

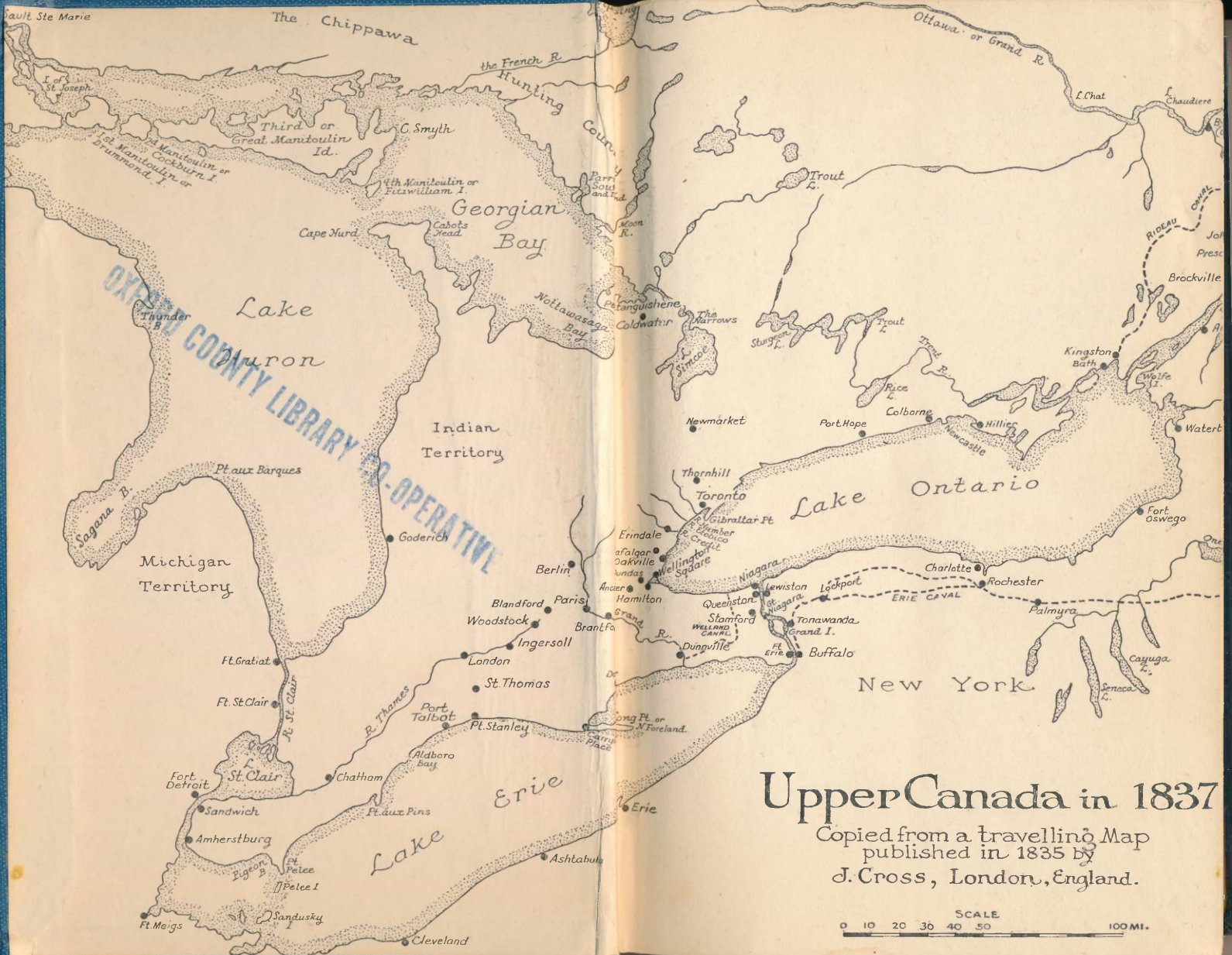
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WINTER STUDIES
AND
SUMMER RAMBLES
IN CANADA

ANNA BROWNELL JAMESON

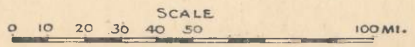
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ELSON'S COLLEGIATE CLASSICS



Upper Canada in 1837

Copied from a travelling Map published in 1835 by J. Cross, London, England.



WINTER STUDIES
and
SUMMER RAMBLES
IN CANADA

by
ANNA BROWNELL JAMESON

Edited by
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AND
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Foreword by
FRED LANDON, M.A., F.R.S.C.

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FOREWORD

Educators, historians and all interested in early Canadian history will appreciate this volume of Mrs. Anna Jameson's narrative of her experiences in Canada during 1837. The book has become more difficult to procure year by year as remaining copies have gone into libraries or into private collections of Canadiana, and it was destined in the next few years to be described in booksellers' catalogues as "rare".

The period during which Mrs. Jameson was in Upper Canada was gloomy with political troubles which a few months after her departure culminated in the Rebellion of 1837. She was aware of the strained situation and while avoiding political discussion pointed out the dull reactionary spirit which she found in government circles at the little provincial capital. Reading her narrative one cannot but feel that she was glad to escape from the gloom of official Toronto and breathe the fresh atmosphere of the frontier to which she travelled.

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles, as originally published, contained much material irrelevant to her travels. Her unhappy marriage may have contributed to the extensive moralizing in which she indulged. The editors of this condensed version have eliminated such portions and have preserved for us the real meat of the volume. Mrs. Jameson loved to be with people who were alert and doing

things, and she found such in plenty as she travelled about the shores of Lake Erie and went to the far end of Lake Huron and beyond. She was fascinated by the Indians and her descriptions of the red men and their ways are valuable as contemporary documents.

In its present form the volume provides an excellent combination of readability and historical value. There are pen pictures that will be long remembered, such, for example, as the occasion on which a hail from a passing schooner told that King William was dead and that the young Princess Victoria reigned in his stead. That was an occasion when Mrs. Jameson, as a real Victorian, might well moralize. And there are dozens of such pictures as she journeyed by land and on the water, in a cart or a bateau or a canoe, her eye and ear always alert to what was going on about her.

Nothing of Canadian interest has been lost in the abridgement that has been made and it may well be that Mrs. Jameson, not even a name to most people in this generation, will come into a new life with a large circle of readers both old and young.

Fred Landon

University of Western Ontario,
London, Ontario.

INTRODUCTION

Just over one hundred years ago, one of the most outstanding English women of the past century visited the Province of Upper Canada. Mrs. Anna Brownell Jameson arrived in Toronto in December 1836, to join her husband, Robert Sympson Jameson, who was soon to become the first Vice Chancellor of the Court of Equity in the province. Before her visit to Canada, she had resided in England and Europe where she mingled with the leading literary and artistic persons of the time, and where she had already earned a reputation as an author.

Born in Ireland in 1794, Anna Brownell Murphy, the daughter of a painter of miniatures, Denis Brownell Murphy, she visited Europe first as a governess in leading English families. Thus, at an early age she learned to love the blue skies of France and Italy, and to respect the intellectual activity of Germany. These first travels she recorded in a journal, which was published under the title, *The Diary of an Ennuyée* and won immediate success in England. This was followed by further literary efforts, the most successful being, *Characteristics of Women*, a group of essays on the women in Shakespeare's plays, which she dedicated to her friend Fanny Kemble.

Her marriage which took place in 1825, was not successful. Although Jameson had literary and

artistic tastes, the union was not congenial, and after a short period they separated. Jameson first held a puisne judgeship in the Island of Dominica, and later moved to Canada. Mrs. Jameson spent her time on the continent and in England visiting her many friends, and writing. She had a genius for friendship, and her letters reveal a warm, affectionate nature with keen sensibilities and deep sympathies.

At the time of her visit to Canada, Mrs. Jameson was forty-two years old and an experienced traveller and a practised observer of places and events. She had a wide background for studying nature and people, and a genuine interest in new scenes and activities. "While in Canada," she herself said, "I was thrown into scenes and regions hitherto undescribed by any traveller and into relations with the Indian tribes such as few European women of the refined and civilized habits have ever risked and none have recorded." The result was an important book of Canadian description and travel entitled, *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, which she published after her return to England. Occasionally her European outlook coloured her interpretation of things Canadian. She has left, however, a vivid and accurate picture of the countryside, the towns, the people, and the customs of the time.

It was no small feat for a woman of her time to travel alone through little-known territory. It is safe to surmise that her interest in this country was equalled by the interest that she must have created among those who met her. Writing to her mother,

on her return from her western trip she said, "The people here are in great enthusiasm about me and stare at me as if I had done some most wonderful thing; the most astonished of all is Mr. Jameson." She was at this time a fair, small, delicately featured woman. Fanny Kemble wrote that she had "a skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanied reddish hair such as hers was," and Nathaniel Hawthorne recorded in his note-book, "She must have been perfectly pretty in her day, a blue or grey-eyed fair-haired beauty."

Mrs. Jameson remained in Canada only a year and on her return to Europe in the spring of 1838 she resumed her life of writing, studying, and extensive travelling. In her later years she devoted her time to the bettering of women's position and the founding of the institution of Sisters of Charity in England.

She was best known, perhaps, as an art critic, especially for her books on sacred art. Her guides to the public and private galleries of London were found useful until recent times. At the time of her death in 1860, she was working on *The History of Our Lord as exemplified in works of Art*.

The first edition of *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles* which was published in 1838 was in three volumes, and the first American edition, which followed in 1839, was in two volumes. The original book contained many pages of Mrs. Jameson's personal feelings and reflections on poetry and art. In the present edition these have been omitted and only the purely Canadian sections of the work retained. In the original preface, Mrs.

Jameson stated that she did not have time to revise the work, with the result that far too much "irrelevant matter" remained. There is no way of knowing the manner in which the author would have altered her manuscript in 1838. We have, however, a revised edition which appeared in 1852 under the title *Sketches in Canada, and Rambles among the Red Men*. Here, she explained, "all that was of a merely transient or merely personal nature, or obsolete in politics or criticism" had been removed. Comparison of the 1838 and 1852 editions shows that many of her most interesting and historically valuable pages have been omitted in the latter volume. The earlier edition contains numerous comments that provide an important eye-witness account of various features of Upper Canadian life which are missing from the 1852 edition.

The present editors have made practically no changes in the text, other than a slight modernization in punctuation. The narrative has been broken into chapters but most of the chapter headings were used by Mrs. Jameson. The New York edition of 1839 has been followed throughout. Mrs. Jameson's foot-notes are marked by an asterisk, while those of the editors are indicated by numbers. In a few cases it will be obvious that a further note has been added to that of Mrs. Jameson.

James J. Talman
Elsie M. Murray

University of Western Ontario,
London, Ontario.

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CHAPTER I
TORONTO
Dec. 20, 1836

TORONTO—such is now the sonorous name of our sublime capital—was, thirty years ago, a wilderness, the haunt of the bear and deer, with a little, ugly, inefficient fort, which, however, could not be more ugly or inefficient than the present one. Ten years ago Toronto was a village, with one brick house and four or five hundred inhabitants; five years ago it became a city,¹ containing about five thousand inhabitants, and then bore the name of Little York; now it is Toronto, with an increasing trade, and a population of ten thousand people. So far I write as per book.

What Toronto may be in summer, I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church, without tower or steeple; some government offices, built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless, vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the gray, sullen, wintry lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect; such seems Toronto to me now. I did not expect much; but for this I was not prepared.

1. Mrs. Jameson is in error here. Toronto became a city in 1834.

and lazy; the women so busy, care-worn, and eager; and the quantities of sturdy children, squalling, frisking among the feet of busy sailors—formed altogether a strange and amusing scene.

On board the Michigan steamer, then lying ready for her voyage up the lakes to Chicago, I found all the arrangements magnificent to a degree I could not have anticipated. This is one of the three great steamboats navigating the Upper Lakes, which are from five to seven hundred tons burthen, and there are nearly forty smaller ones coasting Lake Erie, between Buffalo and Detroit, besides schooners. We have (in 1837) on this lake two little ill-constructed steamers, which go puffing up and down like two little tea-kettles, in proportion to the gigantic American boats; and unfortunately, till our side of the lake is better peopled and cultivated, we have no want of them. When they are required, they will exist as on Lake Ontario where we have, I believe, eight or ten steamers.

The next morning I returned to the Falls, which are still sullen and turbid, owing to the stormy weather on Lake Erie.



CHAPTER VIII

HAMILTON AND BRANTFORD

The Canadian stage-coaches* are like those of the United States, heavy, lumbering vehicles, well calculated to live in roads where any decent carriage must needs founder. In one of these I embarked to return from the Falls, to the town of Niagara, thence to pursue my journey westward; a much easier and shorter course had been by the lake steamers, but my object was not haste, nor to see merely sky and water, but to see the country.

The distance from the town of Niagara to Hamilton is about forty miles. We had left the former place at ten in the morning, yet it was nearly midnight before we arrived, having had no refreshment during the whole day. It was market-day, and the time of the assizes, and not a bed to be had at the only tolerable hotel which, I should add, is large and commodious. The people were civil beyond measure, and a bed was made up for me in a back parlour, into which I sank half starved, and completely tired.

Hamilton is the capital of the Gore District, and one of the most flourishing places in Upper Canada.

* That is, the better class of them. In some parts of Upper Canada, the stage-coaches conveying the mail were large, oblong wooden boxes, formed of a few planks nailed together and placed on wheels, into which you entered by the windows, there being no doors to open and shut, and no springs. Two or three seats were suspended inside on leather straps. The travellers provided their own buffalo skins or cushions to sit on.

It is situated at the extreme point of Burlington Bay, at the head of Lake Ontario, with a population, annually increasing, of about three thousand. The town is about a mile from the lake shore, a space which, in the course of time, will probably be covered with buildings. I understand that seventeen thousand bushels of wheat were shipped here in one month.

There is a bank here; a courthouse and jail looking unfinished, and the commencement of a public reading-room and literary society, of which I cannot speak from my own knowledge, and which appears as yet in embryo. Some of the linen-draper's shops, called here clothing stores, and the grocery stores, or shops for all the description of imported merchandise, made a very good appearance; and there was an air of business and bustle, and animation about the place which pleased me. I saw no bookseller's shop, but a few books on the shelves of a grocery store, of the most common and coarse description.

Allan Macnab, the present speaker of the House of Assembly, has a very beautiful house here, and is a principal merchant and proprietor in the town; but he was at this time absent. I had heard much of Mr. Cattermole, the author of a very clever little book addressed to emigrants¹, and also a distinguished inhabitant of the place. I wished to see this gentleman, but there were some difficulties in finding him and, after waiting some time, I had to leave, a long day's journey being before me.

I hope you have a map of Canada before you.

1. William Cattermole. *Emigration*. London. [1831?]

or at hand, that what I am now going to tell you may be intelligible.

They have projected a railroad from Hamilton westward through the London and Western Districts¹—certainly one of the grandest and most useful undertakings in the world—in this world, I mean. The want of a line of road, of an accessible market for agricultural produce, keeps this magnificent country poor and ignorant in the midst of unequal capabilities. If the formation of the Rideau Canal, in the eastern districts, (connecting Ontario with the Ottawa River,) has, in spite of many disadvantages in the soil and locality, brought that part of the province so far in advance of the rest, in population, wealth, and intelligence—what would not a railroad do for them here, where the need is at least as great—the resources, natural and accidental, much superior—and the prospect of advantage, in every point of view, infinitely more promising?

Under all disadvantages, this part of the province has been the usual route of emigrants to the Western States of the Union; for, as you will perceive by a glance at the map, it is the shortest road to Michigan and the Illinois by some hundreds of miles. If there were but a railroad, opening a direct communication through the principal settlements between Hamilton on Lake Ontario, and Sandwich at the head of Lake Erie, there is no calculating the advantages that must arise from it—even immediate advantage; but "want of capital," as I hear all round me—and they might

1. Great Western Railway. This was not completed until 1854.

add want of energy, want of enterprise, want of everything needful besides money—the one thing most needful—are likely to defer the completion of the magnificent plan for many years.

I wonder some of our great speculators and monied men in England do not speculate here, instead of sending their money to the United States;—or rather I do not wonder, seeing what I see. But I wish that the Government would do something to remove the almost universal impression that this province is regarded by the powers at home with distrust and indifference—something to produce more confidence in public men and public measures, without which there can be no enterprise, no prosperity, no railroads.

I should not forget to mention that in the Niagara and Gore Districts, there is a vast number of Dutch and German settlers, favourably distinguished by their industrious, sober, and thriving habits. They are always to be distinguished in person and dress from the British settlers; and their houses, and churches, and above all, their burial places, have a distinct and characteristic look.

At Hamilton, I hired a light wagon, as they call it, a sort of gig perched in the middle of a wooden tray, wherein my baggage was stowed; and a man to drive me over to Brantford, the distance being about five-and-twenty miles, and the charge five dollars. The country all the way was rich, and beautiful, and fertile beyond description—the roads abominable as could be imagined to exist. So I then thought, but have learned since that there are degrees of badness in this respect, to which the

human imagination has not yet descended. I remember a space of about three miles on this road, bordered entirely on each side by dead trees which had been artificially blasted by fire, or by girdling. It was a ghastly forest of tall white spectres, strangely contrasting with the glowing luxurious foliage all around.

The largest place we passed was Ancaster, very prettily situated among pastures and rich woods, and rapidly improving.

Before sunset I arrived at Brantford, and took a walk about the town and its environs. The situation of this place is most beautiful—on a hill above the left bank of the Grand River. And as I stood and traced this noble stream, winding through richly-wooded flats, with green meadows and cultivated fields, I was involuntarily reminded of the Thames near Richmond; the scenery has the same character of tranquil and luxuriant beauty.

In Canada the traveller can enjoy little of the interest derived from association, either historical or poetical. Yet the memory of General Brock, and some anecdotes of the last war, lend something of this kind of interest to the Niagara frontier; and this place, or rather the name of this place, has certain recollections connected with it, which might well make an idle contemplative wayfarer a little pensive.

Brant was the chief of that band of Mohawk warriors which served on the British side during the American War of Independence. After the termination of the contest, the Six Nations left their ancient seats to the south of Lake Ontario

and, having received from the English Government a grant of land along the banks of the Grand River, and the adjacent shore of Lake Erie, they settled here under their chief, Brant, in 1783¹. Great part of this land, some of the finest in the province, has lately been purchased back by the Government and settled by thriving English farmers.

Brant, who had intelligence enough to perceive and acknowledge the superiority of the whites in all the arts of life, was at first anxious for the conversion and civilization of his nation; but I was told by a gentleman who had known him, that after a visit he paid to England, this wish no longer existed. He returned to his own people with no very sublime idea either of our morals or manners. He died in 1807.

His son, John Brant, received a good education and was a member of the House of Assembly for his district. He died a short time before my arrival in this country; and the son of his sister, Mrs. Kerr, is the hereditary chief of the Six Nations.

They consist at present of two thousand five hundred, out of the seven or eight thousand who first settled here. Here, as everywhere else, the decrease of the Indian population settled on the reserve lands is uniform. The white population throughout America is supposed to double itself on an average in twenty-three years; in about the same proportion do the Indians perish before them.

The interests and property of these Indians are at present managed by the Government. The

1. Joseph Brant procured this grant of land from Sir Frederick Haldimand, Oct. 25, 1784.

revenue arising from the sale of their lands is in the hands of commissioners, and much is done for their conversion and civilization. It will, however, be the affair of two, or three, or more generations; and by that time not many, I am afraid, will be left. Consumption makes dreadful havoc among them. At present they have churches, schools, and an able missionary who has studied their language, beside several resident Methodist preachers. Of the two thousand five hundred already mentioned, the far greater part retain their old faith and customs, having borrowed from the whites, only those habits which certainly "were more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

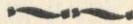
I saw many of these people, and spoke to some who replied with a quiet, self-possessed courtesy, and in very intelligible English. One group which I met outside the town, consisted of two young men in blanket coats and leggings, one haggard old woman with a man's hat on her head, a blue blanket and deer-skin moccasins, and a very beautiful girl, apparently not more than fifteen, similarly dressed, with long black hair hanging loose over her face and shoulders, and a little baby, many shades fairer than herself, peeping from the folds of her blanket behind, altogether reminded me of a group of gipsies, such as I have seen on the borders of Sherwood Forest many years ago.

The Grand River is navigable for steamboats from Lake Erie up to the landing place about two miles below Brantford, and from thence a canal is to be cut, some time or other, to the town. The present site of Brantford was chosen on account of

those very rapids which do indeed obstruct the navigation, and turn a number of mills, here of first importance. The usual progress of a Canadian village is this: first on some running stream, the erection of a saw-mill and grist-mill for the convenience of the neighbouring scattered settlers; then a few shanties or log-houses for the work people; then a grocery store; then a tavern—a chapel—perchance a school-house—*und so weiter*, as the Germans say*.

Next morning I took another walk. There are several good shops and many houses in progress, some of them of brick and stone. I met two or three well-dressed women walking down Colborne Street; and the people were bustling about with animated faces—a strong contrast to the melancholy, indolent-looking Indians. I understand that there are now about twelve hundred inhabitants, the population having tripled in three years: and they have a newspaper, an agricultural society, a post-office; a Congregational, a Baptist, and Methodist church, a large chair manufactory, and other mills and factories which I had no time to visit.

* The erection of a church or chapel generally precedes that of a school-house in Upper Canada, but the mill and the tavern invariably precede both.



CHAPTER IX

WOODSTOCK

At ten o'clock, a little vehicle like that which brought me from Hamilton, was at my door; and I set off for Woodstock, driven by my American landlord who showed himself as good-natured and civil as he was impenetrably stupid.

No one who has a single atom of imagination can travel through these forest roads of Canada without being strongly impressed and excited. The seemingly interminable line of trees before you, the boundless wilderness around; the mysterious depths amid the multitudinous foliage, where foot of man hath never penetrated,—and which partial gleams of the noontide sun, now seen, now lost, lit up with a changeful, magical beauty—the wondrous splendour and novelty of the flowers—the silence, unbroken but by the low cry of a bird, or hum of insect, or the splash and croak of some huge bull-frog—the solitude in which we proceeded mile after mile, no human being, no human dwelling within sight,—are all either exciting to the fancy, or oppressive to the spirits, according to the mood one may be in. Their effect on myself I can hardly describe in words.

I observed some birds of a species new to me; there was the lovely bluebird, with its brilliant violet plumage; and a most gorgeous species of woodpecker, with a black head, white breast, and

back and wings of the brightest scarlet; hence it is called by some, the field officer, and more generally, the cock of the woods. I should have called it the coxcomb of the woods, for it came flitting across our road, clinging to the trees before us, and remaining pertinaciously in sight, as if conscious of its own splendid array.

There was also the Canadian robin, a bird as large as a thrush, but in plumage and shape resembling the sweet bird at home "that wears the scarlet stomacher." There were great numbers of small birds of a bright yellow, like canaries, and I believe of the same genus. Sometimes, when I looked up from the depth of foliage to the blue firmament above, I saw an eagle sailing through the air on apparently motionless wings.

Nor let me forget the splendour of the flowers which carpeted the woods on either side. There, those beautiful plants which we cultivate with such care in our gardens, azaleas, rhododendrons, all the gorgeous family of the lobelia, were flourishing in wild luxuriance. Festoons of creeping and parasitical plants hung from branch to branch. The purple and scarlet iris, blue larkspur, and the elegant Canadian columbine with its bright pink flowers; the scarlet lychnis, a species of orchis of the most dazzling geranium colour, and the white and yellow and purple cypripedium* bordered the path and a thousand others of most resplendent hues, for which I knew no names.

* From its resemblance in form to a shoe, this splendid flower bears everywhere the same name. The English call it lady's slipper: the Indians know it as the moccasin flower.

I could not pass them with forbearance, and my Yankee driver, alighting, gathered for me a superb bouquet from the swampy margin of the forest. I contrived to fasten my flowers in a wreath along the front of the wagon that I might enjoy at leisure their novelty and beauty. How lavish, how carelessly profuse is nature in her handiwork! In the interior of the cypripedium, which I tore open, there was variety of configuration, and colour, and gem-like richness of ornament, enough to fashion twenty different flowers; and for the little fly in jewelled cuirass, which I found couched within its recesses, what a palace! that of Aladdin could hardly have been more splendid!

But I spare you these fantastic speculations and cogitations, and many more that came flitting across my fancy. I am afraid that, old as I am, my youth has been yokefellow with my years, and that I am yet a child in some things.

From Brantford we came to Paris, a new settlement, beautifully situated, and thence to Woodstock, a distance of eighteen miles. On this road there is no village, only isolated inns, far removed from each other. In one of these, kept by a Frenchman, I dined on milk and eggs and excellent bread. Here I found every appearance of prosperity and plenty. The landlady, an American woman, told me they had come into this wilderness twenty years ago, when there was not another farm-house within fifty miles. She had brought up and settled in comfort several sons and daughters.

An Irish farmer came in, who had refreshments spread for him in the porch, and with whom I

had some amusing conversation. He, too, was prospering with a large farm and a large family,— here a blessing and a means of wealth, too often in the old country a curse and a burthen. The good-natured fellow was extremely scandalized by my homely and temperate fare, which he besought me to mend by accepting a glass of whiskey out of his own travelling store, genuine potheen which, he swore deeply and not unpoetically, "had never seen God's beautiful world, nor the blessed light of day since it had been bottled in ould Ireland." He told me, boastingly, that at Hamilton he had made eight hundred dollars by the present extraordinary rise in the price of wheat. In the early part of the year, wheat had been selling for three or four dollars a bushel, and rose this summer to twelve and fourteen dollars a bushel, owing to the immense quantities exported during the winter to the back settlements of Michigan and the Illinois.

The whole drive would have been productive of unmixed enjoyment, but for one almost intolerable drawback. The roads were throughout so execrably bad that no words can give you an idea of them. We often sank into mud-holes above the axle-tree; then over trunks of trees laid across swamps, called here corduroy roads, were my poor bones dislocated. A wheel here and there, or broken shaft lying by the wayside, told of former wrecks and disasters. In some places they had, in desperation, flung huge boughs of oak into the mud abyss, and covered them with clay and sod, the rich green foliage projecting on either side. This sort of illusive contrivance would sometimes

give way, and we were nearly precipitated in the midst. By the time we arrived at the township of Blandford, my hands were swelled and blistered by continually grasping with all my strength an iron bar in front of my vehicle, to prevent myself from being flung out, and my limbs ached woefully.

I never beheld or imagined such roads. It is clear that the people do not apply any, even the commonest, principles of road-making; no drains are cut, no attempt is made at levelling or preparing a foundation. The settlers around are too much engrossed by the necessary toil for a daily subsistence to give a moment of their time to road-making, without compulsion or good payment. The statute labour does not appear to be duly enforced by the commissioners and magistrates, and there are few labourers, and no spare money; specie, never very plentiful in these parts, is not to be had at present, and the £500,000, voted during the last session of the Provincial Parliament for the repair of roads, is not yet even raised, I believe.

Nor is this all: the vile state of the roads, the very little communication between places not far distant from each other, leave it in the power of ill-disposed persons to sow mischief among the ignorant, isolated people.

On emerging from a forest road seven miles in length, we stopped at a little inn to refresh the poor jaded horses. Several labourers were lounging about the door, and I spoke to them of the horrible state of the roads. They agreed, one and all, that it was entirely the fault of the Government; that their welfare was not cared for; that

it was true that money had been voted for the roads, but that before anything could be done, or a shilling of it expended, it was always necessary to write to the old country to ask the King's permission—which might be sent or not—who could tell! And meantime they were ruined for want of roads, which it was nobody's business to reclaim.

It was in vain that I attempted to point out to the orator of the party the falsehood and absurdity of this notion. He only shook his head, and said he knew better.

One man observed, that as the team of Admiral V—¹ (one of the largest proprietors in the district) had lately broken down in a mud-hole, there was some hope that the roads about here might be looked to.

About sunset, I arrived at Blandford, dreadfully weary, and fevered, and bruised, having been more than nine hours travelling twenty-five miles; and I must needs own that not all my *savoir faire* could prevent me from feeling rather dejected and shy, as I drove up to the residence of a gentleman, to whom, indeed, I had not a letter, but whose family, as I had been assured, were prepared to receive me. It was rather formidable to arrive thus, at fall of night, a wayfaring, lonely woman, spiritless, half-dead with fatigue, among entire strangers: but my reception set me at ease in a moment. The words, "We have been long expecting you!" uttered in a kind, cordial voice, sounded like sweetest music to attending ears.

1. Henry Vansittart.

A handsome, elegant-looking woman, blending French ease and politeness with English cordiality, and a whole brood of lively children of all sizes and ages, stood beneath the porch to welcome me with smiles and outstretched hands. Can you imagine my bliss, my gratitude?—no!—impossible, unless you had travelled for three days through the wilds of Canada. In a few hours I felt quite at home, and my day of rest was insensibly prolonged to a week, spent with this amiable and interesting family—a week, ever while I live, to be remembered with pleasurable and grateful feelings.

The region of Canada in which I now find myself, is called the London District; you will see its situation at once by a glance on the map. It lies between the Gore District and the Western District, having to the south a large extent of the coast of Lake Erie; and on the north, the Indian territories, and part of the southern shore of Lake Huron. It is watered by rivers flowing into both lakes, but chiefly by the River Thames, which is here (about one hundred miles from its mouth) a small but most beautiful stream, winding like the Isis, at Oxford. Woodstock, the nearest village, as I suppose I must in modesty call it, is fast rising into an important town, and the whole district is, for its scenery, fertility, and advantages of every kind, perhaps the finest in Upper Canada.

The society in this immediate neighbourhood is particularly good; several gentlemen of family, superior education, and large capital, (among whom are the brother of an English and the son of an Irish peer, a colonel and a major in the army,)

have made very extensive purchases of land, and their estates are in flourishing progress.

One day we drove over to the settlement of one of these magnificos, Admiral V—who has already expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds in purchases and improvements. His house is really a curiosity, and at the first glance reminded me of an African village—a sort of Timbuctoo set down in the woods; it is two or three miles from the high road, in the midst of the forest, and looked as if a number of log huts had jostled against one another by accident, and there stuck fast.

The Admiral had begun, I imagine, by erecting, as is usual, a log house, while the woods were clearing; then, being in want of space, he added another, then another, and another, and so on, all of different shapes and sizes, and full of a seaman's contrivances—old galleries, passages, porticos, corridors, saloons, cabins and cupboards; so that if the outside reminded me of an African village, the interior was no less like that of a man-of-war.

The drawing-room, which occupies an entire building, is really a noble room with a chimney in which they pile twenty oak logs at once. Around this room runs a gallery, well lighted from without with windows, through which there is a constant circulation of air, keeping the room warm in winter and cool in summer. The Admiral has besides so many ingenious and inexplicable contrivances for warming and airing his house, that no insurance office will insure him upon any terms.

Altogether it was the most strangely picturesque sort of dwelling I ever beheld, and could boast

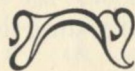
not only of luxuries and comforts, such as are seldom found so far inland, but "*cosa altra più cara*," or at least "*più rara*." The Admiral's sister, an accomplished woman of independent fortune, has lately arrived from Europe, to take up her residence in the wilds. Having recently spent some years in Italy, she has brought out with her all those pretty objects of *virtu*, with which English travellers load themselves in that country. Here, ranged round the room, I found views of Rome and Naples; tazzi, and marbles, and sculpture in lava or alabaster; miniature copies of the eternal Sibyl and Cenci Raphael's Vatican, etc.—things not wonderful nor rare in themselves—the wonder was to see them here.

The woods are yet close up to the house; but there is a fine well-cultivated garden, and the process of clearing and log-burning proceeds all around with great animation.

On Sunday we attended the pretty little church at Woodstock, which was filled by the neighbouring settlers of all classes: the service was well read, and the hymns were sung by the ladies of the congregation.

After the service, the congregation remained some time assembled before the church door, in various and interesting groups—the well-dressed families of settlers who had come from many miles' distance in vehicles well-suited to the roads—that is to say, carts or, as they call them here, teams or wagons; the belles and the beaux of "the Bush" in Sunday trim—and innumerable children. Many were the greetings and inquiries;

the news and gossip of all the neighbourhood had to be exchanged. The conversation among the ladies was of marriages and births—lamentations on the want of servants and the state of the roads—the last arrival of letters from England—and speculations upon the character of a new neighbour come to settle in the Bush. Among the gentlemen it was of crops and clearings, lumber, price of wheat, road-mending, deer-shooting, log-burning, and so forth—subjects in which I felt a lively interest and curiosity; and if I could not take a very brilliant and prominent part in the discourse, I could at least listen, like the Irish corn-field, "with all my ears."



CHAPTER X

LONDON

After several pleasant and interesting visits to the neighbouring settlers, I took leave of my hospitable friends at Blandford with deep and real regret; and, in the best and only vehicle which could be procured—*videlicet*, a baker's cart—set out for London, the chief town of the district; the distance being about thirty miles—a long day's journey; the cost, seven dollars.

The man who drove me proved a very intelligent and civilized person. He had come to Canada in the capacity of a gentleman's servant; he now owned some land—I forget how many acres—and was besides baker-general for a large neighbourhood, rarely receiving money in pay, but wheat and other farm produce. He had served as constable of the district for two years, and gave me some interesting accounts of his thief-taking expeditions through the wild forests in the deep winter nights. He considered himself, on the whole, a prosperous man. He said he should be quite happy here, were it not for his wife, who fretted and pined continually after her "home."

I have not often in my life met with contented and cheerful-minded women, but I never met with so many repining and discontented women as in Canada. I never met with one woman recently settled here, who considered herself happy in her

new home and country: I heard of one, and doubtless there are others, but they are exceptions to the general rule. Those born here, or brought here early by their parents and relations, seemed to me very happy, and many of them had adopted a sort of pride in their new country, which I liked much. There was always a great desire to visit England, and some little airs of self-complacency and superiority in those who had been there, though for a few months only; but all, without a single exception, returned with pleasure, unable to forego the early habitual influence of their native land.

The road, after leaving Woodstock, pursued the course of the winding Thames. We passed by the house of Colonel Light, in a situation of superlative natural beauty on a rising ground above the river. A lawn, tolerably cleared, sloped down to the margin, while the opposite shore rose clothed in varied woods which had been managed with great taste, and a feeling for the picturesque not common here; but the Colonel being himself an accomplished artist accounts for this. We also passed Beachville, a small but beautiful village, round which the soil is reckoned very fine and fertile; a number of most respectable settlers have recently bought land and erected houses here. The next place we came to was Oxford, or rather, Ingersoll, where we stopped to dine and rest previous to plunging into an extensive forest, called the Pine Woods.

It is a little village, presenting the usual saw-mill, grocery store and tavern, with a dozen shanties congregated on the bank of the stream

which is here rapid and confined in high banks. Two backwoodsmen were in deep consultation over a wagon which had broken down in the midst of that very forest road we were about to traverse, and which they described as most execrable—in some parts even dangerous.

As it was necessary to gird up my strength for the undertaking, I laid in a good dinner, consisting of slices of dried venison, broiled; hot cakes of Indian corn, eggs, butter, and a bowl of milk. Of this good fare I partook in company with the two backwoodsmen who appeared to me perfect specimens of their class—tall and strong, and bronzed and brawny, and shaggy and unshaven—very much like two bears set on their hind legs; rude but not uncivil, and spare of speech, as men who had lived long at a distance from their kind. They were too busy, however, and so was I, to feel or express any mutual curiosity; time was valuable, appetite urgent—so we discussed our venison steaks in silence, and after dinner I proceeded.

The forest land through which I had lately passed was principally covered with hard timber, as oak, walnut, elm, basswood. We were now in a forest of pines, rising tall and dark, and monotonous on either side. The road worse certainly "than fancy ever feigned or fear conceived," put my neck in perpetual jeopardy. The driver had often to dismount, and partly fill up some tremendous hole with boughs before we could pass—or drag or lift the wagon over trunks of trees—or we sometimes sank into abysses from which it is a wonder to me that we ever emerged. A natural question was—

why did you not get out and walk? Yes indeed! I only wish it had been possible. Immediately on the border of the road so-called, was the wild, tangled, untrodden thicket, as impervious to the foot as the road was impassable, rich with vegetation, variegated verdure, and flowers of loveliest dye, but the haunt of the rattlesnake, and all manner of creeping and living things not pleasant to encounter, or even to think of.

The mosquitoes, too, began to be troublesome; but not being yet in full force, I contrived to defend myself pretty well, by waving a green branch before me whenever my two hands were not employed in forcible endeavours to keep my seat. These seven miles of pine forest we traversed in three hours and a half; and then succeeded some miles of open flat country, called the oak plains, and so called because covered with thickets and groups of oak, dispersed with a park-like and beautiful effect; and still flowers, flowers everywhere. The soil appeared sandy, and not so rich as in other parts*. The road was comparatively good, and as we approached London, new settlements appeared on every side.

The sun had set amid a tumultuous mass of lurid threatening clouds, and a tempest was brooding in the air when I reached the town, and found very tolerable accommodations in the principal inn. I

* It is not the most open land which is most desirable for a settler. "The land," says Dr. Dunlop in his admirable little book, "is rich and lasting, just in proportion to the size and quantity of the timber which it bears, and therefore, the more trouble he is put to in clearing his land, the better will it repay him the labour he has expended on it." Mrs. Jameson refers to *Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada*, published in 1832.

was so terribly bruised and beaten with fatigue, that to move was impossible, and even to speak, too great an effort. I cast my weary aching limbs upon the bed, and requested of the very civil and obliging young lady who attended to bring me some books and newspapers. She brought me thereupon an old compendium of geography, published at Philadelphia forty years ago, and three newspapers. Two of these, the London Gazette and the Freeman's Journal, are printed and published within the district¹; the third, the New York Albion, I have already mentioned to you as having been my delight and consolation at Toronto. This paper, an extensive double folio, is compiled for the use of the British settlers in the United States, and also in Canada, where it is widely circulated. It contains all the interesting public news in extracts from the leading English journals, with tales, essays, reviews, etc., from the periodicals.

July 5, 1837

The next morning the weather continued very lowering and stormy. I wrote out my little journal for you carefully thus far, and then I received several visitors who, hearing of my arrival, had come with kind offers of hospitality and attention, such as are most grateful to a solitary stranger. I had also much conversation relative to the place and people, and the settlements around, and then I took a long walk about the town, of which I here give you the results.

When Governor Simcoe was planning the foun-

1. In the town of London.

dation of a capital for the whole province, he fixed at first upon the present site of London, struck by its many and obvious advantages. Its central position, in the midst of these great lakes, being an equal distance from Huron, Erie, and Ontario, in the finest and most fertile district of the whole province, on the bank of a beautiful stream, and at a safe distance from the frontier, all pointed it out as the most eligible site for a metropolis; but there was the want of land and water communication—a want which still remains the only drawback to its rising prosperity.

A canal or railroad, running from Toronto and Hamilton to London, then branching off on the right to the harbour of Goderich on Lake Huron, and on the left to Sandwich on Lake Erie, were a glorious thing!—the one thing needful to make this fine country the granary and store-house of the west; for here all grain, all fruits which flourish in the south of Europe, might be cultivated with success—the finest wheat and rice, and hemp and flax, and tobacco. Yet, in spite of this want, soon, I trust, to be supplied, the town of London has sprung up and become within ten years a place of great importance. In size and population it exceeds every town I have yet visited, except Toronto and Hamilton. London's first house was erected in 1827¹; it now contains more than two hundred frame or brick houses; and there are many more building. The population may be about thirteen hundred people.

1. Peter McGregor erected the first house in London, in 1826.

The jail and courthouse, comprised in one large stately edifice, seemed the glory of the townspeople. As for style of architecture, I may not attempt to name or describe it; but a gentleman informed me, in rather equivocal phrase, that it was "somewhat gothic." There are five places of worship, for the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Baptists. The church is handsome. There are also, three or four schools, and seven taverns. The Thames is very beautiful here, and navigable for boats and barges. I saw to-day, a large timber raft floating down the stream, containing many thousand feet of timber. On the whole, I have nowhere seen such evident signs of progress and prosperity.

The population consists principally of artisans—as blacksmiths, carpenters, builders, all flourishing. There is, I fear, a good deal of drunkenness and profligacy; for though the people have work and wealth, they have neither education nor amusements. Besides the seven taverns, there is a number of little grocery stores, which are, in fact, drinking houses*. And though a law exists, which forbids the sale of spirituous liquors in small quantities by any but licensed publicans, they easily

* When I was in Upper Canada, I found no means whatever of social amusement for any class, except that which the tavern afforded; taverns consequently abounded everywhere.

In another place Mrs. Jameson states, "Mr. H. told me the other day, that in the distant townships not one person in twenty or thirty could read or write, or had the means of attaining such knowledge. On repeating this to Mr. B., a native Canadian, and perfectly acquainted with the country, adding some expression of incredulity, he exclaimed, laughing, "Not one in twenty or thirty!—Madam, not one in seventy!"

contrive to elude the law; as thus:—a customer enters the shop, and asks for two or three pennyworth of nuts, or cakes, and he receives a few nuts, and a large glass of whiskey. The whiskey, you observe, is given, not sold, and no one can swear to the contrary. In the same manner the severe law against selling intoxicating liquors to the poor Indians is continually eluded or violated, and there is no redress for the injured, no punishment to reach the guilty. It appears to me that the government should be more careful in the choice of the district magistrates. While I was in London, a person who had acted in this capacity was carried from the pavement dead drunk.



CHAPTER XI

THE TALBOT COUNTRY

The plan of travel I had laid down for myself did not permit of my making any long stay in London, I was anxious to push on to the Talbot Settlement, or, as it is called here, the Talbot Country, a name not ill applied to a vast tract of land stretching from east to west along the shore of Lake Erie, and of which Colonel Talbot is the sovereign *de facto*, if not *de jure*—be it spoken without any derogation to the rights of our lord, the King. This immense settlement, the circumstances to which it owed its existence, and the character of the eccentric man who founded it on such principles as have insured its success and prosperity, altogether inspired me with the strongest interest and curiosity.

To the residence of this "big chief," as an Indian styled him—a solitary mansion on a cliff above Lake Erie, where he lived alone in his glory—was I now bound, without exactly knowing what reception I was to meet there, for that was a point which the despotic habits and eccentricities of this hermit-lord of the forest rendered a little doubtful. The reports I had heard of his singular manners, of his being a sort of woman-hater, who had not for thirty years allowed a female to appear in his sight, I had partly discredited, yet enough remained to make me feel a little nervous. However, my

resolution was taken, and the colonel had been apprised of my intended visit, though of his gracious acquiescence I was yet to learn; so, putting my trust in Providence, as heretofore, I prepared to encounter the old buffalo in his lair.

From the master of the inn at London I hired a vehicle and a driver for eight dollars. The distance was about thirty miles; the road, as my Irish informant assured me, was quite "iligant!" but hilly, and so broken by the recent storms, that it was thought I could not reach my destination before nightfall, and I was advised to sleep at the little town of St. Thomas, about twelve or fifteen miles on this side of Port Talbot.

However, I was resolute to try, and, with a pair of stout horses and a willing driver, did not despair. My conveyance from Blandford had been a baker's cart on springs; but springs were a luxury I was in future to dispense with. My present vehicle, the best to be procured, was a common cart, with straw at the bottom; in the midst a seat was suspended on straps, and furnished with a cushion, not of the softest. A board nailed across the front served for the driver, a quiet, demure-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen, with a round straw hat and a fustian jacket. Such was the elegant and appropriate equipage in which the "chancellor's lady," as they call me here, paid her first visit of state to the "great Colonel Talbot."

On leaving the town, we crossed the Thames on a wooden bridge, and turned to the south through a very beautiful valley, with cultivated farms and extensive clearings on every side. I was now in

the Talbot Country, and had the advantage of travelling on part of the road constructed under the Colonel's direction which, compared with those I had recently travelled, was better than tolerable. While we were slowly ascending an eminence, I took the opportunity of entering into some discourse with my driver, whose very demure and thoughtful, though boyish face, and very brief but pithy and intelligent replies to some of my questions on the road, had excited my attention.

We were near the summit of a hill which he called Bear Hill; the people, he said, gave it that name because of the number of bears which used to be found here. Nothing could exceed the beauty and variety of the timber trees, intermingled with the most luxuriant underwood, and festooned with the wild grape and flowering creepers. It was some time, he said, since a bear had been shot in these woods; but only last spring one of his comrades had found a bear's cub, which he had fed and taken care of, and had sold within the last few weeks to a travelling menagerie for five dollars.

On reaching the summit of this hill, I found myself on the highest land I had yet stood upon in Canada, with the exception of Queenston Heights. I stopped the horses and looked around, and on every side, far and near,—east, west, north and south—it was all forest, a boundless sea of forest, within whose leafy recesses lay hidden as infinite variety of life and movement as within the depths of the ocean; and it reposed in the noontide so still and so vast! Here the bright sunshine rested on it in floods of golden light; there cloud-shadows

sped over its bosom, just like the effects I remember to have seen on the Atlantic; and here and there rose wreaths of white smoke from the new clearings, which collected into little silver clouds, and hung suspended in the quiet air.

We descended the Hill of Bears and proceeded through a beautiful plain, sometimes richly wooded, sometimes opening into clearings and cultivated farms, on which were usually compact farm-houses, each flanked by a barn three times as large as the house, till we came to a place called Five Stakes, where I found two or three tidy cottages, and procured some bread and milk. The road here was no longer so good, and we travelled slowly and with difficulty for some miles. About five o'clock we reached St. Thomas, one of the prettiest places I had ever seen. Here I found two or three inns, and at one of them, styled the "Mansion House Hotel," I ordered tea for myself and good entertainment for my young driver and his horses, and then walked out.

St. Thomas is situated on a high eminence, to which the ascent is rather abrupt. The view from it, over a fertile, well settled country, is very beautiful and cheering. The place bears the Christian name of Colonel Talbot, who styles it his capital, and, from a combination of advantages, it is rising fast into importance. The climate, from its high position, is delicious and healthful; and the winters in this part of the province are milder by several degrees than elsewhere. At the foot of the cliff, or eminence, runs a deep rapid stream called the Kettle Creek, (I wish they had given it a prettier name)

which, after a course of eight miles, and turning a variety of saw-mills, grist-mills, etc., flows into Lake Erie, at Port Stanley, one of the best harbours on this side of the lake*. Here steamboats and schooners land passengers and merchandise, or load with grain, flour, lumber. The roads are good all round; and the Talbot road, carried directly through the town, is the finest in the province. This road runs nearly parallel with Lake Erie, from thirty miles below Port Stanley, westward as far as Delaware.

The population of St. Thomas is at present rated at seven hundred, and it has doubled within two years. There are three churches, one of which is very neat; and three taverns. Two newspapers are published here, one violently Tory, the other as violently Radical. I found several houses building, and in those I entered a general air of cheerfulness and well-being very pleasing to contemplate. There is here an excellent manufacture of cabinet-ware and furniture; some articles of the black walnut, a tree abounding here, appeared to me more beautiful in colour and grain than the finest mahogany; and the elegant veining of the maple-wood cannot be surpassed. I wish they were sufficiently the fashion in England to make the transport worthwhile. Here I have seen whole piles, nay, whole forests of such trees, burning together.

* When I remonstrated against this name for so beautiful a stream, Colonel Talbot told me that his first settlers had found a kettle on the bank, left by some Indians, and had given the river, from this slight circumstance, a name which he had not thought it worth while to alter.

Mrs. Jameson was misinformed for the name was an old one. The French called the creek *Chaudière* which, when translated, means copper boiler, or kettle.

By the time my horses were refreshed, it was near seven o'clock. The distance from Port Talbot is about twelve miles, but hearing the road was good, I resolved to venture. The sky looked turbulent and stormy, but luckily the storm was moving one way while I was moving another; and, except a little sprinkling from the tail of a cloud, we escaped very well.

The road presented on either side a succession of farm-houses and well-cultivated farms. Near the houses there was generally a patch of ground planted with Indian corn and pumpkins, and some times a few cabbages and potatoes. I do not recollect to have seen one garden, or the least attempt to cultivate flowers.

The goodness of the road is owing to the systematic regulations of Colonel Talbot. Throughout the whole "country" none can obtain land without first applying to him, and the price and conditions are uniform and absolute. The lands are divided into lots of two hundred acres, and to each settler fifty acres are given gratis, and one hundred and fifty, at three dollars an acre. Each settler must clear and sow ten acres of land, build a house (a log hut of eighteen feet in length) and construct one chain of road in front of his house, within three years; failing in this, he forfeits his deed.

Colonel Talbot does not like gentlemen settlers, nor will he have any settlements within a certain distance of his own domain. He never associates with the people except on one grand occasion, the anniversary of the foundation of his settlement.

This is celebrated at St. Thomas by a festive meeting of the most respectable settlers, and the Colonel himself opens the ball with one of the ladies, generally showing his taste by selecting the youngest and prettiest.

The evening now began to close in, night came on, with the stars and the fair young moon in her train. I felt much fatigued, and my young driver appeared to be out in his reckoning—that is, with regard to distance—for luckily he could not miss the way, there being but one. I stopped a man who was trudging along with an axe on his shoulder, "How far to Colonel Talbot's?" "About three miles and a half." This was encouraging; but a quarter of an hour afterwards, on asking the same question of another, he replied, "About seven miles." A third informed me that it was three miles beyond Major Burwell's¹. The next person I met advised me to put up at "Water's" and not think of going any farther to-night; however, on arriving at Mr. Water's hotel, I was not particularly charmed with the prospect of a night's rest within its precincts. It was a long-shaped wooded house, comfortless in appearance; a number of men were drinking at the bar, and sounds of revelry issued from the open door. I requested my driver to proceed, which he did with all willingness.

We had travelled nearly the whole day through open well-cleared land, more densely peopled than

1. Col. Mahlon Burwell emigrated from New Jersey to Canada and settled in the London District in 1809. He surveyed a large portion of the Talbot Country and the London town site, and was the first member for London in the Upper Canada Assembly. He died in Southwold township in 1846, aged 62.

any part of the province I had seen since I left the Niagara District. Suddenly we came upon a thick wood, through which the road ran due west, in a straight line. The shadows fell deeper and deeper from the foliage on either side, and I could not see a yard around, but exactly before me the last gleams of twilight lingered where the moon was setting. Once or twice I was startled by seeing a deer bound across the path, his large antlers being for one instant defined, pencilled, as it were, against the sky, then lost.

The darkness fell deeper every moment, the silence more solemn. The whip-poor-will began his melancholy cry, and an owl sent forth a prolonged shriek which, if I had not heard it before, would have frightened me. After a while my driver stopped and listened, and I could plainly hear the tinkling of cow-bells. I thought this a good sign, till the boy reminded me that it was the custom of the settlers to turn their cattle loose in the summer to seek their own food, and that they often strayed miles from the clearing.

We were proceeding along our dark path very slowly, for fear of accidents, when I heard the approaching tread of a horse, and the welcome sound of a man whistling. The boy hailed him with some impatience in his voice, "I say!—mister!—whereabouts is Colonel Talbot's?"

"The Colonel's? Why, straight afore you; follow your nose, you buzzard!"

Here I interposed. "Be so good, friend, as to inform me how far we are yet from Colonel Talbot's house?"

"Who have you got here?" cried the man in surprise.

"A lady, comed over the sea to visit the Colonel."

"Then," said the man, approaching my carriage—my cart, I should say—with much respect, "I guess you're the lady that the Colonel has been looking out for this week past. Why, I've been three times to St. Thomas's with the team after you!"

"I'm very sorry you've had that trouble!"

"O, no trouble at all—shall I ride back and tell him you're coming?"

This I declined, for the poor man was evidently going home to his supper.

To hear that the formidable Colonel was anxiously expecting me was very encouraging, and, from the man's description, I supposed that we were close to the house. Not so; the road, mocking my impatience, took so many bends, and sweeps, and windings, up hill and down hill, that it was an eternity before we arrived. The Colonel piques himself exceedingly on this graceful picturesque approach to his residence, and not without reason; but on the present occasion I could have preferred a line more direct to the line of beauty. The darkness, which concealed its charms, left me sensible only to its length.

On ascending some high ground, a group of buildings was dimly descried. And after oversetting part of a snake-fence before we found an entrance, we drove up to the door. Lights were gleaming in the windows and the Colonel sallied forth with prompt gallantry to receive me.

My welcome was not only cordial, but courtly. The Colonel, taking me under his arm, and ordering the boy and his horses to be well taken care of, handed me into the hall or vestibule, where sacks of wheat and piles of sheep-skins lay heaped in primitive fashion; thence into a room, the walls of which were formed of naked logs. In front of a capacious chimney stood a long wooden table, flanked with two wooden chairs, cut from the forest in the midst of which they now stood. To one of these the Colonel handed me, with the air of a courtier, and took the other himself. Like all men who live out of the world, he retained a lively curiosity as to what was passing in it, and I was pressed with a profusion of questions as well as hospitable attentions; but wearied, exhausted, aching in every nerve, the spirit with which I had at first met him in his own style, was fast ebbing. I could neither speak nor eat, and was soon dismissed to repose.

With courteous solicitude, he ushered me himself to the door of a comfortable, well-furnished bedroom, where a fire blazed cheerfully, where female hands had evidently presided to arrange my toilet and where female aid awaited me;—so much had the good Colonel been calumniated!



CHAPTER XII PORT TALBOT

July 10, 1837

This is the land of hope, of faith, ay, and of charity, for a man who hath not all three had better not come here; with them he may, by strength of his own right hand and trusting heart, achieve miracles: witness Colonel Talbot.

This remarkable man is now about sixty-five, perhaps more, but he does not look so much. In spite of his rustic dress, his good-humoured, jovial, weather-beaten face, and the primitive simplicity, not to say rudeness, of his dwelling, he has in his features, air and deportment, that something which stamps him gentleman. And that something which thirty-four years of solitude has not effaced, he derives, I suppose, from blood and birth, things of more consequence, when philosophically and philanthropically considered, than we are apt to allow. He must have been very handsome when young; his resemblance now to our royal family, particularly to the King, (William the Fourth), is so very striking as to be something next to identity.

Colonel Talbot¹ came out to Upper Canada as aide-de-camp to Governor Simcoe in 1793, and

1. Col. Talbot came to Upper Canada as aide-de-camp to Simcoe in 1792. His first patent dated May 7, 1804, gave him 5,000 acres of land which formed the basis of his settlement. In all 540,443 acres of land spread over twenty-eight townships were at various times down to the year 1824 placed in his hands for settlement.