

given them, I stayed with our kind friends until February, 1833, when my father came for me, and we went by stage to the Holland Landing. My father's friend Mr. George Lount, the tather of William, and Samuel, and George Lount, was the then Registrar, and had bought a yoke of oxen for my father, and we started next morning for home, driving the oxen before us. We stayed at a tavern a few miles from Barrie, having walked about twenty-five miles. We had to cross the head of Kempenfelt Bay on the ice, there being no road except the beach. The oxen did not like the ice, as it cracked when we were near a stream flowing into the bay, and I was sent (as we could not get them to cross) to get someone to help us, and I got a man who lived in almost the only house in Barrie, but we could do nothing with them even then with his help. We saw a sleigh approaching with four or five men. The driver, Mr. Eli Beaman, was a half brother of Chief Justice Robinson, and when he saw the dilemma we were in, he sent a man to cut a pole in the bush, and two men at each end pushed the oxen across the crack, and we went along rejoicing towards the Barrie shore. About twelve miles from Barrie we came to the residence of Mr. Craig, the grandfather of the Messrs. Craig of Medonte, and stayed, the next day being Sunday, until Monday morning. There was in the house one of the old-fashioned chimneys, four feet wide at the back, and whenever the old gentleman would bring in a log for the fire, he would say to my father, "Captain, winter is approaching, we must keep up a good fire." This was the signal on the mast head of Admiral Duncan's ship when the British fleet was going to engage the Dutch fleet, commanded by Admiral De Winter, and they did keep up a good fire and "beat the Dutch," which is reckoned a hard thing to do. My father being a naval officer was the cause of the old gentleman using the expression. We started home next morning, and many a load of lumber I brought from Coldwater that winter with the oxen, making at that time the acquaintance of old Mr. Craddock, our present o'dest inhabitant, born in 1812. He was a man of about twenty years old when I first knew him, and he is still hale and hearty, and as straight as any young man; and he is straight in every way, being a man whose word is as good as his bond, for the saying here is, "Whatever Mr. Craddock says he will do, he will never back out." In the spring of this year my mother, sisters and brother came out, and I can assure you it was a great change for us who had been so long without the society of ladies, and we both appreciated it. The young ladies of those days could walk eight or ten miles, and many a visit we had from old Mr. Drinkwater and his daughters. He was the grandfather of the Messrs. Drinkwater of Northbrook, and my sisters used to return the visit and thought nothing of the