

land was located, and commenced operations by erecting a cabin and starting the winter's chopping for the clearing of the timber from the land, leaving my father, my sister, and myself to take care of our stock until the spring of the year, when we would re-unite with the family, bring our stock to our new home, and commence life in earnest as pioneers.

Matters went well until the 13th of March, 1851. On that date, while I was attending a bee with our team, and my sister had gone on a visit to my aunt, my father was engaged in the delivery of potatoes he had sold. A messenger came to me to inquire whether father was subject to anything like fits, to which I replied in the negative. I then turned my team and self homeward as quickly as I could, and on my arrival there, found my father so low that he was utterly unconscious. We suspected apoplexy, or something of that nature, but we never could determine, as our doctor did not arrive in time to see him alive. He passed away before six in the evening thus leaving the two younger members of the family alone in the house. One of our neighbors immediately went the sixty miles to the brothers and sister in the bush, and brought them home, except William, who had cut his foot and had to remain alone. On their arrival, and in due course, father was buried in the Anglican burying ground on the hill above the Humber, in Bolton Village, where some of our friends had been buried.

I, of course, like other boys, with my father and family on the farm that we had rented, necessarily required such outing and companionship as my youth desired.

The farm was comparatively rough. About ten acres of so called log fallow was ready for logging and burning, and made fit for fall wheat. The timber at that date was not at all of the value it is to-day. It was burned, and the ashes scattered over the field. Our farm adjoined a commons which was almost encircled by the river Humber, which enters into Lake Ontario at Toronto. The stream at the farm was exceptionally small, only a few yards wide. There, with other boys, I learned the art of swimming. There, I discovered that there is one thing