

its fury I do not know, but as the season was so far advanced they did not consider it wise to continue the voyage. They therefore laid up the schooner and walked home. In the following February I went over to Saugeen to look after the vessel and cargo, taking with me John Miller and Daniel Lamont, both long and favorably known in this community. We left home early in the morning on snowshoes and reached the Indian village shortly after dark. On my arrival I learned from the Indians that the vessel and cargo were safe, but a trader whom Boyd had supplied with goods to a large amount, had sold the entire stock to a Goderich merchant, who had placed a man in possession. Here was a difficulty, and one with which I had no thought of being called upon to grapple on leaving home. From what I gathered from the Indians the man in charge of goods I felt satisfied that the sale was a fraud, and if prompt action were taken it could be cancelled. I therefore concluded to ask Miller to proceed to Goderich for that purpose. A journey to Goderich in those days, involving a tramp of sixty miles, the greater part of the distance being without road or human habitation, was a trip that few people would feel disposed to undertake. But having known Miller from boyhood, and been associated with him in many a boyish lark, I was in no respect ignorant of his character. I had also some knowledge of his powers of endurance, and as I expected, he at once consented to go, and on being furnished with a blanket, some provisions, matches and a tomahawk, was off. Lamont and I returned home, nothing the worse for our tramp though somewhat tired. Miller arrived at Goderich

without any particular adventure, but what success attended his mission I really forget, and it makes little difference now. When on his way home he reached the Penetangore River in the dusk of the evening, intending to camp for the night at the first suitable place, but in crossing the river he broke through the ice and the current was so strong he was nearly carried under. It is true he escaped drowning, but with every prospect of being frozen to death, he was in very much the same position as the man who escaped being shot, only to be captured and hanged. With his clothes and everything about him, matches included, saturated with water, he had no means of kindling a fire, and to lie down in such a condition with the thermometer at or near zero, he knew was certain death; and though thirty long miles intervened between him and relief, he resolved to push forward while his strength lasted. This he did marching all night and reaching the Indian village about daylight next morning, when his wants were kindly attended to by the Indians. On his return home he related to me his adventure but appeared to regard it as of little consequence and I never remember hearing him mention the matter afterwards. Such is the stuff of which many of Owen Sound's pioneers were composed, but one after another they are passing away and in a very short time all will be gone.—Even their names will soon be forgotten. But their country still lives, and will live, so long as it continues to produce a race possessed of industry and enterprise to develop its resources, and patriotism to defend its institutions and soil.—A. M. STEPHENS.