

you the choice of a farm in any part of Ontario you may select." I have often thought since what wisdom and plain common sense there was in this wholesome advice. I thought seriously of it and for the time abandoned the idea, but I had left school and something must be done, so I entered a lawyer's office, tried my hand in a grocery store, and at last purchased and sailed a schooner. In February, 1833, my father died, leaving me an ample share of his small fortune, principally in wild lands, and had it been carefully nursed would have left me comfortably provided for in after life, but my old idea for a country life returned, so I took to farming. I had allotted as my share a beautiful farm on the river Thames, two miles above Chatham and containing two hundred and forty-six acres (246) comparatively in a wild state with scarcely any improvements, save a log house and six or eight acres that could be cultivated. I hired a man and his wife to do the housework and commenced chopping and clearing up the land. It was while thus engaged that I met with my first mishap. I had been resting myself after felling a tree and was watching my man cutting through a large one