

My father was one of them, though neither farmer nor hunter by calling and education, but a minister of the Church of Scotland. While yet young and unsettled in kirk or manse, he had cast in his lot with a company of adventurous emigrants—old friends and neighbours going from his native high-land parish, to cultivate farms for themselves in the forest-land of Upper Canada, which the government was giving in freehold at a nominal value, by way of encouraging emigration to the province, which its armies had kept with such difficulty in the American war, then just come to a close.

The settlement of St. Clair's river began with a great promise of increase and prosperity,—trade, was to