

the present day, at that season, trickles along among the stones as if weeping for the grand old times, when its abundant waters were teeming with speckled trout, which for number and size and beauty made the angler's heart leap for joy, and furnished for the new settlers many a tasty meal, when they could get little else, even though they had plenty of money.

Mr. Elmslie and Mr. Watt bought their land from Wm. Gilkinson, who about 1832 had purchased about half of the Township of Nichol, and who, originally a Glasgow merchant, had come up from Brantford and settled at Elora, to which he gave the name. Mr. Elmslie bought 1200 acres and Mr. Watt 800, making 2000 in all. Another thousand acres was bought by other Scotchmen who came in shortly after.

Having chosen the locality for their little colony, having secured the land and sent word to their friends to come on, these two pioneers decided on the sites of their own homes, and at once set about getting a little chopping and clearing done, both for themselves and for some of those who were to follow them. Shanties, too, had to be built for shelter until more pretentious log houses could be erected. This was no easy matter, for even to go to and from their work cost no little toil, for in those days there were no roads, no bridges: a blaze through the dense forest served for the one, and a tall tree felled across the river for the other. All was unbroken forest from Elora to the shores of Lake Huron.

When news reached the folks at home that land was purchased, preparations were set about for a start in the following spring. As Mr. Elmslie foolishly, so it seems to us now, advised the bringing out of all kinds of iron implements, some of the party encumbered themselves with a vast quantity of baggage, causing a great outlay for the carriage of useless tools, such as the clumsy old country axes which a Canadian chopper would scoff at as instruments fit for felling trees.

However, baggage and all, a party of twenty or more embarked in a sailing vessel (for there were no steamers in those days) coming for a cargo of timber, but which had been fitted up to carry passengers out. After a seven weeks' voyage, during which many of them suffered from sea sickness, and homesickness, too, doubtless, if all were known, these adventurous people landed in New York.

After passing the Custom House, the officials not being at all troublesome, thanks to the good wine and brandy of the captain with whom they came over, the tedious, though not unpleasant journey in canal boats and such like slow conveyances was begun, and in process of times the party reached Hamilton, Upper Canada. Here they met an old country acquaintance, who earnestly tried to dissuade them from going so far back into the woods, advising them to keep the land bought for them till the country became settled, when it would be much more valuable. But he could not persuade them to abandon