had so much time to go about amongst them, and though the meetings were often very short ones, they renewed old recollections, and were pleasant to dwell upon afterwards.

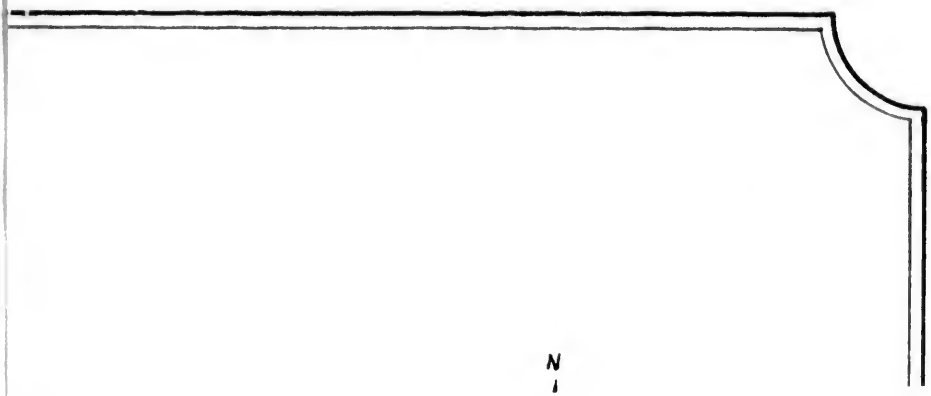
1879. The girls had arrived just before we came up to Yorkville. My brother got home in January. As we had been residents at Toronto before, we had already many acquaintances, and the

number of them was soon greatly enlarged, but we entered not at all into the gaieties of the place. The two girls had both recently been invalids, and were still far from strong. They prudently resolved to abstain altogether from evening sociabilities, so we passed a very quiet winter. In the spring an excitement came to us, by Harry's announcement of his engagement to Miss Carruthers, and there was great interest for the girls, in making the acquaintance of a future sister. She came more than once to stay with us, and was soon regarded as one of the family.

The autumn brought us very stirring times. First the vice-regal visit to Toronto was the occasion of filling all our spare rooms with country cousins, loyally desirous of seeing the daughter of their Queen. Later we had the pleasure of receiving English relations: Charles and Annie Heywood, with our nephews Henry and Willy, and also Marian. This was not all at one time, so that our enjoyment was spread over some weeks, and when they were not with us, some of our young people were always with them, travelling about both in Canada and the States, having an immense amount of enjoyment. Another still more important event terminated the year. Harry's marriage took place. He had to be away all the summer at his engineering work. In the meantime we had learnt to know and like the lady, so were prepared to think the thirtieth of December an especially happy day. And may not these pages, which I have divided into three little volumes,* fitly conclude, like a novel, with a wedding?

* They were so divided in the original manuscript.

THE END.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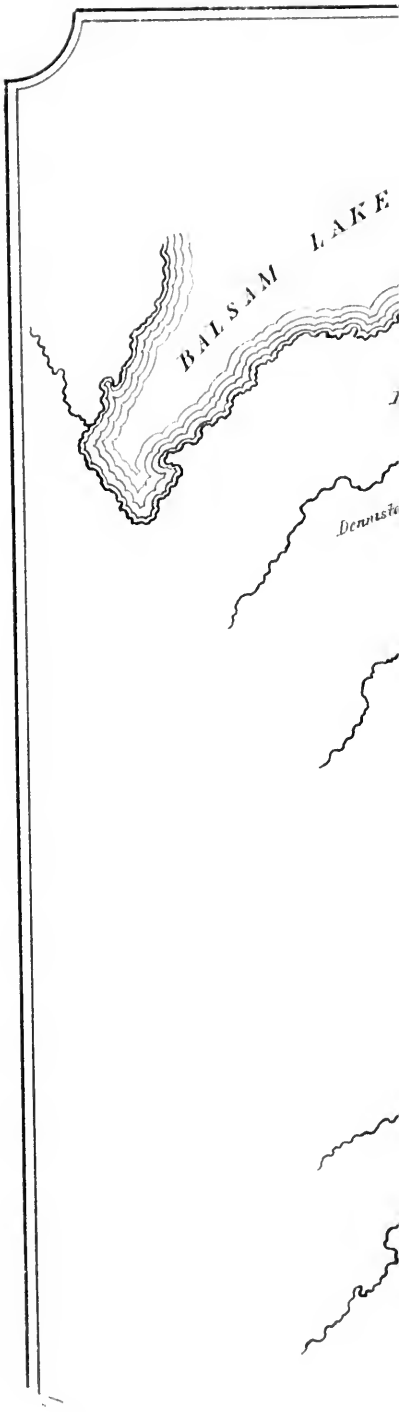
BALSAM LAKE


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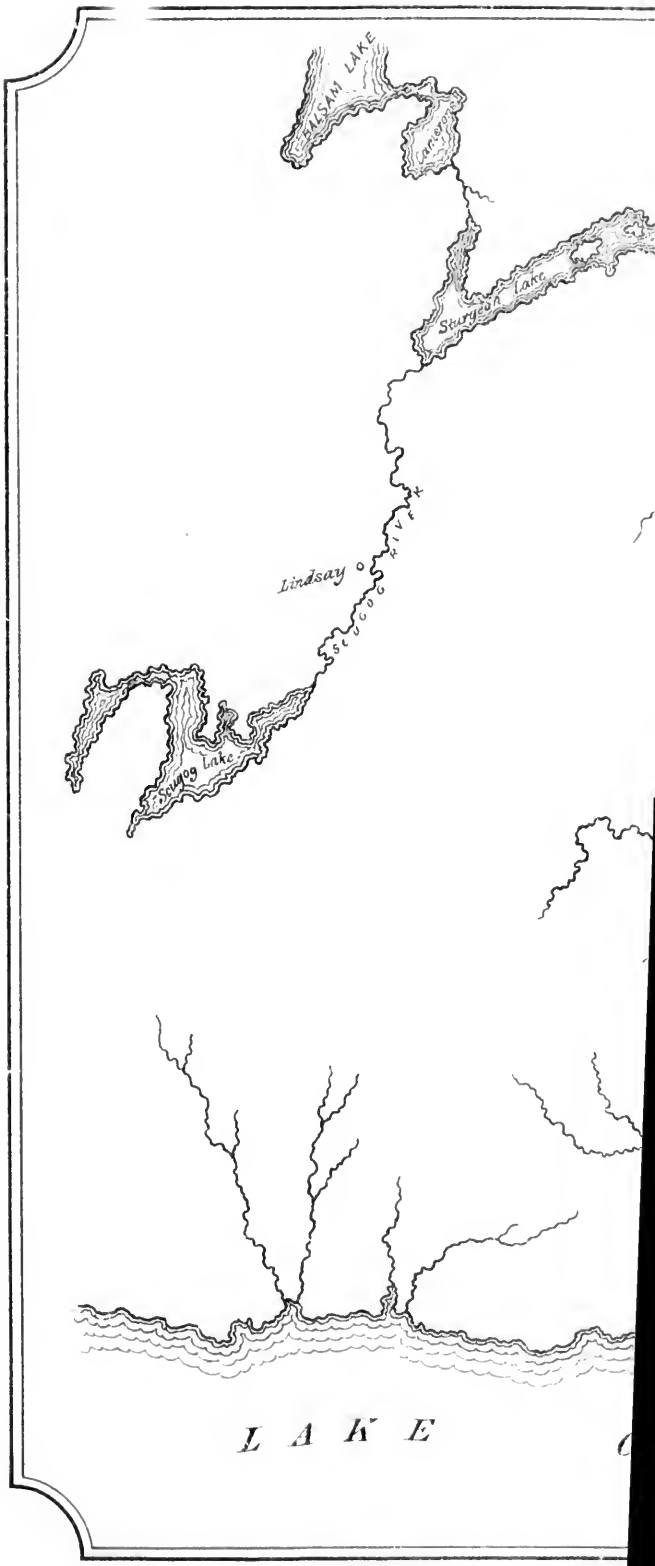
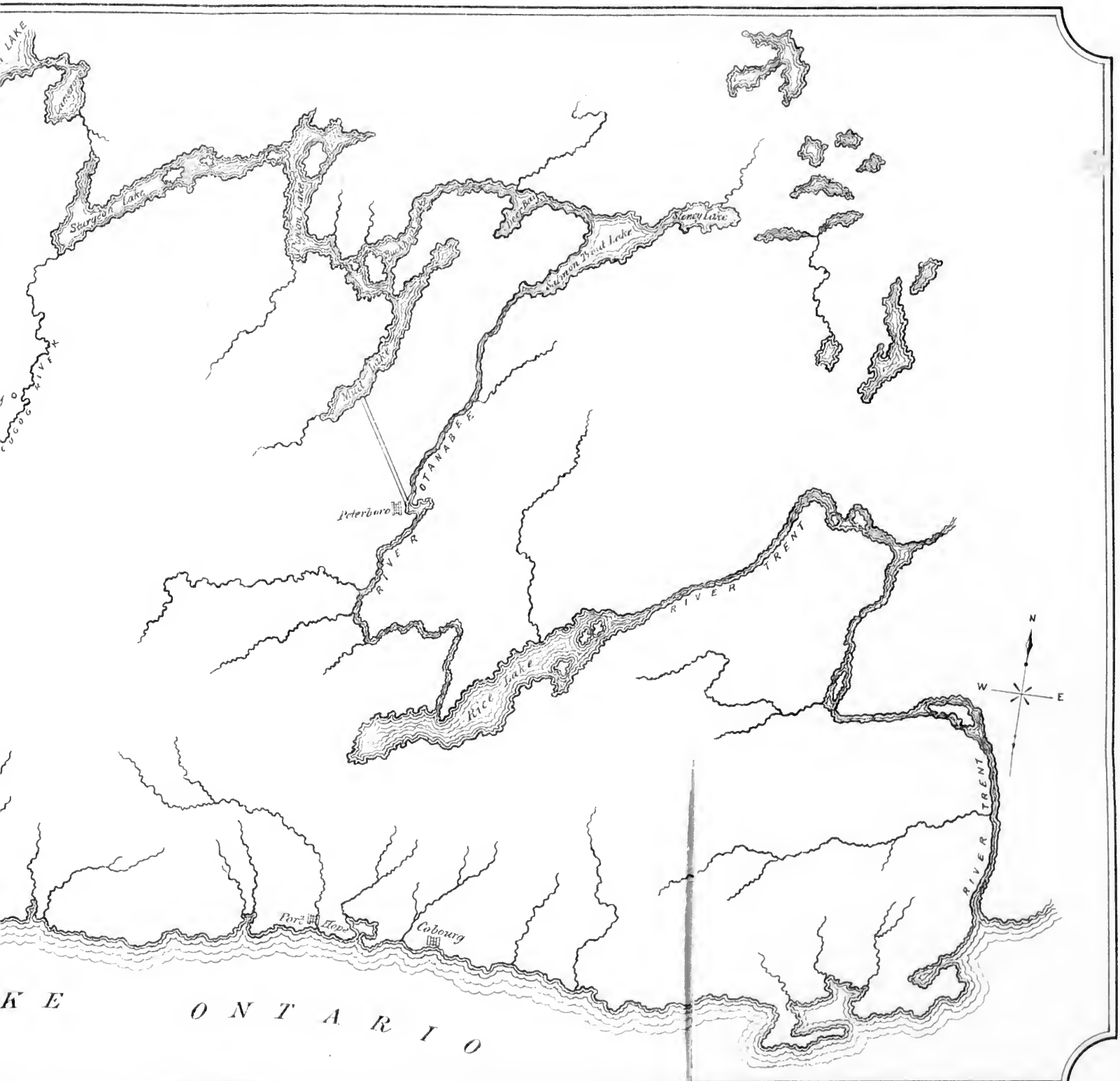
W
E
RAPIDS
Dundas
CAMERON'S LAKE
Hamilton
Dennistown
Dobbs
Wallis
FALLS
Blythe
Boyd
Athill
Bethune
Fobcaygeon
LITTLE BOB
Jones
Fraser
Sturgeon Point
STURGEON LAKE
McAndrew
Macredie
PIGEON LAKE
The Scale is half an inch to one mile.


y Lake


WALSAM LAKE
Lindsay
Scugog Lake
LAKE


Stony Lake
Salmon Trout Lake
Long Lake
Peterboro
RIVER OTANABEE
RIVER TRENT
Rice Lake
Port Hope
Cobourg
RIVER TRENT
N
W
E
ONTARIO