

likely to be again overpowered, fled for refuge in the direction of their boarding-house, with twice their number of Irishmen close at their heels. They succeeded, however, in reaching the house and getting the door closed before their pursuers overtook them. This was a small log house which stood on the lot where Cook's Hotel now stands on Cork street, and kept as a tavern or boarding-house by a man named Yankee Matthews, still living, I believe. The Irishmen, however, were determined not to be foiled, and began to force open the door.

My father happening to be in the house at the time, and perceiving that the Yankees were all armed with axes, and fully determined to use them should the others force an entrance, quietly got out through a small window at the rear end and went round to the crowd in front, assuring them that murder would surely be committed if they persisted in entering the house, and finally succeeded in persuading them to leave, still vowing vengeance on all the Yankees they could find in town.

Mr. Shade, from Galt, who was well known to be a Yankee, was in town, but took the precaution of keeping out of the way. He rode a very fine horse, and put up at Jones' Hotel.

Now it was verily believed that the poor animal was suspected of being Yankee, too, from the fact that in the morning when it was brought out of the stable it was minus the tail.

An action for damages was instituted against Jones, resulting in a verdict for the plaintiff for sixty dollars and costs. Jones left soon after, and was succeeded by a man named Vamhoutin.

Quite a number of emigrants came in during the early part of the summer. Among them were some eight or ten families from Paisley in Scotland.

The majority of these were temporarily quartered in a large log house newly erected for Dr. Dunlop. This house stood on the south bank of the River Speed, a little north-east of the new English Church. It was demolished only some eight or ten years ago. Doctor Dunlop took these Paisley bodies, as he was pleased to call them, under his special charge, and took an interest in selecting farms for them, etc. Some of them, I believe, were among the first settlers in that part of the township known as the Paisley Block. He also acted as their physician for a time, as it would appear from a little incident related by Mr. Strickland before referred to. This gentleman amused himself occasionally in interviewing the Doctor's eccentricities and relates the following anecdote:—I remember, he says, one time in particular. He came to my office and inquired for me. On being informed by the store porter (Mr. Fielding, father of the present landlord of the Great Western Hotel), that I had just gone out, he said to tell him when he comes back to take the calomel and jalap down to my house and treat those Paisley bodies to a dose apiece. What! all of them, sir? Yes, to be sure. They are but just arrived, and have got as fat as pigs on the voyage, and some of their bacon must be taken off, or with this heat we shall have them all sick on our hands, and tell him not to spare the jalap.

The time was now nearing when the subject of holding another King's birthday celebration must be considered. And the question as to how it was to be observed was of all the most perplexing. Some were in favour of a grand ball and supper; others contended that another ox should be roasted. A few, however, of the more economical, thought there would be far more fun out of a barrel of whiskey than either of the two first mentioned. The vote being taken, it was found that whiskey had a large majority. So on the morning of the 12th a barrel of whiskey was rolled out and placed in the market-house, and notwithstanding the limited means of advertising in those days a goodly number were in attendance, and, as might be expected, things began to get tolerably lively towards evening. The proceedings were brought to a close by a grand concert, as quite a number of the more devoted lingered around the much-loved spot and were seen at a late hour sitting