

including some cousins of ours, and we were all as cheerful as could be under the circumstances, and made light of the troubles of our semi-camp life. At Rattenbury's Corners (now Clinton) we turned west to Goderich, and the other waggon and its occupants kept on towards the north.

From Goderich we went to Kincardine in a small open boat, keeping close to the shore. Not a house was to be seen until we got opposite Pine Point. My sister Mary took very ill, I think from exposure to the sun, for the day was very hot, and I could see that mother's heart was sad and apprehensive, though we were nearing our destination and soon to meet relatives and old friends who had come out to the County of Bruce a year or two before them.

*In the Backwoods.*

After spending a few months in Kincardine to little purpose, father bought a bush farm in the township of Huron, and thereby hangs a tale; but which is too long and miscrable to be told in full. Father was not much of a farmer, and my eldest brother and I were too young and weak at the start—he only thirteen and I eleven—for the terrible work of clearing the land. The inevitable result was that in the next seven years we both almost broke our backs, and were physically used up before we became of age. It was a cruel fate.

As a mere instance of the hardships and privations of the early settlers in the backwoods in those days, I often saw the Lewis women in the next settlement