

tradesmen and laborers, who mostly all proved to be a very desirable class of settlers, although at first many of them were exceedingly green regarding the requirements of a new wooded country. Many laughable and funny stories are told concerning some of their doings.

I will just mention one case as a sample of the many, to give some idea of the annoying stupidity and want of experience displayed by many of the new comers. About the year 1836 there arrived an immigrant with a young family, from the north of Ireland, who had been a linen weaver in the old country, and as he had a friend here who had been settled upon a farm of his own (near by ours) for several years, he came to him upon his arrival, and got permission to build a shanty upon his land and move his family into it, until he found a lot for himself, for by this time most of the land had been taken up in the immediate neighborhood. His friend agreed to give him employment during his stay at chopping and clearing up land. So, after he had got everything settled and in order, he was then provided with a new axe and handle, and he started out one frosty morning to commence his work at chopping down the forest trees, but it so happened that his friend had to go to Guelph that morning with his oxen and sleigh, and on his way passed near by where this greenhorn was cutting down a beech tree, and after being gone several hours, on his return, saw him still pounding away at the same tree, when he called to him, "What, have you not got that tree down yet, Hugh?" "No, and