

started next morning for home. We had walked only about a mile from Craighurst along the townline of Oro and Medonte when "Trouble" got fast in a bog, and I had to send my brother for help to get her out, and when we had her out she was on the wrong side of the bog and would have had to go through it again, so I sent her back to Mrs. Bruce's with my brother and left her there until she calved, and after we got her home she was always getting into trouble. There was not a bog round the place that she did not try the depth of it. We kept her until by good luck Mr. Alley got up a fair in your then village, and as Trouble was a black cow she took the fancy of Capt. McPherson, the father of Mr. James McPherson of Rama, as her colour reminded him of the Highland cattle. I never heard how she ended her days, whether it was in a bog, or did she die to help feed the natives? About this time honest Mr. John Scott lived in Oro. He was a provincial land surveyor, and was employed by the Home District Sessions to survey some roads in Oro and Medonte, and he walked to the Holland Landing and from thence by stage to Toronto to attend a meeting of the Sessions to present his account for the work he had done, but he failed of getting paid, and on his return he called on my father and shewed him a petition he had prepared to present to the Session at their next meeting. The petition as usual began with "The petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth" that he attended the last meeting of the Sessions and on presenting his account the Chairman roared at your petitioner like a Bull of Bashan. My father told him it would never do to present such a petition, and he was at last amenable to reason, and between them they made the petition presentable, and he got his account paid. Mr. Scott was a very worthy man and has many of his descendants in the neighbourhood of Rugby. I heard a story about him which was told me by a neighbour. He (Mr. Scott) was digging a very deep well and was at the bottom filling the bucket when those who were hauling it up saw a bear and went to look after it and left Mr. Scott at the bottom of the well, and I believe he himself did roar, and no wonder.

Well, I think it is time I should end these disjointed remembrances, but I often fancy in my day dreams that I see the kind faces of so many of my old friends who have passed away from this world. Among many others, kind old Dr. John Ardagh on his little gray mare; Dr. Paul Darling, his brother James, and their brother, my old chum, the Rev. Wm. Darling, and that kind old lady their mother. Very few of the old friends I knew in those early days are now alive, although I had the pleasure of meeting, a little more than a year since, my old friend Canon Mulock, after fifty years. Speaking of Dr. John Ardagh reminds me of a visit