

the tree across his breast, just pressing hard enough to hold him fast. It happened that a log lay behind our tent large enough to prevent the tree reaching the ground and crushing our old friend to death. To wake and rescue him was but the work of a few moments. After fully realizing the position of matters, he exclaimed: "I was not yet prepared to die." Some of us at least asked ourselves the question, If he is not, are we? The next day, Sunday, I went with one or two comrades about four miles towards Fergus where two young men had located and were keeping bachelor's hall. They had been at Fergus the night before, and had just returned, bringing with them a moderate sized jug, and told us that they had great difficulty in concealing it while passing the minister's house. After spending a very pleasant day, and dining on potatoes and whiskey, we returned to our tent. A few days more brought us to our destination at the north-west corner of Garafraxa and the south-east corner of the tract known as the unsurveyed land, where we soon erected a house and covered it with basswood troughs. This place is intended as the site for a village, to be called Arthur. The tract of country which the Government intend opening up, extends from this place north to the Georgian Bay about seventy-five miles and westward to Lake Huron about the same distance, large enough for three or four good sized counties, but at present a "howling wilderness." This is by no means a figure of speech, as we were nightly surrounded by bands of wolves which sometimes came so close as to appear desirous of cultivating an all too intimate acquaintance. I cannot exactly say that I was afraid, but somehow or other the sensation was something like that produced by the bagpipes—the further away, the more agreeable the music.

That part of Garafraxa through which

we passed, and that around where we located the new village, is composed of rolling land, heavy hard wood timber, and deep rich soil, and if the remainder of the tract is anything like what I have seen, it will be no doubt, one day become the garden of Upper Canada. Sir Francis Bond Head purchased these lands from Indians about six years ago, which is about the only good thing he was ever known to do, unless it was to drive the country into a rebellion, which had the effect of leading the British Government to inquire into our position, which has resulted in the re-union of the provinces, and I trust will result in their prosperity, as it does appear that a new era is beginning to dawn. There has been a line run from the site of our new village through to the head of Owen Sound Bay, where a party of surveyors have been engaged laying out a town, to be called Sydenham. As I didn't like the prospect of settling in Arthur, so far inland, I returned home, and intend taking the first opportunity of going through to Owen Sound. Since my return home I have seen McNabb the Surveyor, who has just returned from Owen Sound, and gives a glowing description of that part of the country. He says he caught a brook trout in one of the creeks up there which weighed four pounds. How he weighed it I didn't ask. I think it is a "fish story." However, I am off anyway, to see the country for myself, and if I don't get starved, frozen, or killed by the Indians, will write you on my return.

A. M. STEPHENS.

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Sir,—In October 1840, I assisted in building a bridge across the Grand River in Garafraxa, and opening a track for fifteen miles through the bush to what was then known as the unsurveyed lands. These lands extended westward to Lake Huron, and northward to the Georgian Bay, with only one white settler named Travers, who squatted on