

an aunt who was 70 years of age. At Little York the father joined his family, his son David remained there in his place as carpenter.

The steamboat arrived at Hamilton on Saturday evening, and the immigrants lay on the wharf all night. In the morning, on awaking, Margaret found her feet dangling over the water. The party spent the Sabbath and the following night in the bush near by. On Monday they went up into the city—not much of a city then—and spent the night in a house there. The next day the Munros started for Nichol. The Brock road had just been opened, but the new comers had not yet heard of it, and took the established roundabout way of reaching their new home, via Galt and Guelph. All walked except the two old people, who rode in a light wagon with the baggage, consisting mainly of clothing. The first night was comfortably spent in a stable among clean straw. The second day they got into Waterloo, and all night they lay down in their wraps at a creek's side. On the third day at noon they reached Guelph, "just doae." A wagon being procured here on Friday they drove out as far as Flewelling's, a distance of eight miles, which was as far as there was a road fit for horses. Mr. Flewelling took his oxen and cart and drove the old folks to Mr. Jas. Elmslie's for the night. The others slept in the woods. The next day Robt. Peters put oxen to his wooden-wheeled cart and took the party on through the bush. When they came to a certain swamp a barrel of flour had to be wheeled through it. Thus on the Saturday, a week after the arrival in Hamilton, the Munros reached their future home, between which and the Georgian Bay, on the present line of the Owen Sound road, there was then not a settler's hut. With what mingled feelings they must have spent the succeeding day of rest!

The Dows came into Nichol a couple of weeks later. In the interval they had heard of the opening of the Brock road, and they had a comparatively short and easy journey of it.

Mr. Munro remembers the first death that occurred in Fergus, that of a young man who was drowned while bathing in the Grand River. He got beyond his depth in a deep hole at the distillery. Mr. Munro assisted in recovering the body, and was at the funeral afterwards. There was no church in Fergus then, nor burying ground either, nor yet at Elora, and the remains were taken to what was called "The Rectory" on the farm of Mr. Geo. Reeve, afterwards the Arthur Ross farm, a mile or more below Elora, where a graveyard had been started.

This Rectory was one of fifty-seven rectories of the Church of England, the founding of which throughout the province had been decided on by the powers that were in those days. Sir John Colborne, the Governor, and his Executive Council, in 1836 endowed them with part of the clergy reserves lands. But this Rectory was never built, though stones, which Mr. Munro remembers seeing, had been drawn for it; for the rebellion of 1837 put an end to the scheme.