

From Quebec we took steamer to Montreal, and another steamer from Montreal to Hamilton, calling at several points on Lake Ontario on the way up. At Hamilton the party got split up into several groups, some going by one route, and some by another, but all bound for different points in Western Ontario, as it is now called. We and a few others took the Great Western Railway to London—my first trip on the train. We slept in the station in London all night, and I watched the telegraph operator through a side window for a long time, wondering what on earth he was doing. From infancy my curiosity has always been on the alert, and got me into trouble more than once.

Next day father hired a freighter with a team of horses and a heavy waggon to take us to Goderich by the "Huron road," which was frightfully rough and muddy then. It took us two days and a half to get through, and the charge was \$23. The fine Huron district was only being settled up at that time, but the small clearings along the road looked very pretty with the potatoes and pease in full bloom. All our worldly effects were piled up on the one waggon, and the women and children sat on top. The first day a heavy rain came on, and we stopped a while at a noisy, crowded, dirty tavern near the big ravine about a mile north of where the village of Lucan is now. Some distance farther on we slept over night on a shake-down in the stable-barn of a more decent place, and cooked our meals on a little fire by the road side. There was another waggon load of the party with us,