Reminiscences of Early Settlers

and other Records

being the fourth publication of the

Elgin Historical and Scientific Institute

Publication Committee: C. O. Ermatinger, Editor, Chairman; James H. Coyne, LL.D. F.R.S.C.; W. H. Murch.

The Elgin Historical and Scientific Institute
A. D., 1911.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Several of the articles contained in this publication of The Elgin Historical and Scientific Institute are from the public press of former days. The articles from the St. Thomas "Times" were from the pen of F. Hunt, Esq., a former Editor of the Institute.

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ELGIN'S FIRST SETTLER

From the St. Thomas Journal, February 11, 1896

From the beginning of recent researches it was felt it would be of special interest to determine who was the first settler of the county and in what year he took up his residence here. There seems no room for reasonable doubt that the first white man to make a clearing in the county of Elgin was Mr. James Fleming, grandfather of Dr. Fleming, of Chatham, who settled on lot 6 on the river front in Aldborough. The evidence in support of the theory that this settlement was made in 1796 is cumulative, and goes to prove that for about seven years prior to the landing of Col. Talbot at Port Talbot, there had been white men living within the lines of the county, although the general supposition is that Col. Talbot was the first man who settled in what is now Elgin. Mr. Fleming lived for some time at Fort Erie, where he was married, and it is believed that he made one or more trips with Governor Simcoe when the latter visited Detroit and the mouth of the Miami River about 1793-94. It may have been during these trips that Mr. Fleming became acquainted with the country and decided to settle in what is now Aldborough. He doubtless came up the river Thames from Detroit, and settled a little east of the lands owned by the Moravian missionaries, who took up their land about 1791, and after that were in constant communication with the settlement at Detroit.

The direct evidence bearing upon the date of settlement has been kindly furnished to The Journal by Dr. Fleming, and may be briefly summarized. Such documentary evidence as may have been in existence prior to 1813 was probably destroyed when Mr. Fleming's house was consumed by fire during the war of that year. Mr. James Fleming's wife died in 1862, and to the last her memory of the facts connected with her early life was remarkably vivid. She was one of the United Empire Loyalists, and probably left the United States with her parents in 1781, the family then taking up their residence in Fort Erie. Her father's name was Henry Windecker. She was quite positive that she had resided fifteen years at Fort Erie, which would bring the date of her removal to Aldborough to the year fixed, 1796.

One of the stories which Mrs. Feming was fond of relating was in regard to the first tree her husband felled. He asked her to come into the woods to see his first effort in that direction, and she remembered carrying her baby in her arms and leading the other child by the hand. These two daughters

were born at Fort Erie, one on May 5, 1794, the other on November 25, 1795. This would be evidence that Mr. and Mrs. Fleming had come to Aldborough before the birth of their child Henry, who was born on March 23, 1798, and was always understood by the family as having been born in Aldborough. Dr. Fleming has in his possession a memorandum of the births of his grandparents' children, and the place of the birth of the first two is given as Fort Erie, but nothing is said regarding where the others were born. As the Western District was a wilderness at this time, the inference is that the children were born in Aldborough, and that no name could be given to the place of their birth.

Mrs. Fleming used to relate that some time after her settlement in Aldborough they were visited in 1804 by Rev. Mr. Bangs, which would indicate that their settlement was at least anterior to that of Col. Talbot, who came to Dunwich in 1803. Mrs. Fleming always asserted that she was twenty-two years of age and her husband thirty-six when they came to Aldborough. As she was born on July 14, 1774, and he in 1760, her statement would distinctly fix the date of settlement in Aldborough as being 1796. Other corroborative evidence is furnished in the fact that the clearing on lot 6 extended some fifteen rods on lot 7, afterwards owned by Mr. McKillop, father of the present county crown attorney of Middlesex. Mrs. Fleming used to explain this clearing by stating that the survey made just after their settlement had been incorrect, and they in consequence had extended their clearing too far. This seems to have been the survey of 1797, when concessions 1, 2, and 3 were laid out from the west line. Mrs. Fleming always insisted that her children were all born in Aldborough, with the exception of the two eldest. Andrew Fleming, the second son, was born March 24, 1800, and claimed Aldborough as his birthplace, and in a written statement made by him in 1852, regarding the battle of the Thames, he states that he was on the battlefield the day after the fight, and was then past thirteen years of age. As far back as February 9, 1820, an order-in-council was passed at Toronto granting Barbara Fleming, of Aldborough, lot 17, concession 4, township of Dawn, in recognition of the fact that she had been a United Empire Loyalist.

From the above it will be seen that it is safe to assume that Mr. and Mrs. Fleming were the first settlers in Elgin, and that the date of their settlement may be distinctly fixed at 1796, just one hundred years ago. They builded better than

they knew, and the country in which they reared their humble dwelling is now the home of 40,000 prosperous and intelligent people, while the direct descendants of these brave pioneers are numbered among the most respected members of the community. It is certainly a fitting thing that a systematic effort should be made in this centenary year to rescue from oblivion the records of the early days of the community, to the end that our people may appreciate the work done by their forefathers, and may be inspired to assume, on their part, those responsibilities which to-day devolve upon them. Although these responsibilities are distinct from those which fell to the lot of the men whose axes first broke the silence of the solitude of Elgin, even as the conditions of life are different, we cannot do better than devote ourselves to the tasks at our hands with the same perseverance and fidelity with which the men of one hundred years ago met and overcame the obstacles and problems that confronted them.

THE RAPELJE FAMILY

From the St. Thomas Times

Joris Janson deRapelje, a Huguenot, who fled from Rochelle, France, at the time of the Huguenot persecution, is the common ancester of all the Rapelje's in America. He landed in 1623 on the shores of the New World, and purchased a large tract of land from the Indians where the city of Brooklyn now stands. He was a leading citizen and held important offices during the Dutch Administration.

The Dutch Governor of New Netherlands gave a solid silver spoon to Sarah Rapelje, she being the first white child born in the colony, A. D. 1635. Daniel Rapelje, his wife, three children and his brother Jeronimus migrated to Canada in 1802 and settled in the township of Woodhouse in Simcoe* county. They remained there eight years, and during that time four more children were added to Daniel's family. In May 1810, Daniel Rapelje with his wife and children and his brother Jeronimus embarked in a boat at Port Dover, and sailed westward along the shores of Lake Erie to the mouth of Kettle Creek. There the wife and children of Daniel remained while he and Jeronimus cut out a sled track to the 8th concession of Yarmouth, and built a log cabin on lot one, a little east of the spot where the M. C. R. bridge joins the top of the hill, and a little south of John Bobier's residence. David Secord and David Mandeville were the other settlers on Talbot street in 1810. The Talbot road was surveyed the year following by Col. Burwell, and shortly after a few more settlers located on the lots which now comprise the city of St. Thomas. Daniel Rapelje, like many other pioneers in Elgin, had a hard task before him, but with a look forward to the happy time coming when he saw, as in a vision, a city rising around his lonely cabin, and heard the voices of thousands of people mingling with the rippling of the creek that lay at his feet, he took heart, and plied his axe to the tall trees around his cabin, and started to build the city which he did not live to see, yet before he passed over the dark river he knew that his vision was true. For two years Daniel Rapelje toiled in peace and made good progress with his clearing, but war breaking out in 1812, the settlers in the Talbot district were called upon to take up arms, and assist in repelling the invaders. Dan. Rapelje and his son George, who was 18 years of age, joined Capt. Secord's company, and were in the thick of the battle at Lundy's Lane. They escaped unhurt on that historic

*Norfolk—Editor.

occasion and returned home, but only to meet new dangers and to suffer great losses. About the first of October, 1814, a detachment of American horse, 1,000 strong, crossed the frontier at Detroit, and came east by way of Moraviantown, through the Longwoods, Westminster, Oxford, and went as far east as Oakland, where they burned Malcom's mill. They returned west through Houghton, Bayham and Malahide, to the Talbot road, thence on through the southern townships to Detroit. It seems that existing histories do not give particulars of this raid, probably deeming it of insufficient importance, but in a manuscript which lies before us, written by one of the Rapelje family, it is described as "the worst scourge the Talbot settlers experienced." This manuscript further says, "the products of Daniel Rapelje's new farm had all been gathered in joy and gladness; that which had been waited for, toiled for in patience, had been reaped. This troop of horse, commanded by McArthur, arrived at Daniel Rapelje's farm a little before sunset, but found him away. He had seen the troop at a distance, at Malcom's mills, but it had reached Kettle Creek before him. Here the troop camped for the night in Rapelje's clearing, about where the City Hall and St. Andrew's market are located. At dark, the whole place was in a glow of light. The soldiers piled the fencing in heaps and set them on fire. It was a wonderful sight for the young to behold, the tops of the trees along the north bank of Kettle Creek, cast a gloomy shade over the place. In the morning that which had been given was all destroyed and gone, the wheat and hay scattered over the fields, and corn taken out of the crib, the sheep were all slaughtered." This is the account given by one of the children who was a witness of the event.

Col. Talbot, while at Kettle Creek a few days previous to the first raid, had left a box full of valuable papers at Rapelje's, and he gave strict injunctions that they were to be kept safely at all hazards. The box was placed under the bed which would have been a secure place under ordinary circumstances, but not when a visit is made by a band of savage marauders. When the American forces appeared in sight on the hill opposite the cabin, Mrs. Rapelje took the box and placed it on the ground between some beehives, which were located in the hemp "patch." The bees protected the box and shortly after it was placed in Col. Talbot's hands with all its contents intact.

After peace was declared in 1815, the Talbot settlers took fresh courage, the Rapeljes' and their neighbors went to work

with a will to repair the great losses they had sustained. There was no mill in the settlement, the people were getting tired of pounding their wheat in hollow stumps and Daniel Rapelje having a water privilege on his lot they urged him to build a mill, promising to help him every way possible. He consented, and the word was passed around that on a certain day work would be commenced on the dam, and the whole settlement turned out to help build it. It is said that even the women and children assisted, so great was the eagerness to obtain a mill in the settlement. The little log mill was erected at the foot of the hill, near the end of the cemetery and was the only mill for several years, in this part of the country. Settlers from far and near came to it with their grists and though it was run to its utmost capacity, it could not meet the requirements of the people, and many had to continue pounding on stump or to use a hand power mill.

There was great difficulty in securing stones of the right quality for the mill but David Caughell found some which would answer the purpose, on the shores of Catfish Creek in Malahide and he brought them to St. Thomas with great difficulty on an ox sled. Rapelje gave him a twelve pail iron kettle for furnishing the stones and that kettle has been in continual use ever since in the Caughell family. It is now in possession of John C. Caughell, Regent street, where it is used to make the annual supply of soft soap.

In 1818 Dan Rapelje, in company with Horace Foster, built the mill on the site of the New England mills now owned by Turvill Bros., which is one of the few land marks remaining to greet the old settler. There is no city to-day but what some reason can be found for its existence. Undoubtedly Rapelje's little log mill was the starting point of the city of St. Thomas. It brought settlers together from all parts of the district and at the meeting place would be the most desirable point for the merchants and mechanics to settle. It became evident in 1817 that near the spot where Talbot road crosses Kettle Creek a village would spring up, so Daniel Rapelje laid out the front of his farm into town lots. He offered to give a good deed to anyone who would erect a good frame building thereon for any public or charitable purpose. He was anxious for the prosperity of the village which he had founded, and did his utmost to induce business-men and others to establish themselves in it. Not so with some who owned land in the vicinity. The garrison, which was in St. Thomas,

and, which would have remained here under other circumstances, was removed to London, which took the lead and grew to be the most important place in the western peninsula, while St. Thomas remained a sleepy little village for many years.

Having divided a large part of his farm into lots it could not be farmed with advantage, and not being a miller, the mill could not be run with profit, so he sold his share of the mill and his farm and purchased lot No. 11, south of Talbot road on Yarmouth heights. Here he spent the remainder of his days, and here he died on the first of October, 1828, aged 54 years. Daniel Rapelje possessed in a great measure the characteristics of his Huguenot ancestors; he was honest, industrious and hospitable; he shunned notoriety and would not accept public office, except a captaincy in the Middlesex militia, which he held many years.Mr. Edward Ermatinger, in his life of Col. Talbot, says of Captain Daniel Rapelje, who commanded a company of militia ,and had for his lieutenant, Benjamin Wilson:—"These officers, we are informed, appeared at general training with sword-belts made of basswood bark, and instead of the drummer boy who generally stands with his drum in the centre of the parade ground, Captain Rapelje stationed a keg of whiskey which was frequently referred to during the progress of the training and caused the company to break up in disorder. On these occasions Captain Rapelje did not fail to call on his company to drink the King's health, and before they separated some of them gave proof of their courage by engaging in pugilistic combat, when, as one of the old settlers quaintly said—"Abe would knock Jehiel as straight as a loon's foot."

His wife survived him, and lived to the good old age of eighty-eight. She died February 27, 1865. He gave the site on which is erected the old Episcopal Church, and the land for the burying ground. Jeronimus, his eldest brother, never married; he died the 30th of June, 1846, aged 80 years. James, the eldest son of Daniel, was educated for the law and graduated at Little York (Toronto) in 1817 and died in 1819, aged 23. Elsie, the eldest daughter, was married by Mahlon Burwell, Esq., to R. H. Lee, in 1816. He located on the farm afterwards occupied for many years by the late John Smith. They finally moved to the Niagara District, thence to Stratford, where Lee died in 1852. Mrs. Lee survived him till 1873, when she died, and was interred in the old burying-ground in St. Thomas.

Aletta, the second daughter, was married by Mahlon Burwell, Esq., to Horace Foster, in 1818. She was a spirited girl and when the American raiders destroyed her father's crops and carried away his movable property in 1814, it was she who protested and informed the commander that he was the worst kind of a thief and scoundrel, and if the rest of the family had not interfered she would have fought the raiders to the death.

Aletta Rapelje went to the spring at the edge of the bank to get a pail of water on the same day, and was followed by an Indian, who acted too familiarly; she grappled with him, and much to his surprise threw him over the bank with such force that he tumbled down to the bottom of the hill. The savage was very angry, and if an American officer had not come to her rescue the savage would have taken her scalp. The spring still bubbles out of the bank near Centre Street, on the top of the hill, but one probably remains who was present on that occasion, that one being Jeronimus Rapelje. On a subsequent occasion Rapelje's cabin was again plundered, when everything useful or ornamental was taken except the scanty clothing which the family wore. There was a silk dress which Mrs. Rapelje had brought from Long Island, that she had given to Aletta, and which was highly prized by her. She secreted the dress, but an Indian found it and carried it to the camp, no doubt with the intention of surprising the natives by appearing dressed in this gorgeous suit, when he returned to his tribe. Aletta saw the dusky warrior from a distance take her dress, and going straight to the American commander, she demanded that he have it returned to her. She took him to the Indian who had it, but in answer to questions put by the officer, the savage only gave a grunt; the girl seeing that the villain would not give it up, went peacefully to a box in which he kept his plunder and took out the dress. This act would have proved fatal for her if the young Americans. who admired her pluck, had not kept the savage at bay. *

Horace Foster, her husband, demands more than passing notice. He was born in the town of Leydon, Mass., on the 7th of April, 1797. He emigrated to Canada in 1815, settling in Waterford where he remained two years. On May 13th 1817 he arrived in St. Thomas with a small stock of general goods and started the first store and became St. Thomas' first merchant. He was a man of enterprise, and soon formed a partnership with Rapelje to build the first frame mill in the settle-

*See page 16 as to this incident.—Ed.

ment. He afterwards removed to the county of Norfolk where he died, March 1881. His wife died in 1879. Catherine, the third daughter, married Henry Bond in Buffalo, and afterwards resided in Chippewa. Jeronimus, the third son, was married in 1826 to Jennetta Best. On him devolved the duty of taking care of his father's estate and the charge of several younger brothers and sisters. He did his duty faithfully to these and raised a large family of his own. He still lives on the old homestead on Yarmouth Heights, enjoying the fruits of a well spent life, and although he is 85 years of age he still retains to a considerable degree his mental faculties.*

*Mr. Rapelje has since passed away...Ed.

THE STATEMENT OF JERONIMUS RAPELJE

As taken down by his daughter, E. A. Rapelje, Feb. 8, 1893.

I was born in the year 1806, in the township of Woodhouse, County of Norfolk. My father came from Long Island in the year 1802. David Mandeville came from Pensylvania. They came from Norfolk by water to the mouth of Kettle Creek, cutting a sled road from there to what is now St. Thomas.

Mrs. Ann Mandeville was a daughter of John Ellison and daughter-in-law of David Mandeville. Father built his house on Lot No. 1 in the 8th concession, south of Talbot street, 5 rods east from the townline between Yarmouth and Southwold, in the year 1810. Mandeville built his under the hill on the first rise from the creek, in the same year. Father built his first mill on the south end of his lot on a small stream then called Mill Creek, in the year 1814.

In the year 1819 he built a second mill, which is now owned by Turville, cutting a race for the purpose of getting the fall of water, saving the expense of a high dam.

He gave the land for burying-ground, church and rectory in the year 1821. The church was built, contract being taken by George Lee, the carpenter and joiner, work being done by the late Simon Nicoll, of Southwold. The first settled clergyman was the Rev. McIntosh, succeeded by Rev. Mr. Boswell and later by the Rev. Mark Burnham.

When the war broke out in 1812 we were visited by a plundering gang called the Westbrook party. They went into the settlers' houses, taking whatever they liked, which was very unfortunate for us, as father having just returned from New York, bringing expensive clothing, all of which they took, even my sisters' silk cloaks.

The Editor of the "Times" did the Indian an injustice in the account he gave of the taking of Miss Rapelje's cloak. It was a white man and the Indian said," Why don't you give the girl her cloak?" The Lieutenant paroled father, and it was so badly spelled and written he could not read it. Father told him it was not worth while to parole him, as he would be out the first chance he had. They said he had better not let them catch him. He said he did not intend they should. East on Talbot street they went into the house of a man named Pease and took the weapons which had been left there by Colonel Bostwick for the use of settlers, breaking them over the corner of the house. In breaking one of them, it went

off, killing one of the men. This cooled their ardour, and they returned, stopped at father's gate to chat. One of the Indians asked my uncle, (who was smoking), to let him have a few puffs at his pipe. He handed it to him, the Indian put it in his lips, shouted, How! How! and galloped away.

McArthur and his gang, said to be Kentuckians, came through in the autumn of 1813, said to be 1,000 strong. They crossed the Detroit river, came to Moraviantown, thence to Longwoods, this side of London, and on as far as Oakland, returning by Talbot street. They stayed at Otter Creek on the farm of Defield's, destroying grain, killed the sheep and drove the cattle away, thence to my father's, encamping on the field of wheat. They burned the rails, cut heads from the wheat and oats for their horses, and scattered the straw for bedding. McArthur's body guard were Indians and they were the best dressed and finest looking men of the company.

The first frame building was built by Horace Foster for a store in the year 1817. At the raising of it St. Thomas was named, the choice of name being left to the two oldest inhabitants, namely, William Drake and Jeronimus Rapelje.

The first brick was made on the flats of Kettle Creek in the year 1818, by a Mr. Long. Hamilton & Warren were the first merchants. Their store stood at the foot of the hill on the west side of the London and Port Stanley Gravel Road. The Town Hall (that is now) was built by a Mrs. Bailey, sister of Justice Wilcox.

"THE JUDGE AND THE GENERAL"

An Episode of the War of 1812.

(A paper read at a meeting of the Institute.)

By C. O. Ermatinger

Colonel Proctor had been left in command of the British forces in Detroit and had charge of the whole Michigan territory as well. After the capitulation of the unhappy General Hull to General Brock, who was administrator of the government of Upper Canada, as well as chief military commander in that province, the latter hastened back to the seat of his government at York to attend to affairs there and on the other frontiers, and Proctor reigned at Detroit and his word was law throughout Michigan. He had moreover just won fresh laurels at Riviere Aux Raisins, or the river Raisin as it is commonly termed, in consequence of which he was raised to the rank of Brigadier General.

Judge Augustus B. Woodward, of Detroit, was meanwhile watching all his movements with the eye not only of a legal expert but of a military critic as well, as a letter written by him to Hon. James B. Munro, then Secretary of State at Washington, shows. In it he summed up the tactical errors of the American General Winchester, under four heads, with the frankness and precision of one accustomed to pronounce prompt judgments on all sorts of questions on short notice; and he next proceeded to extol the generalship of Proctor in the following language:—

"The operations of the British Commander are marked with the same minute correctness of judgment in this instance, and the same boldness of conception and execution which distinguished in the former instance, his illustrious predecessor General Brock. It is a military movement of equal, and in fact, of greater splendor. His allies however will tarnish his military laurels; and plant a thorn in his heart. 'But I am' &c. Hamlet act 2, Scene 4."

The sting—if sting was intended—is at the close of this paragraph. Shaksperian readers need not be told that there is no Act 2, Scene 4, in Hamlet. We can imagine Mr. Monroe, metaphorically if not literally, rubbing his spectacles when this citation reached his eye, if it ever did, for the letter appears to have been intercepted by the British. A copy appears in the Canadian archieves, certified by Proctor's aide de camp, and it is possible the astute judge foresaw this surveillance and intended the compliment to the British General, as much for the latter's eye as for the Secretary of

State's; and that he purposely veiled his Shaksperian allusion in inaccuracy, imagining the bluff soldier would pass it over. perhaps with an oath, but in ignorance of the hidden meaning. This surmise seems the more probable since the Judge was given to making accurate, as well as copious, citations of authorities in his written judgments. Indeed one opinion of his—in the case of the Earl of Selkirk, on a motion from that nobleman to be discharged from his arrest at Detroit, on the ground of the same having been made on a Sunday—contained upwards of one hundred and thirty citations of authorities and precedents, alphabetically arranged, including chapters and verses from some twenty-one of the books of the old and new testaments, as well as a truly astonishing array of the ecclesiastical and legal lore of all ages. From this and other evidence, it may perhaps be fairly inferred that Judge Woodward, if open to a possible charge of pedantry, at least knew his Shakspeare well enough and was sufficiently accustomed to accurate citation to avoid falling into a blunder in a Shaksperian allusion.

Before proceeding to solve the Judge's Shaksperian problem, it may be remarked that he and Proctor had already crossed swords, or rather pens, if not in controversy, at least with some diplomatic skill on both sides. The judge had from motives the most praiseworthy and in language most polite and conciliatory, informed the General of the massacre at Fort Dearborn and of the fact of a number of helpless men, women and children being in the hands of the Indians, and requested the latter's intervention and aid in procuring their release. Proctor had promptly promised his aid and assistance, "a measure," he added, "I have the satisfaction of knowing, to be perfectly consistent with the principle in which the service of my sovereign is conducted, and I might say, particularly in the present contest." This was intended to meet any attack by implication, such as was then frequently made against the British in regard to their relations with the Indians.

Later on the Judge and the General exchanged missives once more, with less unanimity of feeling. The latter had determined on "deporting" a number of the citizens of Detroit to Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara River, fearing they otherwise would take the earliest opportunity of throwing off the British yoke. They held indignation meetings and adopted resolutions of protest which were entrusted to Chief Justice Woodward to lay before the Commandant which he did in a letter to Proctor proposing a fresh convention. The

General's indignation thereat was mighty and his opinion of the Judge was freely expressed in a letter to General Sheaffe. "Of the impropriety of this man's conduct," he wrote, "I certainly cannot entertain a doubt. He is an artful, designing and ambitious man and his only objects have been to ingratiate himself with his own government and to court popularity." Rather than be associated with such a man in the government of the Territory of Michigan the General declared martial law therein.

To revert now to the Judge's Shaksperian allusion and the interpretation thereof.—Though there is no Scene 4 in the 2nd Act of Hamlet, there is a Scene 2 in that Act and doubtless the numeral 4 was substituted for 2, as the number of the Scene and the words in the soliloquy of the Danish prince at the close of the scene.

"But I am a pigeon livered and lack gall
To make oppression bitter"—

were those which occurred to the mind of the Judge as applicable to Proctor.

Had the Judge, while apparently dazzled by the glory of Proctor's achievement at the River Raisin obtained a deeper insight into the General's character than was, at that time at any rate, manifest to others? Or was this eccentric Judge possessed of a spirit of prophecy which enabled him to pronounce Proctor "pigeon livered," even in the moment of the latter's triumph and some eight months before the Battle of the Thames, where his conduct drew forth the censure of his fellow countrymen and the condemnation of a subsequent Court-martial?

Tecumseh, the valiant Shawnee chief, is reported to have contrasted the conduct of Generals Brock and Proctor as follows:—"Brock say to me 'Tecumseh come fight Yankees'—Proctor, he say, 'Tecumseh go fight Yankees.'" He was not speaking prophetically, though a brother of the Shawnee prophet, but from experience. He harangued his warriors and protested in vain against Proctor's retreat before the advancing army of General Harrison. He wished to give battle where the ground seemed to him most advantageous, but could not prevail on Proctor to make a stand. When finally the stand was taken near Moraviantown, where the battle of the Thames was fought, Tecumseh fought valiantly and fell—while Proctor made a feeble resistance and fled. A member

of his staff rode in haste to York (Toronto) where, with doubtful propriety, he told, at a large dinner-party, the story of the fight, with anim adversions on the conduct of his commanding officer. The Court-martial and General Proctor's public disgrace followed later on. Though the resolutions of the Detroit citizens seemed to indicate that the General, lacked not "gall to make oppression bitter," that he was "pigeon livered" has been the general opinion ever since—albeit the neglect with which his repeated calls for reinforcements were treated, the smallness of his force as compared with Harrison's, and their exhausted condition, incline one at this day to give him the benefit of every doubt.

Thus was the Judge avenged of his enemy and his Shaksperian reference justified. Evidence is not wanting that he too was charged with something more than eccentricity, but his name is still honored in Detroit, and perpetuated in the title of the finest thoroughfare of that charming city. It is, however, reported that the Judge used to say that the avenue referred to was not named after him, but that the name was simply descriptive—that the street led towards the woods and was therefore fitly termed "Woodward Avenue."

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY

From the St. Thomas Times.

There is no part of Ontario that was settled by a better class of men than the pioneers who first took up their abode in the wilderness in the township of Southwold. Pre-eminent among these pioneers for honesty, sagacity and perseverance were Richard Williams and his family. To this day it is said that where one of the family goes, wealth and comfort are sure to follow.

Richard Williams was a merchant at Stockport, near Manchester, England, and being possessed with the spirit of enterprise, which was prevalent in the mother country at that day, he decided to push his fortune in the new world. He took passage for New York in 1815, and having followed a mercantile life in the old world he started in the same business in the new. He established a silk store in the city of New York, but he pulled up stakes on the 4th of April, 1817, and started for the Canadian wilderness. The journey was made by boats up the Hudson as far as that river was navigable, and thence by teams to Oswego, where he had to wait three weeks to get a boat to cross to Little York, now Toronto. Little York was the capital of Upper Canada, and was such an insignificant, woeful-looking town, that Mr. Williams was surprised that the Governor, the representative of regal power, should reside in it. After waiting here several days he secured passage in a boat for himself and family to Fort George; from thence the conveyance was by ox team to Fort Erie; here they embarked, after waiting three weeks for a boat, and landed at Long Point. From Long Point they followed the trail through the wilderness to Kettle Creek, and on the 4th of April, 1817, Richard Williams with his family arrived at the Talbot settlement. A man by the name of Younglove had previously settled on lot 8, Talbot street, near Watsen's Corners, but after clearing a few acres and building a cabin he died, leaving a widow and a large family of young children. Colonel Talbot gave the widow a grant of land in another neighborhood where her relatives resided, and retained the first grant to her husband until some settler came along who possessed the means to pay cash down for improvements, which he would hand over to her. Richard Williams had the cash and secured the Younglove lot, which he resided upon the rest of his life, and which is now the home of his youngest son. Having been brought up to mercantile pursuits he was wholly unacquainted with farming, and, apparently, was deficient in those qualities which were necessary to make a success of life

in a new country, but, as is often the case when occasion demands some men are able to adapt themselves to the situation and succeed under adverse circumstances; while those who begin a work under favorable auspices fail and die unsuccessful. He was fortunate in having sons who were active and hardy, and who soon learned all the craft of the woodman. His second son, Thomas, was 14 years of age at the time, and William, the elder, had nearly grown to man's estate. It was not long till the axes of the Williams boys cut down as big a slashing as any other two axes in the settlement. After taking possession of his new home Mr. Williams, having means, hired some of his neighbors to plant his clearing, and in the fall harvested four hundred bushels of potatoes. In one thing he was very fortunate—the neighborhood in which he had chosen his home was all that could be desired. The settlers were mostly from Pennsylvania; they were intelligent, pushing men and good neighbors. Among them were Barber, Watson, Best, Swisher, Waters, the Benedicts and Burwells. These Pennsylvania Burwells were distant relatives of Col. Burwell, who came from the Niagara district. The only persons now living who resided in the settlement at that date are Phineas Barber, who was then a child, and Thomas Williams, Esq., of St. Thomas.*

The greatest difficulty the settlers had to contend with at the time of the arrival of Richard Williams, was the grinding of their wheat and corn. The mill which Col. Talbot had erected was destroyed by the Americans in the war of 1812-14, and the mill set up by Rapelje in a log hut where the London and Port Stanley gravel road crosses the ravine, a little south of Marwood Gilbert's residence, was totally inadequate to grind the grain. Richard Williams was informed that there was a hand-mill for sale in another settlement and he proceeded thither and purchased it, and set it up in his own house. This mill had for its principal part a hollow log; inside this were placed two circular stones, cut rough to grind the grain. There was a hole in the centre of the top stone, through which the grain was poured by means of a rough trough and a shaft extended from the top stone to the loft at the top of the house and secured by a wooden bearing. To the top of this shaft was attached a large crank that could be worked by two men who supplied the power to the mill. For quite a long time this mill was kept in almost constant motion. It was considered a great improvement on the

*Both have since passed away.—Ed.

method in use, namely, pounding the grain on a stump which had been hollowed out, or taking their grist to the mill at Long Point, a week's journey. The settlers would bring their grist to the house and remain up all night awaiting their turn. When Thomas Williams was giving me information about this mill he was transported back on the wings of memory, over the space that divides the Canada of three quarters of a century ago from the Canada of to-day, and was a boy again. "Oh! the fun we boys had while the neighbors were waiting to take their turn at the mill!" said he, and laughed with the glee of a youngster in his teens; and the cares of seventy-five years of an active business life had not blotted out the joys that he had shared with his companions of the olden time while waiting for the mill.

The usual mode of lighting the cabin was to fold a piece of cloth into proper shape and set it into a bowl of grease; but when the mill was set up this light was too dim. The boys would gather hickory bark in the daytime and pile it up by the side of the fire place. At night one of their number would be detailed to keep the fire place supplied with it, and the shooting, cracking flames would light up every nook and corner of the cabin. Laughter and song were mingled with the cracking of the hickory bark, and everybody had lots of fun except the men at the crank.

There was a power mill erected on Kettle Creek near Port Stanley in the course of time, which was of considerable capacity, and the Williams mill with its big hand power crank was discarded. To reach the mill on Kettle Creek a road, or trail rather, had to be cut through the woods to accommodate the settlers on Talbot street west. This was done, and the trail has since become famous as the Union road, and on either side of it may be seen as fine farms and farm houses as are to be found in the Dominion. The road, however, was very bad for many years, and the elder Williams boys had to use the utmost care not to get their bags torn by trees while travelling to the mill, and many a time has a bag of wheat been scraped from a horse's back and its contents scattered on the ground while journeying on this trail. After the burning of his mill Col. Talbot brought flour from Long Point, and, he supplied every family with it who required it on account of sickness. The settlers had little time to pound their flour in a hollow stump, and it is estimated that fifty pounds of flour was the average consumed by each family in the settlement for several years. The corn was boiled whole in white lye

and eaten with milk, and the wheat was generally cooked whole. And were not the people of those days healthier, stronger, longer lived, and happier than they are now? This was the question asked by Thomas Williams, Esq., and he answered it in the affirmative himself. His erect, robust form, which has come unscathed through the hardships and activities of nearly a century, proves that he is right. "If I took you by the scuff of the neck and give you a shaking," said he, "you would not think I was an old man yet." The scribe remembered just then scores of men under thirty who he would rather let the job to, if he had to be "shook."

Richard Williams erected the first fly-shuttle loom in the settlement in his own house, and it was not long after till these looms became general. They were a great improvement on the looms previously in use. In those days all the clothes of every description were made on the farm. The settler kept sheep and sheared them; his wife and daughter spun and wove the wool into cloth. There was no jealousy among the damsels on account of fashion of richness of fabric; all wore the flannel made in the hand-loom, and the style seldom varied. There were no blacksmiths or shoemakers in the vicinity, and various were the makeshifts used in lieu of the handiwork of these useful mechanics. Mr. Williams was drafted as a grand juror shortly after his arrival, and this meant a journey of sixty miles through the woods. His shoes were completely worn out and he could not go without shoes. He had a side of leather in the house, but no lasts. From a log of wood he made the latter, the shape and size of his feet as nearly as he could, and on these he made shoes, and when completed he travelled in them the long journey to Long Point to serve his king and country. He was chosen foreman of the grand jury, did his duty faithfully and walked home again. Being well educated, it used to be his duty to examine the teachers who applied to teach the youth of the neighborhood. "The three R's" was the extent of the qualification required, and the pay was a small sum in cash or "kind" and board. The school at first was held in a private house. The first school house was built at Watson's Corners out of logs on the site of the present structure, and Ewen Cameron, the elder, taught it for many years. Notwithstanding these primitive means of education, some of the best business men, the greatest scholars, and divines whose names are household words in the United States and Canada, are the graduates of the lean-to of some log cabin in the Talbot settlement, or the log school house on the Corners. Thomas Williams and Amasa Wood, Levi

Fowler and others there laid the foundation of their active and successful business careers; Watson the astronomer, Stafford and Johnson, the eloquent divines, drew their first inspiration in these rude structures. The first registry office in the district was at Col. Burwell's, nearby, and here came all the settlers to do their land business. Of course, Col. Talbot had first to make the grant, then the settler was turned over to Col. Burwell to complete the transaction. Richard Williams prospered, and he lived to see the settlement enjoying all the advantages of modern civilization. He died in his seventy-eighth year and was buried in the Fingal burying-ground.

William, the eldest son, did not remain in the province long; he said he could not live where there were so many frogs, mosquitos, and so much forest. He journeyed back to England, where he enlisted, was sent to India, and remained there till he served out his term and received a pension for faithful services to his king and country. He returned to Canada, and died a few years ago, aged eighty-three. Thomas, the next eldest, was Col. Talbot's "white-haired boy," and probably took more liberties with the erratic old warrior than any other person in the settlement. He had free entry to the Colonel's garden, and got a share from him of all the good things going. He knew the Colonel's disposition well, and this knowledge enabled him to do good service to many a settler who had to do business with the blunt old man. On one occasion, when he was in the garden with the Colonel, a man weary and footsore climbed over one of two fences which separated the garden from the lane; the Colonel saw him and shouted "begone'" in such a manner that the man became terrified and left quickly. Thomas, as soon as opportunity came, followed the man, and asked him if he had ever seen the Colonel before. He said he had not and he did not want to see him again; he had come sixty miles to get land, and he would go right back. Thomas persuaded him to wait until the Colonel had retired to the house, and then to go and see him. He did so, and when he arrived he was well received, got the land he wanted, and left with a high opinion of the Colonel, and was his firm friend ever after. The man thanked his lucky stars that the Williams boy happened to be present and to advise him on that occasion. This incident will show, probably, as well as any other, Col. Talbot's erratic temperament, and it might be truly said that he was his own antithesis. Thomas Williams, enjoying perfect health, possessing an iron constitution and immense strength, was well adapted for the time and circumstances. When others were tired after a hard

day's work logging or chopping, Thomas was fresh, and ready for either work or fun. A hard day's work seemed only to fit him to engage in the roughest kind of sport at night. The man who could lay him on his back or "pull him up" with a stick was hard to find. When Thomas became of age he informed the Colonel of the fact and claimed his "head right," 100 acres. The Colonel said, "Thomas, I will 'smuggle' you 200 acres," and accordingly he "smuggled" him 200 acres in the township of Raleigh. Thomas did the settlement duties on this, cleared ten acres and built a cabin and claimed the deed, but the Colonel refused it as he wanted Thomas to live on the lot. The young man was bound he would come back to Southwold, and he was determined he would not lose his lot, so he went back to Raleigh and chopped forty acres more, after which he got his deed and sold his farm. He came back to Southwold and bought 100 acres of the old homestead, and in following years bought and sold many hundreds of acres, amassing great wealth.

George, the third son, died while comparatively a young man, aged, 44, and left a large family of young children. These children inherited the Williams thrift and enterprise, and are all wealthy and respected citizens. The writer was once in 'Squire Amasa Wood's office when he was giving a young man advice. "The first thing I would advise a young man to do if he can," said the 'Squire, "is to marry a Williams—marry a Williams and you are all right." 'Squire Wood said he knew this advice to be good from over fifty years of observation.

On Samuel Williams fell the major portion of the work to be done on the old homestead. The elder boys having left, and his father not being adapted to farming, he took charge and worked faithfully at home, till he came to man's estate and secured a farm for himself at Watson's Corners, which, during the many years he resided on it, was known as the model farm. He is now ,and has been for several years, a respected citizen of St. Thomas. He is 74 years of age. John, the youngest, resides on the old homestead, settled by his father in 1817.*

Thomas Williams is in his eighty-ninth year, and bids fair to add many more years to his great age. He has resided in this city for a good many years, and his gifts to the "Thomas

*Both Samuel and John Williams, as well as Thomas, have since passed away.—Ed.

Williams Home" will perpetuate his memory for all time to come. He remembers incidents which happened eighty years ago and is one of the few connecting links left that bind the present and the pioneer days of the county together. He was standing by the roadside when Colonel Talbot passed by, in state, to marry young McQueen (afterwards Colonel McQueen) to Miss Wood, a sister of Amasa Wood, Esq. Although he had to go but a short distance he "muffled up" and made as great preparations as if he were about to make a journey to Little York. On one occasion, when Thomas' first wife was sick, the doctor ordered wine for her, and there was no where to go for it but to Col. Talbot's. Thither he went and made known his errand. "Jeffrey," said the Colonel, "go and get Thomas a bottle of wine." Jeffrey returned from the cellar with one, remarking it was the only one left. Jeffrey supposed, of course, that the Colonel would not part with his last bottle, and hesitated, when the Colonel in a loud voice bade him give the bottle to Thomas. Political honors the Williams never sought for, but rather shunned. Said Thomas to the writer: "I thought more of having a good home, and being at home and attending to my own business, and I made it pay. It is a fact I am proud of," said he, "I have had business transactions with thousands of people, aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars, and I have never had a law suit in my life." He was placed on the Commission of the Peace many years ago, but has seldom acted. When the Patriot war broke ont in '37 the Williams boys, as would be expected from their standing in the community, were called upon to take a prominent part. Thomas was handed a captain's commission by Col. Talbot and marched to Amherstburg, where he remained several weeks till hostilities ceased. "I had no thirst for military glory," said he to the scribe, "but I tried to do my duty." Samuel joined Capt. Ermatinger's troop and participated in the battles west. His account of the campaign is interesting.

Pencil Portrait of the late George Munro, Esq. Sketched by the late Judge William Elliott, with the inscription as printed below

George Munro, of Aldborough, describing what his ancestors did for Charles Stuart, the Pretender, 1845.

To John Macbeth, Esq., one of the few living who knew him.
Sketched one wintry night while staying at his house.—W. E.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE GEORGE MUNRO, ESQ.

The following letter from the late Bishop Fuller, of the diocese of Niagara, to George Munro, Esq., of Aldborough, dated at "Bishophurst, Hamilton, 17th November 1879" and Mr. Munro's reply thereto have been entrusted to the Institute by Mr. Archibald McColl, for publication and preservation.

My Dear Sir,—Our mutual friend, Sheriff McKellar, of this city, has recommended me to apply to you to aid me in an enterprise that I have in view. Being a native of this province, and being in my 70th year, and having lived with my eyes open, I have witnessed a wonderful change in this country during the last fifty years. Having some taste for such things, I have collected materials for a lecture on Upper Canada, as it was fifty years ago, and Ontario, as it is now. Speaking a few days ago to the sheriff on the subject, he said that if I would apply to you for some of your recollections during that period you could give me some most interesting occurences of the early settlement of the country along Talbot street; also of the great lion of the settlement, Col. Talbot hmself. If you can favor me with some of these at your leisure, I shall be much obliged. I trust that you will pardon me for the liberty I, a total stranger, take in asking this favor at your hands, and am, my dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,

T. B. NIAGARA.

Then follows Mr. Munro's reply, and the sketch asked for as follows:

Aldborough, Nov. 28th, 1879.

Right Rev. Sir,—Yours of the 17th received, for which accept thanks. It gives me great pleasure to hear that a man of your dignified position in your native and beloved Canada purposes to draw public attention to what Ontario was fifty years ago, and what it now is. I am very certain the contrast will be by you fairly presented, and will prove your native province to be one of the most favored and best portions of the world. The change fifty years has made is truly great, but not proportionally so with that of the seventy, or even sixty years, particularly in the Talbot settlement, in the counties of Elgin, Kent and Essex. All of which I know, having in the years of 1820, '21, '22 and '23 assisted to survey many townships in these counties. I think it is very apparent

that the changes in the ten years succeeding the broaching of the forest is more than one-half of that in twenty years.

Permit me to now give you a short account of the Talbot settlement from its commencement in 1863, which account without frequent mention of the name of the far-famed Col. Talbot, would be like a body without a head. Much of the following was related to me by the Colonel himself, and the rest I know from personal knowledge, for I am seventy-five years of age, and have been a permanent resident of the county of Elgin for sixty-one years.

In the beginning of 1803, from Long Point to Amherstburg was an unbroken forest, with the exception of a small portion of Gosfield, in Essex, where a few U. E. Loyalists settled shortly after the Revolutionary war. On the ever memorable 21st of May, 1803, landed from a bark canoe at the mouth of a large creek in Dunwich, sixty miles west of Long Point, Governor Simcoe and his confidential secretary, the Hon. Col. Thomas Talbot. On the hill west of the creek they stood admiring the scenery of lake and leafy forest then and there presented to their view. The Colonel said: "General Simcoe, here is my future home where I purpose to live and die."* The general ordered one of the servants to bring an axe from the canoe. The Colonel took the axe and cut down a small maple tree, the first tree felled by a white man between Long Point and Gosfield, a distance of about 150 miles. The felling of that tree is an eventful episode in the history of Western Canada. Near where the tree stood the Colonel built a log house, where he and a few male (no female) servants resided with no neighbors on the west nearer than eighty miles, on the east nearer than sixty miles, and on the north and northwest, an unbroken forest from lake to lake. In that log house, for more than half a century, resided the eccentric, laconic, and truly noble and honorable Thomas Talbot, during several years of which he baked his own bread, milked his own cows, made his own butter and cheese, washed his own clothes, ironed and dressed his own linen.

I think you will agree with me in saying that he, a lineal descendant of the kings of Ireland, a member of one of

*Governor Simcoe was not with Col. Talbot when he commenced his settlement in 1803, the former being then in England. Some such remark as that referred to, is believed to have been made on the occasion of a previous visit of Simcoe and Talbot to the spot. Mr. Munro probably confused the two occasions in his mind, after the lapse of so many years.—Ed.

the most ancient families of the British Empire, he, who was a welcome guest at all the regal courts of Europe, would thus immure himself as a hermit in the forest, borders on the romantic, and well verifies common opinion, "That truth is stranger than fiction."

For the first three years of the Colonel's residence he failed to induce any to face the dangers and privations of dwelling in the wilderness, except one, (George Crane), who came with himself and settled a few miles west of the now far famed Port Talbot. The progress of the settlement was so slow that in 1809 there were but twelve families, who had courage to settle along the blazed line of Talbot road, four of which families he located in Dunwich, three or four miles west of his old log castle, and the rest, some in Southwold, Yarmouth and Malahide, but none in Aldborough, or any of the townshps west thereof. This noble nucleus had little, or nothing to commence their arduous work, but strong arms and dauntless hearts. No provisions to be had nearer than Long Point, and no roads leading thereto. To obviate this seemingly insurmountable difficulty, the Colonel ordered a block house to be built in the forest, near the mouth of Kettle Creek, now Port Stanley, a place equi distant from the two extremes of the infant settlement, wherein he caused to be deposited flour and pork brought in open boat from Fort Erie, which were distributed to the settlers by the attending agent, upon the order of the Colonel.

Many amusing contacts occurred between the Colonel and his settlers when asking for an order. Permit me to give you the following, in his own words, at his own table: "Do you know George Crane's wife?" I said I had heard of her but never met her. "She is a country woman of yours and a real Scotch virago she is. One day, when at dinner, she came in here and said she came for a horse to take provisions from the block house. I told her to take old Bob, a quiet, strong horse. She said she would not have old Bob, but must have Jane. I said she could not have Jane. She seized that large carving knife and threatened to run it through me, so that I had to holloa to Jeffrey to give the Scotch devil the mare." Jeffrey was the Colonel's confidential servant, and Jane was the Colonel's riding beast, which he never lent to anyone.

When the pioneers by industry and perseverance, raised grain enough for bread, there was no mill to grind it nearer than where Simcoe now is, a distance of seventy miles from

some of them. The Colonel erected a mill on his own creek, which was soon after burned down by the Yankee savage, marauding, plundering bandits, headed by human monsters such as the infamous robber, General McArthur.

In the years 1810 and 1811 from twenty to thirty families were located along the Talbot road, some in Dunwich and some in Southwold, Yarmouth and Malahide, so that in 1812 there were two or three small companies of militia enrolled in the settlement, who, during the war, served their king and country with fidelity and courage.

During the war there were few or no additions to the settlement. In 1816 the Colonel obtained the aid of two able coadjutors—Mr. Buchanan, then British consul at New York, and Andrew McNabb, Esq., of Geneva, a civil engineer, who first proposed to Governor Clinton the possibility and utility of a junction of the waters of Lake Erie and the Hudson. Mr. McNabb was maternal uncle to our amiable and talented friend, Sheriff McKellar. The venerable consul recommended the emigrants arriving at New York to settle in the Talbot settlement, giving to many of them letters of introduction to the great pioneer, the forest father of the settlement. Mr. McNabb came to Caledonia, State of New York, where many of his Highland friends were settled at his recommendation. Fifteen families sold their possessions there, and in the summer of 1816 settled in the unbroken wilderness of the township of Aldborough, along the blazed line of what is now the far-famed Talbot road, but then a mere ox-sleigh path, winding around standing and fallen trees, swamps and marshes. Mr. McNabb, by letter, recommended his father to come to Canada by way of Quebec. In September, 1817, arrived the said father and all his family, and two of his Highland neighbors, Peter McKellar and John McDougald, who were hailed with delight by their countrymen from Caledonia before referred to. Mr. McKellar, though an uneducated man, possessed great natural ability, for he was by nature a mathematician, machinist and poet. His family, on his arrival to make his home in the forest, consisted of his wife and a son about two years old. This son, like his father, possessed a high order of intellect, his voice has been listened to with delight in the highest councils of his beloved Canada. This son is our mutual and highly esteemed friend, the Hon. Arch. McKellar, Sheriff of Wentworth. Old Mr. McNabb, soon after his arrival, wrote home to his friends, concluding his letter by the very laconic

expression "Come on," which monosylables caused such an excitement that on the 27th day of July, 1818, sailed from Tobermorie, Island of Mull, the ship Mars, of Port Glasgow, with about three hundred passengers, arrived at Pictou on the 10th of September, and at Quebec on the 20th. Thirty-six families of the Mars' passengers, among them, my father and family, landed on the 16th of October in the wilderness at the mouth of a creek in Aldborough called the Sixteen Creek, it being 16 miles west of Port Talbot, which was then considered by the pioneers, the Eden of Canada, and the starting point of civilization. All were joyfully received by Mr. McNabb and his neighbors.

In September, 1819, from Argyleshire, landed at the mouth of the said creek, upwards of thirty-five families who were located near their friends and countrymen.

In September, 1820, from the same shire, and at the same place, landed twenty-five families more, a few only remaining in Aldborough, the rest continuing their way through the forest to the wilderness of the townships of Lobo and Caradoc, then but recently surveyed. There are none of the heads of said families now living, but their children are wealthy residents of those townships, occupants of brick houses, instead of the humble log houses in which many of them were born.

I will now endeavor to describe some of the severe trials the pioneers of Aldborough had to undergo during the years from 1816 to 1820 inclusive. Even in the latter part of said years there were no mills nearer than thirty miles, with a dense forest intervening, the only access being by the lake in canoes in summer, and by hand-sleighs on the lake ice in winter.

In November, 1818, four able-bodied men went in a small boat to Long Point, to get flour to be divided among the settlers, at that time about fifty-four families, thirty-six of whom raised nothing, having as before mentioned, only arrived the preceding month. The families who came in 1816 and 1817 raised hardly enough corn and potatoes for their own provisions, but, notwithstanding, like the Christians of old, they held all they possessed in common with their newly-arrived neighbors. The boat that went to Long Point was expected to return with the much-needed cargo in a week or ten days, but did not return in one, two or three weeks, by which time all the food in the infant settlement was consumed, except some turnips, upon which the settlers had to subsist for nearly ten days, with nothing else to eat except chestnuts,

which, that autumn, were providentially very abundant. At the expiraton of the fourth week the boatmen returned, stating that they were for two weeks storm-stayed at the mouth of the Otter Creek, now Port Burwell, but then all along the creek an endless forest of lofty pines. That when they proceeded westward about thirty miles they were driven ashore by a southwest storm. The boat stove to pieces, and it was with difficulty that they saved half their load, which they piled beyond the reach of the lake surf about twenty miles east of the western extremity of the settlement. There was no snow that winter, and even if there had been it would have been unavailable, as there were no roads, but the young men of the settlement carried on their backs all the flour saved, and distributed it among the suffering settlers. Before this supply was all consumed a brigade of hand-sleighs went to, and returned from Long Point on the lake ice, with flour enough for the ensuing summer. Though there was not a mill within many miles, in the beginning of 1819, before the end of the year there was one in almost every house, but they were hand mills, the first of which was the joint production of the sheriff's father and my father-in-law, John Menzie, a mason and architect, which hand mill has been with fllial affection, deposited in a place the sheriff can describe. Please accept of this as the first instalment due, which would have been sent before now had I been well. As my health has been, by the mercy of a kind Providence, restored, I will, in course of next week, send you all I know worth knowing.

Right Reverend Sir,—I concluded my last letter by referring to the sheriff as to the depository of the first handmill ever made in the Talbot settlement. I will now send you some more reminiscenses of that settlement and the eccentric but truly noble founder and father thereof. Improvements were greatly retarded during the years 1819, '20, and '21, owing to the intermittent fevers in spring and to a bilious fever of almost a yellow fever type in the autumn. In the last two weeks of September, 1819, there were fourteen adult funerals among the fifty-four families in Aldborough, and but a few of the living able to leave their beds to attend to the bearing of the remains of departed friends to their last resting place, or to hand a drink of water one to another, with no doctor nearer than Long Point on the one hand and Sandwich on the other, so that the situation was truly dismal.. During these trying times there were many instances of truly laudable efforts by women in the afflicted settlement.

One, F. McDiarmid, was in the harvest time confined to the house with ague, and unable to secure an acre and a half of wheat, his only dependance for his winter's bread. More than this, there was no sickle to cut with, but courage and industry will overcome many difficulties, and his faithful wife cut it all with a butcher knife, threshed the grain and ground in a handmill to feed her two infant children and sick husband when recovering from his illness The heroic woman died September, 1878, aged ninety-seven years and eleven months.

In the spring of the same year another settler, Gregor McGregor, after planting a recently cleared and unfenced four-acre field with corn and potatoes, was taken down with the ague, rendering him unable to fence the planted field. His wife (my wife's sister), split and carried on her back, they having no oxen, rails enough to fence the field, on which they depended for their own and their children's provisions for the ensuing year. All the aid she received in performing this arduous task, was her husband, in the intermissions of his fever, showing her where to drive the wedges. She had to grind on the handmill all the food used by herself and family.

There were many other instances of extraordinary fortitude and perseverance exhibited by the mothers of the present generation. The epidemics of 1820 and following years were not so severe as that of 1819.

In 1820, the sheriff's father, who had never served one day's apprenticeship at any trade ,erected a mill, all the wheels and gearings of which were made by himself, and that as perfect as any wheelright could have done. The settlers aided in making a dam and raceway.

After this the hand mills had some rest, except in the droughts of summer and the severe frosts of winter. The pioneers of all the Talbot settlement, during the first five or six years of their excessive toils and troubles in the forest had many of their cattle destroyed by wolves, their swine by bears and their grain by deer, wild turkeys, racoons and black squirrels. In the spring of 1820 there were in Aldborough one hundred and twenty head of horned cattle, some of them working oxen, devoured by wolves, and the other townships in the settlement suffered in common with Aldborough. Sheep, though well secured at night, were destroyed in daytime.

In the spring of 1824 my father had a flock of fifty sheep, thirty-five of which were devoured in one day in the flats of

the creek near the house, by a pack of wolves, while we were in at dinner. Deer were very numerous, often tangling and trampling the grain crops adjacent to the woods. Turkeys were numberless. Early in the morning of the second Monday in August, 1830, a neighbor said he saw a great drove in the woods in the rear of my oat field. A friend of mine, who resided with me at the time, went to the field and saw the oats shaking, and, though he saw no turkeys, he fired, and killed seven, two of which weighed twenty-two pounds each. Before the end of the week the whole of the field of five acres, promising a yield of 50 or 60 bushels per acre, was totally destroyed, so that I never got a sheaf. The same year I had a small field of two acres of corn, bounded on two sides by woods, all of which was destroyed by racoons at night, and black squirrels in day time. Fourteen of the racoons I killed, and one hundred and ten squirrels I shot, all in one week. From another field of three acres I obtained one hundred bushels, saved by having been bounded by other fields. In pioneer days rattlesnakes were very numerous, and my brother, who was assisting to haul in oats, pitched on the load a sheaf, of which I took hold, but, hearing the dreaded rattle, I threw it down, as far from my brother as I could. Out of the sheaf crawled a rattlesnake, forty inches long, which he at sight of killed with the pitchfork, and pulled off its fourteen rattles. Numerous though the venomous reptiles were, only four of the Aldborough settlers were bitten, each saved by copious draughts of the decoction of a hoarhound and plantain and pressing salted fat pork on the wound.. It was not at that time known that whiskey is of all antidotes, the speediest and best.

As to school privileges in pioneer days, they were but few and far between. The first school ever opened in the County of Elgin, was in Malahide in 1816, and up to the year 1830 only 20 schools existed in the whole Talbot settlement extending at that time from the east of Elgin to the west of Kent, a distance of nearly 100 miles. One, Malcolm Robinson, opened in 1819, the first school in Aldborough, in his own house, which served the purpose of kitchen, dining room, parlor, bedroom, blacksmith shop and school house. I will again have to refer to the sheriff, who can give an amusing description of said school, the first he ever entered as a scholar. In 1820 a school was opened in one end of my father's house and continued there for a year. The first school houses were rough, cold, dark and dismal, with but two windows of 6 panes of 7 by 9 each. Seats and writing desks were logs flattened

with the axe. School fees, per scholar, 10 bushels of wheat per annum, a spelling book, a bushel, a quire of paper the same and everything else in proportion.

Pioneer commerce consisted exclusively of Barter. Gold, silver, and bank promises were almost unknown. It is supposed and I think correctly that up to the year 1831, the first year in which cash was paid for wheat, the money circulated in all the Talbot settlement would not amount to over one hundred dollars per annum over and above the taxes which were not one dollar in ten to what they are now. In the whole settlement even in the year 1828 there were but four stores one where St. Thomas now is (but then was not), and one in each of the townships of Aldborough, Orford and Howard, but none in the other eleven townships.

In early days pioneers wore no shoes in summer. Even at their meetings for worship on Sunday, minister and hearer, young and old,were barefooted, but in winter wore shoes made of home-tanned leather. The clothing worn for bed and body was home-made of wool and flax, of their own growing. Man's head dress in summer was a straw hat, and in winter a coonskin cap, all made at home. The tea used was the fragrant spicewood, and the aromatic sassafras, the coffee, a toasted piece of bread. All the sugar, molasses, vinegar and soap used were procured from the wonder and crest of Canada, the maple tree. The indipensable articles, salt and iron, had to be brought from Buffalo in an open boat. The money to buy them was earned by working on the Erie canal, then in course of construction, when one or two of every family in the settlement labored from March to October in each year during the construction thereof, and hardy veterans went to and returned therefrom on foot, carrying the food used on their long journey on their backs. A pattern for such commendable self-reliance was set by the forest father himself who used no clothing but home-made, from the wool, hemp and fiax grown on his own farm.

In the winter he who considered himself, as well he might, second to no man in Canada, attended the legislative council of which he was chief.* There were many amusing incidents

*Though Colonel Talbot had a seat in the Legislative Council, it is said that he never occupied it, though he went annually to York (Toronto) for a visit of some length in winter. That he was "chief" of the Council is of course an hyperbolical representation of the personal influence he without doubt possessed with the Governors and their advisers.

connected with the said dress, one of which permit me to relate in his own emphatic words, which I can never forget. "On my last visit to Castle Malahide, (in Ireland) the porter refused to admit me, pushing me aside. I entered to where my brother, Henry, was at breakfast, he angrily asked: "Where are you from, what is your name, and what do you want?" "I am from Canada, my name is Thomas Talbot, and I want my breakfast." He said, "Thomas, Thomas, I fear all I heard of you being a recluse in a log hut, your own bread and cheesemaker, and your own cowmilker is too true." For this lecture I paid him last summer in my log castle Talbot. The first thing he asked me for was a drink of milk. I invited him to the door, handed him a home made pail, pointed to a cow grazing near by on the lake bank and told him to go and help himself, for that I and all my settlers helped ourselves.

The noble forest father constantly urged his settlers to keep clear of stores so as not to sell their crops before being reaped. A young man, neatly dressed in fine broadcloth, asked for a grant of land. The Colonel said, "I will grant no land to any who can afford to dress in the rotten refuse of the Manchester warehouses." The young man left, of course, in very ill humor. On his way home he met an acquaintance who directed, if he had it not of his own, to borrow a home-made butternut, bark colored suit and a straw hat, and in a month return with his long locks shortened and his neatly trimmed whiskers cut off. About eleven or twelve months after a young man dressed in home-made clothes, stood at the Colonel's window, where many hundreds stood before, and asked for a grant of a hundred acres . "You can have it if you always promise to wear such clothes as you now do, instead of the dandy suit you wore before," said the Colonel. Though the young man was changed in appearance, the Colonel at first sight knew him, for with the Colonel to see a man once was to know him at all times after. Notwithstanding the Colonel's abrupt and peremptory deportment, few or none possessed greater sympathy with the sick and afflicted than did he.

One of the settlers stored his memory with the longest words in Johnson's dictionary to be ready for use at an intended interview with the colonel. At the interview the settler in a pompous harangue, expressed his regret that many were located who failed to perform settlement duties, referring particularly to one of his neighbors who so failed. The colonel after listening for a minute or two said: "Mr. Crawford please

come down to the level of my understanding, that I may know what you want. From what little I have understood of your very learned oration, I think you want to get your neighbor's lot, but I will be ——if you shall." The man whose land Crawford coveted had been sick all summer, his wife nobly toiling and laboring to maintain her five young children, three of them at the time having the ague. Instead of taking the land from the afflicted family, the colonel with characteristic sympathy caused them to be assisted, for which the survivors are to this day grateful. Among the pioneers, during the first twenty or thirty years litigation was unsought and almost unknown, as the toils, privation, troubles and dangers common to all, bound them in fraternal unity and affection, which unity their forest father strove to perpetuate, and though for several years the only magistrate in the settlement he never issued a warrant or granted a summons. I have been a J. P. during the last fifty years, in the first ten of which I never had to issue a warrant or even a summons. When division courts were first established, I acted as clerk for four years, in the division composed of the townships of Aldborough and Dunwich, during which time there were but twenty cases before the judge, but much does it grieve me that now courts are crowded with litigants.

Colonel Talbot was esteemed by all who knew him, whose esteem was worth having, but by such that declare that "Jack is as good as his master," (a phrase with its implied society overturning iniquity, coined by Satan and uttered from Tophet) the Colonel was declared to be proud, drunken, profane Tory, and a haughty autocrat. As to the first charge, all that need be said is that he was too great to be proud in the common acceptation of the term. As to the charge of drunkeness, it is foul and false, for I was for forty years residing within sixteen miles of his place, seeing him at various times during the year and often partaking of his generous hospitality, and never saw him intoxicated, neither did I see or know anyone who did.

The charge as to profanity must to a certain extent be admitted, for swearing was a common evil practice in the army, when he served therein as an officer of distinction. As to the charge of haughtiness, let the following answer. In the autumn of 1838 Colonel Maitland, as commandant, hearing from his vigilants that the rebels were arming two or three schooners in Cleveland to make a raid on ten thousand bushels of wheat stored at that time, by the farmers, at the mouth of

Talbot Creek, and eighty or ninety steers owned by Col. Talbot, ordered me, with sixty militiamen, at the time under my command, to guard Port Talbot. For the two months, November and December, that I was stationed there Commissary General Routh, from London, visited Col. Talbot semi-monthly to inspect the guard. One day after dinner the Colonel proposed a walk to the garden. On our way we heard a little girl, about six years of age, a daughter of one of the servants, loudly command the colonel to stop for her. "Gentlemen," said he, "I must wait for the little torment." He offered her his hand. "No! no!" said she, "you must carry me. He proposed to take her in his arms. "No! No! You must carry me on your back as you always do." He sat down to let her get on his back: "No! No! You must go on all fours," which he positively did, and carried her to the garden and back to his own room. She soon desired to go out. The colonel opened the door leading to the kitchen, where her mother was. Through this door she refused to go. He then opened another door. "No! No! You must lift me out through your own window." He opened a leaf of the window herein before referred to, and raised the spoiled child, gently placing her on the outside. He was hardly seated in his own home-made,slat-bottomed arm chair, when he had to rise and through said window raise her in, calling her a little pet. "It is your own fault," said the general. "I cannot help it, for she sticks to me like a bur," said the good and kind old man.

The Colonel often employed newly arrived young emigrants, having no home of their own, who were attended upon by himself while they or any of them, were confined by the ague. With my own eyes I saw him piling blankets over his shaking patients, and instead of charging for board and attendance, as many would have done, he paid them full wages for all the time they were sick, which few or none would have done. No one ever served him who did not love him sincerely and devotedly. So much for the charge of haughtiness.

As to the charge of being a Tory, it is admitted, for he was a Tory, and an ultra one, but I have failed to find it enumerated by Sir William Blackstone in the list of felonies, though some of the politicians of the present say it should have been. As to the charge of aristocracy, if preferring the approval of the enlightened few to the ephemeral popularity of the many, and detesting Yankee republicanism and democracy, is aristocratic, Colonel Talbot was an aristocrat. If esteeming a straightforward man, however poor, and despising

a fawning servile schemer, however rich, is aristocratic, Col. Talbot was an aristocrat. If abominating evasion and falsehood, and loving truthfulness, integrity and candor, is aristocratic, then Col. Talbot was an aristocrat. If assisting the poor and needy, and sympathizing with the sick and afflicted, is aristocratic, then the Colonel was a thorough aristocrat.

I must now close my description of the noble, the great, and the good Colonel Talbot, but before closing I will give an instance of a fair and square victory obtained by a Highland countryman of mine over the lion of Port Talbot.

In the summer of 1836 a man came to an inn and asked for a glass of brandy, which he drank. He then asked for anotther, which he also drank. Soon after he asked for another, which the landlord very properly refused, but the "Heilanman" begged for it, saying, "You must let me have it. I am going to see that old Irish devil, Colonel Talbot, who took my land from me, and if he will not give it back I will give him the soundest thrashing a man ever got, for I will smash every bone in his body."

To get rid of him the landlord gave him the desired third glass. He then started with "three sheets in the wind and one fluttering." On reaching the historic window, and hearing the Colonel's historic "What do you want?" he said he wanted to get his land back again. Upon refusal he aimed a blow, swearing he would break every bone in the Colonel's body. The day following the said passage at arms, Colonel Burwell's son, Hercules, went with me to witness Col. Talbot's signature to some deeds. When leaving he courteously proposed to walk with us to the road, but on going out he observed at the west end of his long row of log buildings, a man coming towards us. The Colonel shaking his fist said, "Clear yourself you d——Heilan rascal; did you not yesterday threaten to break every bone in my skin?" He then turned quickly and went into his room. In about a week after I met Col. Burwell (Col. Talbot's nearest and dearest friend), who smilingly said, "Our mutual friend, the Port Talbot chief, at long last met his match in the person of the Scotchman, who was there when you and Hercules were getting the deeds signed." The Highland hero, instead of taking himself off, went into the kitchen and sat down with the Colonel's men to dinner. He did the same at supper, and, following the men to their long bedroom, jumped into bed. The morning following he was first at breakfast; the same at dinner and supper. This he kept up for two days. When Jeffrey complained to the

colonel, he ordered him to the window, and asked him what did he mean. "I mean to live and die with you, you old devil, if you do not give me back my land." "Take your land and go to hell with it, and never let me see your face again," was the conquered colonel's reply. All the comment I can offer upon this ludicrous incident is that it proves the colonel was not a very vindictive man, for had he been he would have visited the Hielandman with the utmost rigor of the law for assault, but he was too noble to be vindictive, believing with the poet, "A well bred man will not offend me, and no other can."

Absolute monarchy, though the cheapest, is not the best form of human government, unless the monarch be absolutely perfect ,and as no human being can be perfect, absolute monarchy is not desirable. But notwithstanding Colonel Talbot's human frailties, I would rather have lived under his absolute power than under the democratic crowd who repudiate all distinction in society. As long as the waters of Lake Erie continue to flow towards the grand leap at Niagara, so long will Colonel Talbot's name continue to be a household word among the descendants of the the pioneers of Western Canada.

In contrasting the commencement with the present state of the far-famed Talbot settlement, it is to be borne in mind that not one in twenty of the pioneers had a dollar to his name when commencing to make a home in the wilderness, the most of them being in debt for passage money. For instance my father, who had a little money, paid Atlantic passage for four families, and assisted several other families along the tedious journey from Montreal to Aldborough. Many of the children of the assisted are now owners of large and well improved farms, occupants of well furnished frame or brick houses, having fine carriages to ride in, and everything to afford comfort and independence.

As to the increase of population, it is almost unprecedented. The population of Aldborough in 1837 (the year of the rebellion) was under 500, to-day it is over 5,000, and the increase in the other townships as great, and, in some of them, greater. In Aldborough, in 1840, there were but five log hovels for schools; to-day there are thirteen framed ones and some with stone basement. In Malahide there are eighteen school houses—nine frame and nine brick ones. To-day there is not a log school house in all Elgin. In Aldborough in 1840, there was but one log church, to-day there are fifteen large,

well built frame ones. In Aldborough even in 1850 there was but one grist mill and one saw mill; to-day there are eight steam saw mills and two steam grist mills. In Aldborough in 1850 there was not a single village; to-day there are five and in some of the other townships nearly twice as many.

In pioneer days bears and wolves were very numerous and destructive. In one year, one Thos. Pool, an experienced trapper and hunter, killed twenty-seven wolves in Aldborough, and many in each of the adjoining townships. To-day there is neither bear nor wolf in all Elgin. In former days deer could be seen in droves; to-day there are few to be seen. In pioneer days the only farming implements were the axe, the sickle and the flail; to-day there are sowing, hoeing, digging, mowing, raking, reaping and threshing machines. In former days pioneers had no horses, but often performed long journeys on foot, over very bad roads, at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles per day, bearing their provisions, consisting of hand mill bread and some maple sugar, on their back, and at night sleeping on the tavern floor before the fire, with a turned up chair for a pillow, having no money to pay a York sixpence, at that time the charge for a bed. To-day their descendants will not go two miles from home without a horse and carriage, or in a railroad coach. In former days the pioneers wore no clothes but that carded, spun, woven and colored by thrifty wives and industrious daughters, whose only music was the whirring sound of the spinning wheel and their own melodious songs; to-day their grandsons dress in the finest broadcloth coats and toe squeezing, dandy boots, and their granddaughters in silks and satins.

In former days, instead of going from house to house to beg for votes, candidates for Parliament published their political views in hand bills, posted up in conspicuous places. To-day politics are peddled from stump to stump, and from school house to school house, a pernicious practice, introduced by the political party arrogating the title of Reformers. In pioneer days there were no temperance societies in any part of the Talbot settlement; to-day there are many, but intemperance is no less. A Dutch neighbor of mine at a temperance meeting was by the chairman, (a free church minister), invited to join, "No, never," said the Dutchman, "for the temperance men add lies to de shware and the shware to de drink and de drink to de steal, for yesterday I had a log bee and put my whiskey in de bush to keep it cool and de temperance mans steal all, every drop." This Dutch oration, in which there was more truth

than poetry, brought the meeting to a close in uproarious laughter. This branch was then six months in existence, and in less than a year many members broke their pledge and some became more intemperate than before joining. Such, in my humble opinion, will be the end of all attemps to improve on the New Testament commands. For therein we are commanded to be temperate in all things, and therein gluttony is as much prohibited as drunkeness. If to avoid drunkeness a man must totally abstain from tasting, touching or handling any and every kind of spiritous drink upon a similar hypothesis to avoid gluttony one must totally abstain from tasting, touching or handling every kind of food. The first temperance society in the Talbot settlement was organized in the year 1836, in Aylmer, by some Yankees of a strong anti-British tendency. One true loyalist believing the object of the society to be, as publicly announced, the suppression of intemperance, joined, but hearing principles avowed and sentiments uttered inimical to British laws and institutions, and praising those of the United States, he withdrew, and in confidence intimated to Col. Talbot the dangerous tendency of the combination. The Colonel called a meeting.—

Here for some reason or other, Col. Munro's narrative comes abruptly to an end.

REMINISCENSES OF SHERIFF McKELLAR

My father, Peter McKellar, was born in Inverary, Argyl-shire, Scotland, in 1784. In his younger days his occupation was that of a shepherd on his native mountains, in the kilt, plaid and bonnet, with his collie, enjoying the bracing and fragrant mountain breezes blown over the heather. He continued his occupation until he married. He then engaged with Col. John Turner as a farm laborer, on his farm known as Mam, in Glenshira, three miles from the Duke of Argyle's castle. He continued with Col. Turner a few years, and it was while with Col. Turner that the writer was introduced into this world, in a small cottage on the mountainside, on Febuary 3rd, 1816. I have no recollection of the event, for I was not consulted, but I have been assured on good authority that the dates I have given are correct. I mention the following incident to show what a small thing, as it appears to us, may change our career in life. In the spring of 1817 my father was ploughing on the farm. A friend of his called upon him. The ploughing was stopped. He entered into conversation with his friend. He admitted he may have occupied too much time. Mrs. Turner thought so also, and called to him to go on with his work. Instead of doing so he took the horses to the barn, unharnessed and fed them. He then went home and told my mother what had happened, and declared if there was a spot under the canopy of heaven where he could be his own master he would go to it. That he would not be ruled by a woman. My mother was equally plucky and told him she would be ready to go as soon as he would. The following party was immediately organized to leave for America: Peter McKellar and wife, Alex. McNab and wife, his son, Duncan, and two unmarried daughters, Margaret and Mary, and John McDougall and wife. This party of nine sailed from Greenock for Quebec in the latter part of April,1817, and were nine weeks on the sea voyage. From Quebec, they came in a small schooner to Montreal. From there they were taken in carts to Lachine, a distance of nine miles. From Lachine they were taken in a small vessel till they reached the St. Lawrence rapids, over which they were taken in batteaus, sometimes forced against the stream by men with long poles, and at other times drawn by oxen or horses. Having arrived at Kingston, they shipped on a schooner for Queenston, then the western limit of civilization, where they arrived late in August. At Queenston all the women and your humble servant remained, while all the men went westward through the wilderness on foot to find homes. Having found some of their countrymen in Aldborough, they decided

to cast their lot with them. Having selected their lots, they returned on foot, and called at Col. Talbot's, who had the settling of the land, each one entering his name for fifty acres, while, as I have learned since, the Colonel got the remaining 150 acres of each 200 acres for himself for his trouble and the expense of looking on and seeing the men sign their names. Having secured their lots, they proceeded to Queenston, where they engaged teams to take themselves, their families and luggage to Fort Erie, where they shipped on a schooner that took them up Lake Erie, and in September landed them at the mouth of the Sixteen Mile Creek, in Aldborough, a couple of miles from the lands they had located. Alex. McNab and family settled on lot No. 2, 3rd concession, on the Talbot road: Peter McKellar settled on lot No. 6, 2nd concession on the Talbot road; John McDougald settled on lot No. 6, 3rd concession, on the Talbot road, just opposite to my father, Peter McKellar. The three families were able to build three small log houses and make them habitable before winter set in. The settlers that my father's party found in Aldborough on their arrival were Capt. Arch. Gillies and family, who settled there in 1815; John C. Gillies, his mother and two unmarried sisters; Alex. Forbes and family; Neil Haggart and family; John Menzies; Thos. Forbes and family; Donald McEwen and family; Findlay McDiarmid and family; Duncan Stewart and family; Gregor McGregor and family, and James McLaren. All these came from Caledonia, State of New York, in the spring of 1817, and were all Highlanders, except Ford and Menzies, who were Lowland Scotch and worthy representatives of their country. I have the settlers now on their land to encounter and overcome the hardships and trials of pioneer life. They were in a dense forest, with no roads, mills, stores, or any of the conveniences or comforts of life, and still worse they had very little money, and even if they had they could buy neither food nor clothing, for there was none to be had in the settlement, but they had self-reliance, bone and sinew, and with these they encountered and overcame all difficulties. They were not the lame, the halt and the blind, no, they were the flower of our race. Permit me to give an illustration of the pioneers of Aldborough: When Parliament met in Quebec in 1861, '62, '63 and '64, McKenzie and I always crossed the river to Point Levi to meet the Allan steamer, and if we found emigrants coming west we gave all the information we could to them. On one occasion we saw a young, active woman attending to her luggage. She had no shoes but stockings. We asked her if she had no shoes. She

replied, "My shoon (shoes) were washed overboard, but if I get wark (work) I will soon get anither pair." We were so pleased with her independent spirit that we said we would give her another pair if she would cross the river with us. There was the shop at Point Levi. She drew herself up to her full length and inspected us closely, no doubt to form a judgment as to what sort of characters we were. To dispel her fears we told her she had only to cross the ferry and that a large shoe shop was close to the dock on the other side. She crossed with us. We told the shopman to give her a pair of the best shoes in the shop. He asked us what kind she wanted. Her reply was, "I want a shoon wi' gussets." He asked again. He got the same answer. They looked at each other, each thinking the other was stupid. We then explained that she wanted shoes with elastics. She got them. We saw her on board the ferry and bid her farewell. She was a specimen of the brave pioneer women of Aldborough.

I closed my first paper with the close of 1817, giving the settlers then in the township. I was then only twenty-three months old and do not speak from my own recollection. My impression is that Lachlan MacDougall, who was a step son of Donald McEwin, and father of our esteemed and worthy fellow citizen, Colin MacDougall, Q.C., came with his step-father and mother to Aldborough in 1817. He was married to Miss Sarah Ruthven before my recollection; he afterwards taught school in a log house on my grandfather McNab's farm, opposite his own. I attended this school and have a vivid recollection of it, for the following reason. During recess I went to my grandmother McNab's house close by. She always gave me a large piece of bread buttered as thick as the bread. I always went out quietly and scraped the most of the butter off the bread and fed it to the hens. Accessions were made to the settlement in 1818-1819. I have a dim recollection of the emigrants of 1819. During the first three or four years it was dffiicult for the settlers to procure food. The most of them had very little money and those who had money could not procure food without going long distances for it. Some of them went to the older settlement in Dunwich, near Port Talbot, made small purchases of grain, which they brought home on their backs, a distance of 12 miles, and after getting it home there was no mill to grind it. The first invention I saw for preparing grain for food was a section of a tree about 2½ feet long and 12 inches in diameter with a hole the shape of the large half of an egg cut crosswise in the top of it; the grain was put in the hole and with a wooden mallet the shape

of the hole, the grain was pounded until the bran or outside covering was taken off it. It was then well boiled and used for food. This primitive contrivance was called "crotag" which I assure the English means pounder. The next invention was a hand-mill made by my father, Peter McKellar, and a Mr. Menzies, who was a stone mason, made the 'bradh' or hand-mill late in 1818 or early in 1819. The shell is a section of a hollow buttonwood or sycamore tree, about three feet long. The lower stone is fitted into it and sunk about two inches below the top. Near the bottom of the shell a small beam is run across, on which an iron bar stands, on the upper end of which the upper stone sits. By moving the handle or end of the beam up or down, it raises or lowers the upper stone, where the meal comes out. A hole is made in the centre of the upper stone to drop the grain in by hand. The upper end of the hole is placed over the centre of the upper stone. The lower end of the pole is placed at the rim of the upper stone, thus forming the crank. I send you a copy of the Dominion Mechanical and Milling News, from which you can take a photo of the mill, with Detective McKenzie and myself in the act of grinding in it, just before it was shipped to the World's Fair in 1886. You will also find a fuller description of the getting up of the mill in the same paper. Colonel Talbot settled at Port Talbot in the township of Dunwich in May, 1803. He built a grist mill on the Talbot creek on his own farm. During the war of 1812 the mill was burned by the Americans. My father having good mechanical talents, Colonel Talbot suggested to him the building of a grist mill on the Sixteen creek, and he would give him the irons of his burned mill and an additional fifty acres of land. The mill was built, and in operation in 1821, but the fifty acres were not granted. This mill did the grinding for a large area of country for many years. My father sold it in 1837 and it was in operation many years afterwards. As the Sixteen Mile Creek was not a living stream, the provisions for the summer had to be ground between the middle of March and middle of June. To do the grinding for the settlement in so short a time, my father ran the mill day and night and did it all alone. He would start the mill at 2 a.m. on Monday morning and never leave it until 9 p.m. Saturday evening. I have seen women come to the mill, each carrying a bag of grain on her back. When the grain was ground, they carried the bags of meal home again. Meantime the husbands were at home preparing the land for a spring crop. Another means of obtaining food, other than by carrying it on the back, was

as follows: John C. Gillies, one of the settlers who came from Caledonia, State of New York, in 1817, brought a two oared yawl with him, and settled at the mouth of the Sixteen Mile Creek on the shore of Lake Erie. This yawl was used by many of the settlers in going east as far as Doan's grist mill in the township of Yarmouth, a distance of 40 miles, where they could have their grists ground or buy flour and meal. Upon one occasion my father and two neighbors went to Doan's mill in the boat and bought flour and meal, on the return journey they were benighted, went ashore, unloaded the cargo, and laid it on the beach some distance from the water, they drew up the boat and turned it upside down, over the cargo. Having secured the cargo, they went to a house not far distant and secured lodging. In the night a heavy storm arose. On returning to the boat in the morning the cargo was all destroyed, and the boat driven much higher up on the beach. They returned to the mill for a second cargo, this was in the latter part of April, 1819. Meantime all the provisions at home were exhausted, and my mother and myself gathered and lived on herbs till my father's return with his second cargo.

REMINISCENSES OF GEORGE KERR, OF ST. THOMAS

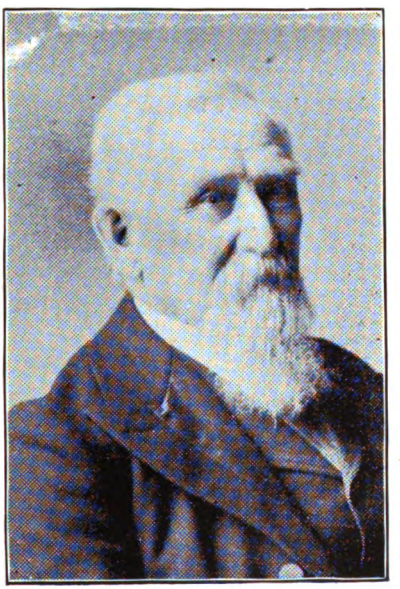
As Taken Down by James H. Coyne.

I was born at Digby, N. S., 20th February, 1817. We landed at Port Burwell in October 1828. We settled at Grovesend, (all woods then). We came to St. Thomas, where was the nearest store, to get dishes and knives and forks. This was in November, 1828. We got them at Hamilton & Warren's store, a log building, the site of which is now under the C. S. R. bridge, (N. W. corner) and occupied by Mrs. Luxton's house. There were then only two post offices in the country. Colonel Burwell kept one in the brick cottage still standing at Burwell's Corners. Barber had another brick house on the farm on the S. E. corner, opposite Burwell's. These were the only brick houses in the country. I saw them in 1829.

The other post office was where Richmond is now, and was kept by DeFields. St. Thomas had a post office about 1831, in which year it was named. Bela Shaw was the first postmaster. He was succeeded by Edward Ermatinger, who bought his residence. Shaw built a frame house, which Mr. Ermatinger tore down and erected on its site, or near it, the present square brick house, sometime in the forties and towards 1850.

When I came in 1828, the only houses in St. Thomas were as follows: Captain Rapelje's, David Mandeville's, Dr. Charles Duncombe's, Wm. Drake's, Archibald McNeil's, Joseph Barnes', Benjamin Wilson's; and on the north side, Hamilton & Warren's, Garret Smith's, Thomas Curtis', Geo. Lawrence's, Samuel Thompson's, John Miller's, Daniel Mann's, Joseph Mann's (his father), Richard Misener's.

There was but one store and a distillery, belonging also to Hamilton & Warren. Both were log. The distillery was opposite the store, a little north of the north-east corner of Talbot and North streets, where Kiely's hotel was afterwards, and a little back of the old hotel stables. The water for its use was brought from the top of the hill in pump logs, some of which are still to be found buried in the ground, below the frost. There was no village. It was called simply "Kettle Creek." At that time, French boatmen frequently came up the lake with strings of boats and stopped at harbors over night. Port Stanley was a convenient stopping place. I used to be told that some of them had lost or stolen a kettle at the mouth of Kettle Creek, and that that gave rise to the name.



GEORGE KERR
of St. Thomas

There were no shops or mechanics at St. Thomas, except as I have stated above.

Talbot Road was impassible from where the C. S. R. freight house is. From Alma street to St. Catherine street was a frightful swamp-hole. Then came a sandy, maple knoll with beautiful maple trees, in front of where Judge Hughes' house now is.* We had to leave Talbot street at Alma street, went east of old Mr. Wilson's house on the south side of Talbot, and across fields to Barnes' house (now Barnes street), then south-westerly to the maple knoll. We followed this ridge to where the late Mr. Jehiel Mann's house is on Elgin street, and from there we went north to Talbot street, along Elgin street, ro near it. There was a litle swamp at the head of the ravine, north-west of the corner of Wellington and Elgin streets, which we avoided. Wellington street and south was all woods. The Barnes farm was cleared in spots, on the knolls, the swamps and low places being uncleared. There was quite a clearing on Benjamin Wilson's farm. Drake had a good clearing, perhaps as far back as the Court House. McNeil had very little clearing. He was an Irishman with only two children, one of whom afterwards married John Davis, an Irish Orangeman. McNeil was a Roman Catholic and presented to the Bishop the site of the present Roman Catholic Church, and his son, Hugh McNeil, was a saddle and harness-maker, and removed to Michigan, between St. Clair and Algonac, near Marine City, on the St. Clair, where he died. His clearing was small on account of lack of help. Drake had a number of sons and his clearing was a large one. His sons were Richard, Thomas, Phineas, Benjamin, and William. His daughters were Mrs. Jay, who was married twice, Mrs. Anson Paul, and Nancy or Ann, who never married. When we struck Talbot street again, we travelled along it to the foot of the hill.

Captain Rapelje's house was then near the south-west corner of Church and Talbot streets. It was of logs. Old Mrs. R. told me that when they first came, their house was on the flats, near where the New England Mills (now torn down) are, opposite Turvill's house or possibly on the same site. This was only a temporary shanty. Before it was built, their first child born in this country, Barclay, was born under an oak tree, whilst they were living in a sort of

*(Now owned and occupied by E. A. Smith. It is on the south side of Roseberry Place, just east of Southwick Street.)

camp. He grew up, married a Thayer, had a family, and died near St. Thomas. Another child married George A. Caughell. Alonzo Caughell is their son. Mrs. Wilson, whose husband is an M. C. R. engine driver, is a daughter. George A. Caughell was an uncle of John Caughell, who lives on Regent street.

Mandeville's house was of logs. It was directly under the C. S. R. bridge, on the south-west corner of Talbot and the Gravel Road. The latter was not then built south of Talbot. Coming from London to St. Thomas, it was necessary to ascend the hill on Talbot street, to Stanley, then to follow Stanley street round the brow of the hill and down hill to the mills. We crossed the Mill Creek by Freeman's dam. The gully was then very small in comparison with the present, which has become wider through frequent washouts, and water breaks. Freeman had a carding mill and a saw mill. The embankment was much less. It was his mill-dam.

The New England Mills were then a log building, used as a grist mill by Captain Rapelje. Freeman was the father of the celebrated giant, Charles Freeman. His house was a log building on the flats at Hog's Hollow, as the mill region was called. There was a kind of clearing there.

Captain Rapelje died, I think, in May 1832, at Yarmouth Heights, in a big two-storey log house, opposite Major Neville's. I was at St. Thomas the day he died.

Mrs. Merritt was the only child of the Mandeville's. The Mandeville cottage, east of the Gravel Road was built by Merritt, when he got married. This was in the '40s.

About 1829 or 1830, Rapelje sold and deeded his land, (lot 1, con. 8), and the mills to Lucius Bigelow. Bigelow sold giving bonds for deeds, but before the deeds were made, Bigelow died. Hence there were difficulties in the titles traced through him.

Dr. Charles Duncombe had a small office on Pleasant street, (on the west side of Pleasant street, about where the M. C. R. overhead bridge runs.) nearly opposite my old house. His dwelling house was back in the orchard. He was married, but his mother and brothers, Elijah and David, lived with him, also one sister, who afterwards married Henry Hamilton, on the Back street. Another sister married a man named Shenich, near London. Dr. Charles left here about 1830 or 1831, for Burford, after being elected M.P.P., for Oxford, along

with Joseph Allway. He was a leader in the rebellion of 1837, and escaped to the States. He died in California some years since.

It was cleared and fenced on both sides of Talbot street. Wm. Drake's house was right back of the east end of the Grand Central Hotel on Talbot street. It was a log house. I think he must have come here before the war. He came from Port Dover. He was short and chunky, not as tall as his sons, but more of my own build, or that of his grandson, James W. Drake. He died in 1841-2.

Captain Rapelje was of medium build, a better looking man in every way than Jerome. (Jerome was Daniel's son. He died in 1894.) He was a very clever, good man. He was deeply regretted by the neighbors when he died. His death created a real sensation.

Dr. Charles Duncombe was rather tall, taller, but not so stout as Elijah. He was fine looking, a good doctor, very kind hearted.

Arch'd McNeil's house was a log house. The frame house west of the Catholic Church, built by John Davis, his son-in-law, occupies nearly its site. McNeil was not tall, but was stout. He died about 1841-2, an old man. He was a sober, well conducted man. All the old settlers were well-conducted.

Joseph Barnes' house was about where Barnes street is now. He came from Lundy's Lane, or near there. His children were: William, (a cripple, who died near Brower's, at Catfish Creek), Amos, Minor, Joseph, and Mrs. Anderson Montross.

Benjamin Wilson came from near Fort Erie. He was Patentee of lot 5, con. 8. His house was on the top of the hill, a little east of Alma street. It was part frame and part log, and was only removed to make way for the C. S. R. in 1872, or thereabouts. Wm. Hutchinson was the last to occupy it, after leaving the Hutchinson House. Benjamin Wilson's children were: Crowell (afterwards in Parliament), Robert, and another son. There were no daughters. He gave Crowell afterwards a farm of 200 acres on the Proof Line Road, near St. Johns, north of London, early in the '30s, and Robert a farm of 200 acres, west of old Mr. Sells' on the Back street, in Southwold. The youngest son was a member of the mercantile firm of Merritt & Wilson for many years. They had the old Blackwood store (where Mrs. Luxton now lives) at the foot of the hill, west of Gravel Road and north of Talbot street.

Garrett Smith lived in the north part of what is now Lynhurst, in a log house. He came from Long Point, where he was born, near Charlotteville. His wife was born in the same neighborhood. Her name was Pettit. He came to St. Thomas before the War of 1812. His children were: Isaac, Abraham, John, William, David, Joseph, and one daughter, Sarah, who married Malcolm Johnston.

Thomas Curtis* lived in a house part frame and part log, (there being a frame addition). The logs were weatherboarded over. It was near the site of Leonard Ferguson's brick house, south-east corner of Curtis and St. George streets. There is a picture of it in the corner of Daniel Hanvey's map of St. Thomas (1838), deposited in the Registry Office. It is the small house to the left; the larger house being what is now the Penwarden House,** built by Benjamin Drake in 1834-5. A joiner named Ensign, finished off the latter. He, Drake, built it for a private dwelling, but he moved into the old Arkell house, east of the present Merchant's Bank,*** south of Talbot and east of Queen streets. The latter

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*Aug. 20, 1832, he advertises in the Journal, Building Lots for Sale, in front of the Curtis farm, No. 2, east end of the village, (and will in a short time be the centre of business). Nos. 1, 2, 3, North Curtis street, and Nos. 1, 2, 3, South Curtis street, are well calculated for a brewery, distillery, soap manufactory, or ashery, etc. In a previous advertisement, Aug. 8, he speaks of his farm as "adjoining the flourishing Village of St. Thomas. 50 acres are under improvement, an orchard containing 150 trees. On the premises are erected a two-storey dwelling house, 21 by 36 feet, under which is an excellent cellar, kitchen, 18 by 20 feet, and smoke house. Also a barn 30 by 50 feet. The buildings are framed and in excellent repair. This lot of land is exceedingly well watered with living springs, and Kettle Creek passes through it, on which is a good Mill Seat, and between 30 and 40 acres of the first quality of flat land. Part of this land is now in demand for town lots, and a large portion can be appropriated for this purpose to great advantage and sold for high prices, being one of the most desirable places in the Village, on account of the beauty of the situation, and the abundant supply of water which it affords. It will soon become one of the most public places in the Village of St. Thomas." About the same time James Hamilton, on July 26, 1832, advertised his land north of Talbot Road and both sides of the main road leading to London, the County Town, having lately laid it out in building lots. "These lots present to mechanics and others desirable locations." A diagram of the same may be seen at the office of James Givens, Esq., in the village, who will give information on the subject and is duly authorised to make sales.

**Site now occupied by the Iroquois Hotel.—Ed.

***Now Y. W. C. A. building.—Ed.

house is now occupied by Thos. Arkell on the west side of Pearl street.

The old Elgin Brewery on New street was built in 1833-4.

Mr. Curtis' children were four; a son, John, who would do nothing but trap and hunt and shoot. Over 30 years ago I met John hunting and fishing somewhere on Lake Huron. Mrs. Wm. Lipsey, Mrs. Edmondson, and Mrs. Wheeler, were the daughters. Mrs. Curtis was a Conrad, aunt of Mr. Charles Conrad. The Wheelers lived near Chicago. Mr. Edmondson was a jeweler, a very respectable man. His house and shop, (just east of the Risdon block) is still standing. It was built just after the Rebellion. The Curtis', Conrads and Drakes all came from Port Dover.

George Lawrence's log house was replaced by the frame in the '30s. It stood just west of the Post Office, considerably back from Talbot street. He was married but had no children. He owned lot 3, con. 9.

Samuel Thompson was an old British spy, and a member of Butler's rangers. He was a hatter and furrier by trade.* I think he was of English descent. He was a nice old man, not clever, although shrewd enough. His wife, Susanah Berdan, was entitled to a grant, as daughter of a U. E. Loyalist, and she was patentee of lot 4, con. 9. His grant was in some other part of the country. He came here from the Niagara District. His children were: Samuel, Andrew and Jacob Berdan, Mrs. John McBride, and two other daughters. His house was at the north end of Horton street, on the other side of Kains street, a log building of curious pattern. He died in it, and then Jake put up, about 1841 or 1842, a frame house on the same spot. He and Wm. Drake and Archibald McNeil died pretty nearly at the same time. His clearing in 1828 was only in spots, the swamp holes being left in their original condition. He did no clearing. That was not his trade. He had a shop just where John E. Smith's hard-

*He advertises in the St. Thomas Journal, December 13, 1832, that he "still continues the hat manufacturing business (for Gentlemen and Ladies' Hats), one half-mile east of the village of St. Thomas.—Warranted, Waterproof—Beaver, Castor, Roram, Imitation Beaver, etc. Cash paid for all kinds of Hatting furs."

ware store is, * and he and his son, Samuel, worked there at their trade in 1828. Thos. Hodgkinson worked for them in the hat business. George Thomas Hodgkinson started a newspaper, **here, in 1831 or 1832. I forget its name. It was the first paper, a Tory paper. They carried it to London just before the Rebellion.

About 1833-4, Asabel and Amasa Lewis started the "St. Thomas Liberal." It ran until after the Rebellion. It was a Liberal paper. Edward Ermatinger started the "Standard" about 1843-4. He was editor and proprietor. The printers were: Wm. O'Reilly and Newcombe. It ran until 1846. Mr. Ermatinger was elected M.P.P. in 1844. It changed hands from time to time. At last Patrick Burke took it over and called it the "Dispatch." This was in the '50s. It ran until about 1875.

John Miller was patentee of lot 5, con. 9. He came from the township of Bertie. He was pretty much the build of his son, Jacob, stout, but not so tall; stouter and better bult than Edward. His children were: Andrew, John B., Edward and Jacob, besides daughters, Mrs. Wm. Jackson, Mrs. Geo. Mann and Miss Miller. When I came, Miller had quite a clearing. He was a fine old man.

Daniel Mann came from the Syracuse Salt Works in New York. He came with his father, Joseph Mann, his mother and three brothers, Elijah, Jehiel and Lyman. Daniel and his father bought out the patentee of lot 6, con. 9. Daniel took the west half and the father the east half. Daniel had at least three sisters: Mrs. James Nevills, Mrs. John Marlatt and Rhoda, who married a McColl, near Long Point. The Manns had a considerable clearing in 1828.

Richard Misener came from near St. Catherines. He got lot 7, con. 9. His sons were: Nicholas, George and ———— George lived in Cleveland when I heard last. His daughters were: Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Harper and ———. Misener had a good clearing in 1828.

My father settled at Grovesend, in Malahide ,and we lived there until 1844. He came there on account of the number of Nova Scotians who had already settled there. We came from Digby, N. S., all the way by water, by way of

*Now East End Molsons Bank—Ed.
**This was the old St. Thomas Journal.—Ed.

Passamequoddy Bay, New York, Albany, Erie Canal to Buffalo, and schooner from Buffalo to the mouth of the Big Otter Creek. There was no village there. Col. Burwell owned the land at the mouth. I moved into St. Thomas in 1844. I was married 18 July, 1839, to a sister of Malcolm Johnston. I have lived in St. Thomas for the last 52 years. Mrs. Kerr was born in Aldborough, opposite where Donald Patterson lived, who was grandfather of the Coynes, of St. Thomas. Then she was taken by her parents to Lake Ontario, where she was raised.

In 1828 there was no road from the present C. S. R. bridge to the New England Mills, but there were clearings.

From 1830 until the Rebellion, St. Thomas grew in an extraordinary manner. There was a large immigration of men, who brought large means with them. Old Mr. Arkell was well off; so were Samuel Eccles, Woodward, (who was a tremendous eater), etc.

In 1828, Enos Call was here, a carpenter. He built the first hotel, the St. Thomas Hotel, west of Church street, on Talbot, on ground he bought from Rapelje.* He also built and lived in a house on the north-west corner of Pearl and Curtis streets, where Geo. Wegg's house now is. He died here.

Lucius Bigelow came in 1829 from Brocksville or Prescott. He had a store, dry-goods, etc, nothing heavy. Dr. Southwick always said that he was an excellent man.

George Goodhue came in 1831. Bela Shaw was here before him. Shaw & Goodhue carried on business in partnership until 1837, when Goodhue went to London, and Shaw left the country and removed to Lockport, N. Y.

In 1839, James and Wm. Coyne took the Shaw & Goodhue store. They rented from Goodhue, who afterward sold to Dr. Southwick. Dr. Southwick sold it to Patrick McNulty, who removed it to the east corner of St. Catherine and Talbot streets, about 1870. It was used for some time as a hotel by McNulty. Afterward it was moved back, and the present Arlington Hotel built on the corner. The old store is now used for a stable behind the hotel.

*On October 20, 1831, Miller & Kent advertise in the St. Thomas Journal that they are in charge of the St. Thomas Hotel, lately occupied by Enos Call. They recommend to the public their beds and furniture, wines and liquors. They also kept a livery. Horses and carriages were to let on reasonable terms.

Hope and Hodge came in 1841 or 1842, and kept store beside J. & W. Coyne's.

The London and Port Stanley Gravel Road was at first a plank road. It was built in 1842-3 and finished in 1844, by the Government. Tolls were first put on, on 1st May, 1845. Mr. G. W. Boggs got the right of collecting tolls between Hamilton and Port Dover, Hamilton and London, (the old Hamilton Road, sometimes called the old Mohawk Road), and London and Pt. Stanley. The second road passed through Burford and struck the Governor's Road, (Dundas street), 4 miles east of Woodstock, at Eastwood, then followed the Governor's Road to this side of Woodstock, then crossed Cedar Creek, went south of the Thames through Beachville to Ingersoll, then the Hamilton Road to London. Before the plank road was built to Port Stanley, it ran from Union over the ridge, all the way to St. Joseph street, in Port Stanley, where it descended into the village.

The Union Road was already built in 1829, I remember.

Old Mr. Ketchebaw (grandfather of the Ketchebaw's, Bayham), told me in 1834, that he had acted as sort of Secretary both to Colonel Bostwick and Colonel Burwell in their capacity as surveyers. He was a man of some education, and kept school for years at Woodhouse, south of Simcoe. Amongst those who attended it were: Mrs. John McCausland's uncle, John Wesley Wrong; Mahlon Lyons' father, Wm. Bridgeman Lyon, and myself. We boarded in the neighborhood in 1833-34. I was there from December '33 to April '34. Mr. Ketchebaw said that Col. Talbot asked the surveyors to run two lines to the Forks of the Thames. Burwell's ran from Delhi. The stone is in the centre of the end of Talbot street, in the town line between Windham and Middleton. I could show the exact spot. From Delhi it ran to west of the Southwold town line and then north to London. It ran west of the Gravel Road, north of Sandy Mount. The old road is still used to the Five Stakes, west of the Gravel Road. At Lambeth it ran due north to the Westminster street, close to the Thames, then east about three miles to the Bostwick line, and then along the latter about two miles to the Westminster Bridge, where it entered London. The Bostwick line began at the town line corner between Windham and Townsend and Woodhouse. It was a straight line, crossing Talbot street about 5 miles below Straffordville, in Middleton, and then ran in a straight line north of Talbot Road, until it struck the Southwold town line, about a mile and a half north of St.

Thomas. Then it ran northwest for 1½ miles, then due north to the forks of the Thames. According to Mr. Ketchebaw, the two lines were submitted for Col. Talbot's approval, and he chose Burwell's which was accordingly called the Talbot Road. Talbot became thenceforward the friend and patron of Burwell.

The settlers afterwards built the Bostwick Road according to Col. Bostwick's notes.

When I came in 1828, North street was well cleared and settled. There was nothing but log houses. There was no London. It was simply called the Forks of the Thames. The first building put up was a log jail. I remember the first execution in London. It was in 1830. Cornelius Burleigh was executed for the murder of Pomeroy, in August, 1829. The murder took place a mile and a quarter south of Talbot street, in Bayham, near Richmond, (2½ miles south-east.)

Memo—The above reminiscences were taken down by me from the lips of George Kerr, in or about 1896, some years before his death. I had known Mr. Kerr, from my earliest years. St. Thomas, June 17, 1910.—J. H. Coyne.)

ROSWELL TOMLINSON'S REMINISCENSES

Of the Rebellion of '37.

(From London Free Press, June 1891.)

I have seen several statements in the Free Press from the old vets of '37, and no particulars. I was living in Port Stanley at the time. One night in November I was on guard near foot of Bostwick's Hill, where a road branched off to a village called Suckertown. In the corner of the fence between the two roads, about midnight, I saw two sharp flashes, one after the other, I did not like; I alarmed the guard, they came out about twenty strong, but could see nothing. The next morning we found tracks in the field and on the hill above the village. A man by the name of Walter Chase lived in Port, but fled to Sparta and joined the rebels after, and was taken prisoner on board the schooner Ann, at Amherstburg; confessed that he snapped his gun twice at the sentries that night and saw we were too strong for him to face, and fled. On the sixth of January, '38, the Colonel got orders to call out a company and march to the front, Windsor. We marched on the seventh: the roads were fearfully muddy; January thaw; no frost in the ground. We started with teams. The first day we got to Water's tavern, on Talbot street, one mile west of what is now Fingal. We all volunteered to take it afoot; off we started, through mud, fields and woods. We were four days going to Chatham. There we expected to take the steamboat for Windsor. A few days before we got there the steamer was burnt (supposed by the rebels); in consequence we were obliged to lay five or six days in Chatham until the Tilbury swamp froze over. While we laid in Chatham the schooner Ann was taken at Amherstburg, and when we got strong we took up the march over the swamp. We did not find the ice quite strong enough to bear up our baggage team. We were obliged to take off the team and lead them separately, and with a strong rope to the wagon, and all hands took hold, and drew it on the ice. We stopped on the swamp all night in a vacated old log house, built by fishermen and trappers for their summer avocation. The one I was in was partly filled with straw, so I made it quite comfortable with my blanket. Got up in the morning, broke our fast on uncooked fat pork—in fact it was our principal meat.

Little piece of bread,
And a little piece of meat,
Lord a massy, how sweet
It did eat.

We got over the swamp about nightfall. On the route we came across several places that were not frozen over, from ten to thirty feet wide and about four or five inches deep. I had on low shoes. My chum, John Best, now of Strathroy, had boots. When we came to one of these open places he would say, "Here Ros, jump on my back?" Away we would go across the water.

The fourth day we got to Windsor. After we left Chatham we were stationed opposite Hay Island. I was there about five or six weeks. The Colonel came to me one day on parade and said he was going to send several home that were needed home more than on the front. He said he thought I had better go for one, as he knew my father was with the St. Thomas Light Horse Company at Amherstburg, and my oldest brother at home, only nine years old. He could not look after the affairs at home, so I consented to go home about 20th February, and got things in shape in a few days, and started for Amherstburg with horse and cutter to take my father's place in the St. Thomas troop of horse. I got there the last day of February ,and took his place on the first of March. The next day, in the afternoon, the whole garrison was called out, with all deadly instruments of war we had or could get. My weapon was a pole about ten feet long, with what they called a pike on one end. Our troop was under the command of James Ermatinger, now I learn, Clerk of the County, at Simcoe, Norfolk County. He was a fine and noble officer, and a Briton at that, and was liked and beloved by all of his men. They would go any length for him when needed. About the middle of the afternoon the word was given to fall in and get to our places. Then the word was given, "March"—direction, down the river to the lake shore; then down the shore on the ice. The day was clear and bright and cold. The sun was setting as we got on the lake; and we kept on the ice until we got, I think, to Colchester. Then was the first we knew of our destination. At a hotel there we were all provided for, both man and beast. We got there about eleven o'clock; then started at one o'clock in the morning, clear and cold, the whole force about 400 strong, under command of Colonel Maitland, and piloted by Captain Fox, of the Windsor Home Troop. We got to the Island about the break of day, Saturday, March 3rd, '38.

We halted within half a mile of the Island—20 or 30 sleighs that conveyed the regulars, two half companies, 32nd and 83rd,under command of Major Brown, volunteers. The

rebel sentinel espied us. They all turned out. They thought it was not best to face us. We could see their bayonets glitter as the sun rose on them. They fled down the Island in the woods. When we got on shore not a soul was to be seen. They had on the fire a tin-pail kettle full of potatoes boiling, They had other provisions, but we did not eat any for fear of poison. We found our caution was correct for the soldiers that were wounded died with the effects of poisoned balls. When we got on the Island we were divided. One part went down the Island with Col. Maitland and the other division went down on the ice on the American side, under the command of Major Brown, with the two half companies of regulars and a few volunteers; two horse companies, the St, Thomas and Windsor. We got about half way down the Island. The rebels came out of a thickety cedar, with the intent to cut their way and escape to the American side. They had no other alternative. They formed in regular line of battle, under command of Col. Bradley (an old Mexican ranger) about four hundred strong. We prepared in quick time to meet them. We fired first. They returned it with great precision, and for about fifteen minutes the bullets flew sharp and quick. The Major said he did not see a greater test at Waterloo.

Col. Bradley was shot in the forehead and killed instantly, by a Sergeant of the regulars, and that threw the rebels into a kind of panic.

Major Brown then gave the command "Charge bayonets." Then it was a sight to see which would get in the cedar swamp first and keep out of reach of English steel. We thought it not prudent to follow them, as they were well fortified in the swamp. I lost one comrade, Joshua Parrish, of St. Thomas. He was shot dead on his horse. He was riding between my father and Thomas Meek (Sheriff Glass' uncle). When all was over we marched for the main land, and got on shore about 11 o'clock p.m., hungry and tired; had nothing to eat until we got back on shore. We stopped until next day (Sunday). After a scanty meal we started for Amherstburg, and got there in the evening, completely fagged out; had about 4 hours' sleep out of 48.

On Tuesday we had a military funeral, my brother trooper and one of the regular soldiers, 32nd. We kept on duty until the first of May. We were disbanded, with strict orders to be ready at a minute's call.

In July the rebels made a raid on Windsor. We were called out on duty. Not many of the old troopers responded to the call, and we filled up with new recruits. Sixty strong, we laid in St. Thomas until fall; then were ordered to London to be attached to the 2nd Regiment that was there, to carry dispatches. The Simcoe troop joined us, Capt. Wilson in command. There are only two persons now living that I know were with us at Amherstburg; that is Mr. Meek ,of Strathroy, father of F. W. Meek, druggist, and Dr. McKenzie, London. Dr. McKenzie was our troop surgeon at Amherstburg.

There are only six of us living that I know of—our brave and noble Capt. James Ermatinger, Wm. Meek, John Best, Thomas Davidson, Henry Wilcox and the writer—out of sixty. I would like to see all that are living meet in London on Dominion Day if possible. I was trumpeter in the troop. We were disbanded on the first day of May, 1840, to turn out at a minute's warning. I will be 72 the 14th day of August next. Roswell Tomlinson.

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL WILLIAMS

The Rebellion of '37.

I joined the St. Thomas Cavalry Troop on 2nd January, 1838. They were on their way to Amherstburg, having left St. Thomas that day. I went up to Water's Tavern, which was 3¼ miles west of Fingal, to see the troop arrive there. They were short of men, and Jephtha Wilson, Captain Airey, brother to the late Colonel (afterwards Lord) Airey, and I agreed to join. Captain Julian Airey was staying at Port Talbot. He was a young man, unmarried, and had not been in the army. He was made a militia captain here. James Ermatinger was in command. He had organized the troop, and had gone to Toronto for sabres. When the troop came to Water's, Lieut. Woodward was nominally in command. He was a banker in St. Thomas and no soldier. That night the troop stayed at Coyne's Corners, 2¼ miles from Wallacetown. We joined them there next morning. They stayed at Morpeth the second night ,and three more recruits (Duck, Richardson, and Ball) joined the troop from that neighborhood. I don't remember the name of the place we stopped the third night. The fourth night (5th January) we stopped at Wright's, 12 miles this side of Amherstburg. Before reaching there we met a messenger on horseback, who said we were to shove on, as the "patriots" were expected every hour to land at Amherstburg. They were encamped opposite Amherstburg, on the American side. We arrived on the 6th, about 2 p.m., or earlier, at Amherstburg. The Captain had not yet joined us. There was great confusion and difficulty in finding accommodation for our horses. Mr. Elliott, of Elliott's Corners, helped us to get accommodation. A man named McGregor and I were sent to the stable of a Mr. Duff, a store-keeper. A boy had the key of the stable where we were to put in our horses, and while we were waiting for him to return with the key an alarm bell rang. We asked what it meant, and were told it was the alarm sounded to warn the citizens of the approach of the "patriots." We ran in and told Mr. Duff we must put our horses in before going, and he came out from his store with a hammer and broke open the stable door. We put in our horses, and then went with the troop on board a vessel—a schooner, commanded by Captain Laing, who was well acquainted with Port Stanley and our troopers from that neighborhood. James, John, William and Thomas Meek were all out, and I think in our troop. I am not sure but Thomas was in the militia. They were all at Amherstburg, however, as

also was Garrett, store-keeper, Port Stanley. John Bostwick, son, of Col. Bostwick, of Port Stanley, was the officer next (under Woodward) in command, and a gallant officer. Benj. Light, Port Stanley, also another store-keeper of the Port, was there. We were landed on Bois Blanc Island. The patriots were supposed to be in two vessels about two miles away. One was the schooner Ann (afterwards captured); the other proved to be a wood scow, with sails up, loaded with wood, which kept the Ann company. We could hear fifes and drums playing almost continuously while we remained on the island, viz., four or five hours, from three till eight p.m. on the 6th, when Col. Prince came to us and pointed out how badly we were placed, and were taken back in scows, Laing's schooner having run aground. We were not back an hour when the schooner Ann sailed close to shore and fired two cannon shots (of canister) at the troop as we stood on Gordon's wharf. We returned the fire with muskets. We heard our bullets strike the canvas and stove-pipe on the schooner, and she turned and sailed around the island out of sight. A double patrol from our troop was then sent six miles each way to see if they were landing elsewhere. But the enemy remained behind the island and came round at sunrise, the scow at the south end and the schooner at the north. This was the morning of the 7th. The schooner commenced cannonading the town, cutting off limbs of trees, striking fences, houses, stables, etc; no one was, however, hurt. They ceased firing about the middle of the forenoon. We had nothing which could reach them. They fired grape and canister. John Pearce and I were on patrol, just opposite them, till about sundown. They seemed very active about that time. In the early evening (between 7 and 8) they ran in near shore and down the river, cannonading as they went. They struck the windmill with a cannon ball, piercing it. We ran as fast as possible around the bend of the river bank to keep opposite them and prevent their landing. At Elliott's Point they bore so close in that they ran on the sand bars and were stranded. In ten minutes they called for quarter. Some of our troopers called to them to haul down their colors. They replied that they could not, that some of their men were shot while trying to take them down. Our men waded in and boarded the vessel, and found Anderson, whom I had seen in his hotel at Selborne (Suckertown), where I had been a few weeks before. He was dying, having been shot. He was an Irishman, a tavern keeper at Suckertown, and a desperate character. There were about 18 taken prisoners out of the vessel, half of them wounded.

General Theller was in command of them. He was a stout, stern man. Chase, a wheat buyer of Port Stanley, was on board, and had a ball in the back of his neck. Those who were not too badly wounded were brought in a few days to London. Davis and Dodge, two wounded men, died a few months after. General Theller was struck with a small ball in the eye. He told me he had taken it out with his hand, and thought his sight was not injured. It looked dreadfully bad when, Wright, a militiaman, and I visited him in the guard house next morning. When we went in Theller sat opposite the door with a sort of uniform on, and two stars on his breast. They looked like silver and were I suppose to distinguish him. We said, "Good morning." He said, "Good morning, gentlemen." Wright said, "Well, how do you feel this morning?" He said, "As well as can be expected under the circumstances." Wright said, "What did you intend to do? Did you intend to take Canada with that little schooner?" He said, No, we didn't." Wright said, "Well, what were you after last night?" He said, "We just ran down to give you a few shots and wake you up." Wright said, "Well you did that." Theller said, "We had no intention of landing last night. We were not ready, but unfortunately we ran rather close, and when the wind came on our side it grounded us. It is perhaps well for you that things are as they are, for we were not expecting to land for about two weeks. When we were ready for landing you'd have known it!"

We were only allowed five minutes with him, and I have given about the essence of our interview. The St. Thomas troop were the main force which took the "Ann." There were a few Windsor volunteers and five men or less from the Sandwich troop. We found 3 cannons, two 6 pounders and one 9 pounder, all spiked, some 500 muskets in cases (new) and about 200 rifles and muskets which had been used. We drew the cannon up by hand to the barracks—about 1½ miles—and set men to work to drill out the spikes. We got barrels of ammunition besides. The vessel remained on the bar while I was there. Anderson was brought out and buried in the shore opposite the vessel. When we first went aboard Anderson said to the Meeks:—"What, are you here?" They said, "Yes, is this you Anderson?" He said, "Yes, I'm dying!" Captain Ermatinger had not arrived from Toronto at this time, nor had any other troops. The vessel remained where she was captured all the time I was there.

After the capture of the vessel—three or four days—a portion of the prisoners (those able to be moved) was sent to

London with a detachment of the St. Thomas troop. The detachment came right back. We remained quartered at Amherstburg doing patrol duty and drill until about 20th February, when the "patriots" came on to Fighting Island, some six or seven miles up the river, and began cannonading. By this time a battery of Royal Artillery had arrived, and they took a gun up the river and returned the fire and dislodged the enemy during the night. This was about the 24th February. The enemy's gun was knocked off its supports and they cleared out and left it. The captain had joined us sometime previous to this, but the arms and uniforms had not arrived. A part of the 32nd and of another regiment, the 85th, I think, came up to Amherstburg during the winter. Col. Maitland was in command. Col. Airey was Colonel of the 32nd, and was at Amherstburg, but Maitland was in command of the entire forces. There were said to be about six hundred regulars. About 200 or 300 militia from our section (my brother, Thomas, among others) came up about the time the prisoners were sent to London. They returned before there was any further active service. The regulars remained. Just a few days after, the enemy, said to number 500, were reported to be on Pelee Island. On the third of March the force went out to dislodge them. Just a few days before that our troop had been stationed between Amherstburg and London—two every ten miles. I was sent a few days before with a dispatch to London, and returned in time to meet the force going out to the Island, and I joined them. This was on Saturday morning, 3rd March. Twenty-one of our troop went out. The artillery and infantry under Col. Maitland went also. We arrived near Pelee Island on the ice at sunrise. We could see the enemy's camp fires as we approached across the ice during the night. As we came near the point of the Island, where McCormack's clearing and buildings were, we could see the enemy retreating. Our infantry went out in sleighs. We were on our horses, and the artillery had theirs. We went across the ice to the west of Point Pelee. As we approached the Island, as already described, the enemy were in retreat, and we went across the point of the island to the side opposite the American shore. The regulars were divided ,and part sent on the island with the artillery in pursuit of the enemy, and part were sent round in sleighs to cut off their retreat towards the American side. The latter detachment consisted of two companies of the 32nd, under Captain Brown. The "patriots" had crossed on the ice to the island, and the detachment of infantry under Captain Brown stationed themselves on the ice road by which the

enemy had come, and by whch we were expecting them to retreat. After our troops crossed the point of the island we struck the outlet of a marsh, and saw the enemy crossing the marsh in retreat. Captain Ermatinger sent successive messages to Col. Maitland for reinforcements, but the Col. had sent the troops on to the island, and they were out of reach. The Captain examined our arms, and told us we would have to fight. He said he hoped every man who was spared to go home would not be ashamed of having been there. Our arms were only such as we had taken up with us. Some of the enemy's arms were picked up on the island as we went, and I was given one of these. We were dismounted while we waited for reinforcements, and watched the enemy crossing the marsh. Their line reached across the marsh, a distance of about two and a-half miles. The Captain, after scanning our arms, ordered us to remount, and having given us hope of reinforcement, led up toward Captain Brown's detachment, whom the enemy was approaching. As we proceeded we saw the sleighs retreat, and the soldiers were strung out in a long line across the ice. like fence posts. The enemy were approaching them at quick march. We could not see them just at first. They approached Captain Brown's force in solid column, and then spread out in a line about the same length as that of the British infantry. There were about 500 of the enemy. Captan Brown had 90 men, and our troop then numbered but 21. Both sides fired simultaneously. We got none of this volley. We were approaching at a gallop. We heard the enemy call out, "There comes the cavalry! Fire on them!"They did so and the bullets whistled around us. We were coming on their flank. We halted and fired. The infantry charged with fixed bayonets at that moment in face of a heavy fire from the enemy. When the infantry were within about six rods of the enemy, the latter retreated in disorder, running like wild turkeys every way, leaving five killed, while we had one soldier and one trooper, Thomas Parish, slain on the spot. The enemy retreated to the island, staining the snow for a quarter of a mile in width with blood. I saw Parish, as I supposed, loading. He was on his knees and was shot. The captain put him on his horse and held him there. and brought him up and called for help to take him off his horse, saying, "He's a dead man." William McCormack, who had gone out as a teamster, helped take him from his horse. An alarm was just then raised that the enemy was crossing further down towards three other islands there. Captain Brown said to Captain Ermatinger, "Captain, take your men and chase them!" He

did so, flourishing his sword and leading us until his horse's foot broke through the ice, when he called to us to wheel to the right and left. We did so. We knew we were getting on thin ice. The enemy appeared to be crossing on this and so made their escape, though it is said that many went through the ice and perished. We went back and followed their trail on the island, and found a great many of their wounded, having their wounds dressed at one at Fox's house. We had had no food (neither horses nor men) since nine o'clock the night before, and it was about that hour when we reached the main land and got food again. It was reported that 28 of Brown's infantry were wounded, and one died before reaching the main shore. The two infantrymen and Parish were buried at Amherstburg with military honors, on Monday, the 5th of March, '38. The troop returned to St. Thomas in June, though I with some others returned earlier. Two more infantrymen died from their wounds before we left.

List of men and officers comprising the St. Thomas troop: 1 James Ermatinger, Captain; 2 John Bostwick, Lieut.; 3 Woodward (banker), Paymaster.; 4 Bark Rapelgee, 5 Daniel Marlatt, 6 William Drake, Sergeants. Privates and Corporals: 7 John Thayre, 8 Thos. Bobier, 9 Richard Evans, 10 John Sells, 11 John Meek, 12 Jas. Meek, 13 Thos. Meek, 14 Wm. Meek, 15 Henry Bostwick, 16 George W. Coll, 17 Mr. Garrett, merchant, Port Stanley; 18 R. Tomlinson, of Pt. Stanley; 19 Thomas Parish, killed at Pelee Island, 3rd March '38; 20 John Conrod, 21 Fredrick Huntley, 22 George Smith, Five Stakes; 23 Henry Finch, of Aylmer, Flag Bearer; 24 Mr. Duck, of Morpeth; 25 Capt. Airey (brother of Col. Airey) Port Talbot; 26 John Pearce, 27 Thomas Backus, 28 Robert Short, 29 Peter Wilson, 30 Jephthah Wilson, 31 William Silcox, 32 Henry Harris, 33 John Couse, 34 Mr. Marten, 35 Richardson, 36 Bell, 37 Walker, 38 Daniel Berden, 39 Frank Wade, 40 Dr. Brydges, 41 Montgomery, 42 Benjamin Lloyd ,43 Turvill, 44 Dr. Stevens, 45 Merchant at Port Stanley ,think his name was Basset; 46 Henry Ellis, 47 Henry Bostwick, 48 Dr. McKenzie, surgeon.

Captain Ermatinger died and was buried with military honors at Simcoe last December. Dr. McKenzie has also passed away, I believe, with the majority of others above named. I am the only one left in St. Thomas, I believe. I can confirm all that Mr. Tomlinson has said recently in your columns as to the gallantry of the Captain and of my comrades in-arms. SAMUEL WILLIAMS

St. Thomas, June 24, 1891.

DIARY OF A. W. GRAHAM

During the Red River Rebellion

On July 4th, 1869, my father, Samuel Graham, my brother, William Graham, and myself left Aldborough, Elgin county, for Portage la Prairie, Man. We took the train at Newbury and went via Detroit, Grand Haven, Milwaukee and St. Paul to St. Cloud, the end of the railroad. In Detroit we bought a trunk, a breech-loading rifle and a double-barrelled shotgun.

July 8—We arrived at St. Paul in the morning and the same evening found us at St. Cloud. The first things attracting our attention were Red River carts and half-breed drivers. These carts are made without iron or nails, the tires even being raw-hide called "Shaganapi." They were made with shafts and one ox to a cart, with harness much like horse harness, but more crude, made mostly of rawhide. The axles are never oiled, and in driving each wheel makes a different kind of music, which can be heard on a still day or night, for miles. There is one driver for three to five carts. These were the freight cars carrying goods west.

July 9—Purchased a horse, light wagon and harness for $200. Also purchased a small tent, camping outfit and provisions. Sent William's chest of tools to Fort Garry and on.

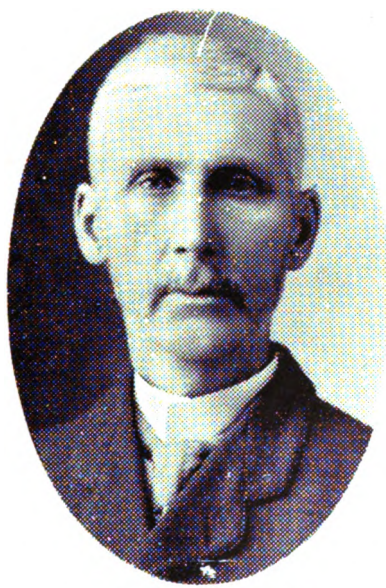
July 12—Started on our long drive of about 500 miles.

July 14—Arose tired and disfigured after an all night's fight with mosquitos. The tent and grass swarmed with them. We tried with tobacco to smoke them into submission, but no use; we had camped by a slough and among tall grass. Passed a beautiful lake (White Bear). There are many beautiful lakes in Minnesota. The most of the settlers appear to be Canadians. They are scattered five to ten miles apart—no quarrelling with neighbors.

July 15—Shot an eagle from our wagon, on the wing; quite proud. Crossed two or three creeks. Had to wade one of them.

July 16—Travelled 48 miles to-day. At noon crossed the Ottertail River. Passed two trains of Red River carts. A beautiful country; road follows the river, land as level as a floor, road better than a plank one. This is called Breckenridge Flats. We are making on an average 42 miles per day.

July 17—Reached Fort Abercrombie. The fort is on the Dakota side of the Red River. Some American soldiers



A. W. GRAHAM
St. Thomas

have been stationed here since the Sioux massacre in 1862, The river is crossed by a ferry boat. We got our wagon repaired and bought some provisions—flour $7 per cwt., potatoes $1 per bushel, crackers 20c. per lb., eggs 40 cents per dozen, oats $1.75 per bushel.

July 18—Started north along the Red River. Crossed on ferry near Georgetown to Dakota side of river. Here got some milk from a settler.

July 19—In taking my gun from the wagon by the muzzle one hammer caught on edge of box; gun discharged, shot passing between my arm and body, blowing a hole through the tent. Father and William had just come out of the tent with a load for wagon, as we were packing up to start. No one hurt, but dangerous work. Shot a prairie chicken to-day. Met two Canadians on way home, one a teacher from New Glasgow, by the name of Ham. We learn McKenzie and family are only a short distance ahead. They are from near Guelph.

July 20—Mr. Alex. Begg, a Winnipeg merchant overtook us to-day, and had dinner with us. We started first . He said he would soon pass us. "Maybe," I said. I am proud of our horse. We overtook McKenzie, two sons, Adam and Kenneth, and one daughter. They have five horses, two wagons, plows, etc. They are going to Rat Creek, above Portage, where Mr. McKenzie took land last year. Mosquitos very bad. Grasshoppers very numerous here; they are coming down like a heavy snowstorm. Crossed another Salt River to-day. They call small streams rivers here and ponds lakes. We are 30 miles from Pembina.

July 22—Reached Pembina this afternoon, but nearly passed the place before we knew it. Only eight or ten inferior houses plastered with mud, and thatched roofs. Soon we come to the H. B. Co., fort, where we are again on British soil; we feel more at home now. Further on we met three Canadians on their way home, two of them Baptist preachers from near St. Thomas, Ont., the other, Mr. Ogletree, from Howard township, Kent county, going back for his family. We said little to them as they were in a hurry, and so were we; want to keep ahead of Begg. They treated us to a drink of cold tea and we shook hands and parted. We are fifty miles from Fort Garry. The country is beautiful.

July 23—We learn that Begg is close behind us and bound to pass us, so we started at 4 a.m. without breakfast. There we see Begg close behind coming like Jehu, with fresh horses got at Pembina. We steadily gain on him and soon leave him behind. We camp at noon 25 miles from Fort Garry. William has come in from a stroll along the river bank with a prairie chicken he shot and a handful of beautiful ripe strawberries. He also found a salt spring by the river-side. To-night while we were in camp, Begg passed us, eight miles from Fort Garry.

July 24—Arrived at Fort Garry at 10 a.m., crossing the Assiniboine river on a floating bridge. The buildings in the fort, are very nice, surrounded by a stone wall. Winnipeg, as it is called, is a quarter of a mile further north. It is quite a smart little place, with several hotels, stores, etc. Buildings mostly log, but they are built with great taste. We stopped here for dinner, but as we are in a hurry to reach Portage la Prairie, we left, going west at 2 p.m. Provisions are dear here, as we might expect after the famine of last year. In 1868 grasshoppers destroyed most of the crops, but the settlers generally kept two year's supply of wheat on hand. They tell us that dead hoppers were a foot deep on the shores of Lake Manitoba, and we could see where they had been piled three feet deep against the walls of the fort. We are camped eighteen miles west of Winnipeg, near a family by the name of McBeth, who have relatives in Elgin county, and who are very kind to us.

July 26—Reached Portage la Prairie to-day, making the 500 miles in fourteen days. We are stopping at Mr. McBain's, who came here from N. S. seven years ago. Mr. McLean also came here about the same time. These are the two principal farmers of the place. We also met Mr. Bell, of High Bluff. The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Presbyterian, is also stopping at McBain's. Everybody very friendly.

July 28—McKenzie and family arrived and they are stopping at McLean's until they get settled at Rat Creek. We all went up to Rat Creek. Met a band of Sioux Indians. They looked fierce in their war paint. They are the murderers from Minnesota.

Aug. 4—Selected land near Rat Creek, 1,600 acres in all. We are digging a well and getting our timber to build a house and stables.

Aug. 7—An eclipse of the sun. Fletcher's horses ran away and got hurt.

Aug. 18—Helped raise McKenzie's house on the banks of Rat Creek. Men present—McKenzie and two sons, my father, brother and self. Ladies present—Miss McKenzie and Miss McLean. Note—This Miss McKenzie married a son of McDougall, the missionary.

Aug. 29—Slight frost. Grasshoppers appear in considerable numbers, but too late to do much damage, and as they have laid their eggs before this time, no danger for next year.

Sept. 12—Frost hard enough to kill potato vines. We have moved into our new house. The crops this year are fine, wheat 40 bushels to the acre. To protect the wheat crop from blackbirds, while in the milk stage, farmers have to ride on horseback or go on foot or both around and around and around their wheat fields from daylight till dark, yelling, pounding tin pans and shouting to keep off the birds that come in hundreds from the sloughs near Portage and Lake Manitoba to feed on the wheat. Our food here is mostly pemmican and potatoes, bread and black tea. Currie powder is used on the pemmican. Bread is made by the natives (old settlers) from whole wheat flour ground by windmill, rolled out thin and baked on top of smooth box stoves. This bread is hard, and will keep for months. Pemmican is made of dried Buffalo meat pounded up fine, over which is poured hot grease, supposed to be buffalo grease, but sometimes wolf—thoroughly mixed and put into bags made from buffalo hides, hairy side out, holding about 100 pounds each. This will keep for years. No salt used. Sometimes wild berries are added; this commands a better price. Note—We helped bind and shock wheat for McKay, of Poplar Point, and Bell, of High Bluff. One day we were binding with gloves and overcoats on, snowflakes falling. The Hon. Mr. Howe visited Fort Garry and vicinity this fall. He did not come to Portage la Prairie. He said it was so windy it took two men to hold one man's hat on.

Oct. 28—Had a visit from Mr. Body and Mr. McVicar. They bring news that half-breeds and Indians to the number of 300 have gone to prevent Gov. McDougall coming in. We had quite a snow storm on the 23rd. It is milder now.

Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6—Getting out timber for two more houses. McKenzie and team plowing for us. Mr. Fletcher paid us a visit.

Nov. 7—William returned from Fort Garry. The French half-breeds have taken possession of Fort Garry, stopped the mail, gave Schultz and Bown a certain time to leave the country and are going to serve all Canadians likewise.

Nov. 8—Couldn't work, thinking about the war news. Three or four inches of snow.

Nov. 13—News that the Governor is still at Pembina.

Nov. 20—McKenzie returned from Fort Garry. They are holding a war meeting at Portage to-night. Brother William went to the meeting. At the meeting a delegate was appointed to a convention at Fort Garry to decide on letting the Governor in. Garroch, a Scotch half-breed, was appointed delegate.

Nov. 25—News from Fort Garry that the French have demanded the keys of the fort and safe and got them. Great excitement.

Nov. 26—William and I decided to go east for the winter, father to stay at least till spring.

Nov. 28—Went to church at Portage. Cold, snowing, blowing and drifting.

Nov. 29—William and I started for Winnipeg. Stopped all night at McKay's, Poplar Point. One of my ears frozen.

Nov. 30—Stopping to-night at Cunningham's at Headingly. Very cold.

Dec. 1—Had dinner at Kitson's. He came from Howard township. Arrived at Winnipeg at 3 p.m. Found a proclamation issued by Gov. McDougall. The French had seized the press; had to write out copies and tack them up. Stopped at Poulson's over night.

Dec 3—Exciting news regarding the rebels. Thought it not safe to go to town till after dinner. Made up our minds to join the volunteers. Took our luggage up to Kitson, came back to town and enlisted and went on duty guarding the stores and provisions at Dr. Schultz's. There was considerable excitement during the night by the appearance of squads of French, at intervals. Once they drew up their forces in front of our buildings. We expected they would fire on us, but they soon dispersed. Towards morning we got some sleep. We are about forty strong. Dr. Schultz is a genial, power-

fully built man, over six feet, red, sandy complexion. Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Mair and Mrs. O'Donnell are also in the buildings. Our officers are as follows: Dr. Lynch, captain; Mr. Miller, major, and Lieut. Allen.

Dec. 4—Our force increased to 70. Scarce of arms. French half-breeds in all directions.

Dec. 5—Rumors that we will be attacked to-day. The French have received reinforcements. This evening they have put a guard over us, apparently to prevent our leaving. We would fire on them, but our orders are not to fire the first shot. We are looking for Col. Dennis up from the stone fort, with reinforcements.

Dec. 6—Things look serious. The French have taken several prisoners on the streets. The women are leaving the houses for fear of the cannon from the fort. They have completely surrounded us, preventing ingress or egress. No word of help. Some of our men have gone out and not come back. We are now about 50 strong.

Dec. 7—Affairs look worse. Riel, the French leader, read to his men in front of our building a proclamation from Col. Dennis, stating that he is empowered to do, should necessity require it. Riel, after reading the letter to his men, threw it on the ground and stamped on it, amid the cheers of his followers. They are about 300 strong, well armed. Later a girl came in with a note from Col. Dennis, stating that he could not help us and to make the best terms we could. We sent three delegates to the fort to make terms, especially to let the women get out to a place of safety. The delegates, Scott and Hallett, were locked up. McArthur returned at 2 o'clock, followed by about 300 French, headed by Riel, Lepine and O'Donhue, with orders to surrender in fifteen minutes, or they would fire on us from the fort. We held a hasty council of war, when it was decided best to surrender. Only one, a little Englishman, wanted to fight, and pointed his revolver at Riel through one of the windows, but he was persuaded to desist. The French acted nervous and afraid, for though we were only 45, we were mostly well armed, and one volley from the windows would have thinned their ranks. However, we all surrendered, were disarmed and marched up to the Fort, taken upstairs in one of the buildings and put into different rooms and guarded by halfbreeds. I, along with twenty others, have a room 9 by 18, without heat, ventilation or furniture of any kind. Some who have friends in town had

provisions sent in to them for supper. We all got a share of it. We lay down like herring in a box, to sleep. I awoke in the night, sweating and smothering for want of air. I arose and broke a pane of glass and stuck my nose out to breathe air 30 below zero.

Dec. 8—We expect to be kept prisoners for some time. Our rations are pemmican and black tea.

Dec. 9—They brought six or seven more prisoners, taken as they came in from working on the Government road. We are all in good spirits, some singing, some playing cards. Arch-Deacon McLean visited us to-day and had prayer with us. The people in town send in provisions occasionally.

Dec. 10—Rev. Mr. Young called to-day and had prayer. In the afternoon the French hoisted their new flag, a mixture of French and Fenian. They gave three cheers and fired several volleys of musketry and cannon. As yet we have not found out what they intend doing with us.

Dec. 11—To-day at 3 o'clock we were taken from the building in the fort, and placed in the jail outside the fort walls, on the banks of the Assiniboine river. When they placed us all in line, I thought, probably, they were going to shoot us, as we could not understand their language. Dr. Schultz and two others are kept in the fort.. There are six cells in the jail, for forty of us to sleep in. There is a long, narrow hall, a box stove at one end next the guard house, and a wash basin, on a box, at the other end, under a grated window. We are wondering what they will do with us. Each man, when taken, had a pair of blankets, or a robe; these we spread on the floor using our coats for pillows, and our bedding for seats in day time. We sleep in our clothing. James Ashdown is my bedfellow.

Dec. 12, Sunday—Rev. Mr. Young called and had prayer meeting.

Dec. 13—Rev. Mr. Young sent in some apples, which were greatly relished. News that Col. Dennis has gone to Canada and McDougall leaves soon.

Dec 15—Had a visit from Mr. Young, who read a chapter and had prayer. We are well fed now, thanks to Mr. Crossin, who exerts himself to his utmost to supply our needs. We begin to fear we will be here all winter. The worst is we do not get our letters.

Dec. 16—Had a visit from Archdeacon McLean.

Dec. 18—Had another visit from Mr. Young. O'Donohue called in the evening, bringing some papers, most of them old.

Dec. 19, Sunday—Had prayer meeting to-day. Had pie and tarts for supper, supplied by the ladies of the town.

Dec. 20—We hear the French hold a council meeting to-morrow. Weather very cold. We are assured Gov. McDougall has returned to Canada.

Dec. 21—Mr. Young called again to-day. No news, all well.

Dec. 22—The French are holding another council meeting to-day. It is hinted we are soon to be let out. Later—Mr. Crossin thinks we will be here for some time yet. We presented him with 9 pounds 10 in gratitude for what he is doing for us.

Dec. 23—Archdeacon McLean visited us to-day. The most of the guard are drunk.

Dec. 24—It is reported that the proclamation was spurious, making our acts illegal. One of the boys got a violin to-day, and to-night there is music and dancing. Some of the guard came in and danced with our boys.

Dec. 25—The town friends provided us with a Christmas dinner—Roast beef, plum pudding, and tarts. We have few friends in town, but what we have are very mindful of us. I believe we are indebted for to-day's dinner to Miss Driever, Mrs. Crossin and Mr. Alex. McArthur. Long may they live. Music and dancing to-night. We hear two commissioners from Canada have arrived.

Dec. 26, Sunday—Rev. Mr. Young came before we were up to pray with us. We are all down in the mouth since we hear proclamation is spurious.

Dec. 27—No provisions came to-day.

Dec. 28—No news, no provisions. Had to do with pemmican and water.

Dec. 29—Archdeacon came to pray with us. He says he is forbidden to read the Scriptures. We get pemmican and tea, also a little flour, which we mix and bake on top of the box stove.

Dec. 30—To-day the seven men last taken were taken out and either liberated or confined to the fort. Rev. Mr. Fletcher from Portage, paid us a visit. We were glad to see him.

Dec. 31—We are again provided with bread.

Jan. 1, 1870—Last night at 12 we hailed the new year with "God Save the Queen," which we sang from our hearts; then two hours' music and dancing in the hall. Riel to-day offered some their liberty if they would swear allegiance to his government. They refused, of course.

Sunday, Jan. 2—Rev. Mr. Young came and we had prayer meeting as usual. Two ladies also called to see us, Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Kitson. A Mr. Johnson brought us some beef and potatoes which we relished greatly. We hear Mr. Snow has been taken prisoner. Seven or nine men were liberated by taking some kind of an oath and agreeing to leave the country.

Jan. 6—We are informed to-day by Miss McVicar that we have very few friends outside of the jail; that the Scotch halfbreeds are badly scared and not very favorable to Canada and that Ross has sworn allegiance to Riel.

Jan. 7—It is rumored that we are all to be let out in a few days; but this we have heard so often that we have little faith. Business is dead outside and no money in circulation. We hear the rebels have bought or taken Caldwell's printing press and started a paper called the "New Nation." We had the reading of the first number smuggled in to us. It is anything but friendly to Canada.

Sunday, Jan. 9—Rev. Mr. Young came as usual. Beautiful cold weather,

Jan. 10—After many night's digging with pocket knives, some of the boys succeeded in removing the iron bars from a window in one of the cells, and about three o'clock in the morning twelve made their escape, Thomas Scott being one of them. I was ready to crawl out when the alarm was given by a woman from an upstairs window. The guard, about 20, rushed in and around the jail. The guard at the Fort also joined in the pursuit. One was captured not far from the Fort. Hyman was taken six miles from the Fort, with his feet badly frozen. This evening they also brought back Miller, McArthur and Allen. They found them asleep in Mr. Wheeler's house, 15 miles from here. . They were badly used up; the exercise was too great after so long confinement.

Jan. 11—Nothing new. No more escaped prisoners taken.

Jan. 12—This afternoon we were all taken back to the fort and put in our old rooms. There are fourteen of us in a room 8 by 12.

Jan. 13—It is reported that Fenians are on their way in. Two Globe reporters have arrived and have been locked up. One of them J. Ross Robertson.

Jan. 15—Talk of Fenians. Something scaring the French.

Jan. 16—No bread to-day; back to pemmican and tea.

Jan. 17—Some move outside to get us out, so it is hinted by some who came in.

Jan. 18—A big meeting to-day. Two Canadian delegates and quite a number of the Scotch attended. We think we may get out soon.

Jan. 19—The French are flocking into the fort in large numbers bringing with them from "White Horse Plains" the arms they took from us. There was another big council meeting to-day. A large number of Scotch and Scotch half-breeds attended. Considerable excitement and for most of the day we were not allowed out of our rooms. Much cheering all day, ending with three cheers for Riel. No bread to-day.

Jan. 20—Another big meeting to-day and excitement. We hear they are trying to establish a government. We are to be out in a few days. This is an old story.

Jan. 21—No news, all well but Hyman. His feet pretty bad.

Jan. 22—News that a government will be established next Tuesday; then we will be let out.

Sunday, Jan. 23—Rev. Mr. Young visited us to-day.

Jan. 24—Last night Dr. Schultz made his escape. He left word with the guard to treat all the prisoners with rum at his expense. The guard passed it in pails through all the rooms. Schultz's escape exasperated Riel. He came in with the others, examined all the windows, saying we were rascals and trash. Hallett, a Scotch halfbreed, who was in the hall, told Riel he was the rascal. Riel ordered him into another room. Hallett refused to go and asked the prisoners to stand by him. The doors of the rooms were all burst open and all

rushed out to the hall, the guard forcing us back. There was a big row. The rum may have had something to do with it. Riel ordered his men to load their guns, then opened the door to Hallett's room and said: "Gentlemen, all who support that man will die in five minutes." Some said go ahead if you wish to murder unarmed prisoners. Dr. Lynch, Dr. O'Donnell and Meade advised caution. Hallett was placed in irons. We all felt sorry for Hallett, as he had been a good friend and true to the cause. Note—two leaves of diary torn out here.

Feb. 5—This morning Dr. Cowan was taken prisoner and confined with Hallett. We hear that Gov. McTavish and Commissioner Smith* are guarded in their rooms. Things appear to be getting worse instead of better.

Feb. 6—To-day they have taken two more prisoners, Bannatyne and Dr. Schultz's father-in-law. Things are coming to a crisis. The council meets again to-morrow.

Feb. 7—To-day the French are removing the government pork and flour from Dr. Schultz's to the Fort.

Feb. 9—Wm. Driever taken prisoner.

Feb. 10—We hear that four prisoners have been released, Dr. Cowan, Bannatyne and two others. At ten to-night they fired several volleys of musketry and several cannon. What for we don't know. Note—Riel elected President.

Feb. 11—To-day we were told we would be out before night, but still confined.

Feb. 12—Hallett was liberated by giving bail of $450. The rest of us were offered our liberty by taking an oath of allegiance to Riel's government.

Ten or eleven went out on these terms, the rest of us refused. Fourteen of us are in a small room and forbidden to speak to each other. Nothing to sit on and not room to lie down. Some have not been examined yet. Dr. Linch was put in irons in another room.

Note—We were taken one at a time from our rooms down stairs, then upstairs in another building. O'Donohue and a clerk sat at a table. Riel walked quickly and nervously back and forth the room. O'Donohue read me the oath. I said I

*Now Lord Strathcona.

was a British subject on British soil and would take no oath to serve another government. Riel said, "Take that man out." I was taken back.

Sunday, Feb. 13—To-day we were refused water to wash our faces and hands. With difficulty we got some to drink. Pemmican is all we had to eat. Rev. Mr. Young was refused admittance to our rooms.

Feb. 14—We are still in our small rooms, fed on pemmican and water. Ross and two others called and advised us to take the oath and get out, but we refused. About midnight Riel came to our door and told us that our friends were going to attack the Fort, to release us, and the first movement made would be our death.

Feb. 15—The attack was not made. This evening the women are being removed from the Fort. About 8 p.m. we were offered a parole oath, which we took, and we are now out in town.

Feb. 16—Our friends, the Portage Co., and Dr. Schultz and forces from Stonefort have accomplished their aim—our release—and will return to their homes. To-day a French halfbreed shot and killed a young man by the name of Sutherland, on the ice on the Red river, Kildonan. The Frenchman had been a prisoner with the Portage party, when he broke away, grabbed a gun from a sleigh and as he met Sutherland on horseback, shot him dead without cause. The brutal halfbreed was caught wounded and died in a few days.

Feb. 17—Stayed last night at Poulson's, where we had left our horse. Father, who was one of the Portage company, joined us there. We drove to Winnipeg. The Portage Company, under Major Boulton, was passing Fort Garry on their way home. We heard shouts and yells in the direction of the Fort. A large party of the French were riding towards the Portage company, who formed in line. The French halted and a man from each party met half way. After considerable parleying both parties went to the Fort. We feel the Portage party are prisoners.

Feb. 18—We learn for certain that the Portage Company are locked up in our old rooms. They were told by O'Donohue who was at the head of the mounted French, that as the prisoners had been released and the trouble over, Riel wished to

have a friendly conversation with them. They followed the French within the Fort wall where they were disarmed and locked up as above.

In the Portage Company captured by Riel there were forty-seven men, two of them (some say four) were sentenced to death by Riel and his associates. They were Major Boulton, in command of the Portage Company, and Thomas Scott, who had escaped from jail on January 10th and returned with the Portage Company to effect our release. Through the influence of Donald Smith, Rev. Mr. Young, Archdeacon McLean and the pleadings of Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, whose son had been shot and killed on the Red River ice by a French halfbreed on February 16th, the life of Major Boulton was spared, but all these influences could not save Thomas Scott, who, Riel said, "was a bad man and must die." At noon on March 4th he was led outside the Fort walls, blindfolded, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Young. He was placed standing near his coffin, a rough board box. Five French halfbreeds composed the firing party. They were half drunk with rum. A signal was given, five shots were fired, two bullets finding Scott's breast. He fell back on the snow. One of the party standing near placed a revolver to his head and fired. He was thought dead. He was put into his coffin and the coffin placed in one of the bastions of the Fort wall. Several hours later some one passing heard him call out, "For God's sake take me out of here." Riel was told and he sent some one with a revolver, some say knife, to put an end to his sufferings. Such is history. Let me here say that I was over four weeks in Scott's company in Fort Garry jail and I found him quiet, civil and always gentlemanly. Why Riel should say he was a bad man I could never learn.

The news of Scott's death and the manner of it sent a chill through every heart, and my father, brother and I decided to return to Ontario until the trouble was over. We went to Winnipeg, where we found several others preparing to leave. We were told we must get a pass from Riel, so on March 10th brother William and I went up to the Fort to see Riel to get the pass. As we neared the Fort we saw the place where Scott had been shot to death and blood still on the snow. As we were admitted through the gate by the guard we saw a fresh dug grave to the left with a cannon carriage straddle it. This we were told was Scott's grave.

We were directed to the building where we would find Riel. A clerk sat by a desk. We asked to see Riel, who was

in another room with Bishop Tache, who had just returned from Rome. They both came in, but Tache went out again. Riel came towards us. I arose and said, "Mr. Riel, we have called to get passes to leave the country." He became very angry and said, "if you wish to see Mr. Riel you will have to go five miles from here; I am the President. I will see that you do not starve for the next six weeks." He stamped his foot on the floor, went out and slammed the door behind him. I sat down but my hair remained standing. I did not wish to be his guest another six weeks. I think the clerk understood my feelings for he gave us passes to get out of the Fort. After we got through the gate I walked fast and so lightly I hardly felt my feet touch the ground. We went to see Dr. O'Donnell, who was in favor with Riel and next day he got us the passes, and on March 12 we left Winnipeg on our return journey with horse and sleigh.

On reaching Pembina the weather was stormy and snow deep and hard for horses to travel, so most of the party decided to wait till the weather became more favorable; but P. McArthur, J. Latimer and myself decided to push on. So we secured a dog sled on which we tied our robe, blankets, an axe, some pemmican, hard bread and tea. We also had a bottle of Painkiller, small flask of brandy, three tin cups tied to our belts in which to melt snow, some matches, and on snow shoes we pushed on, leaving the rest to follow later. We took turns at hauling the sled.

When near Grand Forks we saved the life of the American consul, Oscar Malmaras, a small man, near-sighted, who was on his way by dog train from Winnipeg to St. Cloud. He became separated from his man and dogs by starting on foot while his man was hitching up. When he got to the trail he turned north instead of south. The train went south to overtake him and so left him behind. There came on an awful blizzard. We heard him call and found him neary exhausted and wanted to lie down and sleep. We dug a bed in the snow, laid in it our robe and blankets, put him in, gave him a swallow of brandy and covered him up, and went on to Grand Forks. His man came back and found him by seeing a piece of the axe handle protruding through the snow, brought him to Grand Forks, where there was a log house and mail station. We all stayed to rest two or three days.

March 28—Arrived at Georgetown, stayed two days. Our party with horses, came up with us here.

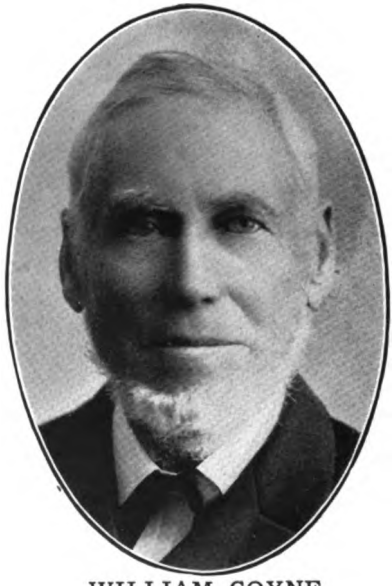
March 31—We arrived at Fort Abercrombie, being nineteen days making the trip on snow shoes between Winnipeg and Abercrombie, a distance of about 275 miles.

Here we sold—for what we could get—our horses, sleigh, robes, etc., and took the stage to St. Cloud, Minn., a distance of 175 miles, arriving there on the evening of April 6th.

Such was the first chapter—as I found it—in the opening of the gateway of our great Northwest. through which are now flowing thousands of settlers to make for themselves happy, prosperous homes and have a share in the great wealth that is sure to come to the country destined to be the granary of the empire.

A. W. GRAHAM

St. Thomas, Ont.



WILLIAM COYNE
1816-1895
First Treasurer of the County of Elgin

THE COYNE FAMILY AND OTHER DUNWICH SETTLERS

From the St. Thomas Times, November 21 and 28, 1891.

Dunwich, the home of Col. Talbot, was fortunate in having for its first settlers men of different lineage, representing the best races in the vanguard of the world's civilization. Col. Talbot was a colonizer of great tact and had studied the development of nations, and in making a choice of settlers he had in view the laying of a foundation which should redound to his credit when the history of Canada should be written. Erratic he was in many respects. No well-defined theory has ever been advanced to account for the actions of this gay cavalier of the English Court, and the companion of Arthur Wellesley, a young man with the brightest prospects in military and civil life, apparently turning his back on every opportunity and burying himself in the wilds of Dunwich. The only data that can be found to throw light on the subject, must be furnished in the history of his life between the time of his first landing at Port Talbot and that time, twenty years later when he possessed all his faculties, unfettered by the prejudices which controlled him in his old age and unwarped by the political asperities which produced them. There is no doubt but that he was emulating the actions of William Penn, or Carroll of Maryland, who had founded states in the young Republic, which had just forcibly separated itself from the mother country. It was the day of colonization. Britons were dreaming of a great empire on which the sun would never set. The dream has since become a reality. In order to ensure its success, it was necessary to fire the young men of blood and wealth with the zeal of Romulus. At the close of the century it was the fashion to talk of the colonies beyond the seas, and to praise the men who had built them up. The founders of colonies divided the glory of the nation with its soldiers and sailors. Thomas Talbot chose to become the founder of a state rather than to win laurels on the battle field. He thought they would be more permanent, and not the less honorable. When once he made up his mind as to his future course, he at once doffed the habiliments of the Courts, and ever after adopted the habits and did not shirk the hardships of pioneer life. He determined that his colony should be as unique as himself. He determined to mix the various nationalities which were available, and to found a new race, which should excel all other peoples. To his credit be it said, he tried to keep out the shiftless and the immoral. He made inquiry into the character of the applicants for land, and though he was sometimes led astray, there

were not many of this class succeeded in establishing themselves in his domain. Col. Talbot landed at Port Talbot on the twenty-first day of May, 1803, and, according to Edward Ermatinger, he was accompanied by several men, among whom was Mr. Powers. In the records available there is no mention made of any of those men who remained, except Mr. Crane, many of whose descendants are now living. It was his intention to send agents, and he no doubt did, into the Scotch and Welch settlements of New York to entice settlers to locate in Dunwich, but with poor success. He decided, and wisely, to secure native Americans who understood woodcraft to come to his colony. He was fortunate in securing several good farmers from Pennsylvania to settle on his lands. In 1809 the Pattersons' and Pearces' came. The Colonel met them on the beach at the mouth of the creek and welcomed them to the country. They settled west of Port Talbot, and established fine homes. They left numerous descendants who are good citizens and leading men in their locality. Though they had seen the American Republic founded and been associated with those who hated monarchy and praised democracy, they became staunch Conservatives in politics and religion, in their new homes. But Colonel Talbot, ever watchful for the interests of the Crown, took the precaution to scatter the settlers from the States as much as possible. He would not permit them to locate on adjoining lots fearful lest they might associate together too much and become seditious. Another reason he gave for his action in this matter, and a very sensible one, was that the Americans, who were accustomed to the mode of life in the forest and had great skill in clearing land, by being scattered as much as possible among the Old Country people, would benefit a great number of them by instructing them in the ways of the pioneer. The Backus and Wilson families also came about this date and settled in the same neighborhood . In 1817 there came from the Red River Country , six families of Scotch Highlanders, who settled near the Aldboro' line. In the same year also came Henry Coyne. He became prominent in the settlement and left several sons who are conspicuous in the history of the county. It is the purpose of the writer to give in this sketch such particulars regarding this family as are at his disposal.

Henry Coyne was an Irishman and a weaver by trade. He was possessed of that intelligence for which the men of that trade were noted, at that day, and he was endowed with a good intellect. Edward Ermatinger, who was unfriendly

to Coyne on account of his Liberal principles, gives testimony to his industry, and his prosperous condition under adverse circumstances. Coyne sailed from Ireland in the ship "Danube," Capt. Price, on the 20th of October, 1810.

His family consisted of his wife, his sons John and James, and his daughter Mary, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Green, and mother of John Green of London. He landed at New York and worked at his trade till the breaking out of the war of 1812-14, when, on account of his loyalty to Britain, he was compelled to leave there, as it was near the lines where hostilities would likely be carried on; and it was thought he might give aid and comfort to his friends. He moved to Pleasant Valley, near Albany, where he continued to reside till 1817. Here William Coyne was born. By the laws of Britain he was a British subject, by the laws of the Republic he was an American citizen. Henry Coyne started with his wife and family in a two-horse wagon from Mount Pleasant, for Canada. He crossed the Niagara River at Black Rock, and journeyed on to Dunwich, and settled, on the twentieth of October, 1817, at what has been known for many years as Coyne's Corners, two-and-a-half miles north of the mouth of No. 9 Creek, known afterwards as Little Ireland, now Tyrconnel. He purchased a lot from James Berry, who had secured it from Colonel Talbot, and made a small clearing. John Matthews about the same time settled on the opposite lot. North to the river, eight miles distance, was an unbroken forest. Between him and the Pearces', and three miles to the south the same conditions prevailed. To the west a few Scotch settlers were building their cabins near the Aldboro' line. He commenced life surrounded by all the privations, and endured all the hardships that a settler had to contend with at that time in the American wilderness. His neighbor, John Matthews, was soon discouraged with life in the wilderness, and sold out to McGugan, whose grandsons now live in the north of Southwold. An English family, by the name of Keeler, settled near Coyne the following year, and a little farther east Alex. McIntyre, father of L. W. McIntyre, an esteemed resident of Wallacetown, and well known throughout the county. James Black and others came later, and soon the sound of the settler's axe was heard all around. The people were moral and industrious, but most of them liked whiskey. Whiskey was cheap and flowed freely at the many bees which were held to clear the land and erect buildings. Wm. Coyne's earliest recollections are of one of these logging bees which was at McGugan's in 1820, when he

was four years old. McIntyre, who was a small man, threw Kider, an Englishman, who was six feet four in his stockings. Kider got mad and in very strong language expressed the opinion that he could thrash any Scotchman in the township. The Highland blood rose to a dangerous pitch, but, fortunately some of the more discreet persuaded the Scotchmen not to resent the insult, and cooled their blood down, and prevented what promised to be a disastrous fight for Kider.

Col. Talbot's mill having been destroyed by the Americans in 1814, the settlers were compelled to travel long distances to get their grain ground, or had to use hand mills, till about 1824 when George Henry erected a mill at the mouth of No. 9 Creek . Wm. Siddall erected a mill at the same place shortly afterwards. Wheaton Hewitt, a Yankee pedlar, started a store near these mills, the goods being furnished him by Absalom Shade. In the early times a mill was not up long before a distillery was built to keep it company, and McIntyre erected one near Henry's mill. No. 9 received the sobriquet of "Little Ireland," because Squire Leslie Patterson resided there, though all the rest were Pennsylvanians. The first school was taught in Pearce's kitchen, by Thomas Gardiner, an Irishman, and a brother of Mrs. Henry Coyne. His scholars were Andrew, Joseph, Tom and Mary Backus; William, Leslie, Richard and Mary Ann Pearce; Betsy, Thomas and William Coyne and William Siddall. The next master was Abraham Lehigh, a Yankee, whose only qualification was his cheek. His education was of the most meagre character, yet such was the difficulty in getting teachers that he was employed for four or five years. Arch. Campbell succeeded Lehigh, and he was followed by Thomas McColl, who was a good teacher and a remarkable man. He was a preacher of the old school Baptist Church, and the first house of worship built in the neighborhood was built by that denomination, a mile-and-a-half east of Coyne's Corners. The English church at No. 9, (Tyrconnel) was built in 1825 or '26, principally through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mark Burnham.

Early in the thirties the Scotch settlers with the Coynes and some others began to object to the paternal and church government of the Province. They admitted and practiced the principles of religion, but they rebelled against the church claiming for itself dominion in temporal and spiritual matters. A petition was drawn up and largely signed asking parliament to grant dissenting ministers the same right to marry as was enjoyed by the Church of England. They did not see the

justice of dragging a Baptist or Presbyterian minister before the Quarter Session and compelling seven respectable men to come forward and prove that he was of good moral character, while some of the ministers of the established church were openly in the broad road of folly. They objected to ministers of English and Scottish blood, who with their fathers, had always been loyal to the Empire, being compelled to take the oath of allegiance before they could unite the members of their flock who so desired, in the holy bonds of matrimony. This petition caused a great commotion; those favorable to it were branded rebels to their king and country. Among the strongest opponents of this petition were the settlers from the other side of the lake, who had been taught, and enjoyed, the blessings of religious liberty. Meetings were held at which the argument of the bludgeon was used to answer the arguments suggested by reason. Many who took a great interest in the question at that time have crossed the dark river, old things have passed away, what was held to be treason in 1830 is considered to be just and loyal now. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let the mantle of forgetfulness be thrown over the errors of the fathers. The Methodists did not have a church in the settlement, but the untiring circuit rider started with the first settler and followed the sound of the pioneer's axe back into the wilderness. Coyne's was a halting place for them. Here John Baxter and Asahel Hurlburt expounded the Scripture and rested their weary limbs. Later John and William Ryerson and Ephraim Evans found Henry Coyne's latch-string always hanging out. The log cabins were small, and the settlers made most of the furniture with the axe. There was only one room which served as kitchen, parlor and dining room during the day time and as a bedroom at night. The children climbed up to the loft at night, which was then used as a sleeping apartment and general store room. Newspapers were scarce and not much time was devoted to reading. The Scotch settlers read their Bibles faithfully every Sabbath as was their wont in the old land, but this was about the only class of literature that received, generally, much attention. The elder Coyne boys did manage to get a weekly paper, Liberal in politics, and every word it contained was duly considered and every argument mastered. It was they who took the front rank in the agitations of the time, and none were more hated by those who favored the old regime. John and James were carpenters, and while working among the settlers at their trade, they disseminated Liberal principles. They held the abuses of the time up for ridicule, and were

intensely unpopular with Colonel Talbot. Another great agitator for Reform at this time was 'Squire George Munro, who in after years became a strong Conservative. He had a superior intellect, he had received a classical education, he had improved his mind by much reading and study and probably was the best informed man in the West riding. He attacked the abuses of the time in a vigorous manner, and when he got warmed up his voice could be heard ringing through the woods a mile away. Every man who had business to do with Colonel Talbot, stopped at Coyne's cabin over night, so as to reach the neighborhood of Colonel Talbot's castle by daylight in the morning. Business, for many years, had to be transacted with him before dinner; after, it was worse than useless to make the attempt.

Dunwich was a great place for wild turkeys; in fact, every kind of game abounded, and the settler's rifle was of great service in procuring food for his family. Wm. Coyne crossed the forks of the Thames (London) in 1826 on some old pine trees which had blown down. There were no houses there. A good deal of the pine had been cut where the city now stands, and a thick growth of underbrush had taken its place. The site for the court house had just been selected, and he noticed some earth thrown out for the foundation as he passed by. Edward Green and William Warner were with him, and they were on a journey to London township. It does not often happen that a man can see a forest and a city like London in its place.

William Coyne came to St. Thomas with his father in 1828, during the polling for a member of Parliament. The polls were open for a week, and the most intense excitement prevailed. Farmers neglected their work, the great question at issue overshadowing every other duty. The settlers hitched up their horses every morning during the week, some of them driving forty miles over rough roads, sparing neither themselves nor their horses in their zeal for their candidates. Whiskey flowed freely and the natural result followed—quarrelling and fighting. Spades kept a tavern where the Hutchinson House now is,* and Call's stand was on the site of the old Lisgar House. Ben Drake's farm was bounded on the west by William street and his house was situated on the site of the St. Andrew's market. Mr. Curtis lived just back of McAdam's store, and his farm extended over the area which

*Note—This is an error. Spades' was further west than where the Hutchinson House afterwards was built.—Ed.

is now covered by the city from New to East streets, and north of Talbot. George Lawrence's farm joined Curtis' on the east, and his house was near where the post office stands. Wm. Coyne worked on his father's farm till 1836, when he went into mercantile business at No. 9 (Tyrconnel). He bought out a Yankee by the name of Lemuel Ladd, who thought the political situation looked dangerous, and that it would be more comfortable in some other locality. Coyne moved part of the stock to Clearville, where he remained till 1839, when he removed to St. Thomas, where he has been a merchant for fifty-two years. His brother, James, entered into partnership with him, and the firm rented a building on the north side of Talbot street, nearly opposite Mr. Wm. Coyne's present residence. The building had been formerly occupied by a Mr. Collins, who used it for a cabinet maker's shop. He was about one of the first in that line of business in the city. The other merchants in the place were Hope & Hodge, successors of Bela Shaw, who occupied the next building to the west of the Coyne's; James Blackwood, at the foot of the hill; Edward Ermatinger and Murdock McKenzie. John Alexander kept a grocery store on the edge of the bank, opposite the Hutchinson House. Surranus Thompson was the principal builder. There was a branch of the Bank of Montreal, managed by Mr. Ermatinger. Eltham Paul owned grist mills where Turvill's mills are, and a distillery. Ross & McIntyre carried on an extensive boot and shoe business. There were about three hundred inhabitants in the village, and they resided principally between the city hall* and the foot of the hill. Dr. Southwick, who was one of the handsomest men who ever resided in the county, had just commenced practice. The other physicians were Dr. Bowman and Dr. Elijah Duncombe. Lawyer Tom Warren was the only one of his profession in the village. Most of the legal business was done in London, which was the county town. Tom Warren, who married a daughter of Col. Bostwick, was quite eccentric. Not being blessed with children he took to raising cats and bestowed a great amount of affection on them. He lived, latterly, where John Bobier now resides, and a portion of his beautiful grounds was set apart for a cemetery, in which he buried his pets when they died of old age or received fatal wounds in encounters with some of the neighboring felines, or were sent to Paradise through the instrumentality of a boot-jack hurled at them by a neighbor who did not like

*Now a street car barn.—Ed.

the conversation they carried on in the moonlight on the ridge boards of his wood-shed. These cats were not only buried with due solemnity, but Warren erected tombstones at their graves, inscribed with their names and supposed virtues.* James Farley, the first Clerk of Elgin County Court, who came from London, was the next lawyer. An agitation had been kept up a good many years by the people living in the lake shore townships and St. Thomas to have a new county formed from these townships. In 1851 their wishes were gratified, and the County of Elgin was created. The first provisional council met in the town hall, St. Thomas, on the 15th of April, 1852. It was composed of the following: Duncan McColl, reeve, Aldboro'; Moses Willey, reeve, Dunwich; Colin Munro, reeve, Southwold; Nicol McColl, deputy-reeve, Southwold; Elisha S. Ganson, reeve, Yarmouth; Leslie Pearce, deputy reeve, Yarmouth; David Parish, reeve, St. Thomas; Thomas Locker, reeve, Malahide; Lewis J. Clark, deputy-reeve, Malahide; Jacob Cline; reeve, South Dorchester; John Elliott, reeve, Bayham; J. Skinner, deputy-reeve, Bayham. Elisha S. Ganson was chosen the first warden, but resigned before half his time had expired, on account of some differences with the council, and Thomas Locker was elected to act during the remainder of the year. John McKay was the first County Clerk, and Wm. Coyne the first Treasurer. Some of the arguments used by the people of London at that time against the formation of a new county on the lake shore are amusing now. One of them was that Middlesex would be cut off from the Lake and would not have the benefit of navigable waters. Mr. Coyne was Treasurer two years and received no salary for performing the duties of the office.

For many years after the Coynes' started in the mercantile business in St. Thomas, all goods brought to the village came by way of Port Stanley. Later, after the building of the plank roads, goods were teamed from Hamilton. James Foote and Lewis Rowland were the principal teamsters and did a large business.

Wm. Coyne was married in 1846 to a daughter of Donald Patterson, one of the first settlers of Aldboro'. Patterson was stricken with the terrible fever which raged in Aldboro' in 1826 and died in that year. Mr. Coyne and his wife raised a large family of sons and daughters, who are respected

*This is an error as tombstones to two pet dogs only were erected.—Ed.

citizens. They have seen great changes in the county and city in their day. Beautiful houses now dot the landscape where the howling wolf roamed the forest. Towns and villages have replaced the rude hamlet; the locomotive has superceded the old stage coach, and the top buggy the ox cart. Gardiner's academy in Pearce's kitchen has been replaced by beautiful school houses, presided over by capable masters on every concession line. The old circuit rider has gone. The only room in the log house is no longer cleared of its rude furniture to make room for the neighbors who have come to hear him expound the Word of Life on his occasional visits. A grand man was the old Methodist circuit rider! He may not have had the education or polish of his successor—the black coated graduate of the college— but he had a burning zeal, a rugged eloquence that carried everything by storm, and he could, and did, endure hardships which seem almost incredible in these later days.

Mr. and Mrs. Coyne have raised a large family—four sons and three daughters. The sons are: James H. Coyne, registrar of the county; Daniel and John, merchants of this city, and Isaac,* merchant, Ingersoll.

*Now deceased.

ASSESSMENT ROLL

of the

TOWNSHIP OF ALDBOROUGH

For The Year 1820

NAME	Wild Land	Clear Land	Hrses	Oxen	Cows
Gregor McGregor, senior	46	4	....	....	2
John Menzie	49	1	....	....	...
James McLaren	46	4	....	2	1
Thomas Foord	44	6	....	....	2
John Foord	50	....	....	....	...
David Tull	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan Stewart	48	2	....	....	1
Thomas Dewar, junior	48	2	....	....	...
Thomas Dewar, senior	47	3	....	....	1
Alexander Cameron	50	....	....	....	...
Hugh Ruthven	50	....	....	....	...
Collin Ruthven	50	....	....	....	...
Alexander Forbes	90	10	....	2	1
Archibald Gillis	80	20	....	2	2
Gregor McGregor, junior	48	2	....	....	...
Alexander McNab	47	3	....	....	1
Lauchlin McDougal	50	....	....	....	...
Donald McEwan	48	2	....	....	...
Neill Haggart	88	12	....	2	4
Colin Gillis	50	....	2	2	1
John Gillis	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan McLean	50	....	....	....	...
Neil McLean	50	....	....	....	...
John McLean	50	....	....	....	...
James McKinlay	48	2	....	2	1
Duncan McKinlay	44	6	....	....	1
Peter McKinlay	48	2	....	....	1
Donald McKinlay	44	6	....	....	1
Peter McKellar	48	2	....	2	3
John McDougall	48	2	....	....	2
Malcolm Robertson	50	....	....	....	1
Duncan McFarland	49	1	....	....	1
Finlay McDiarmid	49	1	....	....	1
Donald McLean	50	....	....	....	...
Archibald McLean	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan McKilip	50	....	....	....	...
Donald McNaughton	48	2	....	....	1

NAME	Wild Land	Clear Land	H'rses	Oxen	Cows
Allan McDonald	48	2	....	2	1
Donald McDiarmid	48	2	....	....	1
Malcolm McNaughton	47	3	....	....	...
Andrew Fletcher	48	2	....	....	1
Angus McIntyre	50	....	....	....	...
Donald McIntyre	50	....	....	....	...
Dougald McIntyre	50	....	....	....	...
Alexander Gray	50	....	....	....	...
Malcolm McGregor	50	....	....	....	...
James Paul	50	....	....	....	...
Malcolm Downie	50	....	....	....	1
John Sinclair	50	....	....	....	...
Archibald Munro	50	....	....	....	3
John Munro	50	....	....	....	...
John McKellar	50	....	....	....	...
Archibald McKellar	50	....	....	....	...
John McKellar, junior	50	....	....	....	...
Peter McKellar junior	50	....	....	....	...
Alexander Baxter	50	....	....	....	...
Dougal McKellar	50	....	....	2	...
Donald Sinclair	50	....	....	....	...
Donald Farguson	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan Farguson	50	....	....	....	...
Archibald Campbell senior	50	....	....	....	...
John Thompson	50	....	....	....	...
Dougal Campbell	50	....	....	....	...
John Campbell	50	....	....	....	...
Donald Campbell	50	....	....	....	...
Archibald Campbell junior	50	....	....	....	...
Donald McAlpin	50	....	....	....	...
John Kerr	50	....	....	....	..1
Robert Kerr	50	....	....	....	...
John Farguson	50	....	....	2	3
Duncan Farguson	50	....	....	....	...
Colin Farguson	50	....	....	....	...
Malcolm McAlpin	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan Brown	50	....	....	....	...
Donald Campbell	50	....	....	....	...
Malcolm Leitch	50	....	....	....	2
John Leitch	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan Leitch	50	....	....	....	...
Duncan Paterson	50	....	....	....	...

NAME	Wild Land	Clear Land	Horses	Oxen	Cows
Archibald Campbell	50	....	....	....	...
Neill Johnston	50	....	....	....	...
James Scafe	50	....	....	....	1
James Dixon	49	1	....	....	1
George Dickson	50	....	....	....	...
Thomas Dickson	50	....	....	....	...
James Farguson	50	....	....	....	...

Total number of acres of wild land 3345
Total number of acres of cleared land 105
Total number of horses 2
Total number of oxen 20
Total number of cows 44
Amount .....£1207:0 Sum £5:0:7

ALEXANDER FORBES,
DONALD McDIARMID,
Assessors

NOTE—The above is an exact copy of the **First Assessment** Roll of the Township of Aldborough made in the year 1820. Some idea of the progress which has been made in the last ninety-one years may be obtained from the fact that the assessed value of the Township for the present year (1911) is $3,043.228, whereas in 1820 it was under $6,000.

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