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R. K. JONES.

Woodstock, April 17, 1896.

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U. R. HANSON, Auctioneer, Com. Agent.
Woodstock, March 24, 1896.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

DEPARTURES.

6.30 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For McAdam Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John.
8.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Houlton.
10.50 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For McAdam Junction, Fredericton and St. John.
11.05 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Aroostook Junction, etc.
12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Week days: For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
1.04 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For Presque Isle, Carleton Place, etc.
4.23 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days: For St. John, St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, North-West, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

ARRIVALS.

A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroostook Junction, etc.
10.35 A. M.—MIXED—Week days: From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
10.45 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam Junction.
1.00 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bangor, Montreal, etc.
4.19 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton, Edmundston, etc.
6.00 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.
10.45 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, St. Stephen, etc.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S

Winter Journey from Fredericton to Presquise in 1815.

[No. 73.]

In our last article mention was made of the old post route between Fredericton and Quebec via the St. John and Madawaska rivers. A very interesting account of a journey over this route in midwinter, more than eighty years ago, is contained in Head's "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the wilds of North America." The writer of this account, Sir George Head, was an elder brother of Sir Francis Bond Head, governor of Upper Canada 1835-1837. He was a young man of little more than thirty when he came to Canada to take charge of the commissariat of a naval establishment on the Canadian Lakes. He arrived at Halifax in the month of December 1814 and proceeded thence to Fredericton where the more formidable part of his adventures was to begin. He was not the first distinguished Englishman to pass over this route. Governor Thos. Carleton had a walk to Quebec on snow shoes in March 1788 to see his brother Lord Dorchester who was reported seriously ill. He says it was a pleasant journey although they had to pass eight nights in the woods.

Sir George Head left Fredericton on New Year's day having hired a two horse sleigh with a French driver for \$40.00 to take him to the military post at Presquise. Leaving Fredericton at noon they ploughed their way through deep snow to the Upper French village where they passed the night in a poor log hut consisting of but a single room with two beds, one of which was assigned to Sir George and in the other slept the good man of the house and his wife and four children. During the night says Sir George "The youngest child cried incessantly in spite of all the woman could do to pacify it. Sometimes the good wife sat up in bed with the little animal hugged between her chin and her elbows, hushing and rocking herself and it; and then she patted its back and it still cried. Then ten times I dare say in the course of the night, out of bed got the poor husband who stood for several minutes at the stove, displaying a pair of lean bare legs, and stirring something in a saucepan with the broken stump of an iron spoon—a picture of obedience and misery! Then he got into bed again. Then came a long consultation and almost a quarrel about what was best to be done. Then the grand specific was administered but all without effect. At last the other children awoke and the youngest of these began to cry too; the mother said it was the biggest one's fault and beat her. So off she went and we had a loud concert till what with the noise of the children, and the heat, and the dirt and the fleas I felt ready to rush out of doors and roll myself in the snow."

Sir George awoke in the morning very much unrefreshed! They proceeded ten miles to Ingham's in Queensbury the road heavy and much drifted. In those days the bridges were rude and scarcely more than broad enough for a single team to pass and in many cases the hills on either side very precipitous. The Frenchman drove with long cord reins and had a primitive harness altogether but the horses were high spirited animals and quite won Sir George's admiration. He says "The horses, so sure as they arrived at the verge of each ravine, seemed to take all sorts of charge upon themselves. Up went their heads and tails and like a pair of hippogriffs down they went with a dash till they reached the bridge, when, closing together, laying back their ears, and cringing in their backs, they rattled over the logs at full gallop and up the opposite bank till the weight of the vehicle brought them to a walk. Now came the turn of the driver, and as he was perfect in all the words which frightened horses, he used them with such emphasis, jumping out of the sleigh at the same time with considerable activity, while the animals dragged it through the deep snow, so that he contrived to keep them to their collar till they completed the ascent."

Sir George says that the houses were so scarce now the country seemed well nigh deserted. Having baited at Ingham's they proceeded thence eleven miles to Macaulan's at the Nacawick the road so bad that all hands were obliged to walk nearly all the way. Pushing on a few miles further they stopped at a log house for the night. Here they received a hospitable greeting and Sir George was struck with the lack of etiquette displayed by all parties. The driver entered the house as if it were his own, throwing a large stick that he had dragged in with him on the open fire, and taking a key from the wall without even saying "by your leave" disappeared for the purpose of stabling the horses. The state of the country at this time was such that "common consent established a reciprocity of accommodation." A dozen strangers probably would enter one after another each dropping down to rest before the fire and taking up their quarters for the night without the ceremony of asking leave of anybody. The poorest person was not the least welcome nor in the exercise of hospitality was any regard paid to condition or outward appearance. The people had enough to answer their own wants and secluded from the world were remunerated for their hospitality by the news they occasionally received from the passing travellers. Sir George goes on to say "The landlord and his wife were both extremely civil good people. They had cows, pigs, poultry and all the requisites of a small farm; and finding by degrees in the course of the evening that my stock of provisions was expended, they thawed and set before me a frozen goose which I thought excellent. They listened with great apparent satisfaction while I related to them various little incidents of my journey such as I

thought would amuse them; and having in return for their goose filled them as full of news as I could, I prepared to stretch myself on the boards before the fire. With my feet towards the hearth, I wrapped myself up in my buffalo skin and laying my head upon a log of maple, I listened to the crackling of the fire till I fell sound asleep. I did not wake till the morning and how my landlord and his wife got to bed although they slept in the same room I really cannot tell. In the morning I had seated myself on my wooden pillow before they had arisen; but the ceremonies of the toilet were quickly performed by all parties and a warm breakfast completed the preparations for the ensuing day's journey."

Starting at daylight they proceeded ten miles to Mr. Phillips in what is now lower Northampton and having baited proceeded slowly to Woodstock where they took to the ice and found the travelling much better. They put up for the night at a house on the east side of the river about two miles above Upper Woodstock where Sir George Head was glad to find "a very comfortable clean bed."

The next day there was a howling snow-storm that kept all hands in doors. The French driver with the aid of his pipe and a bottle of rum contrived to pass away the time in company with four or five other men most of them also storm staid, but as Sir George says, "they soon became a noisy set from whom there was neither entertainment nor information to be derived." "I walked backward and forwards and fidgeted," he says, "all to no purpose. Whenever I opened the door of the house to look out to windward I was greeted by the execrations of the whole crew within—perhaps not without reason, for the wind made balloons of the women's petticoats and filled the room with a whirlpool of snow which it took one's whole strength to close the door against, while every time the weather seemed worse and worse."

While waiting for the storm to moderate two men arrived each with a white leather bag across his back which proved to be the post men in charge of the Quebec mail bags to Fredericton. Both were native French Canadians one having a little—or not a little—Indian blood in his veins. With these men for his guides Sir George Head agreed to proceed by way of the upper St. John and Madawaska rivers to the shores of the St. Lawrence, the post men to draw his baggage on two toboggans and to receive £15 for their services. They agreed to meet him on their way back from Fredericton at Mr. Turner's house at the mouth of the Presquise. Having completed the bargain the men lighted their pipes and resumed their journey down the river in high spirits keeping up a long light trot till out of sight. Another hard day's journey of eighteen miles through deep snow brought Sir George to the old military post. He was not much impressed with Mr. Turner's residence, which had apparently seen its best days, but he was much struck with the appearance of Mr. Turner whom he describes in a serio-comic strain as "A tall withered thin man, about sixty years of age, with extremely small legs and thighs narrow shoulders, long neck, and back as straight as a ram rod. Innumerable short narrow wrinkles which crossed each other in every direction covered his face, which was brown as a nut; and he had a very small mouth, drawn in and pursed up at the corners. His eyes were very little, black, keen and deep set in his head. He hardly ever spoke; and I do not think that while I was in his house I ever saw him smile. He was dressed in an old rusty black coat and trousers both perfectly thread bare and he sat always in one posture and in one place, bolt upright on a hard wooden chair. He seemed to me the picture of a man who from want of interest in the world had fallen into a state of apathy;—and yet that would seem impossible considering that Mr. Turner was the chief diplomatist in these parts,—the representative of the Commissariat department charged with the duties of supplying the garrison at Presque Isle, a man of high importance in his station, invested with local authority and in direct correspondence with the higher powers at Quebec. Notwithstanding all this the energies of Mr. Turner's body and mind were suffered to lie at rest; for the garrison consisted of a corporal and four privates, making in all five men, to supply whom with rations was nearly his whole and sole occupation and so he gradually sobered down into the quiet tranquil sort of person I found him. A daughter, a fine handsome bouncing girl under twenty, with sparkling black eyes and an animated countenance, seemed to bear testimony to days gone by when affairs were somewhat more lively, but the contrast now was sufficiently striking, for without regarding her, anybody, or anything he kept his place and attitude always sitting close to the stove."

There was a small square hole in the centre of the door, as there generally is in all Canada stoves, made to open and shut with a slider as occasion requires; this he kept open for a purpose of his own, for by long practice he had acquired a knack of spitting through this little hole with such unerring certainty by a particular sort of jerk through his front teeth that he absolutely never missed his mark. This accomplishment was the more useful to him, as he was in the habit of profusely chewing tobacco, all the care he seemed to have!—and he opened the door of the stove now and then to see how the fire was going on."

On his arrival Sir George Head had not tasted food since daylight and the slices of pork-fried up with chopped potatoes placed before him by Miss Turner were very appetizing. "I thought at the time," he says "that nothing I had ever eaten tasted so well." His experience, however the first night at Presquise was not an enviable one; the house was out of repair, several panes of glass were cracked in his room and others broken. As the thermometer was below zero he passed a very miserable night sometimes walking about the room and beating his sides in the endeavor to keep warm. Breakfast was a brisk walk on snow shoes improved things greatly and in the course of the day the guides arrived upon the scene with whom he had parted but two days previously, having travelled nearly all night to get there."

In another article we shall have something to say about the snow shoe tramp to Lake Temiscouata.

W. O. RAYMOND.

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[- MEDICINE -]

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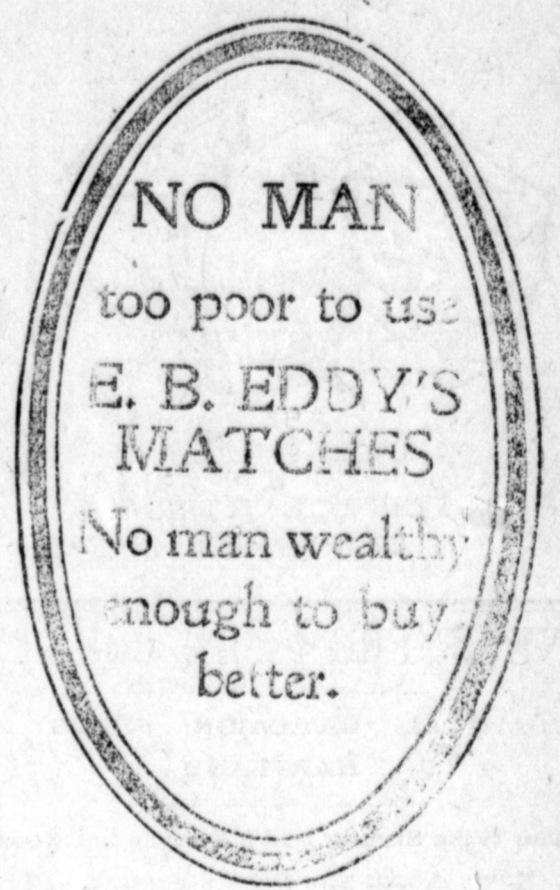
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