

ed from view by the surface of snow I occasionally plunged in, though I always managed to keep right end up, at no time quite losing my balance. Midway between the two points above mentioned I had the good fortune to overtake the late James Hall and his son Charles, both of the Irish settlement, who had been out to the older settlements and were returning home with their ox-team. They very kindly offered to take charge of my pack, which had of late been growing very heavy. I gladly handed it into their care, and thus relieved I made better time as I did not sink so deeply in the slush. I contrived to reach the hospitable shanty of John McCauley before dark, where the family did all in their power to make me comfortable for the night. On the following morning, though I felt in no trim for travelling I started on my last day's journey home where I arrived before nightfall. I found all well, and that Boyd had sold the schooner *Fly* to Capt. Alexander McGregor and his son (now known as Capt McGregor) who were fitting it up preparatory to the season's trade. There had been no starvation in any part of the settlement either of man or beast. The cattle having been wintered on browse and beaver meadow hay were in fine condition, and as a very considerable number of settlers were expected to come in during the spring and summer the prospect ahead was encouraging. I felt that I should have no reason to remain idle, and I therefore went to work again with a will. Thus ended my first year in Owen Sound.

Although the late winter had been unusually long and severe navigation opened early, as I remember having left in a batteau for Big Head River on the first of May, and meeting with no floating ice though it extended along the east side of the Bay where it had been piled up during the winter. Near the end of May the schooner "*Otter*" arrived at Owen Sound from Toronto having

aboard Mr. Lunn and family, consisting of his wife, and John and James Douglas. During the season land-seekers came in droves. Many remained, having found locations to suit, but many more left again in disgust, taking with them reports that were by no means favourable to the country. I recollect hearing some say that they would not take the whole country as a gift, as the entire surface was composed of rocks and swamps. I do not remember of any increase to the population of the town during that year, with the exception of G. J. Gale and his wife, and Shaw Woolrich, also Thomas Huchcliff and wife. Jack Gale was born the following year, being, as I believe, the first white child born in the town. The Roman Catholic Priest of Penetanguishine, who had visited us the year previous but held no service then, repeated his visit this season and gathered his little flock together, celebrating mass in a house belonging to W. C. Boyd which the latter had erected near his ash works. This was the first service of the kind ever held in this place, and, I believe, the last until about the year 1854, when a young French Priest was sent here for the purpose of establishing a permanent mission. He purchased the lot on which the Separate School now stands and had a stone building erected thereon. So far as I remember the house of Henry McCabe on the west side of the river was used for services till the new building was finished. This young Priest, who became a general favorite while here, was drowned in the River St. Clair while on a visit to that part of the country. He was succeeded by two young men direct from France, who being fond of out-door sports spent a good deal of their leisure in ranging the woods with their guns, though their reward in the shape of game must have been exceedingly small. One Sunday afternoon they were engaged in shooting squirrels and wood-peckers on the west