

three men. Of these three, one, whose name was McKenzie, left the following spring and never returned; another, Dunen McLaren, was drowned with two comrades when on their way to St. Vincent; and the third, Joseph Black settled on the east side of the Garafraxa road, adjoining the town reserve, where he remained till his death.

We rested for a day and then began our return trip. In due time we arrived at Arthur where the party dispersed, I striking out for home, where I remained until the spring of 1842. I then returned to Owen Sound which ever since has been my home, and of which I am now, with the exception of Mrs. Beith, "the oldest inhabitant."

An opening in the bush of about an acre in extent, partially cleared; three log houses, one occupied by the Crown Lands Agent and his family, one for the accommodation of emigrants, and the third kept as a tavern by Hugh Gunn Campbell; about half-a-mile of Street now called Union Street, with the timber chopped down but not cleared off; a deep, dark, and winding river, having a dense growth of cedar on either side with tops interlacing over head, forming the only channel of communication with the outside world and looking very unlike the future home of iron steamships.

Such was the town of Owen Sound in the spring of 1842, when I came to make it my home.

At this time there were a number of settlers in the country, the names of which, with their locations, as far as I can remember, were as follows: Michael McCabe, John Doyle, William Hatton, William McKenzie and the McClarty family, on the 10th concession of Sydenham; Joseph Black, Francis Arnot, John McGregor, John Thompson, Malcolm McMartin, Benj. McLaren, Joseph McFarlane, John Miller, George and John McKay, Wm. Glen, Moses Mosett, Lawrence Lahaye, Francis Cook, Malcolm McGregor, and several brothers, Caleb

Mordon, Thos. Dean, and James Gillespie on the east side of the Garafraxa Road; on the west side, Dr. Scott, Edward Sparling, Jas. Oliver, Nathaniel Herriman, and William Rielly. There were others on each side of the Garafraxa Road as far as the thirteenth mile where Alexander McCauley was settled, but I forget their names. George MacDougall occupied the lot of which the cemetery now forms a part. This was he who afterwards became known as the Rev. George MacDougall, the pioneer of Protestant missions in our great North-West, and whose melancholy end was so universally lamented. During his stay here he and I became intimate friends. As it was once said of the French that they were never at peace except when engaged in war, so it might have been said of Mr. MacDougall that he was never at rest except when struggling with difficulties. He was warm-hearted and open-handed, had the courage to dare and the constitution to endure, thus being in an eminent degree qualified to take the field as a Heaven-sent missionary.

The buildings erected in town during that summer were: A two story frame, fitted for store and dwelling, on the present site of the Queen's Hotel, by W. C. Boyd; a small frame on the site of the Merchants Bank, by Jno. Mason; a log building on the site of the Times office, by Thomas Lutherford; and a frame at the corner of Union and Serope Streets, west of the Queen's Hotel, by one of the Lyman's of Montreal. This last is still in existence and is now the oldest building in town. Ezra Brown came during the summer with the intention of establishing a tanning business, and applied to the agent for a site on which to erect suitable buildings, but that official refused to allow a tannery near the town, and forced him to take two lots at the corner of Poulett and Division Streets, the present site of the Bank of Hamilton and adjacent buildings. Those who read