

in ranges along the steps of the market-house singing heartily, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

The 12th day of August, 1829, was again observed for the last time in Guelph, the only demonstration being the firing off of as many of the old muskets as could be collected in the neighbourhood.

I wish now to return briefly to the history of the Post office. On Reid's removal from the Priory, in the spring of 1828, the appointment was transferred to a Mr. Hume, who was at that time residing in the stone store referred to, built by Jenkins & Oliver, on lot No. 1, a little west of the station. Hume died in 1832, but his widow still retained the office. The duties, however, in those days were very light, as there was but one mail a week to the town for the first three years. A change in the ownership of the property soon after necessitated another removal. It was next located in a small frame house on Macdonnell street, near or about its intersection with Sandilands street, in rear of Carter's store. Mrs. Hume was sister to Thomas B. Husband, a Clerk in the Canada Company's employ for nearly two years, but left here to reside in the city of Rochester in 1829. He was a gentleman of considerable ability, and has for many years, and still is, I believe, practicing law in that city. It was while Mrs. Hume was in the occupancy of the last mentioned premises that she became the wife of the late Robert Corbet, Esq., whereupon the office was again removed by Mr. Corbet to his own premises on Cork street, the property at present owned and occupied by E. Newton, Esq. On the death of Mrs. Corbet, which was soon after, Mr. Corbett was formally appointed Postmaster in June, 1837, and subsequently married Miss Oliver, daughter of the late James Oliver, Esq., who came from New York with his family to reside in Guelph in 1829. The office was next removed to Mr. Corbet's then newly-erected block, corner of Wyndham and Cork streets, in 1850. He held the appointment of Postmaster until the time of his death, which was in 1861, a period of over twenty-four years. He was a man of correct business habits, and gave general satisfaction as a public officer. His widow is still living, and now resides with her family on Norfolk street.

There were four deaths during the first year, all accidental. The first of these was about the end of July. A brewer or beer pedler named Stephen Tuttle was in town with a load of beer. On his return, and when about three-fourths of a mile down the Waterloo Road, a tree was blown across the waggon, killing him instantly, without injury to either the horse or any part of the waggon, except the box. The next was a man named Chase, who was killed by a falling beam while at a house-raising in the month of November. He was a carpenter by trade, and boarded at Jones' Hotel. Though comparatively a young man, he was very wise—in his way of thinking—wise enough to be a scoffer, and was wont to parade his scepticism occasionally among his fellow-boarders. In conversation the night previous he said to his companions:—"Boys, if you have any messages to hell, I'll take them for you." A man named Turner was killed on the 17th of March, 1828, by a falling tree while out chopping. He had just located on the lot adjoining that now occupied by John Murphy, Esq., known as Mount Tara, formerly known as the Dwyer Farm. The other was a man named Church, who was choked by a piece of beef, on the Good Friday following, while taking his breakfast in Jones' tavern. Turner was buried in South Market Square, a few feet from the west corner of the stone building recently erected for an arsenal. His remains were never exhumed that I am aware of. The other three were taken away for interment by their friends. Macdonnell street was at that time chopped and cleared to the top of Church Hill (as it was then called), and an acre or so slashed, which was intended as a burying ground when cleared. A portion of what is known as the old burying ground was cleared off early in August, and the first one buried was a man named Reid, one of the first year's settlers in the Scotch Block on Elora Road. Two others were interred the day following—