

many here related, but I have trusted altogether to my memory, for my desire is to give a truthful statement of events as they occurred, and I have also tried to avoid all semblance of fiction.

I will here relate a few of the incidents that occurred in connection with our settlement in the Paisley Block, in the fall of 1830. My father, soon after arriving in Guelph, selected a lot of the Canada Company's lands in the Township of Guelph, and then contracted with a Mr. MacDonald, who had some little experience in the art of building log houses in those days of early settlement, and for such service he and his assistants were to receive four shillings or one dollar and a bottle of whiskey each, per day. Such were the usual wages paid, and the custom of the country in those times. So one day my father went to see what progress was being made in the erection of the house, and after arriving there he soon became very much interested on seeing the men chopping down the trees, for he had never seen anything of the kind done before, and was quite ignorant of the danger attendant upon the cutting down of timber, so he, instead of keeping well out of the way of danger, got right into it, and was struck and knocked down by a falling tree, which broke one of his legs a little below the knee. The men had to make a kind of handbarrow and carry him home to Guelph, and then send all the way to Hamilton for a doctor, and in a day or two Dr. MacKelcan arrived and set the broken limb, but it was crooked always afterwards, being so long