

to Canada to my father's relatives, and in that connection, it was decided that we go to Canada to my father's sister who was then living some thirty miles west of Toronto. It was the custom in those days for men who were located on small farms to be permitted to sell their goodwill and tenancy and by so doing make some little money to enable them to find quarters elsewhere. My uncle received for his holding or tenancy, about one-third of the quantity my father possessed,—or sixty pounds. My father was not permitted the privilege, and as a consequence, was that much shorter financially, because of the disposition of the landlord to keep him on the place; he wanted him to remain there. There was a great struggle to hold the tenants, and to hold them at all costs. My father's sister,—who was the wife of John Hilliard,—and my father consulted with each other, and the result was that the Hilliard family as well as the Hutcheson family would go together to Canada. Here, it may be properly stated that the Hutcheson family consisted of Thomas the elder, Margaret, William, John, Elizabeth, James Alexander, and the writer. The family of my Uncle Hilliard consisted of Thomas, Ellen, Jane, John, with our grandmother eighty-four years of age. My uncle and father put their heads together and secured passage on board a ship bound for Quebec. In due course we left our homes in the month of April, 1847, and came on our way through Enniskillen, Pettigo, Estreban, Londonderry—the port from which we sailed. When we came to embark, our little ship, seventy-five to ninety feet long was already attached to a tug. We set sail, the tug taking us out through Lough Foyle, and when we came to touch the old Atlantic, I was very curious in my thought as a child. I thought it was not possible to find water so wide that I could not see the other shore—I was either not clear enough in sight or tall enough in stature, but as we reached the Atlantic, there was a stiff breeze, and the toe line parted. I then found it was not possible to see the other shore, so my delusion vanished.

After four days sailing, a heavy storm broke.