

## A TRIP UP THE FISHINGCREEK VALLEY

On Saturday last [March 30, 1867], enticed by the balmy air, we made a trip up the Fishingcreek. The roads above Orangeville were tolerably good, though in some places we found three feet of snow in the centre. We found the farmers busy making preparations for the Spring's work, and heartily glad that their season of rest was over. Our dinner at Ezekiel Cole's was a model, and we did it full justice. In order to show our "better-half" what buckwheat cakes ought to be, we purloined one, and brought it home.

We counted no less than twenty sugar camps on the route. Men, women, and children were gathering around the blazing fires, evidently regarding the matter as fine sport. It is a life in the woods after being pent up all winter. Some camps we found produced 1,000 pounds. Mr. Cole showed us some that was as light as our Louisiana sugars. The interest is a large and growing one, and should be fostered. We met many of Sugarloaf's yeomanry at the "Hess Sale," and found them strong in the faith and hopeful of the future."

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