

the east side of Owen Sound Bay in what is now the township of Sydenham. He afterwards married a daughter of the late John McKay of the Garafraxa road, the Rev. John Neelands performing the ceremony, Miss Telford, daughter of the Land Agent, and now Mrs. Beith acting as bridesmaid on the occasion. This was the beginning of marriages in the Owen Sound settlement, and it is gratifying to know that so worthy an example has been faithfully followed.

On reaching what is now the village of Arthur, we built a shanty and cut down the trees that were likely to fall on it. The agent appointed by the Government to superintend the settlement of this new country, located here and proceeded to erect a dwelling for family. I was pleased with the appearance of the country, but did not like the idea of settling so far inland, and never dreaming that I should live to see it intersected with railroads as at present. I therefore returned home with the firm intention, however, of visiting Owen Sound the first opportunity that presented itself. The late Chas. Rankin had been making surveys at the head of the Owen Sound Bay, and the Government had also placed an agent at this point, with a view to opening up the surrounding district for settlement. About the end of the following month, (Nov.) I learned that a party was being organized at Arthur to brush a road through to Owen Sound on a line surveyed by Chas. Rankin some years previously. Being still anxious to explore this part of the Province, I at once proceeded to Arthur and offered my services to the foreman, who, though he did not absolutely refuse them, did his best to discourage me by describing the nature of the work I should be required to do. I would have to carry a pack of fifty pounds besides an axe and blanket for the first fifteen miles, and then chop with the rest of the men, receiving only the same wages, half a dollar a

day. But as I had not travelled fifty miles through mud and soft snow to be easily frightened, I accepted his terms. The reason of his unwillingness to allow me to join his party I never discovered, but before the trip was ended I learned in a very practical manner that if I did not rue having left home it was not his fault. We started out next morning, and on the evening of the second day reached what was then known as the Maitland River, at the point where Mount Forest is now situated, and distant from Arthur about fifteen miles. Here our work at road-making began. Our party numbered twelve besides the foreman, all being smokers with one exception. We carried a flint, a supply of punk wood and a pocket-knife. The latter we used for striking fire to light our pipes, and to cut our tobacco, bread and pork. Taking the party as a whole I am forced to admit that it did not possess, to any great extent, either piety or polish, but it did contain a few specimens of genuine manhood. One, whose name was Hiram Marsh, rough, vulgar and profane, was kind, generous and true. For some cause or other he appeared to take me under his protection, and his kindness fully compensated for the petty tyranny of the foreman. We had breakfast in time to begin work at daylight. The cook prepared and brought to us our dinner, which, like breakfast and supper, consisted of bread and pork, and was often frozen before it reached us. We usually made about four miles each day. The cook, with two men to assist, would remove the provisions, tent and blankets to a place which we would likely reach by night. Then they would clear away the snow, build a pile of logs, spread the tent which was like the half-roof of a house, gather a quantity of hemlock boughs for bedding and then, start a fire in the log-pile, and have our supper ready when we came in from work. In this manner we made our way towards Owen Sound. I