

troubled with many such philosophers, as our country does not produce them, and should a stray one find his way here our climate seems not to agree with his mental constitution and he soon drifts to the south. I know one, who, born in England, and having lived for some time in Canada, joined an association, the object of which was the settling of a portion of one of the Southern States. He took an active part in persuading Ontario farmers to sell their property and move to the Land of Promise. I met him while engaged in this business and asked him how he could lend himself to the up-building of a foreign country at the expense of his own. He replied first by a loud laugh, and then, with a look of supreme self-satisfaction, expressed his surprise that he who held such liberal sentiments should care for one country more than another further than for the advantages that either might afford to those who chose it for their residence. Having, however, after a short experience, discovered that the Ontario farmers were not so easily duped as was expected, he abandoned his international enterprise and in all probability found other congenial employment.

In arriving at the Landing I purchased from McMaster, flour to the extent of my last dollar, and managed to obtain from him on credit twenty barrels of oatmeal. How he came to credit me I do not know as he had never seen me before and knew nothing about Boyd but what I told him. I lost no time in getting my purchases down to the steamboat landing which was at that time on a branch of the Holland River about three miles from the village bearing the name of Holland Landing, but this place was subsequently abandoned and Bradford adopted as the landing for steamboats. The steamer 'Simcoe,' owned and commanded by Captain Laughton, was then running on Lake Simcoe, making the trips around the Lake in two days. After getting my stuff aboard, and the steamer having got under way, I told the purser I had no money with which to pay my passage, having spent it all in the purchase of flour, and that he would have to charge it to Boyd. He said that it was usual to have the passage money paid in advance and the

freight at the end of the season, but as I had no money he would have to charge it with the freight. The purser was Henry Pligim who filled the same office on the steamer Gore in 1845 and who was long a resident of the Sault Ste. Marie. My stuff was landed at Orillia and trained across to Sturgeon Bay where a schooner was waiting to convey it and myself to Owen Sound.

Late in the fall W. C. Boyd embarked for Toronto on board the schooner St. Joseph, owned and sailed by Alexander McNab, taking with him a cargo of potash and fish. When off the mouth of the Saugeen River they encountered a storm of such violence as to drive them from their course, so that they were forced to seek shelter in the lee of Chantry Island. But on reaching this supposed place of refuge, and having dropped anchor, it was discovered that the Island afforded very little protection from either wind or sea. To add to the danger of the situation, the anchor failed to hold, on account of the bottom being stony, and they found themselves moving towards shore at a rate that would soon land them in the breakers, where they were certain to be either washed overboard or frozen to death while clinging to the vessel. The contemplation of either fate must have been anything but cheering. They were all strangers to the pilotage and the night was dark, but they knew the Saugeen River must be near. The foam on the crest of the breakers stretching like a white belt along the shore, was plainly visible, and the doleful roar of the surf was loud and unceasing. They observed however, a break, or dark gap, in this belt of foam, which they thought might indicate the position of the river's mouth, and believing that Providence helps them who help themselves, they lost no time in getting up anchor and making for this gap which proved to be the opening to the desired haven. They entered without difficulty and were safe. But a very short time before, the breakers were between them and shore now the shore was between them and the breakers, and to use a figurative expression, there was the breadth of the heavens difference in the two situations. As the howling of the storm or the roaring of the surf had no longer any terrors for the inmates of the now safely moored craft. How long it took the storm to expend