

and, the sitting member, and after a very hard struggle succeeded. The Warden, Mr. Fordyce, was Returning Officer, and appointed his own deputies. I went as deputy to Eramosa, and had a very pleasant time of it altogether, although there was a little excitement at first, but having had the command of a company of militia in Eramosa, I knew a good number of the voters, and we were very good friends. The queerest scenes I have heard were in Waterloo and Fergus. The German settlers had not taken the oath of allegiance, so under the then law could not vote, and at Fergus my old neighbor the Provost, the Returning Officer, was so determined that Webster should be our representative that he was, to say the least, barely civil to any one who wished to vote for Mr. Durand. I believe, too, some of the tender sex, who were freeholders, gave their votes, and their names were recorded, and indeed they had a much better right, as far as property goes, to vote than some of the free and independent in these more enlightened days. Mr. Durand protested, and there was a scrutiny, which resulted in Mr. Webster keeping his seat, both he and Mr. Durand spending a great deal of money for nothing, and the legal gentlemen and the scrutineers pocketing some very nice fees. After many vicissitudes both these gentlemen have come to anchor as honest, respectable County Registrars, a much quieter and happier life than that of a Canadian statesman. We have had many elections since, but none of them so spirited or so exciting as the Webster and Durand election.

During 1843 and 1844 the village of Elora, which had been quite abandoned by the Gilkison family, began to rise into importance under the active management of the Messrs. Ross & Co., who built new mills and a store, and under whose enterprise it soon rivalled Fergus, and afterwards under the late Mr. C. Allan's charge, and by his perseverance and tact cutstripped it in the race of improvement.

I think I have now given a sketch of Fergus (no doubt rather cursory) of the first ten years of the existence of Fergus, and as it is made entirely from memory I hope any inaccuracies or omissions will be forgiven. As regards what is now the village of Fergus, the retrospect on the whole is to an old settler like myself rather sad, as very few of the first inhabitants are left. Some have left the place for other parts of the world, but the majority have gone to their last home. So has it been and so shall it be to the end of time.

Ah ! changed are the days since the cedars dark
Dipped their sprays in the rapid stream,
As it rushed along to the deep black pool
Almost hid from the sun's bright beam.

Ah ! gone are the friends of that olden time,
The pioneers bold and true,
Who toiled for their homes in the forest wild
Far away from their mountains blue.