

Three Rivers

Barge

Pictou 30 June, 1857

Dr George & Anna

Two, or three, weeks ago, if you recollect
hold your of my baggage up the St
Lawrence, as far as the Little Scattered
Town of Three Rivers - we left it
about nine o'clock in the morning
and proceeded up Stream, against
Wind and Current - the day looked
like Rain, and we could not see far
around us for the dense Clouds that
hung like a Pall from the Skies.

Very soon after we ~~were~~ left Three
Rivers we met one of these immense
large Rafts which I had often
heard of, but never saw before
It was about the size of one of my
fields at the Farm, as our Pilot
told us that it contained about
4 Acres and would contain
more than 10,000 Logs of Timber
(we counted upon 19, Lumbering
Houses - saw upon it Great Num-
ber of Men, Women & Children

and Pigs, Dogs, & Hens - They had
long poles Erected at the Ends of
Some of the Houses, with Lanthorns
at the Top which they light in
the Night time to Warn Vessels going
up or down the River to Keep
Clear - Soon after passing this we
Entered St Peters Lake, which is
merely an Expansion of the River,
about 15 miles long - The water is
all very Shallow, Except a Channel
which runs straight through the
middle of the Lake, having on each
Side at regular Distances from
Posts about 20 feet high with
Lanthorns on the Top, that look
like Lamp Lages - but are in
fact Beacons on light houses
to Guide the Navigation through
in dark nights, when in the
middle of the Lake we passed
another great Raft - here
the appearance of the Houses

all around us looked very queer -
The Country all around is very
low and level, so that we could
see nothing of the Land at all,
nothing but the Tops of the Trees
here and there which looked as
if they were growing in the
Water. - when we were nearly
by through the Lake we came up
with 5 or 6 small Steamers,
which were employed in
dredging up the Mud into large
scows to deepen the Channel
under the Command of a
Captain Bell, whose Death
you may have since then seen
announced in the Montreal
Papers - our Captain spoke to
him as we passed - poor man
he did not know how soon
he would be in the Grave &
yet we are all equally uncertain
how soon we shall die.

The rest of my Trunks must be
Postponed till Next Letter

I Expect to have a New box
of the "Bonds of Hope" in a few days
and will send you one - which
you both can read and let W B
look at the Pictures - Good Bay!!
I am thankful that his Pa says
he remembers me and loves me,
I will send him a pretty Book
for that.

Giving my love to mama
and Miss Betty - yours

Grandpa

