

interest to my old friends and neighbours, who appeared to think me fond of adventure and to be one and all of the opinion that I would have displayed more wisdom if I had stayed on my father's farm. Their reasons for forming such conclusions were, when boiled down, something like the following:—"We see by the map of Upper Canada that that country is fully a degree north of us, consequently it must be much colder, and your statements respecting the depth of snow when you left confirm us in that opinion. It may, perhaps, produce turnips, potatoes, oats and corn, spring wheat to a limited extent, in favourable seasons, but to talk of its producing fall wheat, or such fruits as apples or pears, is simply absurd. And, besides, it has neither roads, schools, nor churches, and is unlikely ever to contain a population capable of sustaining these elements of civilization, and therefore, while admitting your possession of pluck, we have great doubts as to your wisdom." Though duly grateful for these manifestations of interest in my welfare I resolved to continue the course I had adopted, and if I failed, never to give them the opportunity of saying "I told you so" to me at least, as in that case I never should have gone back to be sneered at by some and pitied by others. My father's old estate consisted of five hundred acres, worth at the present time about seventy-five dollars an acre. Now such is my attachment to the home of my adoption that I would refuse to accept a free deed of that property if offered on the condition that I should live on it for the remainder of my life. Some people may call this "mere sentiment!" "Only this and nothing more!" Be it so. Who would care to live in this world were it not for 'mere sentiment?' What is love of family, love of friends, love of church, love of country, but 'mere sentiment,' yet he would be a heartless wretch who would barter any one of these for money.

Well, after having been literally loaded down with sage advice and wise predictions which, were bestowed without money and without price, or even without the trouble of asking, I took leave of my mother and wended my way towards my new home, which I reached, after a hard tramp, a few days before Christmas.

On my arrival I was greeted by the sad news of the death of William Rielly, an honest and industrious settler, in the prime of life, who lived on the Garafraxa road. It appeared that he had been in town the previous day, was known to have eaten nothing during the day, and leaving for home after dark, in a blinding snowstorm, had perished by the way. This was a sorrowful ending to the poor fellow's efforts to make a home for his young family.

As the time was approaching when the town meetings were to be held in the organized parts of the province, the Land Agent issued a notice requiring the settlers to assemble in the old Government House (subsequently used for a public school), on the first Monday in January, for the purpose of holding a Town-meeting. It is true there was no law for such a proceeding, but there was a very general attendance notwithstanding. The Land-Agent was elected chairman, and I was elected Town-clerk, Nathanael Herriman, Francis Arnot and Edward Sparling being the speakers on the occasion. A resolution was adopted binding all and sundry to faithfully observe and keep all the laws and ordinances there and then enacted. I regret having neglected to preserve the records of this meeting, as they would no doubt be interesting to many. Some of the business transacted was, the appointing of pound keepers, and dividing the settlement into sections and appointing road-masters. But with the exception of affording us a day's amusement the meeting produced no results, the whole affair being soon forgotten.