

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen  
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo  
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Molière  
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka  
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle  
Baum Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis  
Leslie Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane  
Burroughs Verne  
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain  
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato  
Potter Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte  
Kant London Descartes Cervantes Voltaire Cooke  
Poe Aristotle Wells Bunner Shakespeare Chambers Irving  
Hale James Hastings Richter Chekhov da Shaw Wodehouse  
Doré Dante Pushkin Alcott  
Swift



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, tredition offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. tredition is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

## TREDITION CLASSICS

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series. The creators of this series are united by passion for literature and driven by the intention of making all public domain books available in printed format again - worldwide. Most TREDITION CLASSICS titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades. At tredition we believe that a great book never goes out of style and that its value is eternal. Several mostly non-profit literature projects provide content to tredition. To support their good work, tredition donates a portion of the proceeds from each sold copy. As a reader of a TREDITION CLASSICS book, you support our mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion. See all available books at [www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com).



The content for this book has been graciously provided by Project Gutenberg. Project Gutenberg is a non-profit organization founded by Michael Hart in 1971 at the University of Illinois. The mission of Project Gutenberg is simple: To encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks. Project Gutenberg is the first and largest collection of public domain eBooks.

**In the Forest Or, pictures of life  
and scenery in the woods of  
Canada**

Catharine Parr Strickland Traill

# Imprint

This book is part of TREDITION CLASSICS

Author: Catharine Parr Strickland Traill  
Cover design: Buchgut, Berlin - Germany

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg - Germany  
ISBN: 978-3-8424-6546-6

[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)  
[www.tredition.de](http://www.tredition.de)

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations, such as Project Gutenberg, worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

## CONTENTS

- CHAPTER I The Flying Squirrel – Its Food – Story of a Wolf – Indian Village – Wild Rice
- CHAPTER II Sleighing – Sleigh Robes – Fur Caps – Otter Skins – Old Snow-Storm – Otter Hunting – Otter Slides – Indian Names – Remarks on Wild Animals and their Habits
- CHAPTER III PART I  
– Lady Mary reads to Mrs. Frazer the First Part of the History of the Squirrel Family
- PART II  
– Which tells how the Gray Squirrels fared while they remained on Pine Island – How they behaved to their poor Relations, the Chipmunks – And what happens to them in the Forest
- PART III  
– How the Squirrels got to the Mill at the Rapids – And what happened to the Velvet-paw
- CHAPTER IV Squirrels – The Chipmunks – Docility of a Pet One – Roguery of a Yankee Pedlar – Return of the Musical Chipmunk to his Master's Bosom – Sagacity of a Black Squirrel
- CHAPTER V Indian Baskets – Thread Plants – Maple Sugar Tree – Indian Ornamental Works – Racoons
- CHAPTER VI. Canadian Birds – Snow Sparrow – Robin Redbreast – Canadian Flowers – American Porcupine



- CHAPTER VII. Indian Bag—Indian Embroidery—Beaver's Tail—Beaver Architecture—Habits of the Beaver—Beaver Tools—Beaver Meadows
- CHAPTER VIII. Indian Boy and his Pets—Tame Beaver at Home—Kitten, Wildfire—Pet Raccoon and the Spaniel Puppies—Canadian Flora
- CHAPTER IX. Nurse tells Lady Mary about a Little Boy who was eaten by a Bear in the Province of New Brunswick—Of a Baby who was carried away but taken alive—A Walk in the Garden—Humming Birds—Canadian Balsams
- CHAPTER X. Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, most frequently seen in northern Climates—Called Merry Dancers—Rose Tints—Tintlike Appearance—Lady Mary frightened
- CHAPTER XI. Strawberries—Canadian Wild Fruits—Wild Raspberries—The Hunter and the Lost Child—Cranberries—Cranberry Marshes—Nuts
- CHAPTER XII. Garter snakes—Rattle-snakes—Anecdote of a Little Boy—Fisherman and Snake—Snake Charmers—Spiders—Land Tortoise
- CHAPTER XIII. Ellen and her Pet Fawns—Docility of Fan—Jack's Droll Tricks—Affectionate Wolf—Fall Flowers—Departure of Lady Mary—The End.



## **List of Illustrations.**

LADY MARY AND THE NOSEGAY A NARROW ESCAPE THE  
FLYING SQUIRREL ADVENTURE WITH A WOLF INDIAN  
WIGWAMS THE OTTERS DOLLY'S SLEIGH RIDE LADY  
MARY READING HER PICTURE BOOK THE GRAY SQUIRREL  
AND THE CHIPMUNKS THE PET SQUIRREL NIMBLE RE-  
COVERING HIS SISTER WATCHING THE BIRDS THE PRE-  
SENT FROM FATHER BEAVERS MAKING A DAM "CAUGHT  
AT LAST" THE AURORA BOREALIS THE LOST CHILD AND  
THE BEARS A BOY HERO THE INDIAN HUNTER



## IN THE FOREST.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FLYING SQUIRREL—ITS FOOD—STORY OF A WOLF— INDIAN VILLAGE—WILD RICE.

"Nurse, what is the name of that pretty creature you have in your hand? What bright eyes it has! What a soft tail—just like a gray feather! Is it a little beaver?" asked the Governor's little daughter, as her nurse came into the room where her young charge, whom we shall call Lady Mary, was playing with her doll.

Carefully sheltered against her breast, its velvet nose just peeping from beneath her muslin neckerchief, the nurse held a small gray-furred animal, of the most delicate form and colour.

"No, my lady," she replied, "this is not a young beaver; a beaver is a much larger animal. A beaver's tail is not covered with fur; it is scaly, broad, and flat; it looks something like black leather, not very unlike that of my seal-skin slippers. The Indians eat beavers' tails at their great feasts, and think they make an excellent dish."

"If they are black, and look like leather shoes, I am very sure I should not like to eat them; so, if you please, Mrs. Frazer, do not let me have any beavers' tails cooked for my dinner," said the little lady, in a very decided tone.

"Indeed, my lady," replied her nurse, smiling, "it would not be an easy thing to obtain, if you wished to taste one, for beavers are not brought to our market. It is only the Indians and hunters who know how to trap them, and beavers are not so plentiful as they used to be."

Mrs. Frazer would have told Lady Mary a great deal about the way in which the trappers take the beavers, but the little girl interrupted her by saying, "Please, nurse, will you tell me the name of your pretty pet? Ah, sweet thing, what bright eyes you have!" she added, caressing the soft little head which was just seen from beneath the folds of the muslin handkerchief to which it timidly nestled, casting furtive glances at the admiring child, while the panting of its breast told the mortal terror that shook its frame whenever the little girl's hand was advanced to coax its soft back.

[Illustration: THE FLYING SQUIRREL]

"It is a flying squirrel, Lady Mary," replied her nurse; "one of my brothers caught it a month ago, when he was chopping in the forest. He thought it might amuse your ladyship, and so he tamed it and sent it to me in a basket filled with moss, with some acorns, and hickory-nuts, and beech-mast for him to eat on his journey, for the little fellow has travelled a long way: he came from the beech-woods near the town of Coburg, in the Upper Province."

"And where is Coburg, nurse? Is it a large city like Montreal or Quebec?"

"No, my lady; it is a large town on the shores of the great Lake Ontario."

"And are there many woods near it?"

"Yes; but not so many as there used to be many years ago. The forest is almost all cleared, and there are fields of wheat and Indian corn, and nice farms and pretty houses, where a few years back the lofty forest grew dark and thick."

"Nurse, you said there were acorns, and hickory-nuts, and beech-mast in the basket. I have seen acorns at home in dear England and Scotland, and I have eaten the hickory-nuts here; but what is beech-mast? Is it in granaries for winter stores; and wild ducks and wild pigeons come from the far north at the season when the beech-mast fall, to eat them; for God teaches these, His creatures, to know the times and the seasons when His bounteous hand is open to give

them food from His boundless store. A great many other birds and beasts also feed upon the beech-mast."

"It was very good of your brother to send me this pretty creature, nurse," said the little lady; "I will ask Papa to give him some money."

"There is no need of that, Lady Mary. My brother is not in want; he has a farm in the Upper Province, and is very well off."

"I am glad he is well off," said Lady Mary; "indeed, I do not see so many beggars here as in England."

"People need not beg in Canada, if they are well and strong and can work; a poor man can soon earn enough money to keep himself and his little ones."

"Nurse, will you be so kind as to ask Campbell to get a pretty cage for my squirrel? I will let him live close to my dormice, who will be pleasant company for him, and I will feed him every day myself with nuts and sugar, and sweet cake and white bread. Now do not tremble and look so frightened, as though I were going to hurt you; and pray, Mr Squirrel, do not bite. Oh! nurse, nurse, the wicked, spiteful creature has bitten my finger! See, see, it has made it bleed! Naughty thing! I will not love you if you bite. Pray, nurse, bind up my finger, or it will soil my frock."

Great was the pity bestowed upon the wound by Lady Mary's kind attendant, till the little girl, tired of hearing so much said about the bitten finger, gravely desired her maid to go in search of the cage and catch the truant, which had effected its escape, and was clinging to the curtains of the bed. The cage was procured—a large wooden cage, with an outer and an inner chamber, a bar for the little fellow to swing himself on, a drawer for his food, and a little dish for his water. The sleeping-room was furnished by the nurse with soft wool, and a fine store of nuts was put in the drawer; all his wants were well supplied, and Lady Mary watched the catching of the little animal with much interest. Great was the activity displayed by the runaway squirrel, and still greater the astonishment evinced by the Governor's little daughter at the flying leaps made by the squirrel in its attempts to elude the grasp of its pursuers. "It flies! I am sure it must have wings. Look, look, nurse! it is here, now

it is on the wall, now on the curtains! It must have wings; but it has no feathers!"

"It has, no wings, dear lady, but it has a fine ridge of fur that covers a strong sinew or muscle between the fore and hinder legs; and it is by the help of this muscle that it is able to spring so far and so fast; and its claws are so sharp, that it can cling to a wall or any flat surface. The black and red squirrels, and the common gray, can jump very far and run up the bark of the trees very fast, but not so fast as the flying squirrel."

At last Lady Mary's maid, with the help of one of the housemaids, succeeded in catching the squirrel and securing him within his cage. But though Lady Mary tried all her words of endearment to coax the little creature to eat some of the good things that had been provided so liberally for his entertainment, he remained sullen and motionless at the bottom of the cage. A captive is no less a captive in a cage with gilded bars and with dainties to eat, than if rusted iron shut him in, and kept him from enjoying his freedom. It is for dear liberty that he pines and is sad, even in the midst of plenty!

"Dear nurse, why does my little squirrel tremble and look so unhappy? Tell me if he wants anything to eat that we have not given him. Why does he not lie down and sleep on the nice soft bed you have made for him in his little chamber? See, he has not tasted the nice sweet cake and sugar that I gave him."

"He is not used to such dainties, Lady Mary. In the forest he feeds upon hickory-nuts, and butternuts, and acorns, and beech-mast, and the buds of the spruce, fir and pine kernels, and many other seeds and nuts and berries that we could not get for him; he loves grain too, and Indian corn. He sleeps on green moss and leaves, and fine fibres of grass and roots, and drinks heaven's blessed dew, as it lies bright and pure upon the herbs of the field."

"Dear little squirrel! pretty creature! I know now what makes you sad. You long to be abroad among your own green woods, and sleeping on the soft green moss, which is far prettier than this ugly cotton wool. But you shall stay with me, my sweet one, till the cold winter is past and gone, and the spring flowers have come again; and then, my pretty squirrel, I will take you out of your dull cage, and we will go to St. Helen's green island, and I will let you go free;

but I will put a scarlet collar about your neck before I let you go, that if any one finds you, they may know that you are my squirrel. Were you ever in the green forest, nurse? I hear papa talk about the 'Bush' and the 'Backwoods;' it must be very pleasant in the summer to live among the green trees. Were you ever there?"

"Yes, dear lady; I did live in the woods when I was a child. I was born in a little log-shanty, far, far away up the country, near a beautiful lake called Rice Lake, among woods, and valleys, and hills covered with flowers, and groves of pine, and white and black oaks."

"Stop, nurse, and tell me why they are called black and white; are the flowers black and white?"

"No, my lady; it is because the wood of the one is darker than the other, and the leaves of the black oak are dark and shining, while those of the white oak are brighter and lighter. The black oak is a beautiful tree. When I was a young girl, I used to like to climb the sides of the steep valleys, and look down upon the tops of the oaks that grew beneath, and to watch the wind lifting the boughs all glittering in the moonlight; they looked like a sea of ruffled green water. It is very solemn, Lady Mary, to be in the woods by night, and to hear no sound but the cry of the great wood-owl, or the voice of the whip-poor-will, calling to his fellow from the tamarack swamp, or, may be, the timid bleating of a fawn that has lost its mother, or the howl of a wolf."

"Nurse, I should be so afraid; I am sure I should cry if I heard the wicked wolves howling in the dark woods by night. Did you ever know any one who was eaten by a wolf?"

"No, my lady; the Canadian wolf is a great coward. I have heard the hunters say that they never attack any one unless there is a great flock together and the man is alone and unarmed. My uncle used to go out a great deal hunting, sometimes by torchlight, and sometimes on the lake, in a canoe with the Indians; and he shot and trapped a great many wolves and foxes and racoons. He has a great many heads of wild animals nailed up on the stoup in front of his log-house."

"Please tell me what a stoup is, nurse?"

"A verandah, my lady, is the same thing, only the old Dutch settlers gave it the name of a stoup, and the stoup is heavier and broader, and not quite so nicely made as a verandah. One day my uncle was crossing the lake on the ice; it was a cold winter afternoon, he was in a hurry to take some food to his brothers, who were drawing pine-logs in the bush. He had, besides a bag of meal and flour, a new axe on his shoulder. He heard steps as of a dog trotting after him; he turned his head, and there he saw, close at his heels, a big, hungry-looking gray wolf; he stopped and faced about, and the big beast stopped and showed his white sharp teeth. My uncle did not feel afraid, but looked steadily at the wolf, as much as to say, 'Follow me if you dare,' and walked on. When my uncle stopped, the wolf stopped; when he went on, the beast also went on."

"I would have run away," said Lady Mary.

"If my uncle had let the wolf see that he was afraid of him, he would have grown bolder, and have run after him and seized him. All animals are afraid of brave men, but not of cowards. When the beast came too near, my uncle faced him and showed the bright axe, and the wolf then shrank back a few paces. When my uncle got near the shore, he heard a long wild cry, as if from twenty wolves at once. It might have been the echoes from the islands that increased the sound; but it was very frightful and made his blood chill, for he knew that without his rifle he should stand a poor chance against a large pack of hungry wolves. Just then a gun went off; he heard the wolf give a terrible yell, he felt the whizzing of a bullet pass him, and turning about, saw the wolf lying dead on the ice. A loud shout from the cedars in front told him from whom the shot came; it was my father, who had been on the look-out on the lake shore, and he had fired at and hit the wolf when he saw that he could do so without hurting his brother."

"Nurse, it would have been a sad thing if the gun had shot your uncle."

"It would; but my father was one of the best shots in the district, and could hit a white spot on the bark of a tree with a precision that was perfectly wonderful. It was an old Indian from Buckhorn Lake who taught him to shoot deer by torchlight and to trap beavers."

"Well, I am glad that horrid wolf was killed, for wolves eat sheep and lambs; and I daresay they would devour my little squirrel if they could get him. Nurse, please to tell me again the name of the lake near which you were born."

"It is called Rice Lake, my lady. It is a fine piece of water, more than twenty miles long, and from three to five miles broad. It has pretty wooded islands, and several rivers or streams empty themselves into it. The Otonabee River is a fine broad stream, which flows through the forest a long way. Many years ago, there were no clearings on the banks, and no houses, only Indian tents or wigwams; but now there are a great many houses and farms."

"What are wigwams?"

"A sort of light tent, made with poles stuck into the ground in a circle, fastened together at the top, and covered on the outside with skins of wild animals, or with birch bark. The Indians light a fire of sticks and logs on the ground, in the middle of the wigwam, and lie or sit all round it; the smoke goes up to the top and escapes. Or sometimes, in the warm summer weather, they kindle their fire without, and their squaws, or wives, attend to it; while they go hunting in the forest, or, mounted on swift horses, pursue the trail of their enemies. In the winter, they bank up the wigwam with snow, and make it very warm."

[Illustration: INDIAN WIGWAMS]

"I think it must be a very ugly sort of house, and I am glad I do not live in an Indian wigwam," said the little lady.

"The Indians are a very simple folk, my lady, and do not need fine houses like this in which your papa lives. They do not know the names or uses of half the fine things that are in the houses of the white people. They are happy and contented without them. It is not the richest that are happiest, Lady Mary, and the Lord careth for the poor and the lowly. There is a village on the shores of Rice Lake where the Indians live. It is not very pretty. The houses are all built of logs, and some of them have gardens and orchards. They have a neat church, and they have a good minister, who takes great pains to teach them the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The poor Indians

were Pagans until within the last few years." "What are Pagans, nurse?"

"People, Lady Mary, who do not believe in God and the Lord Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour."

"Nurse, is there real rice growing in the Rice Lake? I heard my governess say that rice grew only in warm countries. Now, your lake must be very cold if your uncle walked across the ice."

"This rice, my lady, is not real rice. I heard a gentleman tell my father that it was, properly speaking, a species of oats [Footnote: *Zizania*, or water oats]—water oats, he called it; but the common name for it is wild rice. This wild rice grows in vast beds in the lake in patches of many acres. It will grow in water from eight to ten or twelve feet deep; the grassy leaves float upon the water like long narrow green ribbons. In the month of August, the stem that is to bear the flower and the grain rises straight up above the surface, and light delicate blossoms come out of a pale straw colour and lilac. They are very pretty, and wave in the wind with a rustling noise. In the month of October, when the rice is ripe, the leaves turn yellow, and the rice-heads grow heavy and droop; then the squaws—as the Indian women are called—go out in their birch-bark canoes, holding in one hand a stick, in the other a short curved paddle with a sharp edge. With this they bend down the rice across the stick and strike off the heads, which fall into the canoe, as they push it along through the rice-beds. In this way they collect a great many bushels in the course of the day. The wild rice is not the least like the rice which your ladyship has eaten; it is thin, and covered with a light chaffy husk. The colour of the grain itself is a brownish-green, or olive, smooth, shining, and brittle. After separating the outward chaff, the squaws put by a large portion of the clean rice in its natural state for sale; for this they get from a dollar and a half to two dollars a bushel. Some they parch, either in large pots, or on mats made of the inner bark of cedar or bass wood, beneath which they light a slow fire, and plant around it a temporary hedge of green boughs closely set, to prevent the heat from escaping; they also drive stakes into the ground, over which they stretch the matting at a certain height above the fire. On this they spread the green rice, stirring it about with wooden paddles till it is properly

parched; this is known by its bursting and showing the white grain of the flour. When quite cool it is stowed away in troughs, scooped out of butter-nut wood, or else sewed up in sheets of birch bark or bass-mats, or in coarsely-made birch-bark baskets."

"And is the rice good to eat, nurse?"

"Some people like it as well as the white rice of Carolina; but it does not look so well. It is a great blessing to the poor Indians, who boil it in their soups, or eat it with maple molasses. And they eat it when parched without any other cooking, when they are on a long journey in the woods, or on the lakes. I have often eaten nice puddings made of it with milk. The deer feed upon the green rice. They swim into the water and eat the green leaves and tops. The Indians go out at night to shoot the deer on the water; they listen for them, and shoot them in the dark. The wild ducks and water-fowls come down in great flocks to fatten on the ripe rice in the fall of the year; also large flocks of rice buntings and red wings, which make their roosts among the low willows, flags, and lilies, close to the shallows of the lake."

"It seems very useful to birds as well as to men and beasts," said little Lady Mary.

"Yes, my lady, and to fishes also, I make no doubt; for the good God has cast it so abundantly abroad on the waters, that I daresay they also have their share. When the rice is fully ripe, the sun shining on it gives it a golden hue, just like a field of ripened grain. Surrounded by the deep-blue waters, it looks very pretty."

"I am very much obliged to you nurse, for telling me so much about the Indian rice, and I will ask mamma to let me have some one day for my dinner, that I may know how it tastes."

Just then Lady Mary's governess came to bid her nurse dress her for a sleigh-ride, and so for the present we shall leave her; but we will tell our little readers something more in another chapter about Lady Mary and her flying squirrel.

