

this may feel disposed to ridicule the agent's course in this matter, and I knew Brown himself to laugh when referring to it some years after. But he did not laugh at the time, as he thought it a hardship to be forced so far away into the bush, and that he was unfairly treated by the agent, who no doubt considered himself acting in the public interest. As Poulett Street has since been chopped out, and the boundary of our clearing somewhat extended, it does not seem so far out of town as it did then. To travel a quarter of a mile in a dense swamp is a very different matter from travelling the same distance over a clear street.

The Crown Lands Agent, Mr. John Telford, was a native of Scotland, and came to the North-West in 1819 in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He was at Fort Garry after the dispersion of the Selkirk colony, and saw the graves of those who were killed in the battle between the servants of the Hudsons Bay and the North-West companies. He remained in the North-West for three years, at the end of which time he left for the East in company with a party of Indians, and made his way to Fort William, where he found means of continuing his journey till he arrived at the settled part of Upper Canada. He finally located in Galt where he was living when he received the appointment of Crown Lands Agent. He was a man of few words, of a kind and generous disposition, and took a deep interest in the settlement entrusted to his care. The many acts of kindness on the part of himself and his estimable wife, should cause their memory long to remain green in the homes of early settlers.

Land seekers continued to arrive throughout the entire summer and till late in the fall. Hugh McDiarmid and his son John came early in the season, the remainder of the family arriving later. Thomas Maitland found out our clearing, and he, like myself, became a

fixtured. He had the faculty in his early days, of accommodating himself to his surroundings. I knew him on one occasion to enjoy a sound night's sleep with the bare gravel beach for a bed, the sky for his only covering, and a good sized stone for his pillow. I at the same time slept equally well with the same bed and covering, but had for my pillow a bundle of moss which I preferred to a stone, believing it to be more comfortable if not so patriarchal. We had many adventures together both aloft and ashore, some of which were more exciting than pleasant. For myself, I was always cautious, but never lost my presence of mind in danger. As for Maitland, he was possessed of a don't-stop-to-consider-but-pitch-in, sort of temperament, and was as careless when in danger as he was about getting there. I remember once when crossing an arm of the Georgian Bay in an open boat we were overtaken by a violent gale, which rendered the probability of our going to the bottom unpleasantly near, and while I was exerting all my skill in steering the craft Maitland sat on one of the thwarts eating a piece of cake, the shape of a half-moon, with the same composure as if he were sitting by the camp fire. I expressed my surprise at his being able to eat under such circumstances, and he replied that "if he were going to be drowned, he did not see that his remaining hungry would mend matters." We succeeded, however, in reaching a safe harbour, but not without a parting salute from an angry breaker as we crossed the bar; and as we are both now approaching the end of our earthly voyage I trust that in crossing the final bar no breakers will be allowed to swamp our craft.

In the dusk of an evening that closed a day of heavy and incessant rain, two young men, spattered with mud and drenched to the skin, applied for lodgings at the dwelling of W. C. Boyd. Their dress and manner left no room for doubt