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PART VIII.

GOVERNOR SIMCOE'S TOUR THROUGH SOUTHERN
ONTARIO

THE PROUDFOOT PAPERS — PART II.

THE SETTLERS OF LOBO TOWNSHIP

By D. J. Campbell, Esq.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF LOBO TOWNSHIP

By Edgar M. Zavitz.

1917

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Jan. 18—The Village of London—Part I.
 Cl. T. Campbell, M.D.
 Feb. 15—The Indian As He IS and Ought To Be—
 Rev. Walter Rigsby.
 March 21—Growth of an Ontario Village—
 Prof. A. Stevenson.
 April 18—The Cornell Family—
 B. S. Murray, Esq.
 Duelling in London—
 Cl. T. Campbell, M.D.
 May 16—The Weatherby Grave—
 Miss H. Priddis.
 Oct. 10—Canada in Peace and War—
 Frank Yeigh, Esq.
 Nov. 21—The Society of Friends of Lobo Township—
 Edgar M. Zavitz.
 Dec. 19—More Proudfoot Papers—
 Collected by Miss H. Priddis.



Graves Simons

GOVERNOR SIMCOE'S TOUR THROUGH SOUTHERN ONTARIO

On the division of old Canada into two provinces—Upper and Lower Canada—in 1791, Col. John Graves Simcoe was appointed Lieut.-Governor of the Upper Province. He had been an officer of the British army during the American revolution, and was of the opinion that another outbreak of war might be expected. His first object, therefore, was to provide for the defence of the province over which he was to be governor. From maps consulted at the home office he received the idea that the River La Tranche was a large navigable stream, connected by a short portage with the Ouse (Grand River). On arriving in Montreal he consulted the records there; and we find him writing to the Colonial Secretary, under date December 7, 1791: "I am happy to have found in the surveyor's office an accurate survey of the River La Tranche. It answers my most sanguine expectations, and I have little doubt that its communications with the Ontario and Erie will be found to be very practicable, the whole forming a route which in all respects may annihilate the political consequence of Niagara and Lake Erie. . . . My ideas at present are to assemble the new corps, artificers, etc., at Cataraqui (Kingston), and to take its present garrison and visit Toronto and the heads of La Tranche, to pass down that river to Detroit, and early in the Spring to occupy such a central position as shall be previously chosen for the capital."

The governor did not make his trip in the Spring following as he intended: he was unable on account of business to leave his temporary capital at Niagara. But in February of the year 1793 he made up his official party, and went west through the practically unexplored territory between Niagara and Detroit. No official account had previously been given of this section. French trappers and missionaries had gone through; but very little if any record had been made: and any maps the governor may have seen could not have been much better than incomplete sketches, made from the statements of transient observers. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a young Irishman, in the summer of 1789 had travelled across the peninsula; but all the references to the country in his letters home were vague and indefinite. Of settlers in the district there were very few between Ancaster and Detroit, and nothing in the shape of a village except Fairfield, the original site of the Moravian mission field in Kent county, almost exclusively Indian, and the Mohawk settlement in Brant county.

Mrs. Simcoe kept a diary during their stay in Canada; and from it may be gathered some references to the Governor's tour. Under date Monday, February 4, 1793, she writes: "The Governor set off from hence in a sleigh, with six officers and twenty soldiers, for the Mohawk village on the Grand River, where Capt. Brant and twenty Indians are to join him, and guide him by the

La Tranche River to Detroit--no European having gone that track--and the Indians are to carry provisions. The Governor wore a fur coat, tippet and moccasins, but no great coat. His servant carried two blankets and linen. The other gentlemen carried their blankets in packs on their backs."

Of the officers accompanying Governor Simcoe on his tour several subsequently became persons of considerable importance. Lieut. Talbot went to England with the Governor after the latter had served his term in Upper Canada; but returned here in 1801. as Col. Talbot, and became the founder of the well-known Talbot Settlement. Lieut. Givens remained here, held a government office, and became Superintendent of Indian Affairs. His son, James, was one of the first lawyers in London, and died a county judge. The house he built and occupied still stands--No. 1 Stanley Street. D. W. Smith became Surveyor-General of Upper Canada, secured large grants of land, represented Essex in the first legislature of the province, and was made a baronet in 1821. Mr. Grey became Solicitor-General; he perished in the wreck of the schooner *Speedy* on Lake Ontario in 1804, along with a number of legal and court officials.

Major Littlehales was the Governor's secretary, and served in that position during his regime; after which he returned to England; entered public life; was Secretary of War for Ireland during the Lord-Lieutenancy of Lord Cornwallis; married a daughter of the Duke of Leinster; succeeded to the estate and name of the Baker family; became a Lieut.-General in the British army, and a baronet. He kept a journal of the Governor's tour, which follows these notes. There seems to have been two or more copies of this journal written. One was in the possession of Col. J. B. Askin, and at his death passed into the hands of the late Col. Shanley. This has been secured (in a slightly mutilated condition) through the efforts of our Curator, Dr. Woolverton, and is now owned by the Society. Another copy was the property of Mr. Scadding, a personal friend of Col. Simcoe, and on his death was found among his papers by his son, the late Dr. Scadding, of Toronto, and was first printed in 1833, in the *Canadian Literary Messenger*, a short-lived journal, published in York. It seems to have disappeared after being used by the printer. Which of these two copies was the original it is now impossible to say; the presumption is that they were contemporaneous.

David Zeisberger, the Superintendent of the Indian mission at Fairfield, across the river from the present Moravian reserve, kept a diary of his life, in which appear references to the Governor's visit to his settlement. These will be found in the notes appended to the journal.

Major Littlehale's Journal.

Feb. 4--On Monday his Excellency Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe, ac-

accompanied by Capt. Fitzgerald, Lieut. Smith of the 5th Regiment, Lieuts. Talbot, Gray, Givens and Major Littlehales, left Navy Hall in sleighs, and proceeded through the concession parallel with Lake Ontario to the twelve-mile creek. The roads being very indifferent and wet, owing to the unusual mildness of the season, we were obliged to stop there a short time. Reached the twenty-mile creek in the evening. Slept at one of Col. Butler's houses.

Feb. 5—Upon arriving at the forty-mile creek, an express arrived from Kingston, brought by two Mississaga Indians. This circumstance detained the Governor till the next day, when we with some difficulty reached Nelles, at the Grand River (or Ouse), being obliged to cross the mountain which bore sad relics of a devastating hurricane the previous autumn.

Feb. 7—About 2 o'clock we arrived at Capt. Brant's at the Mohawk Indian village, going along on the ice on the Grand River with great rapidity for a considerable way. The country between this place and Niagara, a distance computed about 70 miles, previous to ascending the mountain (considered a branch of the Alleghany). The settlement is in a tolerable state of improvement, the mountain is well timbered and richly dressed with pine, oak, beech, maple, etc. The torrents of rain issued from its summit from the several creeks which run into Lake Ontario break the ground, making deep ravines, and thereby much diversify the scene. The mountain runs parallel with Lake Ontario.

On our arrival at the Mohawk village the Indians hoisted their flags and trophies of war, and fired a feu-de-joie in compliment to his excellency, the representative of the king their father.

This place is peculiarly striking when seen from the high land above it—extensive meadows around it, the Grand River rolling near it, with a termination of forest.

Here is a well-built wooden church with a short steeple and an excellent house of Capt. Brant's. The source of the Grand River is not accurately ascertained, but supposed adjoining the waters which communicate with Lake Huron. It empties itself into Lake Erie, and for 50 or 60 miles is as broad as the Thames at Richmond, in England. Some villages of the Onondagos, Delawares and Cayugas are dispersed on its banks. While we were at the Mohawk village we heard divine service performed in the church by an Indian. The devout behaviour of the women (squaws), the melody of their voices, and the exact time they kept in singing hymns, is worthy of observation.

Feb. 10—We did not quit the Mohawk village till noon, when we set out with J. Brant and about twelve Indians. Came to an encampment of Mississagas and slept at a trader's house.

Feb. 11—Passed over some fine open plains said to be frequented by immense herds of deer, but as very little snow had fallen this winter we did not see them. We crossed two or three rivulets, through a thick wood, and over a salt lick, and stopped

at 4 o'clock to give the Indians time to make a small wigwam. The dexterity and alacrity of those people habituated to the hardships incidental to the woods is remarkable. Small parties with the utmost facility cut down large trees with their tomahawks, then bark them, and in a few minutes construct a most comfortable hut capable of resisting any inclemency of the weather, covering it with the bark of elm. During the day's march we saw the remains of several beaver dams.

Feb. 12—We went through an irregular woody country. Passed an encampment said to have been Lord E. Fitzgerald's when on his march to Detroit, Machilimacinae and the Mississippi. We passed a fine cedar grove, and about 1 o'clock crossed on the trunk of a tree, a small branch of the La Tranch (Thames), and soon after crossed the main branch in the same manner.

We met a man almost starved, who was overjoyed to obtain a temporary relief of biscuits and pork. He was going to Niagara from the conductor of the annual winter express from Detroit, who we afterwards met. We learned that the above man had been guilty of theft. We halted in an open part of the wood and hutted as the last night. We were much fatigued, and refreshed ourselves with soup and dried venison.

Feb. 13—Early this morning the express from Detroit, with Mr. Clarke, a Wyandotte and Chippawa Indian, parted from us on their way to Niagara. We went between an irregular fence of stakes made by the Indians to intimidate and impede the deer, and facilitate their hunting. After crossing the main branch of the Thames we halted to observe a beautiful situation, a bend of the river, a grove of hemlock and pine, and a large creek. We passed some deep ravines, and made our wigwam by a stream on the brow of a hill, near the spot where Indians were interred. The burying-ground was of earth neatly covered with leaves, raised and wickered over. Adjoining it a large pole with painted hieroglyphics on it denoting the nation, tribe and achievements of the deceased either as chiefs, warriors, or hunters.

This day a raccoon was discovered in a very large elm tree. The Indians gave a most tremendous shout, and all set to work with their tomahawks and axes. In ten or fifteen minutes the tree was cut down. The way of entrapping the animal was curious. Judging correctly of the space the tree would occupy in falling, they surrounded it, and closed in so suddenly that the raccoon could not escape and was killed. The Indians at first amused themselves with allowing a Newfoundland dog to attack it, but it defended itself so well that I think it would have escaped from the dog but for the interposition of the Indians. Several more raccoons were traced in the snow and two of them taken by the same mode. The raccoons roasted made an excellent supper. Some parts were rather rancid, but in general the flesh was exceedingly tender and good.

Feb. 14—This day brought us within a few miles of the Del-

aware Indian village. (a) where we camped. The Indians brought us in some black and other squirrels. I observed many trees blazed and various figures of Indians (returning from battle with scalps), and animals drawn upon them, descriptive of the tribes, nations and numbers that had passed. Many of them were well drawn, especially a lion.

This day we walked over very uneven ground and passed two lakes of about four miles in circumference, between which were many fine larch trees. An Indian who carried a heavier pack than the rest was behind and on overtaking us said that a white man was coming with dispatches to the Governor. This person proved to be a wheeler, who, (as we afterwards heard) made use of that plan to get supplied with provisions and horses to the Grand River, and from thence with an Indian guide to Detroit. He quitted us under the plausible pretence of looking for land to establish a settlement.

Feb. 15—We breakfasted at the Indian Delaware village, having walked on the ice of the La Tranch for five or six miles. Here we were cordially received by the chiefs of that nation and regaled with eggs and venison. Capt. Brant being obliged to return to a council of the Six Nations, we stayed the whole day. The Delaware castle is pleasantly situated upon the high banks of the Thames. The meadows at the bottom are cleared to some extent, and in summer planted with Indian corn.

Feb. 16—After walking 12 or 14 miles this day, part of the way through plains of white oak and ash, and passing several Chippewa Indians upon their hunting parties and in their encampments, we arrived at a Canadian trader's, and a little beyond in proceeding down the stream the Indians discovered a spring of an oily nature, which upon examination, proved to be a kind of petroleum. We passed another wigwam of Chippewas making maple sugar. The mildness of the winter compelled them in a measure to abandon their annual hunting. We soon arrived at an old hut, where we spent the night.

Feb. 17—We passed the Moravian village this day. (b) This infantine settlement is under the superintendence of four missionaries, Messrs. Zeisberger, Sememan, Edwards and Young, and principally inhabited by Delaware Indians, who seem to be under the control, and in many particulars under the command of these persons. They are in a progressive state of civilization, being instructed in different branches of agriculture, and having already corn fields at this place. Every respect was paid to the Governor, and we procured a seasonable refreshment of eggs, milk and butter. Pursuing our journey eight or nine miles we stopped for the night at the extremity of a new road cut by these Indians, and close to a creek.

Mr. Gray missed his watch and being certain that he left it at our last encampment two of the Indians observed his anxiety about it, proposed and insisted on returning for it. They ac-

cordingly set out and returned with it the next morning. The distance there and back must have been twenty-six miles.

Feb. 18—Crossing the Thames and passing a new log house, belonging to a sailor named Carpenter, passed a thick, swampy wood of black walnut, where his excellency's servant was lost for three or four hours. We came to a bend of the La Tranch, and were agreeably surprised to meet 12 or 14 canoes coming to meet and conduct the Governor, who with his suite, got into them and about 4 o'clock arrived at Dolsen's, but previously reconitered a fork of the river and examined a mill of curious construction erected upon it.

The settlement where Dolsen resides is very promising. The land is well adapted for farms, and there are some respectable inhabitants on both sides of the river. Behind it to the south, are a range of spacious meadows; elk are continually seen upon them, and the pools and ponds are full with cray fish.

From Dolsen's we went to the mouth of the Thames in canoes, about 12 miles down and we saw the remains of a considerable town of the Chippewas, where it is reported a desperate battle was fought between them and the Senecas, and that the latter were totally vanquished and abandoned their dominions to the conquerors. Certain it is that human bones are scattered about in abundance in the vicinity of the ground; and the Indians have a variety of traditions relative to this transaction.

Going along the bordage of the Lake St. Clair we came to the northeast shore of the River of Detroit; Canadian militia fired a feu-de-joie. Soon afterward we crossed the river in boats, but were much impeded by the floating ice, and entering, the garrison of Detroit, which was under arms to receive His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe upon his landing, fired a royal salute.

Detroit is situated in the strait between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair. The Canadian inhabitants, who are numerous, occupy both sides of the river. Their property in land is divided into 3 or 6 acres in front, on which their houses and barns are built, by 50 in depth, which constitutes their farms and apple orchards. This with a few large windmills dispersed on the banks of the strait, give an appearance of respectability and population. Many beautiful islands enrich the view. The country about Detroit is perfectly level and flat. We had bad weather the whole of the time we stopped here—sleet and snow storms. Governor Simcoe reviewed the 24th Regiment and the garrison, examined Fort Lenault and the rest of the works, and then went in a calash to the River Rouge, where we saw a compact, well-built sloop almost ready to be launched.

The merchant vessels are here laid up in ordinary during the winter months (when the lakes are not navigable), in the same manner as his majesty's ships, which are placed under the protection of the guns of the fort.

We went to see the bridge where the Indian chief, Pontiac, after being unsuccessful in his treacherous attempt to surprise Detroit made a stand. So much slaughter ensued of British troops that it is distinguished by the name of the Bloody Bridge.

The distance between Detroit and Niagara, by the route we came, is about two hundred and seventy miles. The distance is greater by Lake Erie.

Feb. 23—Early on Saturday morning the Governor left Detroit, and the same firing and ceremonies as on his arrival, took place. We returned by Lake St. Clair, and in the evening reached Dolsen's, about forty miles.

Feb. 24—The weather was very bad. Lieut. Smith read prayers to the Governor, his suite and those of the neighborhood who attended, and we stayed at Dolsen's the whole day.

Feb. 25—It froze extremely hard, which enabled us to go on the ice in carioles up the Thames to the high bank, where we first met the carioles on our way to Detroit.

Col. McKee, Mr. Baby, (c) and several of the principal inhabitants accompanied the Governor thus far. Here we separated and each taking his pack or knapsack on his back, we walked that night to the Moravian village.

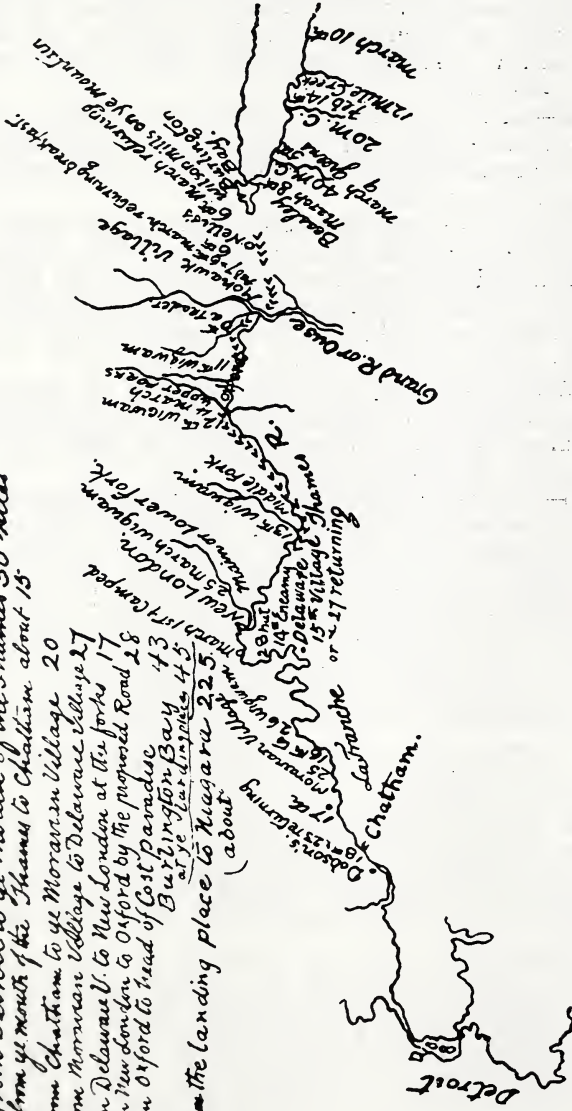
Feb. 26—We were detained at the Moravian village till noon to hear divine service performed by two of the ministers, one speaking extempore from the Bible, the other expressing it in the Indian tongue. (d) Today we went a little beyond one of our former wigwams, crossing some runs of water, ravines, and through lands which abounded with basswood, hickory and ash.

Feb. 27—We continued our journey and reached the Delaware village: some chiefs returning from their hunting were assembled to congratulate the Governor on his return, and brought presents of venison, etc. In the evening they danced, a ceremony they never dispense with when any of the King's officers of rank visit their villages.

Feb. 28—At six we stopped at an old Mississagua hut upon the side of the Thames. After taking some refreshments of salt pork and venison, well cooked by Lieut. Smith, who superintended that department, we, as usual, sang "God Save the King," and went to rest.

March 1—We set out along the banks of the river; then, ascending a high hill, quitted our former path and directed our course to the northward. A good deal of snow having fallen and still on the ground, we saw traces of otters, deer, wolves, bears and other animals, many of which being quite fresh, induced the Mohawks to pursue them, but without success. We walked 14 or 15 miles and twice crossed the river and a few creeks upon the ice. Once close to a Chippewa hunting camp, and opposite to a pine terrace, we encamped on its banks near a bay. The Governor and most of the party wore moccasins, having no snowshoes. These he had before found necessary on the course of his journey.

from Detroit to ye mouth of the Thames 30 Miles
 from ye mouth of the Thames to Chatham about 15
 from Chatham to ye Moravian Village 20
 from Moravian Village to Delaware Village 27
 from Delaware V. to New London at the forks 17
 from New London to Oxford by the proposed Road 28
 from Oxford to head of Cost paradise 43
 from the landing place to Niagara 22 1/2
 (about)



OUTLINE OF GOVERNOR SIMCOE'S ROUTE FROM NIAGARA TO DETROIT, 1793.

(From a Drawing by Lieutenant Pilkington, copied by Mrs. Simcoe.)

March 2—We struck the Thames at one end of a low, flat island enveloped with shrubs and trees. The rapidity and strength of the current were such as to have forced a channel through the mainland, being a peninsula, and formed this island. We walked over a rich meadow and at its extremity came to the forks of the river.

The Governor wished to examine this situation, and its environs, therefore we remained here all the day. He judged it to be a situation eminently calculated for the metropolis of all Canada. Among many other essentials it possesses the following advantages: Command of territory, internal situation, central position, facility of water communication up and down the Thames into Lakes St. Clair, Erie, Huron and Superior, navigable for boats near its source and for small craft probably to the Moravian settlement to the southward; by a small portage to the waters flowing into Lake Huron to the southeast; by a carrying place into Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence. The soil is luxuriantly fine, the land rich, capable of being easily cleared and soon put into a state of agriculture, pinery upon an adjacent high knoll, other timber on the heights, well calculated for the erection of public buildings; a climate not inferior to any part of Canada. To these natural advantages an object of great consideration is to be added that the enormous expense of the Indian department would be greatly diminished if not abolished. The Indians would in all probability, become carriers of their own peltries; and they would find a ready, contiguous, commodious and equitable mart, honorably advantageous to the Government and the community in general without their becoming a prey to the monopolistic and unprincipled trader.

The young Indians, who had chased a herd of deer in company with Lieut. Givins, returned unsuccessful and brought with them a large porcupine, which was very seasonable, as our provisions were nearly expended. This animal afforded a very good repast and tasted like a pig. The Newfoundland dog attempting to bite the porcupine, his mouth was filled with the barbed quills, and gave him exquisite pain. An Indian undertook to extract them and, with much perseverance, plucked them out one by one, and carefully applied a root or decoction, which speedily healed the wounds.

Various figures were delineated on trees at the forks of the River Thames, done with charcoal and vermilion; the most remarkable were the imitation of men with deer's heads.

We saw a fine eagle on the wing and two or three large birds, perhaps vultures.

March 3—We were glad to leave our wigwam early this morning, it having rained incessantly the whole night; besides the hemlock branches on which we slept were wet before they were gathered for our use. We ascended the height at least 120 feet into a continuation of the pinery already mentioned; quitting

that we came to a beautiful plain with detached clumps of white oak and open woods; then crossing a creek running into the south branch of the Thames we entered a thick, swampy wood, where we were at a loss to discover any track; but in a few minutes we were released from the dilemma by the Indians who, making a cast, soon discerned our old path to Detroit.

Ascending a hill, and crossing a brook, we came at noon to the encampment we left on the 14th of February, and were agreeably surprised at meeting Capt. Brant and a numerous retinue, among them four of the Indians we had dispatched to him when we first altered our course to the forks of the River Thames. Two of the party had just killed a buck and a doe. One of the Indians wishing to preserve the meat from the wolves—or to show his activity—climbed up a small tree of ironwood which, being elastic bent with him till it nearly touched the ground; then hanging the meat upon the tree it sprang back into its original position. The meat was secure till the morning, when he cut down the tree. During this day's march it rained without intermission, and last night it thundered and lightened severely. The brooks and rivulets were swollen considerably, and we were obliged to cross these on small trunks or logs. In the afternoon we passed the hut where we slept on the 12th of February. I noticed very fine beech trees.

March 5—Met Mr. Clarke, and the winter express returning from Niagara, and Mr. Jones, (e) the Deputy-Surveyor. We again crossed one of the branches of the southeast fork of the Thames, and halted in a cypress or cedar grove, and were much amused by seeing Brant and the Indians chase a lynx with their dogs and rifle guns; but they did not catch it. Several porcupines were seen.

March 6—This morning we arrived at the Mohawk village—the Indians having brought horses for the Governor and his suite to the end of the plains near the Salt Lick. It had frozen exceedingly hard last night, and we crossed the Grand River at a different place from that we crossed before, and by a nearer route. In the evening all the Indians assembled, and danced their customary dances—the War, Calumet, Buffalo, Feather Dance, etc. Most of His Excellency's suite being equipped and dressed in imitation of the Indians, were adopted as chiefs.

March 7— This afternoon we came to Wilson's Mills (f) on the mountain.

March 8—A very severe and unremitting snow storm prevented our going farther than Beasley's, at Burlington Bay, (g) the head of Lake Ontario.

March 9—Late this evening we arrived at Green's, (h) at the Forty Mile Creek.

March 10—Sunday—the Governor arrived at Navy Hall. (i).

NOTES

(a) Thursday, Feb. 21—"I received a letter from the Governor, dated Upper Delaware Village, on the La Tranche. He had a pleasant journey—passed a fine open country without swamps. The La Tranche, at 150 miles above its mouth is as wide as the Thames is at Reading." —Mrs. Simcoe's Diary.

(b) "Governor J. G. Simcoe and party arrived here this morning. He examined everything, and was well pleased therewith. We entertained him to breakfast. We told him that none of us missionaries had either renounced our allegiance to the King nor sworn it to the States." —Zeisberger's Diary. Saturday, February 16.

(c) Alexander McKee took a prominent part in securing the allegiance of the Indians to England during the American revolution, and was the founder of a prominent Windsor family. There were several of the Baby family in Essex; the one referred to in the Journal was probably Judge Jas. Baby, appointed by Simcoe to the Legislative Council in 1792.

(d) "Governor Simcoe and suite arrived and passed the night with us. We presented him with an address. He ordered his Commissary to draw for us an order on the King's stores at Detroit, because of our crop having been frozen. Wrote an answer to our address.' After asking permission he, with his suite, attended our early morning service and worship. He expressed his satisfaction with the devout worship of the Indians. He and his party then continued his journey to Niagara." —Zeisberger's Diary. February 26.

(e) Augustus Jones made the original surveys of a large portion of Upper Canada, including the village of York. His field notes are in the Crown Lands Department at Toronto.

(f) Wilson's grist and saw mills, owned by Jas. Wilson, a U. E. L. refugee from Pennsylvania; site of present Ancaster.

(g) "Beasley's"—residence of Mr. Beasley, subsequently better known as Col. Beasley.

(h) Green was an influential early settler; Forty Mile Creek is the present Grimsby.

(i) From Mrs. Simcoe's diary, Sunday, March 10, 1793—"The Governor and Mr. D. W. Smith returned. It is exactly five weeks since he left this place. He went part of the way in sleighs, but walked the greater distance. The Journal does not contain many incidents. The map which accompanies it shows the various creeks they passed on fallen trees, which require some care and dexterity to cross. His Excellency's leaving Detroit under a salute from all His Majesty's ships lying there is mentioned. As also that His Excellency ordered prayers to be read in the woods on Sunday, and forty people attended. * * * The Governor rose early on the march, and walked till 5 o'clock. A party of Indians went on an hour before to cut down wood for

a fire, and make huts of trees, which they do so dexterously that no rain can penetrate; and this they do very expeditiously. When the Governor came to the spot the Indians had fixed upon as a lodge for the night, the provisions were cooked. After supper the officers sang God Save the King, and went to sleep with their feet close to an immense fire, which was kept up all night. The Governor found his expectations perfectly realized as to the goodness of the country on the banks of La Tranche, and is confirmed in his opinion that the forks of the river is the most proper site for the capital of the country, to be called New London, on a fine dry plain, without underwood, but abounding in good oak trees. A spring of real petroleum was discovered on the march by the offensive smell."

In 1792, Governor Simcoe issued a proclamation changing the name of the River La Tranche to Thames. During the summer of 1793 he sent Mr. Patrick McNiff to make a survey of the forks of the Thames and in forwarding his report to the Home Office on the 30th September he wrote Mr. Dundas: "The tract of country which lies between the river (or rather, navigable canal, as its Indian name and French translation import) and Lake Erie is one of the finest for agricultural purposes in North America, and far exceeds the soil and climate of the Atlantic States. There are few or no interjacent swamps, and a variety of useful streams empty themselves into the lake or river. * * * They lead to the propriety of establishing a capital of Upper Canada which may be somewhat distant from the centre of the colony. * * * The capital I propose to be established at New London."

The Governor's Second Tour

In March, 1794, Governor Simcoe made another journey across the peninsula. This was mainly in connection with official business undertaken by order of the Governor-General, Lord Dorchester; but gave him also opportunity to further examine the site of his proposed capital at the forks of the Thames. No record of this journey seems to have been kept by anyone. It would appear that he went overland to the river, striking it about Ingersoll; there took boats, and followed it down to Detroit, stopping at the forks; the return trip was made by way of Lake Erie. The following extracts from Mrs. Simcoe's and Zeisberger's diaries give all that is known about this second trip.

"Saturday, February 1, 1794 — I am in great spirits today as the Governor talks of going to Detroit in March, and spending a month there very gaily. But the greatest amusement will be the journey. We shall ride to the Grand River; from thence to La Tranche, where canoes will be built, in which we shall go down to Detroit in a few days; and we shall take Lake Erie on our return." — Mrs. Simcoe's Diary.

"Saturday, March 15 — An express has arrived from Lord

Dorchester, who orders Governor Simcoe, as soon as the lake navigation is open, to go and establish a fort on the river Miami, in a country claimed by the Americans, some distance below Detroit. The Governor thinks the order may be put into execution so much earlier if he goes down the La Tranche to Detroit, that he intends setting out tomorrow for the Grand River. This order of Lord Dorchester puts an end to my scheme of going to Detroit, which is an exceeding great disappointment to me." —Mrs. Simcoe's Diary.

"April 31st — Towards evening Governor Simcoe arrived with a suite of officers and soldiers and eight Mohawks, by water from Niagara. He at once asked for our school-house as a lodging. It was cold—having snowed during the day. He was much pleased when Bro. Sennemann offered his house, where together with his officers he then lodged. Two of his officers had been here with him last year. Our sisters entertained them. The soldiers lay close by the school-house; and the Mohawks were divided between two Indian houses, whom also our Indian brethren supplied with food. The Governor was glad to see so many houses built since he was here before; also that our Indians had cleared so much land; and he praised their industry and labor. Still more he wondered at seeing in the place such a great pile of lumber; and when he learned that it was destined for our meeting house, and also that the Indian brothers and sisters had brought it on sleighs without horses, he said: 'Would that I could have seen this.'" —Zeisberger's Diary.

"Friday, May 2 — Governor Simcoe arrived at six this evening from Niagara. He rode from the Grand River to La Tranche, where he embarked on the 29th March in canoes, and that day he reached the site intended for New London. The 30th he spent at the Delaware village; the 31st at the Moravian village; the 1st April at an Indian traders; the 2nd arrived at Detroit. * * * The Governor stayed four days at Detroit, and then went to Captain Elliott's, on the River au Raisin; from thence 30 miles to the river Miami, in Ohio, and stayed at Col. McKee's, of Detroit, a little distance from thence." —Mrs. Simcoe's Diary. (The Elliott referred to here was Matthew Elliott, an Irishman, educated for the priesthood, turned soldier, emigrated to Virginia, fought in the revolutionary war, then emigrated to Canada, with all his slaves, received a grant of 2,500 acres from the government, and took up his residence in Malden township in 1784. He became Superintendent of Indian affairs; was in the battle of Queenstown Heights, and died a few days after as the result of exposure).

Governor Simcoe's views as to the location of the capital of Upper Canada at the forks of the Thames were over-ruled by the Governor-General, who seems to have preferred a site more convenient to Montreal, and more accessible by lake. Simcoe was required to move his temporary capital from Niagara to Toronto

(which he christened York), and the construction of public buildings was commenced there. But that did not change Simcoe's opinion. We find him writing to Lord Portland, February 27, 1796: "Should the seat of government be transferred to the Thames, the proper place, the buildings and grounds at York can be sold to lessen or liquidate the cost of their construction." He left Canada this year, and his successor in the administration, Peter Russell, inherited his views, speaking in his reports to England, of York, as "the temporary seat of government." Finally, Portland, in 1879, gave him distinctly to understand that the matter was settled, and that "the selection of York has been made on mature reflection."

The
Proudfoot Papers
Part II.



THE PROUDFOOT PAPERS — PART II.

Diary of Rev. J. Proudfoot — Continued.

January 28, Monday, 1833, Brantford. Rode down this day with Mr. John Wilkes in the sleigh about 10 miles along the Grand River to attend a general council of the Six Nation Indians, who have been convened for the purpose of deliberating upon some proposals which government had made to them about selling their lands. The Superintendent, Major Wingate, was present. The Indians and he spoke through an interpreter (Jacob Martin, a native). The council room is a squared log house between 50 and 60 feet long—floored. All around the sides and the end are low benches. On these sat the chief and his friends. At each end of the room was an enormous fire. On a cross form at one end sat the major. I sat on a short bench near him. The appearance of the Indians was very striking. Some of them had faces that were as mild and intelligent as those of civilized Europeans; but the majority had in their look that fierce savageness which is seen in the drawings of savages in books of travel. Some of them had painted their faces with ochre to make them look horrible. Two of them wore silver ornaments which hung from the cartilage of the nose and some of them had the outer rim of the ears slit for more than two inches, from which hung dangling a bunch of silver ornaments. Their dress was very varied and very fantastical. Some had a deerskin dress; some wore the European dress, trousers and surtout; some wore a hat; and many had a shawl or handkerchief tied around their heads like a turban, leaving a tuft of hair to assist their enemies in taking the scalp. The common Indian dress is first a shirt, sometimes frilled at the breast; then a pair of trousers half high up and held by strings around the waist, then a surtout, generally made out of a blanket, its skirts behind fall down to the calf of the leg; it meets in front down to the knee. Over all this is a blanket, when the day is cold, the whole fastened by a sash, some of silk, some of worsted. All wear moccasins. One man, called "Steel Trap," had feathers and porcupine quills stuck in his cap or turban, to make him look a great warrior. In the sash was stuck a knife before, and at one side a pouch of marten or weasel skin. Many of them smoked all the time of the council—all kept on their hats. There were some Methodist Indians present, who were better dressed. The council was opened by a very fine looking Indian called "Echo," who got his name for being a speaker. His speech opened to this effect: The Indians of the Six Nations had met by appointment—they had opened the council house—they had provided plenty of fire wood which would burn clearly and well, and be peaceable (not crackle). They were thankful to the Great Spirit, who had spared so many in health and brought them together in comfort, and also that the Chief was brought in health to preside. The Major, after returning the compliment,

read out the propositions of the government respecting the lands on which they were to deliberate. The chiefs sat nation by nation and they were desired to deliberate each one by itself: There were several speeches made by different chiefs not bearing directly on the subject as it was the design to say nothing today—to talk during the night on it, and to answer tomorrow. During the deliberations there was carried into the room and set in the middle of the floor, a large brass kettle of boiling Indian corn with venison in it, to stand so cool and then eaten by all.

From Brantford drove to Galt. The country around here is peopled principally by Scotchmen from Roxburgh and the North of England. I fancied myself in Scotland; for everything I saw was just as things are in Scotland. Many persons wore the Scotch plaid, all spoke with the Scotch accent. Galt is a thriving village, not well built, but well situated on the Grand River. It has a fine stream of water, which runs a saw-mill, a large flour mill and a fulling mill. On the opposite side of the river is Mr. Dickson's house, built on a rising ground commanding a fine view of the bridge, of the village and river. Saw some stone dykes—a great rarity in Canada. There are plenty of stones lying on the surface—almost all lime stone, and generally small. Returned to London and called on Dr. Lee and Wm. Lee. A. Robertson, Mr. Ross Robertson, Mr. Talbot, Schoolmaster, Squire McKenzie, and some other friends.

February 28, 1833. Left London in a sleigh drawn by two horses which cost eight dollars. The style in which we started did not augur well for the rapidity of our journey. Dined at McConnell's on the 16th Concession of London. We were well treated, dined on venison and tea for 1/6 York. Shortly after leaving there we entered Biddulph. The black settlement, called by the blacks "Wilberforce." The soil is very good. The dwellings of the negroes, wretched, badly built and very small. Saw very few of the blacks. At a slow rate we proceeded grumbling at our driver all the way. About 7 p.m. arrived at McConnell's, a son of the man, where we dined. It is near the North side of the Township of Usborne. This tavern was ordered by the Canada Co. to accommodate travellers. It is one of the most wretched places I ever spent a night in. The logs were not well built: the interstices carelessly filled up, no clay, no lime; and the wind finds its way at almost every place. The door did not fit by three or four inches. There was an enormous fire kept up, which caused such a draught of air up the chimney that made us colder before the fire than out of doors. There were nine lodgers in the house. My friend and I occupied one bed, such as it was. The innkeeper and his wife the other, all the rest got round the fire in a lump with their feet to the fire and wrapped in such as they could get, or had brought with them. We could not keep warm and were forced to rise and warm ourselves. We were none the worse for our sleep in the shanty. We only saw two

dwellings on the road and no living creature in the wood, though we were anxious to see a bear or a wolf. About 8 o'clock a.m. left McConnel's and reached Vanderburgh's Inn about two. It is situated on the corner of the Township of Tuckersmith, and at the point where the corners of Stanley, Goderich and Huron meet. The Inn is a new and good house. Came in a Mr. Lizars from Edinburgh, brother to the bookseller, the surgeon and the doctor of the same name. He is a surveyor. The land here is good, which the Canada Company sell for one and a half dollars an acre. Saw two birds, large woodpeckers, and what we supposed to be footmarks of a wolf in the snow. Saw many footmarks of the squirrel. What a desolate place the forest must be. Saw very few houses on the road side, and they were wretched cabins. Got to Goderich at 8 o'clock. On our way called at the house of Mr. Cook who has a number of paintings hung around the walls of his log house. They had once figured on the walls of a house in Princess Street, Edinburgh. Called to warm ourselves at the house of Mr. Papst, three miles from Goderich. Put up at Mr. Reid's in Goderich. After tea called on Mr. Gooding and Mr. James Hay, from whom I received a hearty welcome. Was informed there were about 1,500 souls in the Township of Goderich. Goderich is situated on the point of land where the River Maitland pours into Lake Huron. The ground on which it stands is very nearly level. It is at least 120 feet above the lake. The bank is quite as precipitous as a sand and gravel bank could be. The mouth of the Maitland forms a kind of harbor, where there lie tied up by the frost three schooners, the whole craft of the place at present. They sail to Detroit chiefly; but they sometimes go as far down the river as Prescott. It is proposed this season to have a steam boat on the lake, both for passengers and to make the voyage or trips for trade shorter and more sure. The people here are all very poor. The trade is done chiefly by boat. There is still a considerable trade done with the Indians for furs, which still pays well, but, which in consequence of competition produces far less return than in former years. The sales of storekeepers are to a great extent among the Indians. All complain of being poor. The town contains about 40 houses, scattered along the line of the projected streets. There is not a street free from stumps of trees. The office of the Canada Company stands on a point between the Maitland and a steep road which leads down to the wharf. There are few finer situations in Canada. All around it is being planted tastefully with trees and shrubs, and it will one day be a beautiful spot. Lake Huron is a splendid sheet of water. It is frozen over as far as the eye can see. The Indians catch quantities of white fish by spearing them through the ice, sometimes 100 in a day. There are three taverns, Reid's, Fisher's and McGregor's—the first supposed to be the best. There is nothing to boast of. The kitchen is good, but there are few cooking utensils to be seen; but this is

of no consequence as all Canadian cooking is done in the frying pan. The house is only weather boarded, some parts lathed and some plastered. The room we occupied let in the light and the cold and the snow at a hundred places, and it is very hard to keep warm, though we slept in one bed and had a buffalo skin for a cover. After breakfast settled our bill—4/8¼ each. We started back—got to Vanderburgh's, and after considerable trouble about conveyances got as far as Malcolm McLeod's on an ox sleigh, where we slept on the floor. As this was my first experience of such I must give an account of it. The house is a shanty begun to be built this winter after there was a foot of snow on the ground. The seams, however, were all well closed with clay that had been dug out of the floor. It is not more than 15 feet square. I saw only one bed and that very badly furnished so we determined that we would not sleep in it. Mr. McLeod, his wife and her sister and three children slept in it. A bunch of straw was placed on the floor, and we were given a sheet and a blanket, so Mr. Christie and I lay down with our feet to the fire and with our clothes on, and enjoyed a few hours' comfortable sleep. A chair was inverted at the head, on its sloping back a pillow was laid, which answered the purpose very well. We were surprised that we rested so well and had not got colds. The above is the way in which some parts of the many families always sleep; and they are a healthy race. I observed that the Canada Company had driven in mile posts, which is a great comfort to travellers in this dreary region. In the course of the day saw five red squirrels and two deer: saw many wolf foot marks in the swamps and in not a few places saw their track after deer. Alex. McKenzie told us a strange story. He said that generally a pack of wolves go in chase after a deer. All proceed slowly except one which follows as close as it is able, that when it has turned the deer, the simple creature returns the way it came, that it stops to drink where there is water, and that the remaining wolves are waiting in expectation, they being untired fall upon the exhausted innocent and devour it. We stopped at a black man's house in Biddulph. He is an old man—a cabinet maker—very discontented. He begged tobacco, and hinted he would like some bread. He says there are just 16 families; that each has 50 acres; that they are not very comfortable. When we arrived at McCombs', all were in bed, but they rose very cheerfully and got an excellent supper of venison, pork, potatoes and tea and then showed us to a bed with curtains.

Got back to London, March 7, 1833. Mr. Boston, of Lobo, called on me and chatted for a long time. Mr. John Talbot, school-master, also called. He told me that Mr. Cronyn had returned from York; that the Governor told Mr. Cronyn that Upper Canada will probably be divided and that London will be its capital; that it is his intentions to send respectable loyalist emigrants who may apply to him to this district. He wished Mr.

Cronyn to send him a list of unsold land in London and Westminster, that he might be able to direct emigrants where they might find locations. That it is the intention of the government to raise up such a body of persons attached to the Constitution of Great Britain as may counteract the influence of Yankeeism so prevalent about St. Thomas and along the lake shore. Further that the large Episcopal Church is to be finished this year from funds in the hands of the government.

March 10. This morning attended the Episcopal service and heard Mr. Cronyn preach. I preached myself in the afternoon to a packed house.

March 20. On the evening of this day Mr. Christie and I supped with Mr. Alex. and Mr. Ross Robertson, Rev. Mr. Cronyn, his wife and a Miss Armstrong were of the party.

March 21. Left London today in the mail coach for St. Thomas, the charge, \$1.00. The road very bad, and we moved at the rate of little more than two miles an hour. We started at 8 and arrived at five-thirty. We dined on the road, had a good dinner which put us in good humor. When we went into the town we met a gentleman whom we had seen in London, a Mr. Chadwick, who is a grandson of Jonathan Edwards on his mother's side. He is intending to commence an iron foundry. St. Thomas is beautifully situated just where the two branches of Kettle Creek unite. It is a place of considerable business and there are wealthy people in it. It has two newspapers. The one a violent Tory, the other a Liberal, and represented as favoring Yankeeism, which I think, from all I have seen, is not true. It is Whiggish, but not Republican. St. Thomas has a general air of taste, the buildings, the signs, the stores all indicate that the people have a taste for the elegant, that is compared with other places. It resembles Brantford more than any place I have seen, perhaps because Americans prevail in both. Like Brantford too, it is situated on the bank of a river on high ground, and is cleared to a considerable way round. There was no conveyance in the place, even for hire; and as we did not want to stay longer than we could help when our mission was accomplished, we resolved to set forward and walk. So I sent my trunk to London; took my valise on my back strapped on with my comforter, and in this way we set out to walk 50 miles. The road beggared description. The mud deep in some places soft, and in others tough and adhesive. We could hardly get through creeping along at a little more than a mile an hour. Many times had I to leap the fence to get a few yards where I would not be mired. We started from St. Thomas at half past eleven and got to Hiram Brown's tavern in Malahide at half-past six, ten miles in seven hours. The country is the best cleared in Canada that I have seen. The fields have not a stump in them, the houses good, remarkably tasteful and even elegant. The forest half or three-quarters of a mile from the road. This part seems adapted for the raising

of fruit. There are on the street many fine orchards all of bearing age. Left Brown's this morning. Last night there had been a sharp frost so that the roads were so hard that they bore us for several miles until the sun acquired sufficient strength, and then we had mud as usual, but not so deep; then came the pine lands where the roads were sandy and good. The country through which we came today is irregular in its surface and for the most part pine ridges. We noticed that where the timber is hard-wood the land is flat and rich; where pine prevails it is irregular and poor. We saw on the road some beautiful spots; but the houses had not the same elegant and comfortable appearance as those we saw yesterday. Upon entering Bayham we crossed the Big Otter Creek. About half-past three we arrived at Mr. Lalor's house of entertainment on the bank of the Big Otter, where we were compelled to stop on account of fatigue. A house of entertainment differs from a tavern in that it has no license for the sale of liquor. There are several of these in Canada. They have all the appearance of a family concern, and none of the irregularities or noise to be found where liquor is sold. The accommodation is not so business-like, but the sober traveller gets what he wants — rest and food. We walked ten miles this morning for breakfast, which we got at Cook's about half-past eleven. Cook's father-in-law is an old Dutchman whose father was robbed of £8,000 in the American war. He remembered the war. I said I suppose you are a U. E. Loyalist? I am a Loyalist, but not a U. E. Loyalist; we did not draw land from the King, when we came to the country. Our host, Mr. Lalor, is a staunch Tory. Col. Talbot had once stayed a night in his house; and he seems to have made him his friend. He believes that the bad things said about the Colonel are all lies of the Liberals. Col. Talbot's plan with the Liberals is to trample them down; and Mr. Lalor thinks that is the only way with them, and the only way they deserve.

Left Mr. Lalor's this morning in a waggon which we engaged to take us 18 miles for \$2.00. Upon leaving his house we entered upon the sandy ridges which extend over the remainder of Bayham. The part of Houghton through which the Talbot Street runs, and the whole of Middleton, the timber is all pine, not very heavy but closely set; now and then we saw a little hard-wood. The soil is the worst I have seen. During the day saw about 20 deserted houses. The small clearings which we passed begun to be covered with pine, and were fast relapsing to the domain of the forest. Mr. Mitchell explained how it was. Col. Talbot, the government agent, was resolved to have the road opened; and when settlers applied to him for land, he would not grant it to them, except upon the side of what was destined to be a road. They were thus obliged to take the lands he gave them or want. These poor unfortunates, who, after building a house, clearing ten acres, cutting out a portion of the road, found

what they might have known at first, that the place would never repay them, and that they must go in quest of other settlements. The Colonel and his friends call this the true way of settling a country; but a more heartless way I cannot conceive. While we were at Sovereign's tavern there was a man going to Vittoria with a waggon and two horses, and he took us for \$1.00. The road here is all down hill. At first it was oak plains, where the soil is sandy but good for wheat, then pine flats, where we saw some of the handsomest pine trees I had ever seen. We saw some fine clearings, and a field of at least 50 acres of fine wheat. Vittoria is a beautiful place; and will when the trees are cleared off, be one of the sweetest in Canada. The approach to it from the North is down a small glen, which if it were tastefully laid out would resemble the finest kind of pleasure walks in the neighborhood of the best laid out gentleman's seats in the old country. Eight miles from Vittoria is Simcoe, a very thriving, smart little village. Next we came to Waterford, where there is a grist mill and a saw mill. There were more saw logs drawn to the mill than ever I saw before. All the villages in Canada are situated on creeks; and the finding of a water privilege is the first requisite in the formation of a village. Arrived at Mt. Pleasant, where we received a most hearty welcome from Mr. Bryning. He told us many of the difficulties he had to encounter coming into the country. His story was well fitted to make us think that we have no reason to complain. Started from Mt. Pleasant. The roads were very heavy walking, but nothing worth notice after what we had encountered for some days back. When we came down to the flat on the side of the Grand River the road was overflowed with water. We had to walk on the fences, there was no other way, for about 100 yards. As we came in sight of Brantford I was exceedingly struck with the beauty of the scene.

March 30. Got home to York, and began to get ready to take my family to London.

April 28. We left York this morning in the Great Britain steamer for Niagara and Queenstown. We were just about four hours and fifty minutes getting to Queenstown. The banks of the river are steep and very high. Went to see the place where General Brock fell, it is in a field behind the village. His body rests in the monument.

April 29. Chippewa. Rose by four o'clock this morning and got my luggage out of the steamer. I bargained to have it and us all taken to Chippewa for \$8.00, viz., 3 waggons and one pleasure waggon, I and my wife and the three youngest children rode in the pleasure waggon, the rest rode on the luggage waggons. At a point where the road approaches the river, the falls burst into view. What a sight. Got into Chippewa and got the luggage stored in a warehouse where it will lie without charge till the boat sails.

May 1st. Had to get my luggage on board the boat, as there

was scarcity of help. I had to put my shoulder to the wheel and toil like a porter.

May 2nd. On board the *Adelaide* in the Niagara River opposite Black Rock. In sailing up the river was very much interested in the scenery on both sides. The Grand Island belongs to the U. S. The current is very strong, running at the rate of seven miles an hour. It was too strong for the *Adelaide*, and fairly mastered her at a mile above Black Rock. After struggling with the current for half an hour the captain gave up and turned to the Canadian side at a place called Waterloo where he anchored. We stayed here some time, which was very wearisome.

May 4. When I awoke this morning found the crew getting up steam. I was afraid the boat would not be able to round the ice breaker. This is a projection of ten or twelve feet from the embankment of the Erie Canal for the purpose of throwing the water off the embankment and for breaking the force of the ice floated down from the lake. By a great effort the boat was got past the breaker and out of the strength of the rapids. We crossed over to Fort Erie and then dropped anchor. Fort Erie is a dilapidated fortification. The position is an important one. The village is small, but rather pleasant. At length we got into the Erie Canal and came up to Buffalo, which is a place I have heard a great deal of, and was very desirous to see. It is an astounding place.

May 6th. We awoke this morning about four o'clock in the hope of being landed at Kettle Creek; but there had been such a heavy fog that we had lain to for three hours during the night, and we found we were in Ryerse's Creek: so we had very little progress during the night. We had still to double Long Point, and had before us a long day's sailing. The weather was fine, and the lake smooth as a mill pond: so sailing was very pleasant. As we sailed along the bank of the lake we observed a few cleared spots, on all of which the wheat, so far as we saw it, was a beautiful healthy green color. About six o'clock in the evening landed at Kettle Creek Harbor, bearing the name of Port Stanley, a small place with a miserable pier. In consequence of the water of the lake being so low the steamer could not get up to the warehouse so I had to land my luggage on the quay, and then had to employ men to get it conveyed to the warehouse of Mr. Chase, as there was every sign of rain, which came on about dark, with vivid lightning. Paid for our conveyance in the steamer from Chippewa, \$24.00 for cabin, \$8.00 for luggage. I was glad to be once more on terra firma, with my family, all well. Put up at Mr. Birch's where we got good entertainment and all the beds the house could afford: some of those who, without ourselves stayed in the Inn sleeping on the floor on buffalo skins. All passed off very well, and were thankful to get our heads into a house.

Tuesday, May 7th. Rose early and engaged Mr. Birch to take us all to London in his waggon for \$8.00. Mr. Black, who

had come in the boat with us, went off to St. Thomas early, and sent down to Port Stanley two teamsters to take my luggage to London for \$5.50 a load. Had lunch in St. Thomas, which cost us \$1. The country on the road to London looked very beautiful; the day was fine; the horses were good, and Mr. Birch willing to get forward. Our journey was therefore a pleasant one, and we were in high spirits. Arrived at London about sundown, and very thankful that I and my family had got so far on our journey in health. Received a hearty welcome to London from my acquaintance whom I met. Well does it become me to unite in thankfulness to Almighty God for His tender mercies toward us.

Tuesday, June 4th. This is a great day in the township. It is the day fixed for the military training. The people began to pour in from all quarters, some on horse-back, some on foot; and by 11 o'clock every one of military age was assembled. The training was a very awkward business; all were in their ordinary dress; some of the officers had peeled sticks in place of swords, none had guns. The training consisted in marching; and the principal part of the time was spent in giving directions, in lecturing, and in swearing at the men for not performing the directions. The whole was under the command of Major Schofield. The officers did me the honor to invite me to dine with them. The dinner was in Traver's Inn. Bought from Mr. Boston, Lobo, ten bushels of potatoes for seed at fifty cents a bushel. Mr. Robertson told me today that as Mr. Jackson had left off preaching in London, that Mr. Cronyn and I may have the schoolhouse between us.

November 13. Went into London today to attend a meeting of a committee that had been appointed to take measures to obtain a classical teacher for London. We met in Dr. Lee's laboratory. There were present Dr. Lee, Mr. Askin, Mr. Parke, Mr. Scatcherd and myself. We settled all the preliminaries for the school.

August, 1834. A trip through Aldborough and to Tilbury. I and my eldest son, Mr. Morrell, and the two Stratheys, and Mr. Dobie, started on Monday morning in Mr. Jess Wilkes' waggon at 7 a.m. The desire of the whole party was to go and draw land (as it is called) in Tilbury. It was therefore requisite to call for Col. Talbot in order to get the number of lots not yet taken up. We got to his house about 3 p.m. We were all well aware that it would not be safe to call for him after dinner, it being his constant practice to take too much brandy, but we had no alternative, and besides, I was not at all unwilling to see the far famed Colonel in his peculiar mood. The man who acts as secretary and everything else, intimated to us that it was not safe to call for him. When we went to the house he was at his window and spoke to us out of the window. He was evidently half drunk, and his manner was exceedingly rude and insulting. I have seldom seen a man more contemptible in his appearance, short

and ill made, his face fiery and stormy and his manner the very opposite of what is found amongst all who have the smallest pretensions to the name of a gentleman. It is my wish to see him before dinner on my return. Leaving him we came into the township of Aldborough, and lodged at the house of Mr. Coyne, a very comfortable house where we got a good bed and a good supper. The country through which we travelled is of various character. Dunwich is still in a very wild state. The most part of it being, I suppose, the private property of Col. Burwell and Col. Talbot. These men, according to report, do not appear to be doing anything for the good of the country. Their immense properties lying in a state of nature. With regard to the place where Col. Talbot lives, it has all the appearance of carelessness. The houses are in a dirty tumble-down state, placed without the remotest regard to taste. His farming has been much talked about but on what grounds I could not see. The place where his house is situated affords a very fine prospect of Lake Erie, and yet, his house is not within view of the lake. A man of the most ordinary judgment would have taken advantage of the capabilities of the position, but not so Col. Talbot. Aldborough is a township I do not like. The crops seem to have been very inferior. The houses and barns are all ill made and carelessly kept. The sod for the most part sandy and very light. The surface is much cut up into deep ravines, by which the ground is not only very much broken but makes the road very bad. Many were the times we had all to leave the waggon, it being dangerous to ride down on the one side of the ravine, and very hard for the horses to get up the other side.

September 2nd. Harwich. This township seems to be better soil, and better farmed. There are many fine fields and some well filled barns. The next township, "Howard," is better land than any we have seen since leaving Southwold. The land in Raleigh seems to be sandy, or rather gravelly, and is well fitted for corn and tobacco, of both of which we saw some very large fields. One field of corn, about 40 acres, and some of tobacco of 8 or 9 acres. This is a profitable crop. It produces about 1,000 lbs. per acre dried, and brings \$5 in cash for 100 lbs. The corn is used to fatten hogs, and they bring cash. Saw a grist mill moved by horses—grinds 30 bushels a day. There are no streams for many miles which could move a mill, and the people seem badly off for mills. For a few miles the way was along the lake shore, all the way between Tilbury and Romney. The view was a grand one, and the roads excellent and we enjoyed ourselves very much. Mr. Smith's house was five miles back from the lake, the road to it through the bush and not cut for a waggon, we had therefore to walk. Coming back I joined my party at Col. Talbot's. They had gone on before each of them had got 100 acres of land in Tilbury and contrary to my expectations my son had got 100 too. Leaving the Colonel's we came to Fowler's tavern

in Southwold where we had breakfast, and got home to my own fireside at 8 p.m.

September 14, 1834. Preached today, the audience smaller in consequence of this being the first day in Mr. Cronyn's new chapel.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ACCOUNT BOOK OF MISS MARY PROUDFOOT, LONDON, C. W.

BY MISS H. PRIDDIS.

On the completion of their education in Scotland, Mary and Anna joined the family in their Farm Home, London Township; and Mary, under the supervision of her father, opened a private boarding and day school in the village, on Bathurst Street. From the record of the account book she began work on the 18 August, 1835.

The first name entered is that of Miss E. Lee, well known to Londoners of a later generation as Mrs. J. B. Strathy, and at 95 years of age is still living in Toronto with her daughter, Miss Louisa Strathy. (1915.) The items are—"to copy of Goldsmith's Geography 4/9; and to pencil and drawing book 3/." For nine quarters' tuition in English, French, Music and Drawing, the charge was £6.15, received £3.15; then cordwood with the entry below £7 5s. Evidently the wood came to £3.10, 2/3 more than was due.

Miss Jane Wright, the second pupil came for one quarter in 1835, and again for a quarter in 1836. In addition to the Geography and Drawing material is 1/6 for copy of Murray's Grammar. "Phrase book and French Grammar" no price given. Signed. "paid in full."

The next entry must have been a bonanza, a whole school in itself. The Misses Sarah, Amelia, Eliza, Mary and Charlotte and Master John Harris. The books here amounted to £1.3.3. Primer. Telemaque 6/9. A shorter Catechism 4d, a rather noticeable item in the account of several staunch episcopal families. Six paint brushes 6d. Also on this memorable August day the Misses Anna, Maria, Theresa and Cynthia Askin. Their names remain with us in Cynthia, Theresa and Askin Streets, London South.

Goldsmith seems to be always the Geography used, Scot the Arithmetic, Nugent the Dictionary, and Murray the Grammar. They remained at school till November 18, 1836, which was five quarters and paid in full.

The next entry is the names of Mary Clark and Louisa Law-
 rason. They remained five quarters; part payment in goods; five bushels of flour, two pairs of blankets, 1 lb of coffee. Un-
 fortunately the money value of these articles not entered.

Miss Margaret Morril also arrived the first day. Telemachus and Levezae's grammar, and the phrase book, are among her books. She is evidently advanced in French; also in art as shown by "one cake of carmine paint, 6/."

Miss Matilda Robertson and her brother Ross are the last entered for the day. Sixteen pupils to start with for an expensive school in a town of 300 inhabitants must have been a very encouraging beginning for the young Scotch girl. Matilda left the 7th of October and returned in June to remain till the end. Ross did not return at all. The simple remark "not paid," after the October notes, opens a door to the young girl's worries. We can hear the sigh of relief with which she writes at the bottom of an account after some delay "paid in full;" and there are many such.

On the 19th August came Eliza A. Smith. Many of the pupils evidently left for the winter. There is a note "E" came back June 7th."

On the 19th August also came Marion Robinson.

On the 20th August Miss Anne Cronyn is added to the list. Already the record of accounts is dropping off. I think the good minister must have helped his young daughter at the very beginning, and then turned back to his beloved theology and parish work. We now have a bare list of names and books, no remarks. "Not paid" written at end of term, and no "paid in full" when the account closed. (The artistic temperament is opposed to the methodical). Miss Sarah Styles arrived August 25, needed no books but Murray's Grammar. Does not state when she left, but she came back 18th May. Miss Annie Kent came the 26th. Those two names are associated in our generation. Miss Tackaberry, with a list of books including Mavors Spelling Book and Butler's Atlas. Fees paid in instalments which worried the young teacher.

September 14th. Miss Sarah Tackaberry, also Miss Jane Jennings. Fees paid in goods.

October 26th. Miss M. Park, paid by instalments in flour. Remained a year; account wound up with "paid in full."

October 28th. Miss M. Hall. Same list of books including the Shorter Catechism. No account of tuition fee, but general receipt. "paid in full."

October 26th. Henry Marsh. Evidently pupils' names not put down as they arrive now, for the dates jump back and forth.

November 5th. James and Simcoe Lee, names only. Miss Ball, some books and accounts rendered.

January 11, 1836. The Misses Robb. Flour and straw tick towards payment. The Misses Kearns, nothing but names. Miss Rapelje. £15 out of £28 taken out in goods. Miss Carrol went in for art, and remained till the end.

February 23rd. A list of books, no other account for Miss Nelson. A quarter's tuition and Murray's Grammar for Miss Fennel. No other account but "paid in full" written all over the page. Looks as though the book was no longer treasured, and some of the small brothers were allowed to scribble.

Miss Elvira Flanigan's quarter begins in June, "paid in full."

August 8th. Miss Williams. £1.5 for quarter's tuitions. Received payment £1, with a scribbled "made in haste" under it.

Miss House came 8th August, left 8th September; "paid in full 7½." Miss Davis came 16th June. Miss Putman from Dorchester the 28th of November. Miss McFadden the 30th of November. Miss Talbot from London in August. No lists of books or accounts settled or unsettled on the pages devoted to any of these names; but in a list of names for fees further on, they all appear, even "papa," for Jessie Proudfoot was among the pupils. It was anxious times, and no doubt difficult to centre one's thoughts on routine, for the clouds of the coming rebellion was darkening the sky. It was not considered safe for children to run about the streets, and Mr. Proudfoot objected to his pretty young daughter being away from home; so the school closed.

Miss Coyne, first wife of Robert Wilson, entered in September; another warning of coming events; for Miss Mary Proudfoot was married to her brother, James Coyne, 1841.

The tuition fee was evidently £1.5 a quarter for English, and £1 extra for French, Music and Drawing. The first piano in London has been a disputed question. Miss Proudfoot's books show that she paid out for piano on the 18th August, 1835. Her father writes to her on the 5th of April, 1833, that there are several pianos in London.

Throughout the book are pages devoted to personal and household accounts, which give interesting information as to the necessities and prices of pioneer days. Several lists of twelve numbers would suggest that they are a year's statement of monthly accounts. One to Marjory, whose name crops up every now and again, is evidently a charwoman at 1s a day, in all 49 shillings.

The first six months is from one to three shillings—economizing till we see how things go, then four and five shillings, a weekly scrubbing, with ten shillings for house cleaning about the middle of June. 9/6 usually paid for a month's wood and "chippings." One month as low as 5/6, another as high as £1.13.3. Meat bought from O'Brien or Peters: beef, 6d; mutton, 7½d; groceries from Smith or Lawrason. The old-fashioned bees wax and turpentine furniture polish. Sugar 1/ per lb (probably loaf), coffee, 2/, candles, 1/6, apples, 1/3 bushel. She very prudently bought butter by bulk and veal by quarter from Mrs. H.

A list "for myself out of school money" is interesting. Bonnet, cleaning. 2/6, dressmaking 5/, pair walking shoes.

7/, two pairs prunella, 20/, spool of cotton, 8d, 2 yds. of cotton cloth, 2/, four of tartan, 8/. I wonder what "a diamond 10\$" means in the midst of all this practical economising.

A confusing part of the account keeping is the mixed currency of the day; one never knows whether a sterling shilling (25c), or a currency shilling (20c), or a York shilling (12½c), is intended, as the same sign is used. When SS is written I have read sterling, for decimal currency \$ the dollar mark is always used. There are several lists of furniture, but the price is not often stated. Half dozen chairs, 25/s, water pail, 5/, four forms for school, 7/6. and lastly, "advertising paid to Grattan's, 17/6."

The
Settlers of Lobo
Township



THE SETTLERS OF LOBO TOWNSHIP

Before the Society April 19, 1904.

BY D. J. CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

Lobo Township was surveyed in 1819, by Col. M. Burwell, and immediately thereafter immigration began, very largely from Argyleshire, Scotland. Among them were the following: Dougal, James, John and Daniel McArthur, from near Invermay; Archibald and John McKellar, from Finachairn; Alexander and John Sinclair, and John McIntyre, from Clack-a-Dubhe; another John Sinclair, who located on lot 6, con. 6, from Coira Budhe; Daniel Lamont, Alex. Johnston, Daniel Johnson and widow Johnston, from Caolasralde; Robert Morrison, from Hornid; In 1823 came two more Scotchmen, Charles and Hugh Carmichael, from Craig Filheach. In 1824 came another Scotch contingent, also some from England. Among the Scotch settlers, not Argyle men, were two brothers, John and Andrew Ferguson. They left Melrose, Roxburyshire, June, 1819, and settled first in the Township of Charlotteville; but in February, 1821, they came to Lobo, purchasing lot 14, con. 3, from Daniel McCrea. Before leaving Scotland, Andrew married Janet Boston, some of whose people followed to Lobo later.

Among those who were not Scotch, the first were Jesse and Jonas Zavitz, from Humberstone, in the County of Welland, in 1824. They were originally from Pennsylvania. In 1823 came Ebenezer Perry, also from Welland. Isiah Gustin came from Long Point, in the same year. His father was a U. E. L., from New York, who settled near Vittoria in 1794, and built and operated one of the first mills in that section. After his death, his two sons, Isiah and Eliphalet, disposed of the mill and came west—Isiah settling in Lobo, and Eliphalet in London Township, on the town line opposite Lobo. Richard Edwards, an Englishman, from Banbury, Oxfordshire, came in 1824; and S. Bullen, another Englishman, about the same time.

Aaron Allen, so far as can be learned, may have been a relative, possibly a son of Ebenezer Allen, one of the first settlers in Delaware, who came from Ancaster, and became the notorious head of a family (some of them half-breeds) well known in the county in earlier days.

The largest landowner among the pioneers was Capt. John Matthews, an Englishman, an officer in the Royal Artillery, and one of the staff of the Governor-General, the Duke of Richmond. On the death of the latter, in 1819, Matthews retired on a pension (his own corps having been disbanded), and settled in Canada. He located first at Long Point; then secured a grant of 1,000 acres in Lobo, and settled on lots 7 and 8, on the first concession.

Col. Burwell, who surveyed the Township, together with other favored parties, secured large sections of Lobo before the

settlers came in. As the latter arrived, much of this pre-empted land was transferred to them—of course, for a consideration. To these latter, in most cases, the original crown deeds were issued directly.

The adjoining Township of Caradoc was surveyed in 1821, and its first settlers were of the same class as their neighbors in Lobo. Among them were Archibald and Malcolm Campbell, lot 23, con. 6, from Achacoish; Duncan McKellar, lot 23, con. 6, from Finachairn; Lachlan, Peter and Duncan Sinclair, from Coira Buidhe. The Bartlets, Sutherlands and Batemans came in 1820; the Lockwoods and Fenwicks in 1821; Hugh Anderson in 1825; and the Degraws in 1836.

The pioneers of 1820 and 1825 who were heads of families and had sons not old enough to take up a grant for themselves, purchased 100 acres, and some even more, getting a certain time to make their payments. They found the time too short for the length of their purse, however, the required settlement duties too onerous, together with the arduous labor of clearing their own locations and providing the necessaries of life for their families. In those days they had long tedious walks to the grist mill—no roads excepting paths blazed through the woods—and often carried the grist on their back, sometimes, especially in the winter, having to make a second trip to take the grist home. They often helped the miller to cut the ice off his water wheel to get the mill started. No wonder they found the time too short to pay for their extra lands, and perform the duties imposed upon them by the government. There were no public works, or any means to get cash in those early days. There were no immigration agents, no one to lead and guide the pioneers to their locations, which were chosen and taken up in Little York without even seeing them. They did not know the character of the lots, excepting that the surveyor's report spoke favorably of the land in the Township of Lobo. They had to find their way to their new homes as best they could. The Lobo people, utter strangers, in a strange land, started into the woods westward, 90 or a 100 miles, from the end of their boat travel, from Little York or the Square, without any guide to direct them, with very few general directions as to which way to go. We may be sure that they suffered many trials, privations, hardships and difficulties coming this distance, but their real difficulties had only now commenced. They were men and women of iron will and indomitable courage or they would have broken down under the load of hardships and trouble they encountered.

Compare those hardy pioneers, who left their native land of their own accord, without any assistance, crossed the Atlantic in sailing vessels taking six to eight weeks, and the St. Lawrence and the lakes, made their way on foot to their several locations without any guide. Compare these trials with the trials of the immigrants of today, who are chaperoned to locations, govern-

ment agents to go before them, agents with them on swift steamers on the Atlantic, agents with them on fast railway trains to their journey's end, agents to look after their welfare and comfort after having located. One would think that today's immigrants were put into glass cases to keep them from harm, or to keep the wind from blowing on them during the passage.

The First Tax Roll

Whether or not the early settlers in Lobo Township were called on to pay taxes before 1825, is not quite certain. At all events, the earliest tax roll found to date is for that year; and is given below. The names on the list constituted the taxable population of the township in that year, and were unquestionably the pioneers. Of some of them no information can now be obtained. Of others, better remembered, or whose descendants are still in the township, are the following: Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 40, 43, came in 1824, from Leas Mor; No. 7, in 1820, from Hornid; Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 35, in 1820, from near Inverary; Nos. 14, 15, 23, and 24, in 1824, from Craignish; Nos. 19 and 20, in 1820, from Finachairn; Nos. 21, 25, 26, 27, in 1820, from Caolosraide; No. 36, in 1820, from Coira Budhe; Nos. 37, 38 and 39, in 1820, from Clach a Dubha; Nos. 41 and 42, in 1823, from Craig Fitheach; Nos. 33 and 48, in 1823, from Roxburyshire; No. 31, in 1824, from Banbury, England; Nos. 45 and 46, from England; Nos. 11, 12 and 13, from Welland County.

It will be noticed from the roll, that at this time the settlers were mainly grouped in the lower part of the township. Nearly all the Scotch were in a space bounded by lots 5 to 15, on the 4th, 5th and 6th concessions. The Zavitzes were the farthest away from "The Forks,"—on lots 6 and 7, on the 10th and 11th concessions. The English were mostly around what is now Komoka: the exceptions were Edwards and Gustin, who got in among the Scotch.

COLLECTION ROLL

For the Township of Lobo, in the County of Middlesex, for the year 1825.

No.	Names of inhabitants.	Lot.	Con.	Value of property assessed.		Amt. to be collected.	
				£	s.	s.	d.
1	Aaron Allen	2	8	45		4	9
2	Duncan McIntire	4	8	58		6	1
3	Neal McKeath	5	7	20		2	1
4	Simon Vanmier	6	2	34		3	7
5	Duncan McIntire	12	6	30		3	2
6	Duncan McKeath	13	6	44		4	7
7	Robert Morrison	2	8	38	16	4	$\frac{4}{5}$
8	Dougal McArthur	13	5	68	4	7	$1\frac{1}{2}$
9	James McArthur	14	5	31	4	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$
10	John McArthur	14	4	25	8	2	$8\frac{3}{4}$
11	Ebenezer Perry	7	10	27		2	10
12	Jesse Zavitz	7	10	73	4	7	$8\frac{1}{2}$

No.	Names of inhabitants.	Lot.	Con.	Value of Property assessed.		Amt. to be collected.	
				£	s.	s.	d.
13	Jonas Zavitz	6	11	68	4	7	1½
14	John McDougal	5	5	40	8	4	2½
15	Alexander McDougal	6	5	20		2	1
16	John Meek	4	1	134		14	
17	William Powers			57		5	4
18	Joel Westbrook			3		4	
19	Archibald McKellar	1	6	41	4	4	4½
20	John McKellar	1	6	33	4	3	6½
21	Daniel Lemone	1	5	76	12	7	10%
22	James Tomlinson	4	2	165		17	3
23	Duncan McCall	15	5	32	8	3	4%
24	Dugal McCall	16	6	38	16	4	½
25	Widow Johnson	8	5	32	8	3	4%
26	Alexander Johnson	10	5	31	4	3	3½
27	Daniel Johnson	8	5	23		2	5
28	William Vancurin	7	8	24	12	2	6%
29	William Markle	9	8	91		9	6
30	Samuel Ramey	12	2	31	4	3	3½
31	Richard Edwards	12	3	36	8	3	9%
32	Esias Gustin	12	4	27	8	2	10½
33	John Ferguson	14	4	34	4	3	7½
34	John Reynolds			6		8	
35	Daniel McArthur	6	5	42		4	5
36	John Sinclair	6	6	42		4	5
37	Alexander Sinclair	7	6	47	4	4	11½
38	John Sinclair	9	6	44	4	4	7½
39	John McIntire	13	5	30	16	3	2½
40	John McCall	9	6	20	16	2	1½
41	Charles Carmichael	11	8	35		3	8
42	Hugh Carmichael	11	8	29	4	3	1½
43	John McLaughlin	9	8	26	12	2	5¾
44	Thomas Earl			20		2	1
45	Simeon Bullen	5, 6	1	176		18	5
46	Capt. John Mathews	7, 8	1	311		£1	12 5
47	Ira Jarvis			164	12	17	1
48	Andrew Ferguson	14	3	39		4	1
49	Marvel White	1	8	107		11	2
				£2675	8	£13	19 9½

Amounting to thirteen pounds, nineteen shillings and nine pence ½, currency, including one-fourth of a penny per pound, which is added to pay Members of Assembly for the year 1825, avoirding fractions.

Sir — It is ordered that you collect and pay, into the hands of the Treasurer of the London District, the sum of thirteen pounds, nineteen shillings and nine pence ½, currency, on or before the first day of August next, ensuing the date hereof.

JOHN B. ASKIN,
C. P. L. D.

Woodhouse, 1st June, 1825,
To the Collector for the Township of Lobo
for the year 1825.

The sums mentioned in the roll are in Halifax currency
— a pound being four dollars.

THE VETERANS OF ARDRISHAIG

My grandfather, Malcolm Campbell, of Achahoish, North Knapdale, and his brother Archibald, from adjoining Coshindrochaid, with their young families, came to Canada in 1820, and settled in Caradoc in 1821. My mother, Christina Smith, was born in Ardrishaig; so we will for convenience call this little spot on the town line between Lobo and Caradoc, taking the first school house as a centre, by the name of "Ardrishaig;" though it really never had a name. It never had a post office, mill, store, or shop of any kind. No business was carried on but farming. In 1818, no single white person lived there, nor north to Lake Huron. As late as 1828, Archy McGugan, who located on lot 1, concession 9, of Lobo, was on the western limits of civilization, or habitation.

The early Scotch settlers had little capital to invest in the new country. My grandfather brought with him a wife and four children; sixteen shillings sterling; a silver watch; a soldier's gun, and sufficient good clothing for the family. And that was a good average degree of wealth for the pioneers. But they worked hard, and prospered. Hard work agreed with them. And the following list of the more prominent who reached old age, despite all the hardships they suffered, or were still living in 1903, will be of interest:

Grandfather Campbell came in 1819, died at 80. His wife, Mary Smith, from Baile Baigh, at 95; his mother, Isabella McLellan, 84; his daughter, Christena MacArthur, 84; his brother Archy's second wife, Isabella Morrison, daughter of Dugald Morrison and Mary McKellar, from Hornid, came in 1820, was 86; John, Duncan and Archy McKellar, sons of Alex. McKellar and Mary Muir, from Finachairn, in 1820; John died at 80, his wife at 84; his son, Alexander, at 81; his son John, living, 80. Duncan died, 87; his wife, 97; Archy's wife was Nancy McLean, daughter of Donald McLean, of Lecknabaan, Crinan. She came in 1818 to Aldboro. Donald McGugan came in 1828 from Barnagadd, died at 88; his wife, Nancy Campbell, at 88; his son, Donald, at 80; his wife, Mary McNeill, 88; their son Malcolm, is an M. P., past ten years. John McGugan died at 83; his wife, Sarah, daughter of Godfrey McTaggart, at 88; Lachlan, Duncan and Peter Sinclair came from Coire Buidhe, in 1824; Lachlan died at 85; his wife, Sarah McIntyre, at 91; his daughter, Mrs. Duncan McLean (Mor Mhor), came in 1829, died at 93; Duncan at 92; Mrs. Peter Sinclair at 90. Elder Dugald Sinclair, Baptist minister, preached 70 years, in Lochgilphead, 1820-1831, whence he came to Lobo, died in 1870, aged 93; his wife, Christena Sinclair, from Oban, 85; her sister, Elizabeth, 90. Mrs. Duncan McDonald, from Coshindrochaid, came in 1829, died at 92. Donald and Archy McLellan came in 1828, died at 84 and 80. Peter, Archy (tailor), and Duncan (liath) McKellar, came in 1825, 1830, and 1828. Mrs.

Duncan (liath) is yet living at 98. Peter McVicar came in 1830. These four families came from near Finachairn. The Lamonts came in 1820 from Coalasraide—John died at 90. Neil McCalum's family came from Kames, Lochgair, in 1835. Archy Fletcher came in 1843, from Greenock; he died at 80; his wife, Margaret, 81. Malcolm Crawford came in 1843, from Caolosraide. Peter McBean came in 1839, from near Inveraray; died at 85. Mrs. Christy Graham, daughter of Duncan Smith and Isabella Smith, Baile Broaich, came in 1829, died at 81; her sister, Catherine, and brother, Archy, still living at 83 and 88. Mrs. Duncan McFarlane came in 1842, from Baliver, near Tarbert, died at 80. Capt. Marvel White was about 90, and William Ticknor over 80. Mrs. Betsy McKellar came from Ardrey, 1828, living at 83; and my mother, living at 82. All the above are within the three-mile limit in "Ardrishaug."

THE ARGUMENT OF THE HAT

This is the story as told to me by Archibald Sinclair, of lot 6, con. 6, one of the pioneers; and corroborated by Alex. McKellar, of Sault Ste. Marie, who had it from his mother. The principal character, Capt. Matthews, as I have already mentioned, was one of the largest landholders in the township. He was very popular; and in 1825 was elected with John Rolph to represent the county in the Provincial Legislature. Though his social and political ties naturally connected him with the supporters of what was termed "The Family Compact," he became dissatisfied with their conduct of public affairs; and was one of the first men in the Legislature to advocate reforms. As a result he was subjected to considerable persecution by the ruling powers; was deprived of his pension; and went to England (where he died), in the vain hope of recovering his standing in the army. Long after he had fallen a victim to the assaults of his enemies his kindly deeds were favorite topics of conversation at the pioneers' firesides. Among others were the following:

In 1825 the government officials were very persistent in demanding payment by the settlers of the dues accumulating on their land purchases; and a movement was started among the latter to secure an extension of time of payment. In this the captain naturally interested himself, for it seriously affected the well-being of many of his constituents. One day, shortly before leaving for Parliament, he was discussing the matter with one of them—Archie McKellar—when an idea came to him, and he said: "Archie, give me your hat."

Archie was rather astonished at this request. The hat was an article made out of oat straw by Mrs. McKellar, who was only an amateur at that kind of work. It was useful as a sunshade, but certainly not ornamental.

"What under the canopy do you want with my hat?" asked Archie.

"I am going to wear it in parliament," was the answer.

"Oh, no," cried Archie; "you could have it if you wanted to wear it in the bush; but you must be crazy to think of wearing it when you go to parliament."

Then Mrs. McKellar put in her objection; "Indeed, and I would not let Archie wear that hat to 'The Forks,'" she said.

"No, indeed," added Archie; "I would not wear that hat to 'The Forks' my self."

But the captain insisted, and carried off the hat. When the proposition for an extension of time for the delinquent settlers was before the Legislature he explained the circumstances, and made an urgent appeal on behalf of the people, most of whom were absolutely unable to meet the demands of the officials. "These men," he declared, "are not beggars, but men of sturdy, independent, loyal spirit, who do not want to be relieved of any of their obligations, and only ask for a liberal extension of time, when they will pay the last farthing they owe." And holding up Archie's hat, which he had been wearing, he said: "That is an ocular demonstration of what I have been telling you. That is the best kind of hat I could get among the farmers of my district. It shows I am not exaggerating the condition of these people."

The captain's eloquence, backed up by Archie's hat, had the desired effect. A liberal extension of time was granted; and when any of his constituents expressed their gratitude for his efforts on their behalf, he always insisted on dividing the credit with the old straw hat which Archie would not wear at "The Forks."

A GLIMPSE OF REBELLION DAYS

When the militia were being called out, pressed for frontier service, from the 4th to the 8th concessions of Lobo and Caradoc Townships, the able-bodied militia men on both sides of the town line, held, on February 5th, a midnight meeting—a council of peace—and decided that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and concluded that they would retire for a period to the middle of the big swamp, south of No. 20 S. R., Caradoc. They all tramped south on the 8th line to the creek that flows west from the swamp, then, taking off their shoes and stockings, marched up the creek channel to where they built their camp of poles and brush and stayed there a number of weeks in the winter.

They carried on their backs the necessary provisions, camp utensils and bedding. The next morning before daylight, Mrs. Alex. Fisher, lot 1, con. 3, Lobo, followed, taking a sheaf of oats under each arm, she coaxed her cows to follow her as far as the creek, so as to obliterate the refugees' tracks, and then turned home.

As often as their supplies ran short, a couple would come out at night for a supply, and next morning one of the faithful

women—home reserves, would take the cows to cover any tracks to the creek.

The older men who were exempt from military service stayed home, and a number of families were apportioned to each to look after their welfare and comfort. One refugee was not pleased—was quite indignant at old Squire Duncan McKellar's non-attention to his family. His wife and baby daughter were nearly famished with the cold for the want of fire-wood.

Mrs. Hector McNeil (Mairi Eachran) lived on the Mt. Brydges road, and made two visits yearly to tailor McKellar's, and had him write a letter to her brother Peter at home. The blaze-trail was through a part of the swamp. She made an early start, but soon lost sight of the blaze and was lost. To use her own words, "I was like a ship on the wide ocean, without a compass, and I didn't see the rooting of a hog, or hear the crowing of a rooster all day." She wore a scarlet cloak with a hood. When getting near dark she was still plodding through the underbrush as best she could, and happened on to the barracks. The refugees heard the rustling and saw the red cloak, and all retreated in haste, thinking that the red-coat pressmen had discovered their lair. "Come back here, I am lost, I heard of you before." Hearing a woman's voice they returned, and perforce were obliged to listen to her impromptu lecture on loyalty, and their getting the country all "up-side-down." She related her lost-in-the-woods experience, and after supper two of the men piloted Mary to the 8th line. She had, like the men, to take off her shoes and stockings and walk down the creek channel to the 8th line, then along an open road north to the town line. They did their best to get her promise not to tell what or whom she saw, or what was said. Her only reply was, "A Dhia cuidich mi," (God help me). The next week the camp was abandoned.

Mary arrived at the tailor's about nine. The very first thing she told was her lost experience, the refugees' barracks and her cold walking in the creek. She stayed a couple of days with the tailor's family. He wrote her letter and she insisted on adding a postscript, "I am working hard every day since I came into this world, and will leave it just as much up-side-down as the day I came into it."

One night, one of the men took a short cut to the barracks and backed a chaff mattress from home. There was a small hole in the lower end, and through it the chaff dribbled on the snow all the way. A hunter crossed the track, and from curiosity traced it back to the owner's barn. He called on Squire McKellar, a near neighbor, who explained the matter. The next time a couple came out for provisions, the squire told them of the chaff track, when he of the mattress, was court martialled, and though he was exonerated, he was severely reprimanded, and ordered in future to take the safe, though long road down the 8th line to the creek. The now only living man that took part in this

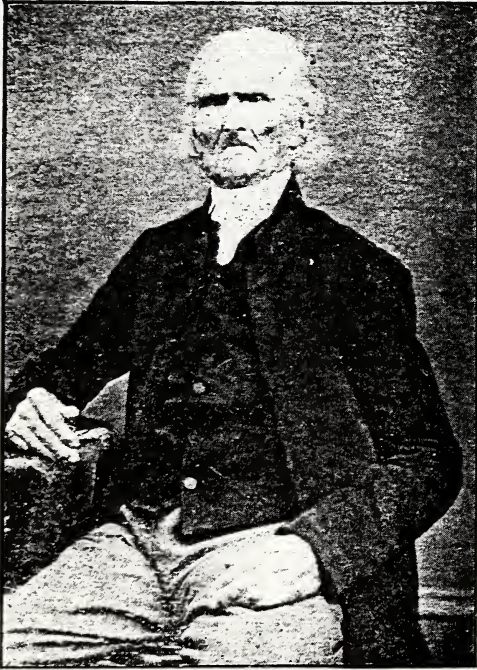
drama, of 60 years ago, is Angus McDonald, of Mandaumin, Sarnia Township.

Very many of these same fellows, after all, did service at the front, and the privations they had to endure were often more severe than their monotonous swamp experience. Donald Smith (not a refugee) was threshing oats with a flail in the log barn, when the red coats pressed him into service, and gave him only time to eat his dinner, but no time to prepare anything for his mother and sixteen-year-old sister. The neighbors looked after their welfare during his absence. While on duty he contracted a severe cold and sickness, of which he died two years later.

The men received no clothing of any kind and had to wear their own. One of them, Mr. McGugan, from near the town line, one cold drizzly night, was on sentry near Malden. His shoes were sadly worn, and his good home-made stockings the same. His feet were sore, wet and tired. He unstrapped the basswood strings that tied them to his feet, removed his stockings and wrung them as dry as he could, and was changing them upside-down for his sore feet, when unexpectedly an officer came along. In his hurry and in the dark he lost his musket, lost his shoes and worse, forgot the countersign. He, however, boldly challenged the man on horseback, "Who goes there?" The officer replied, "Chippewa." "Yes, yes, thank you, an' gosh bless mi," and never again to his dying day, forgot that countersign, "Chippewa." He was not disturbed any more that night, but he failed to find his musket or shoes till daylight.

The
Society of Friends of
Lobo Township





BENJAMIN CUTLER.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF LOBO TOWNSHIP

BY EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

There is in the centre of Lobo Township, in the centre of Middlesex County, a small body of people known as the Society of Friends, or Quakers. They were pioneers, not only in the clearing of the primeval forest, but they were pioneers in the clearing of people's minds from old superstitions, and ancient barbarisms. There have been no reform movements in the Township in which Friends have not been either leaders or staunch supporters. No matter in what form the temperance cause came up, they used it in driving out alcohol. If they could not get just what they wanted, which was total prohibition of the sale, traffic and use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, they took as much of it as they could get (I mean as much of the prohibition) from whatever political party, and ever worked and hoped for more.

It was their creed to follow peace and practice love with all men and all nations, believing **that** to be the only way to end wars. The typical Quaker would not fight. They could strap the gun on his shoulder, and march him in the battle's front, but they could not make him shoot. He obeys Christ, both the spiritual and the historical, which are one in their teaching, and would follow Him even to the Cross for love's sake.

As to their religious assemblies, they worship in the Temple of Silence, where every soul is a priest or a priestess, and there is no need of a mediator. The outward voice is often heard, but the ordination and the anointing is of God, not man.

I present these facts of the Friends' faith, that their acts, which make their history, may be read in a truer light, for if a Friend is anything he is sincere, and his acts and life reflect his faith. He does not trust in hope for any vicarious salvation, but rests his soul in its attitude of love towards God and good-will and forgiveness towards his fellow men.

With this introduction and explanation I will endeavor to give a few facts that might pass as history concerning that little community selected, at your request, from all the world.

If I over-estimate and over-praise I ask you to judge with the leniency of Goldsmith where he screens the pastor, his father, by saying:

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side," for I am conscious of a feeling akin to that which Scott describes in those noted lines —

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?"

The place of our birth, and the scenes of our childhood, unwittingly bias the most of us, more or less, but it is a fault that we can condone, or, with Goldsmith, pass as a virtue.

The first Monthly Meeting of Friends in Canada was established at Pelham, Welland County, in 1799. Norwich M. M. was established in 1819. The Preparative Meeting, which forms a unit of the M. M. was established in Norwich in 1816, Yarmouth in 1819 and Lobo in 1857.

Thus as "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," so the Society of Friends penetrated westward into the wilderness of this western peninsula of Upper Canada. Previous to the Preparative Meeting an Indulged Meeting had been granted to Lobo Friends back in 1849, several families, at different times, having taken up land and made for themselves homes in the vicinity.

John D. Harris and wife were the first settlers that afterwards formed a part of the meeting. They came in 1834. Benjamin Cutler came in 1837. John Marsh in 1839. My father, Daniel Zavitz, came in 1843.

Pardon me if I narrate some of his trials in love and home-making. I do so just to give you a general idea of the experiences of those pioneer times. He purchased a hundred acres at about \$4.00 per acre, on which not a tree had been cut in the way of clearing. He bought an axe and resolutely went to work. He says: "At first it went very slow and discouraging, but I hacked away, cleared seven acres, and sowed to wheat, which looked very promising the next spring, but the late frosts caught it, and it was fit only for chicken feed." But he had no chickens, and if he had, eggs were only 5 cents a dozen.

Batchelor's life under such discouraging conditions and alone in the wilderness could be endured only by the prospect of its coming to a happy conclusion. So after four years of chopping and building and longing he went back to get a companion. She was Susan W. Vail, living at Oakfield, New York State, about 40 miles east of Buffalo, having been born in New Jersey, at the foot of the Green Mountains, within sight of "Washington's Rock."

Their honeymoon lasted five days. The bride and groom, perched on a lumber wagon loaded with their household goods, from his father's home in Bertie, took their way through the forests to their tiny home hewn in the wilderness. Their pilgrimage might read as charmingly as the journey homeward of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, "through interminable forests," or of Alden and Priscilla, as "through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession." After some time of winding their devious way along the blazed trail they came upon the little cabin which was henceforth to be their home. Just the very spot, one might think, that Cowper imagined, and longed for, and sang about,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Having arrived at their destination they unpacked their goods, with joyful hearts, thankful for their safe journey over

the hazardous way; for the road was very icy, and the hills were much steeper than at present. On the steepest ones the horses would slide from top to bottom. A rail was put through the hind wheels to lock them so they would not try to get ahead of the front ones, and upset the precious load down the embankment.

Lobo Meeting was mostly composed of removals from Pelham Monthly Meeting, to which place their forefathers had immigrated from Pennsylvania, there known as the Pennsylvania Dutch. The original stock we used to think came from Germany, but now we think maybe they came from Holland. The name Zavitz may have been a corruption of Zuider Zee. I give this merely as a suggestion of mine.

In 1850 one acre of land was given by Benjamin Cutler, and half an acre by John Marsh for a Meeting House and burying ground. The house was built of wood. In 1859, so many Friends having moved in, this house was found to be too small and a new building was erected of brick, size 32 ft. by 50 ft., at a cost of \$700.00. This building is used at present, always being kept in good repair, well painted, plain but useful, serving still the community even more variedly and fully than ever in its history.

Besides the families named above we might mention the Shotwells, the Munas and the Wilsons, as old familiar names of the neighborhood.

The grounds also have been enlarged by the gift, in 1887, of half an acre by Caroline V. Cutler. They now contain two acres. It is an ideal, quiet, Quakerly spot, inviting repose and meditation. Beautiful shade trees, preserved from the ancient woods, cast their welcome shade here and there over the lawn, while on the south and west of the house protecting it from the piercing blasts of winter and the scorching suns of summer rise a stately grove of pines, planted there nearly fifty years ago by young Friends who were not too much wrapped up in their own selves and their own times that they could not think of other people and times: which thought may be laying up treasures in heaven.

I have spoken of Friends' interest in temperance. I shall relate two occurrences in the early days of the settlement that indicate their stand on the subject, and exerted a wide influence in placing the ban on whiskey. In 1838, when Benjamin Cutler had the timbers hewn out ready to erect his grist and saw mill, word got around that there would be no whiskey provided. This was an innovation on their festive and hilarious occasions and the people said they would not come unless they could have their accustomed drink. "All right," he told them, if they would not put it up without whiskey the timbers would lie there and rot. But when the appointed day arrived there were plenty of hands and less wrangling and swearing than usual. They wanted the mill even more than their afternoon of whiskey, for many of them had to carry their wheat on their backs eight or ten miles

to get it ground, and then carry their flour home, and they knew it was no holiday.

At another raising John Marsh and James McCollom were present and before it commenced the bottle was passed around a couple of times, when they said: "Gentlemen, if that bottle appears again, we shall go home." Their help was indispensable and the bottle didn't appear again.

In those early days there was big game in the woods. Bears were frequently seen prowling around in the day time. The howling of wolves often was heard at night, and the mild eyed deer would sometimes graze in the clearing with the cattle. They were known even to go with the cows up to the barn.

The Indian too was there. And they were tamer even than the deer. They often erected their wigwams on the flats of the creek. — the squaws plying their basket trade, and the men making axe handles. If their sojourn in the settlement was too brief to erect their camp they would spend the winter's night by the kitchen stove or preferably the open fireside in the white man's house. They were trustworthy and honest, except when they would steal back the Black Ash and Hickory from the woods the white man's government had stolen from them. But if they would not forget an injury neither would they forget a kindness. I shall mention one occasion typical of their honesty. There was an old Indian whose name was Simon. His wife's name was Rosy. They came to my father's one day and begged \$2.00 to buy Rosy a calico dress as the one she wore was getting rather shabby. They said they would pay it back, bye and bye. Soon afterwards Simon died. As soon as possible Rosy came back with \$2.00 saying, "My ole man made me promise to take that \$2.00 we had saved up and pay our debt to you." My father commended her on their honesty and told her to keep it. He had intended it as a present.

Many people think the Indian savage and blood-thirsty, but treat him kindly and he was always your friend. The spirit of Penn's Treaty with the Indians was lived over and over again in every Quaker settlement in the New World, and amid all the guerilla warfare between the Whites and the Red men on this continent not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed, except in two or three cases when the Quaker lost faith in his peace principles and sought armed protection. Such is the fruits of kindness. Would not that peace policy of the Quakers end all wars throughout the world? O Christ, that men only knew the power of love that led Thee by the way of the Cross into glory!

The Society of Friends in Lobo was early interested in the intellectual as well as the spiritual welfare of their younger members. In the winter of 1875-6 a literary society was organized which afterwards obtained the name of "Olio." The Olio became famed far and wide and many of those who had the good fortune to attend it attribute much of their after success to the

opportunity for culture it afforded them. It ran its brilliant course for a quarter of a century. The number at its meetings varied from the teens to nearly two hundred. A history of its first decade was compiled and printed and a copy has been deposited in the Archives at Ottawa. The good work of the Olio is being perpetuated by the "Young Friends' Association" which started soon after the Olio ceased and is at present a flourishing organization furnishing to the young members opportunity in public speaking, reciting, short story and essay writing, debating etc. Thus there has been a continuous means for the development of the intellectual and spiritual life of the succeeding generations that have come and gone for the last forty years.

The "First-day School," too, has been running since 1880. It takes the child soon after it begins to walk and endeavors to instil into its mind, in a simple way, the basic principles underlying true Christianity. The gray haired fathers and mothers likewise attend. We claim that there is no age limit shutting out the learner from the school of Christ. We believe that every child is born in purity, that it never passes, while on earth, beyond the possibility of losing it. Therefore we are interested in all, from the cradle to the grave. Our school has always taken an active part in the Lobo Township Sunday School Association which held its twenty-fifth convention this summer, 1916.

From 1886 until 1900 the Monthly Magazine called the "Young Friends' Review," was edited and published by Friends at Coldstream, being printed by A. Talbot & Co., of London. It was greatly appreciated by many, but the arrangement of being farmers first and editors at leisure, or rather at pressure, did not always work harmoniously, and the little paper was given up, or rather transferred to Friends in New York, and after a few years it merged into the "Friends' Intelligencer," of Philadelphia.

In a purely literary sense I might mention two movements Friends were largely active in inaugurating. In 1882 there was formed the "Lobo Lecture Club." Its object was to bring to the rural community the best lecturers and elocutionists obtainable. It ran successfully for five years. Among the many noted entertainers we might mention, J. W. Bengough, Dr. Wilde, Manley Benson, A. A. Hopkins, Professors Meeke and Bell-Smith, Dr. Sippi and Senator G. W. Ross. One of the first "Farmers' Institutes" ever held in the Province was handled by the L. L. C., when President Mills, Professors Panton and Shuttleworth, accompanied by the Globe reporter, held a series of meetings in the Town Hall at Coldstream.

Some time back we mentioned the Olio. In 1887 the "Coldstream Public Library" had its birth in the Olio. It ran on private subscriptions and members' fees until 1892, when it was incorporated into the great Provincial System. It contains some 2,500 volumes and is much used and appreciated by the public.

It is considered by the Department one of the best rural libraries in the Province, particularly commended for its choice selection of books.

As I intimated in the beginning, the history of Friends has been greatly influenced by the code of rules laid down for their conduct in the "Book of Discipline." Twice a year the Society queries after its members and advises them as to their diligence in attending our religious meetings; as to their love and fellowship towards each other; as to their total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, or abetting its traffic in any way, also from the use of tobacco in any form; as to helping their fellow members who require assistance; as to providing all children under their care with school learning sufficient to fit them for business; as to bearing a faithful testimony against war; as to the non-use of oaths both profane and judicial; as to the paying of their debts and dealing justly with their fellow men; as to plainness in speech and apparel; summarizing the whole matter up in the injunction of Jesus to "let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven," with the added admonition to our ministers of the gospel "to dwell in that life which gives ability to labor successfully in the Church of Christ, adorning the doctrine they deliver to others by being good examples in deed, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith and in purity of life."