An Old Man's Memories

Reminiscences of Port Maitland's Early History and Life in Dunn Township and Western Ontario Early in The Nineteenth Century.

Written by W. I. Imlach, then of London, Ontario, who was one of a Large Party who came over from England in 1836, settling near Port Maitland. It consisted of the family, friends and retainers of a Colonel Johnson, C.B., who had purchased a tract of land while on a visit to Canada a year of two before.

Consists of Eighteen Instalments which appeared in the late Hamilton Herald, March 3rd to July 7th, 1900.

I.

Saturday, March 3, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR:

As being one of the early settlers in Western Ontario, I often have been solicited to give some account of the many trials and difficulties of those primitive days, including the stirring times of the 1837 rebellion and other incidents of that early period, when we were helping to mould the future history of our adopted country. And to fully realize the vast progress that has been made in the past fifty or sixty years, in all departments that tend to mark the wonderful advance made by our young Dominion of Canada, it is an advantage that as much of our early history as possible should be published through the medium of our press as a means of comparing the past with the present. With this end in view, I gladly accept the offer of the editor of the Hamilton Daily Herald to reprint some reminiscences of the early days, written by me for the Free Press of London last year, as it will give me the opportunity of revising and adding many incidents to the original that will make it of more interest' to your readers, as my first was put together more for the sake of a family record than for the general public. But as my story of the early times seems to have been favorably commented upon by many who had read it, I am pleased

at the opportunity through the Herald of trying to put my Reminiscences in a more extended and acceptable form. I will, Mr. Editor, with your permission, continue this subject from time to time as you may find it convenient to publish in your, daily paper.

I shall commence with a description and some historical points re the mouth of the Grand River, on the north shore of Lake Erie, now Port Maitland. The first record we have of it as an important harbor was written by Jesuit missionaries who were proceeding up this lake in canoes from their station at Buffalo about the year 1650, to form missionary stations in the then wilds of the Northwest. They seem to have taken refuge here during a storm. Here they found a large camp of Indians engaged in fishing and drying the fish to carry back with them to their winter camps. From the numerous Indian relics of flint arrow, spear heads, etc., and remains of Indians found, it is evident that long prior to the white man's day this was a fishing station of importance, and conflicts must often have occurred between hostile tribes frequenting so celebrated and valuable a fishing ground.

In the war of 1812 it was a military and naval station of some considerable importance, as in 1836 many of the old buildings and block houses were still standing, but they have all since disappeared. A short distance up the river from its mouth may, at low water, still be seen the ribs and parts of some small gunboats used during that war on this lake. They were burned and sunk by the Americans. A point of much interest here is the old military graveyard, where from the drifting nature of the sand and the inroads made by the lake on the bank, the remains of many an old veteran are brought to light. On one occasion, in excavating for a house, an old coffin was discovered with such remains in it, and the finder had the good fortune to find also a leather pouch or skin containing some twenty old Spanish dollars of about the year 1760—a lucky find in those days for the builder of the house.

This harbor was also of importance as a naval and military station at the time of the rebellion of 1837, as here were stationed three steam vessels—the "Minos," built at Chippawa for this service, and the "Toronto" and another; also two local volunteer companies. The vessels were mostly officered and manned from the naval station at Halifax, N.S. The "Toronto" was manned by volunteer Canadian Marines, which brought from retirement many old salts, both officers and men, among whom was Captain Beer of Adelaide Township, and a Captain Drew (of the "Caroline" notoriety) from Woodstock. This accession to our new settlement in the neighborhood of this harbor was a great help and benefit, and did much to enliven it, for the officers were a fine lot of young fellows, and what with parties on their vessels and return compliments on shore, and with cricket matches, shooting parties and such like, a most enjoyable time was spent during their stay at our harbor. I would

mention especially a Mr. Osmer, with whom I had the pleasure of some correspondence after the station was broken up, and whose last letter was written just before leaving England with Sir John Franklin's expedition to the North Pole, which ended so disastrously.

It was not, however, all pleasure during the stirring times of the rebellion, as from the importance of this as the naval station on Lake Erie we were subject to continual alarms as to attacks to be made upon it by the rebels from Buffalo, which seemed to be their headquarters, and only some forty miles distant. This kept our volunteers continually under arms. A few of these incidents may, perhaps, amuse your readers, but will be better narrated in connection with the rebellion of 1837, of which in due course I hope to give a somewhat full account in these reminiscences. This little incident, however, will not be out of its place here:

About this time when all were looking for a night attack upon the station, a most ridiculous scare was one night given to the settlement, rousing the whole population with an exclamation from all, "Oh, what was that awful noise?" The idea seemed to be that something dreadful was taking place at the harbor, which was only allayed in the morning when it was ascertained that our small coasting steamer, the "Despatch," had for the first time used its new steam whistle in entering the harbor, and, I suppose, being proud of its new unearthly screams, heard for the first time by most of the settlers, had turned on all its power—hence this nocturnal scare.

This brings to my mind another amusing incident in which this same steam whistle played a prominent part. In nearing a lock on the Grand River navigation it was used to give notice of the vessel's approach. There was an Indian chopping a little way off on the bank, who was evidently for the first time hearing this, to him, awful sound. He was noticed to jump up, throw his axe down, and run for the bush. To astonish him yet more a few short, sharp screams were let out, at each of which fresh impetus seemed to be given him, as if the demon of his race was after him. On reaching the woods he took courage to look around, and his evident astonishment when he noticed where this awful noise came from was most amusing.

Before proceeding to other matters, this harbor of Port Maitland is worthy of more notice, as from the very earliest days of the navigation of Lake Erie, it has always been considered as the best harbor on the north shore of this lake. As early as 1820 it was improved by the building of short piers on either side of the mouth of the river, which on several occasions have been repaired and added to, until now they extend some five hundred yards into the lake, with a fully up-to-date lighthouse on the end of the west pier, thus making it the best harbor of refuge on this lake. During some of the extreme gales so common on Lake Erie it is often packed

with hundreds of vessels of all classes seeking shelter in it. The entrance is between high sand hills, soon opening out into thousands of acres of marsh lands, mostly covered with wild rice, which extends for some five miles up to the Village of Dunnville. It was in those early days truly a duck's paradise, and helped to provide many a dinner for us poor hungry young Englishmen. We soon learned from the wily Indians the most successful method of shooting. This marsh was full of little lagoons with small pieces of open water, well sheltered by the surrounding growth of rice and rushes, in which hundreds of these birds congregated. The Indian plan of looking after these family gatherings was by approaching them in a flat-bottomed skiff, with brush or rushes in the bow. This was pushed through the openings in the marsh, and from behind this screen the birds were shot by the hundreds. Added to all this, the lowlands around abounded with woodcock and snipe. My readers will understand how we Englishmen would revel in such surroundings, after coming from a country where it was almost a crime to look at such birds, let alone the shooting of them.

My first venture in this sport was an amusing one. With a young friend, Dalrymple Crawford, we went down to the harbor, but could not get a boat to cross the river. We succeeded in getting a canoe, and as this was our first experience with such a craft we of course made a poor business of it, for the harder we paddled the more we continued going round and round, and as the current was strong we were drifting out into the lake, much to the amusement of the whole population of the little village who were out to *see* the two green Englishmen in a canoe. Just outside the mouth was a sand bar with some four feet of water on it. It was now or never with us, so we made a jump, and of course upset the beastly little craft and came to grief, guns and all. However, we were soon rescued and the canoe recovered.

The fishing here was truly wonderful, for all kinds of the best fish could at any time be taken with hook and line off these piers, which with the shooting was a great help in keeping the larders of the early settlers well supplied. Later on I may refer again to the various methods of taking fish and other matters connected with our harbor.

In my next I will give particulars of the first establishment of the early settlement on the shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Grand River at Port Maitland.

II.

I will continue my history of some of the early days in Canada by giving some account of the formation of the first settlement in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Grand River on Lake Erie.

This section, now the Township of Dunn, was originally a part

of the Indian lands granted to the Six Nations Indians (which I will refer to more particularly later on). The first white settler was a Captain Sheehan, who married an Indian woman, and got a grant of land with her, on which he settled shortly after the war of 1812. It was located on the west side of the river, a few miles up from its mouth. Some of his descendants still occupy part of this land.

But the later settlement with which I became connected in 1836 was on the lake shore, some miles on either side of the harbor, more particularly on the west, on which it extended some ten miles. The first locations were made in 1834, by Mr. Hyde and Mrs. Hyde (who was the widow of a celebrated Dr. Jukes, formerly of the East India Company service), with a daughter and two sons of Dr. Jukes; but more of this family hereafter. A Mr. Farrell, Colonel Huggon and family, and a Mrs. Colonel McGregor and her two daughters and son, were amongst the first settlers. This number was added to by a large influx of newcomers in the year 1836, made up of the family, friends and retainers of a Colonel Johnson, C.B., a retired officer of the East India Company service, who had purchased a tract of land here while on a visit to Canada a year or two before.

This party sailed from London in April, 1836, in the sailing ship "Hannibal," with a passenger list of some eighty cabin and five hundred steerage. This party consisted of Col. Johnson, his wife, daughter, and a niece, Miss Hicks; Major Spratt, with his sister, a brother's widow, and her two sons, William and Robert, the Major merely coming to Canada to see his family comfortably settled; the mother of the writer of these reminiscences (a daughter of Col. Johnson, and widow of Col. Imlach, C.B., also of the East India Company service, with her daughter and two sons. There were one or two other families connected with our party, besides some four or five young men consigned to the Colonel's charge, to bring out and locate on farms in Ontario. Added to this "Canadian contingent" were some fifteen steerage passengers dependent on the Colonel for their passage and future settlement in the country.

In writing my little history of the past, I must be excused if at times I digress from my text. As a matter of contrast with the marvelous progress of our country since those early times, I would here enter into some of the particulars that go to provide comparison with costs of the present day. For instance a berth in this old craft in contrast with the facilities of today, was £30 sterling.
One excuse, perhaps, for such rates was that we had to be boarded for six weeks, for it took that time to cross the Atlantic in those early times. Now, sixty years is not much in the life time of a nation, but by the marvelous changes wrought in this period by steam navigation, ocean cables, land telegraphs, telephones, etc., our old ideas of time and space are being revolutionized, for with

the vast fleet of steam vessels now weekly crossing the Atlantic, it has become almost a ferry between America and Europe. This contrast is truly remarkable when it is contemplated that the Atlantic is in this day traversed some five or six times in the same number of days, as compared with the period of which I am writing.

We had as a fellow passenger Bishop Chase of the Episcopal Church of the United States, who was returning from England, where he had been soliciting aid to build a college in his then Diocese of Ohio. He had been very successful, and lived to see his great wish accomplished. Through his great kind offices we enjoyed regular Sunday and other services of the Church of England during this long voyage.

A few incidents which helped to relieve the monotony of a tedious six weeks may perhaps interest some of my readers. With so many young men among the passengers, of course all kinds of athletic impromptu sports formed part of each day's proceedings, of which boxing bouts, as part of an English boy's education, had to take a leading part. The want of regulation gloves was got over by getting the sail-master of the crew to make up some canvas ones, but these were soon found not to fill the bill, as a back-handed slap in the face from a coarse glove of sail cloth was not an agreeable kind of boxing, and they were soon abandoned. But one great amusement was climbing the rigging. On one such excursion I had undertaken to go 'round the so-called "lubber's hole," instead of through it. I had no sooner reached the spot, when a call from below warned me that a sailor on each side was after me. As in such cases the rule on shipboard was that such an offender should be tied up until he paid his footing with a bottle of brandy, I was willing to pay the penalty, but had no intention of being caught, so noticing some ropes close up to the mast, I made, as I thought, a grab for them, but unfortunately only secured one or two in my hand, which in lowering myself slipped through the block. I might as well have made a jump for it, except that in my rapid descent I was kept in an upright position. The force with which I struck the deck brought from the cabin many passengers, who, expected to find a dead man after such a fall, but beyond a good shaking up I was none the worse, and soon able to go forward and find the two sailors who were after me, and pay the fine of the bottle of brandy, which gave me from that time the freedom of the ship.

Another amusement was shooting gulls and other sea birds, always in numbers round the ship looking for scraps. I remember one most amusing scene with two of these gulls. A piece of string with a bit of pork tied at each end was thrown from the stern, when it was at once taken by two birds. To watch them, after they rose from the water, trying to separate themselves, was certainly most amusing, for as far as they could be seen they were

still bound together, neither seeming inclined too soon to disgorge what he had gained. One day we were very fortunate in sailing close to two large icebergs. It was a beautiful sight with the sun shining full upon them. The same day we had the good luck to see a whale spouting not far from the ship. But the greater excitement was on the occasion when the lookout man from the masthead reported a wreck off on our larboard side. The vessel at once put about for it, when as we neared it there was all the appearance of men moving about on it, which was caused by the rolling of the boat, for she was full of water, thus the upper ribs seemed to be in motion. A boat was put off to her, when it was found she hailed from Boston with a general cargo. Some few articles were brought off by the sailors, and the particulars, with name of the vessel, etc., were reported by our captain to the first home-bound vessel we passed.

There is one little, most amusing incident during our trip that I must not forget. On one very rough day a report came from the steerage that a man had had his leg badly broken by a barrel rolling on him. As we had no doctor on board, the captain went down to see what could be done for the poor fellow, and I went along. We found him in his bunk, and on moving the covering, sure enough there was a bad compound fracture of the limb, but fortunately for the sufferer, it was his wooden leg that had been broken, which was soon made good again by the ship's carpenter. I enjoyed the joke, and with permission of the captain I prescribed for the patient by an order on the steward for a bottle of brandy.

We unfortunately had two deaths during the voyage—one a child, the other a young man who had his wife and infant with him as steerage passengers. These cast a sad gloom upon all, especially the latter, in sympathy for the poor young widow who was so suddenly bereaved under such trying circumstances. It was soon ascertained that she was not only alone, but without any means beyond enough for a few days' board after reaching New York. However, a subscription was at once taken up all through the vessel, which resulted in quite a nice amount. As one who was collecting this, I paid a visit to the steerage, which was truly sickening, as some five hundred seemed to be crowded into a space not fit for more than half that number. The narrow passages between the berths had been named Main, Starboard and Larboard streets. The sanitary and moral condition of this miserable hole was something awful. It seems difficult to understand how these people could exist for six weeks in such a place, for most of them were not on deck during the whole voyage. However, it is pleasing to know that under our present system of inspection and navigation laws the unfortunate poor emigrant meets with more humane treatment.

I have never forgotten the awful, solemn feeling produced by that funeral at sea. It was a rough, windy day, so much so that

good old Bishop Chase, who was a large, heavy man, had to be supported by two sailors while he performed the funeral service. The committing of the body to the great deep, with its plunge into the water instead of the land service of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," is truly awful, and once witnessed can never be lost to memory. What added to the solemnity of the occasion was the impressive words of the Bishop to those present, and the poor young widow and her infant being of the party there was hardly a dry eye in all that group.

I trust I have not devoted too much space to the particulars of our six-weeks' life on board of ship; but all such are part of the experience of those who emigrated to Canada in the early days. However, after all our hardships and six weeks' rough Atlantic weather, we were safely landed in the city of New York. Our steerage passengers, owing to the deaths on board, were detained some days in quarantine at Staten Island. In my next I will give some account of the week's stay in the New York of that day, and the strange experiences of a week's life on a canal boat on the Erie Canal to Buffalo.

Before proceeding on our journey, I must devote a short space to some account of the. week or ten days spent in New York to recoup, wash up, etc., after the tedious six weeks spent on board the old sailing ship "Hannabal." In taxing my memory as to the condition of that city in that early day, it seems almost impossible to realize that the greater city of today can be the same as at the period of which I am writing. I believe its population was below one million, whereas now it exceeds three millions, and at that date not a steamship had crossed the Atlantic, not a railway had entered the city; whereas at this date not a half an hour passes without the going out or coming in of some train, forming its connection with even the Pacific coast and all parts of the United States. The same may be said of steam vessels from every part of the world. Nor is this the only change, for in 1836 there was not a street railway, not even with a horse as the propelling power; nothing but a cab or a bus as a means of transit; not a pole of any kind for the various electric purposes of today, none of the up-to-date, magnificent hotels; no twelve and fourteen-story business places, or the splendid private mansions in all parts of this truly great American city. And while writing now of this one city, it is truly marvelous to contemplate that the same stupendous changes and progress have extended to all parts of the United States and Canada within the last half of the nineteenth century.

To the foregoing I must add a few of my private experiences, as one of the emigrants from Old England at that early date. My

first impression was, while English was the language of the people, it was truly a foreign country, for the habits, customs, shops and methods of all kinds seemed so different to what we had left behind us. But no doubt all this has considerably changed since then, as at this period thousands exchange visits between the new and old worlds compared to the hundreds in the old time of sailing vessels, thus many an Americanism, so termed, has been introduced into Old England, and many an English custom or usage imported into America. Our first two days after landing, until a suitable private lodging house could be found, were spent at an hotel—I think the old Astor House; but this hotel life was a strange revelation, for I had never seen anything like it. Everyone seemed in such an awful hurry; meals seemed to be over before we English had started at our work. I noticed after dinner all the men seemed to go to some back room. I followed to see what it all meant, when for the first time I came in contact with an American bar. It seemed a wonderful institution. Everyone stood up to it, getting what was required. There did not seem to be a seat or chair in the whole place. Cigars seemed the principal want, as everyone must have his smoke after eating. It has been said, and I can believe it, that there is as much spent in cigars in the city of New York as there is in bread. Another strange American product, and such as I had never met with before, was the spittoon. It was everywhere—not a room or passage without it; all seemed to need it. One thing we all reveled in after the dry feeding on board the ship, was the variety of fruits of all kinds from the South, such as in those days were rarely seen in England—for who ever heard of an ordinary mortal eating a pineapple, banana, etc.? The former were there only produced in hot houses, at a cost (it was said) of a pound each. Now in old London you can at the corners of streets, for a penny or so, buy slices of such, where before, at those side stalls it was shrimps, periwinkles, baked potatoes, etc. In fact, our boarding-house was turned into a veritable fruit store.

I shall never forget an amusing scene at our boarding-house the first time we emigrants tackled sweet corn. Of course, it was new to us, and we were cautious in handling it, watching how the natives ate it. This was soon ascertained. It seemed the first of the season, therefore everyone took a hand in. Such a sight I never saw. It looked like a lot of overgrown squirrels at work with both paws holding the cob, and scraping corn off with the teeth. All this caused a good deal of fun at our expense. A gent told the following story of how a green. Englishman had tried to eat his corn: He was beginning at the top, cob and all, and when shown how to work it, he wanted nothing more to do with it, as it had stalled all his teeth up. It was here I first tasted tomatoes, for at that time in the Old Country they were only grown in some gardens as a curiosity, and called "love apples." The same with the buck-

wheat cake. I never expected to eat this grain, for all we knew of it at home was it was grown in secluded spots on estates as food for game in the winter. However, strange as these things seemed at first, one soon gets used to them, and now I flatter myself I can handle them as the best of the "aborigines" can.

Of course we visited all there was to be seen in the then city. The once point of great interest was the scene of the tremendous conflagration that had taken place the year before. Acres of the central part had been burned. One strange circumstance was that the only building left standing was a theatre.

I fear I have wasted too much time over New York instead of pushing on to the "Promised Land." We chartered an Erie Canal boat for our party and all our belongings, which I am now free to admit consisted of tons and tons of the most useless stuff—furniture and household goods—that was ever brought to America, the cost of freight on which would have purchased much more suitable necessaries for the wants of a settler, and saved a vast amount of work and trouble. But such was the experience of many of those who emigrated in those early days. Our party went up the Hudson by a sort of passenger steamer to Albany, and from thence to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, which took some six or seven days to reach.

It is useless to attempt to give anything like an adequate account of the miserable discomforts of this trip. What were supposed. to be the cabins were given up to the ladies of our party, we men having to sleep as best we could amongst the packing cases, bales, etc.; but what with flies and mosquitoes, together with the hot weather in June, there was no rest day or night. The only place to sit was on the deck, and we never knew what minute we should have to hustle down with chairs and all, or to be swept off bodily by passing under some of the numerous low bridges. Our feeding on this memorable voyage was something certainly not suitable for an English stomach. It was simply fried pork, floating in its fat, morning, noon and night, washed down by a decoction called coffee. We were all glad daily to foot it for miles along the canal bank in company with the old tow horses. As nothing of a pleasing nature can be recorded in this chapter of our pilgrims' progress,. suffice it to say that in due course we reached Buffalo, and in such a condition that we would hardly be taken for first-class passengers. But here, also, another contrast, for what took us a week or more to accomplish is now by rail performed daily in eight hours. At that time, I believe, the only railroad in existence was a short line from Albany to some point on this canal, which shortened the distance and time to Buffalo. But since those days the. Atlantic and Pacific have been united by some four lines, besides thousands of miles in all parts of the United States and Canada—truly a wonderful progress for half a century.

The Buffalo of that date was indeed but of small dimensions,.

compared to its present commercial, manufacturing and shipping interests, for in 1836 no western grain had reached its harbor, nor was there a single grain elevator in operation, whereas their capacity is now many millions of bushels.

After a day or two of rest in this city, our next route was by small steamer down the Niagara River to the mouth of the Chippawa Creek, at the head of the rapids, the entrance to which was most dangerous owing to the very heavy current at that point. This has, however, been obviated by making an artificial outlet for the creek some distance higher up the Niagara River. In early days this was the port from which a large amount of lumber and other products found their way from this part of Ontario into the United States. From this place our course by the same steamer was up this winding-like river to a place called Port Robinson on the Welland Canal; but our hearts almost failed us when we found this day's journey had only brought us to another canal, for we had had all the experience we wanted in this line of travel. Our fears, however, were soon allayed, as we found it was but one more day's journey to our destination.

Before proceeding onward with my party I must claim a short space for a little review of the history of the Welland Canal, which has been one of the most important works in the interests of the trade of Canada ever undertaken. Early in this century William Hamilton Merritt, Esq., of St. Catharines, was the first to advocate the construction of this work, to connect the lakes. After many years' hard work in the cause, he succeeded in the completion of the canal to the condition in which it stood in this year of 1836, with but a very limited capacity not allowing of more than three or four hundred ton vessels to pass through it, with only wooden locks, and drawing its water supply from the Grand River at Dunnville, where an extensive dam had been constructed for the purpose. Since this period the canal has been deepened and new locks constructed on two or three occasions to meet the requirements of the vast and increasing shipping interests not only of our Dominion, but of the United States. As the first section has been brought to the level of Lake Erie, the water supply is drawn from that source instead of the Grand River, as formerly. But to really appreciate the magnitude of this work, with its now capacious stone locks, and the ever-increasing volume of trade passing through it from all points on the great lakes, it should be visited. I have had to condense my notice of this splendid piece of work, but a full chapter would not suffice to do it justice in either its construction, or its vast importance to the trade of the Dominion.

To proceed after this long digression: On the morning after our reaching Port Robinson our whole party embarked on what had the title of the "Packet Boat," nearly filling the same from stem to stern. However, this said packet in its day did good service as one

for the only means of reaching the interior of this section of **the** country—with the village of Dunnville the great objective point—as being at the head of the canal. This point was reached by our boat at night, having taken a whole day to compass about thirty-five miles, with its one old tow-horse as the propelling power. Such a sudden influx of so many taxed the full capacity of the place to put all up for the night. Here we had our first experience of the bloodthirsty Canadian mosquito, which seemed to revel in the taste of good old English blood. It is hard to attempt to give an impression of this village as it then appeared, but its first view **at** daylight next morning had a most gloomy effect, especially **as it** was to be in the future our town or source from which the needs of our new settlement could only be supplied. As near as my memory serves me, there were two small stores, **a tavern** or two, black-smith shop, a small custom grist mill, a saw **mill** or two, and but a few houses mostly built of logs. Her Majesty's postoffice was kept in one of the stores.

I must here digress again, for in this post question we have another of the great changes that these sixty years have wrought, as at the time of our first settlement we had no regular **mail.** We got letters more by good luck than under any postal system; **a letter** from England cost from two to three shillings currency, and **on an** average was six weeks in transit. Canadian postage was **according** to mileage—for first limits, **I** think, was six cents. No **stamps in** those times. Nothing perhaps more **marks** the progress **of this** Canada of ours than our present postal **system—two** cents **to all** parts of the Dominion, two cents to **England,** with at most ten days between these points. I have still in my **possession** some Old Country letters with the old marks of 2s 6d, or 3s, as rates, with the old style of seal and sealing wax; no envelopes in those days.

I must now, after this perhaps unreasonable digression, return to the description of our town. The most depressing effect of this first view of it was from the appearance of the river, which from being dammed up, of course flooded the low lands for miles up, and unfortunately for our first impression, this old dead timber was then standing, as you passed up the main road in the place, which is on a level with the river. I may hereafter refer to this again, but it is time **I** brought our party to their promised land. To effect this, there being no roads yet even cut through the bush, a boat had to be secured to take some of our party to the farm of a Mr. Hyde, who had settled about four miles above the harbor, and who had most hospitably offered to try and house our party on our **arrival.** After getting out into the lake, our boatman would go no **further,** as he would have it that a storm was coming on, so he persisted **in** landing us with our belongings about two miles from our **friend's** quarters, which on reaching, he at once yoked up his oxen and **with a** jumper, or kind of sleigh, brought our boxes in. Arrangements.

were soon completed to bring the rest of our party to this haven of rest in the wilderness, after all the long and tedious two months' travel.

Having now reached our destination in safety, I must for the present leave them, but hope in my next to continue the adventures, with some amusing anecdotes and reminiscences connected with the **early days** of this English settlement.

IV.

In my last I left our party, owing to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, comfortably stowed away in the large, unfinished loft **of** their house, sheds and outbuildings. Mrs. **Hyde,** as before named, was formerly the widow of Dr. Jukes of the East India Co., who was a life-long friend of my grandfather, Col. Johnson, hence the generous care of us.

Our kind hosts had made every 'provision for our comfort and wants in the way of a stock of groceries, etc., procured from Buffalo, some forty miles down Lake Erie, thus we fared better than most of those who emigrated to Canada in the early days. But for the abundance of fish and some game in the neighborhood to replenish the larder day by day it would have often been fast days in our new settlement.

Each day the younger members of the party started out on foraging expeditions, **some to the** woods for game, others for fishing. **These latter were always the most successful, as Lake Erie was then abundantly** stocked **with fish.** The game party **was generally** disappointing, for like **most Englishmen** we had the **idea that** the woods **must be full** of all **sorts of** game, which we soon found to be a delusion; **but** for all we fared better than has been told of some emigrants, who had to live on fried basswood chips and wild leeks. Nevertheless, we sometimes, to our minds, partook of strange dishes. I remember on one of my trips into the woods, for want of any birds to shoot I brought down two black squirrels—to me at that time strange little animals—the skins of which I intended to add to my collection, but imagine my astonishment, upon have the
m home, being told by our good lady that she would have them for a pie. "Oh, the idea of eating squirrels! who ever heard of such a thing?"

However, this pie was pronounced by all to be as good as if made from rabbits; but in looking back at those days and the many shifts the early settlers were put to for the first year or so, it is not to be wondered at that he took all that looked fit for food, for our Old Country ideas and prejudices have to give way to the peculiarities of our new surroundings, and that he had sometimes to eat what 'even to the Jew would be considered unclean, and **while there** was not much in our own woods that would be **classed as**

game, yet there was a variety of animals and birds that helped to keep the pot boiling. Occasionally we had the good luck to get some venison and bear's ham, but not often. In birds, the blackbird in the fall and the pigeon in the spring were our great standbys. The marvelous flight of the latter in the early spring is worth special notice, as we have nothing of the kind in this day. They came in millions, mostly skirting the shore of the lake, as if tired with their long flight from southern climes, when hundreds could be knocked down with poles. On these occasions the old Brown Bess musket, such as was served out to us as volunteers in the rebellion of 1837, did good service, for it could hold a lot of powder and shot, and if judiciously **fired** upon a retreating flock, instead of as they advanced, and if the kick of the old "Bess" did not knock you over, you would be **sure of** enough for a pie or two at each shot. If I were to give a full description of these wonderful and endless flocks **it** would be looked upon in these days as fabulous, but it is not an exaggeration to say that at times they clouded the sun, and in those days it was nothing but pigeon in all forms of cookery. In fact, we felt a good deal like the boy who had been fed at school on nothing but rabbits for a long time. His master called upon him one day to say grace at dinner, the rabbit being still on hand, when his thankfulness was thus expressed:

> "For rabbits old, for rabbits **young,**
> For rabbit stew our grace we've **sung,**
> For rabbits tender, rabbits tough, We
> thank the Lord we've had **enough."**

And so I am sure at these times it was the same with **us as to** the pigeon. I had **an** amusing scene one day with our good, **kind** hostess. I had **killed** a good-sized black snake, which I took to her. She **wanted** to know what I had brought that beastly thing to her for. I said I thought **she** might want it, as, if she rould make a rabbit pie out of squirrels, she perhaps could make eel **pie** out of snakes. At this I had to be off with my snake. However, it settled one question in my mind that whatever else we might eat, the snake was not to be a part of our diet.

One afternoon, while talking to our host a large **flock of** turkeys passed within sight of his house. I remarked, "What a fine lot **of turkeys** you have." He replied, "Why, I have none," but rushed for his gun. We followed **him** and succeeded in bagging two fine wild fellows, which were **a great** help to our larder. This brings to my mind a most ridiculous case of capturing two. A simple trap used by the Indians and hunters is to build a square kind of house of rails, covered on top with brush, the **entrance to** which is **a** deep trench. In it **grain is strewed** leading **into this pen, and when** once in **the turkey has** not sense enough to **find its** way out **again.** In this case **a young man,** Charles Crawford, **had** built a trap at **the**

edge of his clearing, and going to it one morning, to his delight he found two fine turkeys in it. In his excitement he forced his way into the trap, when the turkeys made a dead set at him. However, in spite of all the scratching and picking, Saxonlike he stuck to it until he killed them both, but such an object! his clothes nearly torn off him, and his face and hands cut in all directions. It took weeks to put him in shape again. All know the story of "Tiger Wallace," but after this adventure our friend was known as "Turkey Crawford."

Our first trouble was to find that the tract of land purchased by Colonel Johnson was a black ash swamp and on a level with the lake, all the front part being under water and not fit to settle upon. The year before our coming out the son of the Colonel had gone ahead, with a view to getting some sort of house put up. Under the condition he found this land to be, it was impossible to have any of it cleared, but he succeeded in putting up a log house on the bank of the lake, which served for the housing of some of the young men of our party. As it was only about two miles from headquarters at Mr. Hyde's, they were supplied from there with necessaries, such as groceries, etc. So this purchase of land unseen from some sharper in Toronto turned out a swindle, as many such cases have often been, to the injury of the unfortunate early settler. However, in the course of time it was found that the land back from the lake was fit for settlement, and it was in time taken up, but unfortunately it obliged us to look for other lots, for which we had to pay handsomely, as most of the best lands on the lake shore had got into the hands of speculators, when it had become known that a large party were coming to settle there.

Log houses, shanties and such were soon erected on the various lots taken up, and by the fall of 1836 most of us were prepared for our first Canadian winter, which, unfortunately for our imported blood turned out to be a hard one, but clue to the novelty of the life, with its shooting and fishing through the ice on the lake, and chopping clearings for spring work, it soon passed.

I was fortunate in getting hold of a carpenter to put me up a small frame house, with one room downstairs, which served as kitchen and sitting-room, with two half-story bedrooms above. This we only got into in December, with the plaster all frozen. A little description may be of some interest, showing how domestic matters were carried on in those days, when all the comforts of kitchen ranges, gas, coal oil and other stoves were unknown. All cooking was done by an open fire-place, with the old-fashioned crane and pot hooks. I had a large fireplace, some six feet by four, built of limestone off the shore of the lake. The plan with this was to put in a big back log of hardwood, sometimes as much as two feet in diameter and four feet long. This would often last for two weeks. It was drawn in on a hand-sledge and rolled in place, then dog irons

placed upon it, and fire built of split wood. This fire was never out, as at night all live coals were banked against the log and covered with ashes, so in a few minutes in the morning all was again in a blaze for the day's work. It may seem strange, but in spite of all this fire, everything froze solid, and we of ten had to saw up the bread and thaw it before the fire. The old Dutch tin oven and iron bake kettle were then the principal appliances, the latter most used for baking bread. It stood on three iron legs, with tight iron cover, and with hot coals underneath and on top bread soon baked in it.

It seems easy now to narrate all these strange surroundings, but it took some time for us poor, green Englishmen to take them all in, and many ridiculous scenes and mistakes were made. However, we were fairly comfortable for this our first winter, but what a contrast to the mild winters of the south of England, where snow rarely lasts over twenty-four hours. This first year here, winter —and sharp at that—set in at beginning of December, with deep snow never off the ground until well into March. This reference to snow in England must be my excuse for wandering from my text for a few moments, for it brings to my memory a curious scene I was witness to very many years ago. My grandfather, in retiring from the East India service, brought home with him a black man, an East Indian, who had been his body servant for over forty years, during all the stirring campaigns of that period. His first sight of this snow was most amusing. The old fellow thought it was some kind of manna, and filled a bottle with it. To his astonishment, in looking at it shortly after, he found the bottle with water in it. He got furious, and charged the cook and women servants with tampering with it. This created such a racket in the kitchen that it brought the old colonel to the scene, and the only way the old fellow would be appeased was by placing some snow on a shovel before the fire. The look on the old man's face as it gradually melted was as good as a play.

Now, to return to my text. The outlook of our surroundings was by no means cheerful. In front of us a vast expanse of the frozen lake, with high banks of slush ice all along the shore, some as high as twenty feet and more, giving the whole a sort of miniature North Pole scene. One strange feature of this frozen lake during a wind was the continued moanings, rumblings and grumblings, of ten producing most unearthly sounds, as if such a heavy load of ice was too great for the bosom of the lake to bear. These rumblings of ten resulted in huge cracks and opnings in the ice, which sometimes became very dangerous. The most objectionable feature of the position of our new home was its closeness to the woods, as of course every unknown sound, especially at night, was magnified into something awful, and the nightly howling of wolves, the hooting of owls, and sundry other sounds, made it far from agree-

able for **a** mother and sister, who were part of my household.

I must not forget to mention one or two genuine scares that my family had during this first winter. One night I was roused from bed, as my good mother was sure that a bear was at the back door. With gun in hand my brother and I proceeded to investigate, when to our amusement this terrible bear turned out to be a poor, half-starved young cow, which had wandered from its home.

The next fright was more formidable. We were a little back of the house trying our hands at chopping, when we were called for loudly, as there was evidently something serious on hand. We hurried in, and found our house in a state of siege—the doors bolted **and** barred, with a poor, half-starved Indian on the doorstep. As this was the first Indian our good ladies had seen, they of 'course thought their time was come, and their scalps would surely be taken, but positive hunger had driven this poor creature to our settlement. As he spoke a little English, I soon found out his trouble and filled him with fat pork and bread, and then the old sinner suggested "me want a little fire water to wash him all down." This of course was no go. I made a bargain with him for a day or two's deer shooting, but of this adventure later on. One or more other little domestic affairs must suffice now. The first partridge brought in I was bound should be decently cooked, without the use of any inventions, such as Dutch ovens, etc. So hunting up the old bottle jack brought out with us, I wound it up and set it in motion before the open fire, and so had a good old-fashioned roast for once.

Our mode of lighting when we could get them, was the old, spluttering dip tallow candle, but in their absence we had to use all kinds of contrivances of lard or fat, with some of the wick stuck therein. Having a good set of moulds for making candles, I tried my hand in this branch of domestic economy, and produced, as the weather was cold, a fine candle. But alas! when ignited and exposed to heat they bent over most gracefully, and would burn downwards. So much for pork fat for candles.

More of our first year's adventures in my **next.**

V.

I must add a little more to my record of events in our settlement during the first winter, for the first year, and especially the winter, was always the most trying to the emigrant in the early settlements in Canada. Our winter was most unfortunately an unusually hard one, commencing very early, with no end of snow, which was greatly increased by the continued drifting off the great expanse **of frozen lake, 'making** it impossible to keep our shore road open, **thus each family was** almost isolated for two or three months,

adding greatly to the discomforts of this first winter. But there was no help for it, so we had to make the best we could of it with chopping, hunting in the bush and fishing through the ice, not to forget a good deal of skating, which was our great amusement. To find ourselves with two solid feet of ice under our feet insead of the three inches of the south of England, and that on ponds and ditches, whereas here were miles of clear, unbroken ice—my readers, I am sure, can understand how we would revel in such a change. With a friend I skated some eight miles up the lake to visit one of our new settlers, having to breast a high wind going, but returning all we had to do was to hold our coats out, set our feet together, and we fairly scudded home. Some few winters afterward, with two yoke of oxen and two sleighs, we went some ten miles up to bring home a sort of yacht, owned by a few of us, that had broken loose in the fall. This season the ice was rough and covered with snow, so it suited the oxen. We were most of the journey a mile or so from the shore, and not a crack was seen in the ice during the trip. On another occasion two of us with a span of horses drove to Buffalo, a distance of forty miles, and only left the ice once to avoid a crack showing open water.

On one occasion my brother and I were taking a fareirell skate in the spring, and were some distance out, when we heard a great noise from the ice breaking loose from the shore. By hard skating back we were only just in time to make a jump of some three feet to land, and less than an hour afterwards it was all water and no ice visible.

During the autumn we were subject to a succession of storms on the lake, which turned out a benefit to us this first fall, for I was fortunate enough to pick up, among other things, the following, which were washed ashore: Barrel of flour, box of cheese, a barrel of fine large hickory nuts—these were a great standby for winter evenings. My first find was the most useful. It consisted of some 3000 feet of fine, clear lumber, strewn along the shore, and it came in well for my next year's building operations of 1S37. One strange result of these storms was the number of large fish thrown up and left high and dry, but as fresh as if just hooked. In this my first fall, at• the end of November, I picked up two wash tubs full, which we packed in snow and froze. This was a great help during our first winter.

I will not weary my readers now with more details of our hunting excursions in the woods, and various devices of fishing through the ice, during our first winter's exile, as, if the Herald does not get tired of my ramblings, I will have much more to say as to Lake Erie, and adventures with bears in the bush. But my first experience of a "coon" hunt I must record in these reminiscences, as it might have ended in the one tragedy of my life. While staying with the Hydes, the younger Jukes one evening rushed in

to tell us that the dogs had treed a "coon" close to the house. With this news of course a rush was made for the guns, which were always in readiness; but for some unaccountable reason in placing the cap on mine it was discharged, the full charge of shot passing through the door and entering a room opposite, in which two of the Hyde children were asleep, the full contents entering the wall at the bed head. But the most providential, and to me the happiest escape from an accident was that my young friend just a moment before was directly in front of the gun. The commotion caused in the family is ever fresh to my mind, and taught me a lesson of caution that has never been forgotten.

It was most amusing in the spring of 1837 to compare notes as to the progress made by us all in the art of chopping. In some cases the cutting all round the tree to get it down had the appearance of the work of the beaver. I was more fortunate than some of my neighbors, as I had been able to secure a man to chop, clear and fence ten acres, from whom I soon learned how to handle the axe. Unfortunately this section was very heavily timbered, costing at least twenty dollars an acre to clear, if the work was let out. If I dare compare myself with the G.O.M., Gladstone, I was fond of the work of chopping, and soon became an expert, and many an old log building is still standing in the settlement that I helped to erect by taking up one of the corners. One of my first experiences in this particular work was from the turning of the log while standing on it to chop, which sent me flying off with axe in hand some fifteen feet to the ground, when I unfortunately struck my shin on the rough edge of a board, making a severe wound down to the bone, and laying me up for some six weeks. But such accidents, with the cutting of the feet while chopping, were common in those days. This latter trouble was avoided by an Englishman, who said he always stood in a washtub while chopping.

The greatest difficulty was to get a little land ready for some kind of planting, which could not be done in the early spring by burning, but we mostly contrived to burn the brush heaps and draw away the timber into the adjoining chopping ground. I thus succeeded in getting about two acres to begin my farming on (if it could be called such). However, what with scratching in some potatoes among the roots and stumps, and other garden stuff, we made a start which helped us materially in the next fall and winter, for it was a marvel how roots would grow under such conditions. From the appearance of these clearings, at first sight it would seem as doubtful of the seed sown growing as it was likely to grow on the stony ground named in the parable of the sower.

In the spring of this year efforts were made to build some more substantial houses. Our wants, in the absence of such an advertising medium as the Hamilton Herald, had to be made known as best we could, but in due course, one day a nice, sleek, Yankee-

looking fellow, with iron square in hand, turned up. He talked carpenter in first rate style, and after going over our plans, etc., he made an offer to build two houses, which seemed so reasonable a bargain was closed. He then wanted $100 from each to purchase lumber, etc. This was usual, he said, in this country. So, after giving some supposed security, the money was advanced; but, alas! This was the last we ever saw of the rascal, for after some hunting for him it turned out that he was a shoemaker at Port Robinson, and of course had skipped out. I know my readers will say, "served you right." Well, I quite agree with them, but as poor green Englishmen coming to this country have to pay for their experience, perhaps after all we bought ours cheaper than some others.

We were more fortunate in the next applicant for the work, for this time he was a genuine carpenter, and not a shoemaker as in the first case, and a most useful man he turned out to be—in fact a jack of all trades, for he made all the bricks needed, besides burning lime, etc., on the spot. The only means of getting the timber and lumber to the place was by rafting it all from the mill at Dunnville, as there was no road to haul anything by. The raft had to be poled five miles down the river to its mouth, then along the lake shore to our lot, there unloaded on the rocks and hauled up the bank, then placed upright over poles supported by a crotch at each end, to dry and season, for all the siding, flooring and other work had in those days to be planed by hand, as also all the doors and window sash made, which caused endless work compared with the present day with our planing mills, sash and door factories. Even our shingles for the roof were split and rove in the woods. What a contrast here also in the progress of our country, for in a little over fifty years our buildings are now covered with the fine cedar shingles manufactured in British Columbia and brought across the continent by our C.P.R.

A little description of a machine contrived by our builder for working up the clay for the bricks was most ingenious, and will be of interest showing the primitive methods resorted to in those early times. In the first place a round hole was dug about two feet deep and some ten feet in diameter, and boarded at the side and bottom. In the center a post was set up, in the top of which a hole was bored; into it was placed an extra piece, and attached to a horizontal beam extending over the pit and long enough to hitch a horse or oxen to. This beam or log had alternate holes bored through it, into which hardwood pins were driven, being shorter near the upright, and gradually lengthening to the outer edge of the pit. This extra piece on top of the post formed a kind of knuckle joint, which revolved as the beam was drawn around. The clay was broken up small, with water continually added, the pins in the beam doing the grinding and working the clay up fit to be put in the moulds, which were dried and burned in a brick **kiln.:**

Will it shock my readers if I tell them that this ingenious contrivance was called a devil? But bad as this name may seem, in this instance it was not an enemy but a friend, for we could not have made our bricks without it.

The method of burning our lime for the brick work of chimneys and plastering was as primitive as our brick-making. There was a bank on the shore of the lake some twenty feet high. Timber was close at hand, which was cut in fifteen foot lengths and rolled .down this bank forming a huge log pile, and leveled on top, on which was placed broken lime stone from the shore, and converted into beautiful white lime by the time the log heap was burned.

In August of this year, 1837, the news came to our settlement of the death of King William IV., and the accession of Princess Victoria to the throne. One cannot but reflect what a difference there will be when the sad news is given to the world that she has laid down her earthly sceptre, for it will take fewer hours to flash the sad event to all parts of the earth than it did weeks when she took that sceptre up. It was my privilege when a lad, at school near Kensington to often see the young Princess riding on her pet donkey in that park, with her lady governess and the groom in attendance. The dear, kind little lady would often stop to say a few words to nice little girls as she passed, much evidently, to the worry of her governess, but it was very certain she did not take much stock in little boys. One cannot help looking back over the marvelous progress of this most glorious reign, and not feel that it has been indeed a privilege to have lived during this great Victorian era.

The fall of this year found most of our settlers gradually getting into better shape as the new dwellings were completed, and we had come in touch with an old Dutch settlement in the township of Rainham, some twenty miles distant, from which place we were enabled to procure our oxen, cows, fowls, etc., with which to commence farming operations in earnest. It was of ten most amusing to see one of our young bloods trying to drive these "bullocks," as he would persist in calling them.

I must leave further particulars of the progress of the settlement for a time, and narrate some of the incidents of the rebellion of 1837-38, in which I took an active part.

VI.

Before coining to my personal reminiscences of the rebellion of 1837, I must as usual claim a short space for a comparison of the past with our present position in matters pertaining to the military requirements of the country. This rebellion broke out simultaneously in the then two separate provinces of Quebec and Ontario, without any military organization of any kind in either. Nomin-

ally we had the militia, but hardly fully to be relied on to put down a local rebellion, especially in the former province, where the discontent was more formidable than in the latter. It is true that in both were some few British soldiers, but as far as Upper Canada was concerned, at the time of the breaking out of this rebellion we were left without any, for Sir Francis Bond Head, at that time Governor, had ordered all the troops to Lower Canada, for which he was much censured; but his reply was that he had every confidence in the loyalty of his province. His confidence was fully justified, as this part of the rebellion was put down entirely by a volunteer force without the aid of the redcoats. But in looking back to that period, as compared with the present, it is truly a wonder how we were able to manage for the wants of our little army, for the country had no organized commissariat, and but a very imperfect depot of arms and ammunition, which in those early days were mostly furnished to the colonies by the home government only when they were almost useless. With all we now bear of the Boers' Mausers and other quick-firing arms, can my readers imagine our forces going forth with the old flint musket and ramrod, which loaded but a single cartridge at a time? This supposed death-dealing weapon was nicknamed the "Old Brown Bess," weighed fourteen pounds and was not good for anything over two or three hundred yards.

Early in December, 1837, news came to us that the rebels were marching on Toronto. A Mr. Farrell, one of our earliest settlers, took an active part in at once organizing a volunteer company, of which he became the captain. Some fifty or sixty soon joined our ranks, and prepared to start at once for Niagara, and from there by boat to Toronto. The evening and night before was taken up mostly in casting a stock of bullets, in which work all our ladies gave their willing help, and for want of lead many a good old English pewter spoon, etc., was converted into a pill for the rebels. If the old adage be true, "that every bullet has its billet," I think there must have been enough cast that night in our good little loyal settlement to have soon ended the rebellion. On meeting for our start to Niagara the next morning, we were truly a force of all arms, made up of all kinds of guns, rifles, and some swords included, in fact everything but the proverbial scythe and pitchfork being in use. All speed was made to Niagara, on reaching which it was found our services, like many others, were not required as far as the intended capture of that town by the rebels was concerned, as the rebellion had been put down. But although not just then needed, all this movement brought out clearly the loyalty of Ontario, as predicted by Sir F. B. Head when he sent troops to Quebec. Our Company, therefore, had to tramp home again, but Captain Farrell himself went on to Toronto to report the formation of this Company and to tender its services to the Governor, which brought us

into active service at once, as we were one of the first ordered down to the frontier on the Niagara River.

The forty miles to Fort Erie was a hard march of two days, as the road was only partly frozen with mud and slush. Our first night's quarters were in the two small taverns in the village of Stone Bridge, on the Welland Canal, near Port Colborne. Beds, of course, were not expected, but even supper at first seemed doubtful, as there was little in the houses to provide for so many. But after a forage over the village, and raiding a store, we contrived to collect bread, pork, potatoes, etc., enough for one good square meal, and by the time this was collected and cooked we were about famished after the day's march. Our night's rest was on the floor in a part circle, feet toward a big open fireplace, with a piece of cordwood for a pillow. A funny scene took place during the night. One of the men had discovered under the bureau a large crock of fine pear jam. Of course the boys were all roused up to share in his find. By a forage to the kitchen, etc., bread was found, and with some spoons this extra and unexpected ration was soon disposed of, the brown paper cover put carefully on and returned to its hiding place. The next day our march to Fort Erie was completed under more favorable circumstances, as our good Captain Farrell had pressed a team and wagon into our service to take our heavy stuff. This, with two men, was sent ahead, and to report our coming, so that matters were in a little better shape than the previous night.

Our quarters were a large brick dwelling given up by a retired naval officer for the purpose, he stowing his furniture, etc., in the upper part, leaving a man and his wife in charge. The lower part was occupied by our Company. A lot of meat, bread, etc., had been dumped in for us, which, owing to the kindness of the good woman in charge had been worked up into some kind of a soup or stew, with something called coffee to wash it down.

I shall never forget this meal, for while we had the soup there was nothing to serve it in—not a single plate, spoon, knife or fork. However, we raised a subscription among the men to buy a few bowls, spoons, etc. \'e cleaned out the stock of the little store allowing only a bowl, etc., to each four. This was a treat to a lot of hungry men to wait their turn for a share of stew. For my part I tried to cook for myself. By getting a chunk of beef and sticking it on my bayonet, I grilled it before an open fire, putting a slice of bread under it to catch the fat in case there should be any on the beef.

As no provision had been made for beds of any kind, a lot of good clean straw was brought in from the barn and laid on each side of the rooms, and we were bedded down like horses, but all such difficulties were righted in a few days.

I must here relate a little personal affair, in confidence between my readers and myself. I was sentry on the verandah in front of

our quarters the second night, and at about 10 o'clock I heard footsteps and a young woman came on the platform. I demanded the password, which she did not know. I told her it would be impossible for her to go in unless she gave me the countersign. She asked what it was. I informed her it was a kiss. There seemed no trouble about this, for it was passed to the sentry—and she went in. I thought nothing more of it, except that it had helped to pass the monotony of the two hours on guard, until the next morning, when the captain sent for me. I could not think what was up. His first question was, what was the password last night. I told him, but he said that was not the countersign you gave. You have been reported to me by the caretaker's wife. Here the fat was in the fire, for I had no idea who the person was. Fortunately I was able to show that it was she who kissed me. However, the captain read me a lecture, explaining that a sentry should not give the pass —that such cases should be reported to him, as it was his place only to give the countersign. I was let off by promising that in future any such special cases should be brought to him, as it was evident that if there was to be any more kissing he intended to have a hand in it himself.

After taking possession of our quarters at Fort Erie it took some time to put us into shape, for what with cleaning the old rusty muskets, looking to old flints, cartridge boxes, belts, etc., besides contriving some sort of beds, we had a hard beginning for our soldiering days. Of course there were no uniforms, and we made rather a motley-looking lot of men in ordinary clothing. All we were allowed for covering at night was one blanket to each man, so we had to double up in our straw beds. A strange circumstance connected with my bed-fellow and companion in arms, William Spratt, was that his uncle, Major Spratt, was one of our party in coming to this country (and in this connection I would also name the father of Miss Hicks, a captain), who were both officers in my father's regiment in the East India Company's service. This Miss Hicks was a niece of Colonel Johnson, and was married to Robert Spratt (brother of my friend William), who died in Hamilton, August, 1899. His son, W. A. Spratt, is now in business in that city.

The hardest part of the early days of this service was the rations that were served out to us, for being early in the field there was no regular commissariat established. A Col. Kerby, who was in command of this division of the frontiers, did all in his power to make the volunteers as comfortable as possible. The feeding was the hardest part, but it gave the farmers in that part of the country a good opportunity to get rid of their old bulls and old cows, which from the kind of beef served they had evidently taken the utmost advantage of. The ration for each man was a pound of meat and a pound of bread, with a gill of whiskey to wash it down with. This

was served out every third day, but this beef unfortunately included bones, so left little of anything (in lean animals) that was fit to eat except in the form of soup or stews, which were our standing dishes morning, noon and night. On such an allowance for a lot of hungry young fellows we should have been starved, but for fish, which were most abundant in the Niagara River, with perhaps what I ought not to mention, a fowl or turkey now and then. These were always gratefully received, and no questions asked. Whether a libel or not on us volunteers, I do not know, but it was a saying along the river that you could not hear a cock crow within five miles. Some of our boys I suppose got tired of bull beef, and wanted some mutton for a change, and this came nearly getting us into trouble. It was evident those boys were not professional sheep-stealers, for after having killed their sheep they had not the sense to carry it home, but must needs drag it on the ground, and as a little snow had fallen, the farmer the next morning tracked the marauders to our quarters, and put the case in the hands of the constable, who with a search warrant soon paid us a visit. Of course he found no mutton, but the tell-tale skin was found in the loft of the house. I never saw our good captain so mad; he was bound to find out who these thieves were; he would have them dismissed from the service. However, he pacified the old farmer by paying a good price for his sheep. There is an old saw that "stolen fruit is always the sweetest," and this mutton, after all the beef we had been tackling for so long, made some most savory dishes. This little incident soon passed away, and whatever we might get to help our rations out in the future, stolen mutton was never on our bill of fare.

VII.

I must give some further particulars of our life on the Niagara River, for while we had but little to do except the ordinary camp work, with daily drillings, marches out, etc., yet we were kept in continual excitement owing to the numerous false alarms of intended attacks upon our force at Fort Erie by the sympathizers of the rebels in Buffalo. A description of one such scene, as it seemed at the time to be genuine, must suffice. Colonel Kirby had been officially notified by friends on the other side of the river that there was a decided movement on foot, as large numbers of men were collecting at Black Rock and Buffalo, and, as far as could be ascertained, with the object of attacking our position that night. There was much that seemed to corroborate this report, for our horse ferry boat, owned in Fort Erie, did not return to our side for the night, to be locked up and placed as usual in charge of -the main guard. This was a very suspicious circumstance, as it had never occurred before, so every precaution was taken. A force was kept under

arms nearly all night, and the main guard doubled, which occupied the ferry house. I well remember this particular case. I was on duty that night, as it was my company that had to furnish the quota of men. The detention of the boat at Black Rock was satisfactorily explained the next morning, but similar reports and scares were of almost daily occurrence, which kept our little force in a continual state of excitement.

About this time a small band of Indians from the Grand River reserve came down as volunteers, were put in quarters for the night, and three days' rations (saving the whiskey) were served out to them. This was too much grub at one time for the Indians, so they had a good blow-out the first night, and were off again to their old feeding grounds by daylight the next morning.

I must now turn to the more serious part of our campaigning. On reaching the frontier we found the rebels had taken possession of Navy Island, at the head of the rapids of Niagara Falls and opposite the mouth of the Chippawa Creek. The island is a part of Canada. This, on the Canadian side, they had partly fortified by cutting down the timber on the top, and throwing it over the bank, which was some twelve feet high, thereby forming a formidable embrasure, in parts of which appeared the muzzles of some small cannon, but most of them were logs painted black, for we soon found that only one or two were ever fired, and they only six-pounders. But very few of these shots took effect. Only two such came to my notice, one killing a poor fellow who was sleeping in a hay loft. The other, while no one was hurt, scared a good many, for it struck the front door of the quarters, splintering it all to pieces, and passed out at the back, while the men were at dinner. A stampede in short order took place. As no more shots came the men began to return, and found one of the men quietly finishing his meal. He was a cool Irishman. When asked if he was not scared, of course he was, he said, but what was the use of running after the damage was done, for no two shots he believed ever struck in the same place. While not often troubled by these six-pounders, we were continually fired at with musket shot, but their arms seemed no better than our own, as the island was beyond range. I have, however, often while on guard on the bank had four or five shots hit in the water and ground about me. I only remember one case of a man being. hit. The blow was painful, but only such as a spent ball would do.

The cutting out and burning of the steamer "Caroline" about this time was the notable event of this frontier—under all the circumstances a dashing undertaking, but might have led to international difficulties with the United States, as she was an American vessel and in an American port. The whole affair was planned and carried out in secret by a Capt. Drew, a retired naval officer, with two boat loads of picked men. In fact so quiet was the whole thing.

kept that nothing was known about it until the vessel, all on fire, was rushing down the rapids to the Falls. It was a daring thing to do, for it was a dark, rainy night, and the river had to be crossed just above those rapids, and close to the rebels on the island. Fortunately there were only three men in charge of the steamer. They were shoved off, the vessel loosened, set fire to and sent adrift. The risk was in getting back, as some boats put off from the rebel camp, as if they thought this attack was from our side. The object of burning the "Caroline" was that she was in the employ of the rebels and their sympathizers in Buffalo, making regular trips from that place to Navy Island with provisions, etc.

Some time after this affair of the "Caroline" had blown over, it was unfortunately revived, owing to the fact that a person by the name of McCloid from Canada had most foolishly been boasting and blowing in a town in New York State about the part he had taken in the burning of the vessel, when it was well known that he had nothing to do with it. The feeling on the question was very strong in the States, and in consequence he was ill-treated and imprisoned. The British government demanded his release, which was refused by the United States. That government claimed the right to try him. This led to a great deal of negotiations and ill-feeling, but was at last amicably settled by going through a sort of trial, which resulted in McCloid's release, as by many witnesses from Canada it was proved beyond a doubt that it was nothing but stupid boasting, for he was in Niagara on that night. It caused more trouble and expense to our government than the man was worth, but it was then, as now and ever will be, with England—he was a Briton and must be protected.

By this time a large force of volunteers had been collected at Chippawa under Allan McNab, afterwards Sir Allan, and at Fort Erie, under Col. Kerby. It was decided to attack the rebels and drive them off the island. As the whole force would not be required, it was decided to call for volunteers from the various separate companies, and in every case it was found, when volunteers were asked for this special service, every man in the whole force stepped to the front. However, while plans were arranged for this attack, it was found one morning that the rebels had evacuated the island.

After the destruction of the "Caroline," another small steamer, the "Barcelona," had been chartered to replace her. It was decided that on the first return trip she should be fired upon as she passed Fort Erie, but fortunately perhaps for the two countries, instead of coming all the way up the river she put in at Tonawanda and thence by canal to Buffalo.

To be prepared for this, a battery of artillery had to be sent up over night from Chippawa and most of the men in quarters in the village were employed during the night in preparing earth works

and to receive the guns. I mention this especially, as it was the cause of a general turnout of my company. The trouble occurred by no notice having been given the evening before when we received the orders for the night. Our quarters were some distance from the village. I was sentry on the river road, just below the house. It was a clear, frosty night, with no snow on the ground. I had heard for some time a rumbling sound, as if men and horses were coming up. I reported it, and the captain came to investigate the matter. He was soon satisfied that some large force was approaching. He sent me forward with two men, with orders to challenge as soon as I could be heard, and if not friends, to fire a shot and retreat as fast as possible. (I think my readers will agree with me that the last part of my orders was hardly needed.) In the meantime he had the company out and posted along the fence overlooking the road. I had with my men advanced about a mile, when I thought we were near enough to risk the challenge. It was heard, and reply of "Friends" given, with which an officer rode up, gave the password, and wanted to know who we were. This explanation was given, when we were ordered to fall to the rear. This I objected to, as our orders were to return as speedily as possible and report as to his force. Showing the necessity to him, as my company were under arms prepared to meet them, it did not take me long to get back. Our captain went out to meet them, when full explanations' were entered into, and our men returned to quarters rather disappointed that this affair had ended in such a fizzle.

While absent on the frontier an important event had taken place in our settlement in the capture of two of the rebels, Lount and Matthews, who were trying to escape by way of Fort Erie to the United States. In recording this event, I cannot do better than give the particulars of this capture, as written by Robert Spratt,. who was one of the party engaged. I mentioned his name in a former letter as having died in Hamilton recently, and whose son still resides in that city.

"On a fine bright morning in February, 1838, while at breakfast, a Dutchman from Rainham Township called to notify me that a boat with several men were fast in the slush ice, and wanted me to go up immediately to assist in releasing them from their dangerous position. When I arrived at the spot they were in the center of a beautiful bay about half a mile from shore. On consultation we decided the best way would be to carry boards out to them, as far as the motion of the water would admit, which we did, then threw a rope and hauled them ashore.

"Their boat had been built at Fite's Point, on purpose to take them to Navy Island, where Wm. Lyon Mackenzie was, with the rebels. They had only a blanket for a sail—no rudder and no food, and said they were going to Port Maitland for salt, which

made their story very suspicious, as there never was more than one barrel of salt at a time at Port Maitland. We hauled them ashore and secured their boat and belongings up on the bank, when they were preparing to go away. But they were surprised when informed by Mr. Le Herman, leader of our party, that they were our prisoners, and had to be taken before a magistrate, as, by proclamation from Sir Francis Head, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, all persons taken under suspicious circumstances had to be so treated.

"We marched them down to Mr. Hyde's, where old Colonel Johnson met us, and wanted to know what we had been doing. After examining these four men he found their case was very suspicious, and ordered us to at once take them to Dunnville to be examined by a magistrate. Old-soldier-like, he said he was always prepared for such cases, and produced a rope and fastened the prisoners, two together, with further orders that if they attempted to escape to shoot them.

"So at five o'clock p.m. we started, seven of us in all, and five of our number under twenty years of age. This was a perilous and hard undertaking, as our way was mostly through a new-cut road through the bush. Parts of it were deep swamp covered with a glare of ice, on which our prisoners had with our assistance to crawl on their hands and knees. On reaching Dunnville at 11 p.m., we sent for old Mr. Milne, as the only magistrate at the time in that section. After a careful separate examination of each prisoner, he decided to commit them for trial, and sent them down to Drummondville, where Lount and Matthews were recognized. They were sent to Toronto jail, and afterwards hanged.

"We reached home again about six o'clock next morning, having had nothing to eat since breakfast the day before."

I attach the names and ages of those who took part in this capture: Richard Letterman, age 35, dead; DalrymPle Crawford, 17, dead; Mark Inkas, age 20, dead; Robert Spratt, 16, dead; Wm. Johnson, age 23, dead; Wm. Mills, age 19, dead; Henry Imlach, age 16, in Manitoba.

Some months after this I had quite an adventure, closely connected with the taking of these two rebels, that might have ended seriously. I had gone to Toronto to see about the purchase of some land, with a Mr. Letterman, one of the parties interested in this capture, who also went to arrange with the government for the payment of the £500 offered for the taking of these men. On our return we came by way of the Falls, as we had not then seen them. The next day we crossed to the American side, to Goat Island; but before going to it we had, as all visitors had, to record our names. We had hardly got inside before my friend, looking as white as a sheet, said we have surely done a very foolish thing in recording our names; they may be recognized, for the whole particulars of this affair, with all the parties' names, had been but recently published

in the Patriot, a newspaper of Toronto, and Mr. L. had at this time in his pocket, all the documents connected with it. We had observed on the gate in entering a notice of a meeting of William Lyon Mackenzie's that evening in the town. It would not have done to go back too hurriedly, but after a short time we came out again, and perhaps looked a little guilty, for it was evident we were looked at suspiciously. However, we took no notice, but walked on. In looking back there were ten or a dozen men following us. When we reached the top of the bank, just above the old ferry, some buildings came between us, and we made a bolt for it down the steep road. We were seen running. These men at once gave chase, but most fortunately for us the ferry boat was just about starting for the Canadian side. We jumped in and offered the man five dollars if he would push off at once, which he did, as he saw these men running down the road after us. By the time these fellows reached the bottom we were well out, so they gave up the chase. Thus ended what might have been a nasty piece of business had we been caught.

I hope to continue these Rebellion reminiscences in a **future** paper.

VIII.

I have but **little more to record of our life on the Niagara** frontier, but I might note that at the extreme point of the mouth of the river and opposite Buffalo, are the remains of the old stone fort, **now** almost level with the ground, used during American war, **1812, and** gallantly held by a small British force until near the **close of that** war. It was at this point also that the Fenians landed **and** took up their position at Ridgeway in 1866, a few miles west of Fort Erie, where they were attacked and driven back over the Niagara River by our noble little volunteer force. But being so close to the American frontier, Buffalo being headquarters, we were of course under continued **false** alarms, which kept our force here under arms most of the time. It was a daily occurrence, as the tram car passed Black Rock, just opposite Fort Erie, to hear the Yankee sympathizers hooting and yelling at us, and often firing shots across the river. But for this support given the rebels by the roughs of America, the rebellion would have been over long before it was. The States Government had sent a force under General Scott to the Niagara frontier to prevent this state of matters between the two supposed friendly nations, but he was either powerless or did not care to act.

As the rebels had retired from Navy Island, there was no need for **so large** a force to be kept up **along** this river, so among other **companies we** had our orders for **home.** We, however, were still **to be kept on at** Port Maitland, **where a naval station was** established.

A little incident occurred on our march home. On reaching Stone Bridge it was reported to our captain that a meeting of friends of the rebels was being held that night at Port Colborne, two miles off. With about a dozen of us, the captain went to look after them. We got into their meeting before they knew anything of our being in the neighborhood, and a scared lot they were when we walked in with fixed bayonets. It did not take long for that meeting to break up. We brought off the two leaders and sent them down to headquarters at Chippawa.

There was little for our company to do on our return to our old quarters at Port Maitland, so it was divided, and each part was on duty on alternate days, besides the local home guard, organized and drilled by Colonel Johnson during our absence on the Niagara frontier, thus having two companies available in case of need.

A few of the incidents while on duty at this harbor may, however, be of some little interest. Our company had hardly got settled in our quarters when we had a call for service, which at first looked like our having a chance to meet some of the rebels; but, as the following will show, it turned out to be a fizzle. Two suspicious-looking men had been about the settlement for a day or two begging for food and looking for work. They were taken before Captain Farrell, who was also a magistrate, when upon a close examination they said they had deserted from a party of rebels that had crossed the Niagara River, and were then in the Shorthills in the Township of Pelham, a section considered to be disaffected. The party they reported to be about one hundred strong. Our prompt and energetic captain at once decided that he would hold these men and make them show the way to this camp. They seemed quite willing to do so, as they said they had been deceived, on the promise that a large force would join as soon as their band got into Canada. As no one had joined, since they came, they thought they would save themselves. The company was at once called out, and by night were ready for a start, so as to reach this camp early the next morning.

At our resting-place, about half way, we were delayed some time by an accident, as by carelessness a musket had been discharged, the bullet making a bad wound in the leg of one of our men. We had to leave him at the tavern, with a man to attend to him, and we would pick him up on our return. We made up, however, for lost time by the tavern keeper, who was a loyal fellow, securing several teams, with two of his own to push us forward, otherwise we could not have reached our destination by morning. About daylight we reached the little village of St. John, not far from the rebel camp. Here had been stationed a few troopers, as a part of a force of cavalry so placed all through that section as a means of forwarding despatches, as there were no telegraphs in' those times. This little party had been attacked by these rebels, and by signs about their

quarters most gallantly had this little force defended itself, as the building was riddled with bullets. The rebels could not dislodge them, so left a party behind to set fire to the building. This move the men noticed, and gave the main body time to get some distance off, when they made a splendid rush out at these fellows and drove them off, then made for their stables, and mounting their horses, made after the small force, but dared not follow too far on account of the main body. They then fell back on the next station. This had all occurred before we came on the place. We pushed on at once to the camp, taking the precaution to send a party well in advance to guard the farm house close by, so as to prevent any notice of our approach being sent by these people, who were evidently assisting the rebels with provisions, etc., for this camp was in the woods on their farm. On questioning the old farmer, who came out looking scared to death, he told us the camp had broken up and dispersed only the day before, which turned out to be so, as we examined the spot. So, after all our trouble, we were just too late, and had our weary night's work for nothing. Our captain, however, frightened this old fellow by telling him the whole affair and the help he had been giving the rebels would be reported to the government, and it would cost him his farm, even if he was not hanged himself.

The two prisoners who had piloted us down as they promised were freed, and the company plodded back, and picked up our wounded man. We found him all right, as he had had a doctor to attend him.

I would, although no way connected with my story, mention that among these so-called Shorthills there is one, from the top of which, on a clear day, you can get a fine view of both Lake Erie and Lake Ontario—the former apparently far above this spot, and the latter equally far below it.

I will give a few of the incidents of our soldiering while at this harbor. Our company before proceeding to the frontier, was employed on the novel work of cutting out two schooners frozen in the river, one at the harbor, the other at Dunnville, six miles up. This was effected by a party working with each vessel with saws, axes, etc., breaking up the ice, then about six inches through, thus forming an open space of water, the parties bringing the two ships together by evening. The object of this undertaking was to get these boats out to the lake, to be armed and crewed, and sent down the Niagara River to Navy Island, of which the rebels were then in possession. Only one of them reached its destination. The other was found sunk in the river next morning, owing to the ice having cut through the planking at the bow.

The first scare we had was a report from one of the vessels that a body of men had taken possession of the old barracks I have before named, and this quickly brought us out in full force. The ice on

the river being set only a few inches, necessitated the force crossing in a very extended order, but on preparing to attack our supposed enemy, they were found to consist of some few sailors and others just out for a lark. This false alarm and the magnifying of the few into an army of rebels was accounted for afterwards as being seen and reported by an old captain just after coming on deck from mess.

On one special cause of alarm, both our companies were employed during the night to prepare some rifle pits on the high sand hills overlooking the river, all of which were in good military shape by midnight, but owing to a high wind, towards morning this drifting sand had completely wrecked our hard work of the night before. Independent of these continued false alarms, our life was rough, as, among the number of sailors on the three naval vessels, especially the one containing the volunteer naval force, some were at times lawless and hard to control, on account of so much drunkenness, many such cases continually occurring. One I would name, as I was made to take part in it. My young comrade Spratt and myself, after calling on one of the vessels, were accompanied part of the way home by the Mr. Osmer whom I have named before, when we were most unexpectedly attacked by two half-drunken sailors. The first intimation I had was a blow on the face, which gave me a fine black eye for long after. Mr. Osmer was thrown down, and was being roughly handled when by a well-directed blow I rescued him. Then my friend Spratt, who had been sent by Mr. Osmer to his vessel, returned with a few marines, who took these fellows up. They were tried afterwards by court-martial and sent to Halifax. A ridiculous part of the adventure was that friend Spratt had the two tails of his coat ripped apart up to the collar, and Mr. Osmer lost a pair of gold spectacles. I just mention this one incident as a specimen of such as we were continually subject to.

One more little personal adventure, before closing this part of my story. My company was out for firing practice when my rear rank man had his musket so far forward that the trigger was about level with my face. I would here remark that in those days we had none of the wonderful rifles of this day, but only the so-called old brown Bess, with flint locks—always doubtful as to its firing properties, but in no way doubtful as to its kicking propensities. In this particular, as was of ten the case with these old, rotten flints, it broke to pieces, and with the coarse powder from the gun I was struck on the cheek, giving me the feeling that I had been shot, or had received a hard slap on the face. As each little bit of flint and powder drew its full share of blood, the effect was by no means pleasant. I was not, however, carried to the rear as a wounded man, but was allowed to retire, to pick the flint, etc., out, and was soon able to report fit for duty again.

The last act connected with the rebellion in the section that

I have been writing about was the blowing up of Brock's monument on Queenston Heights. This was done by some miscreants from the other side of the river, and while not actually destroyed, it was so shattered that it had to be taken down and rebuilt. In connection with this, a meeting of militia officers and others was held on these heights. It resulted in some thousands attending. The object was to take some immediate steps towards rebuilding.

Although the following incident resulting from this meeting is personal, I cannot refrain from narrating it, as it savors of a little romance in real life. Having risen very early the next morning, with a view of having a dip in the river, I was joined by a young officer like myself. On our return he suggested an exchange of names. Mine was no sooner given than he exclaimed, "I wonder if it can be possible that you are one of a family that I have so often heard my mother talk of as having known in India, and often wondered what had become of you." His name was Edward Hale, also very familiar for like reasons. This young friend afterwards got a commission in the East India Company service, was in India at the time of the mutiny, with his regiment, which was one of those that rebelled and murdered their officers, he among the rest. Our meeting was mentioned on my return, when exchange of letters revealed the fact that our two families had been most intimate in India, whose children played together in that country, and the end of this little romance was that I married one of the daughters.

We hear a good deal of the veterans of 1866 and 1885, but we of 1837 may, I think, claim to be the Old Veterans, as there are but few of us left, with no prospect of even a leather medal as a reward for our services.

Considering our position in the province of Upper Canada at the time of this rebellion, we may well pause a little to compare our present status in the Dominion of Canada with that of a single, almost isolated province. First comes the union of the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec, then the confederation of the Dominion in 1867, giving to us a nationality with no mean citizenship compared with that of a provincial one only. We may well exclaim, "No pent-up Utica now contracts our powers, for half a continent is ours." And while our progress since the rebellion in all that goes to make up a nation has been truly great, we can also point with pride to our preparedness for the military regiments of our Dominion in the present day, as compared with the period of which I have been writing. I cannot better illustrate this than by referring to the speedy and expeditious way in which 2500 volunteers have been fully equipped through all our militia departments, for the service with the British troops in South Africa. This spectacle to the world of all the colonies of Britain coming to the aid of the parent state in the time of her need goes further to advance the grand

idea of Imperial 'Federation than all the sentiment on the question alone could do. Then indeed shall we be able to boast of a world-wide citizenship of the Anglo-Saxon race.

After the rebellion was put down both in Upper and Lower Canada, Lord Durham was sent out by the home government to look into the cause of this rebellion, and as to the political grievances. He spent some time in Canada, and made a full and able report, which resulted in the establishment of the present form of responsible government, for which the reform party and the movers in the rebellion had long been contending.

Part of the result of this report was Her Majesty pardoning William Lyon Mackenzie and other leaders in this rebellion. After his return to Canada I had a good opportunity of becoming well acquainted with him, as he ran as member for the County of Haldimand, in which I lived, the old member, David Thompson, having died just before his (Mackenzie's) return. He had as his opponent George Brown, afterward the Hon. George Brown. This was Brown's first trial for election for parliament. Mackenzie gained the election, and sat for some years after. Whatever he may have been in the past, he became a quiet and useful member, refusing to ally himself with either of the then parties in the house, and from what I learned to know of him I am satisfied he ever felt in his latter years that the part he took in the rebellion was the great mistake of his life.

In my next I hope to give my experience of Hamilton, as first visited in the winter of 1839.

IX

As promised in my last, I will give some little account of Hamilton as it appeared to me on my first visit in the winter of 1839. It came about by some of our young bloods having received an invitation to attend a ball in that city. Such an unexpected event, to us poor backwoodsmen, as an actual ball in prospect, after our three years in the bush, put us in high spirits and we did not take long to accept the invitation. The question then was, how are we to get there? There was no regular stage at that date, and there was a distance of forty-five miles to be covered before we could have the delight of our first dance in Canada. Fortunately the sleighing was good; but how about a team, for there was not a span of horses in the settlement? However, after a time we secured two single horses, and contrived to make good the necessary harness without the aid of any ropes, etc., and as for our sleigh, it savored truly of the backwoods—rough pine box, with wooden shoes on the runners, for this was not the day of fancy rigs. So after a few experimental trips all was pronounced OK. But from my first remembrance of this first outing, I believe had horses failed us

we were that keen for the trip that rather than be absent at this: ball we would have gone to it with an ox team. This apparent craze for a ball could hardly be appreciated by any but those who, like ourselves, had been for so long outside the pale of civilization, so after a due airing of our outfit of old-country swallow-tails, etc., that had not seen the light of day since coming here, we were ready for the start, four of us in all.

As our general appearance and "get-up" seemed to attract so much attention on our journey, especialy on our arrival at the burg of Hamilton, I may as well try to edify your readers by a description of how others saw us. I can partly understand it, for after a look at our country rig and team and then at the four tony occupants (pardon this vanity), it may be accounted for, as we were in the habit of wearing (or many of us) in our settlement in the winter a well-got-up blanket coat, fancy collar, cuffs and shoulder straps, all in red, with scarf of the same color round the waist, red over-stockings and shoes, with a neat little red French chapeau and tassel. Now after such a get-up, is it to be wondered at that we were either mistaken for some distinguished individuals or for Indians off the Grand River reserve? But the conceit, if we had any, I remember was well taken out of us on drawing up at the old Burley House, not known to the citizens of today, but quite a pretentious hotel for that period, near the southwest corner of King and James Streets, with pillars in front and wide plank steps leading up to it. One of our party, having gone in to have our team taken care of, soon returned with Burley, who looked us all over very suspiciously, evidently concluding we were not fit guests for his house. I must confess to getting somewhat riled at his manner, and proposed to drive on and find some other hotel, but asked him if there was not to be a ball in his house that night, for we were there by invitation and had driven some forty-five miles to attend it, at which his whole demeanor changed, and he was all civility, ushering us into the hotel. A little chat brought from him this explanation, that at first sight he did not know what to make of us, whether we were Indians from the Grand River or a party of "Grand River Roarers" out on a spree. A little explanation is necessary as to this strange Society. It was organized among the Old Country settlers on that river in the early days. Its doings,. sprees and so-called social gatherings gave it an unenviable notoriety, and it was known far and wide for its outrageous doings, which I do not consider any part of my history to narrate, but if so inclined I could astonish my readers with some of its strange proceedings. This mistaken identity on the part of our host was not very complimentary, but his after attention and civility to 'our party more than compensated for his mistake.

We soon had some of ' the promoters of this entertainment to meet us, and their genial and friendly greetings made us at home

at once. A most delightful and enjoyable evening was spent, which fully repaid us for our long day's drive and trouble arranging for the trip. The grace and beauty of the young ladies that we met with at this, our first Canadian ball, led us to conclude that Canada was not such a poor country to live in after all. But perhaps the most pleasing feature of our visit was the kindly introductions we had to many of the citizens of that day, which led to frequent visits to that good city.

I find it difficult to attempt a description of Hamilton as I saw it in 1839, as it was then but a small town indeed compared with its present large commercial and manufacturing interests. I have given a little account of the Burley House, at that time, I believe classed as the best hotel in the place. Immediately to its left, on the west side of James Street, were a number of lots boarded in, with cornstalks standing, showing they had been under crop the last year. On the opposite corner of King and James was a single store frame building, with a large willow tree in front. This was then Mr. Allan (afterwards Sir Allan) McNab's law office. Eastward from that corner on King Street were a number of frame stores of various kinds in retail business, until you came to the house of Buchanan, Harris & Young, doing I believe the only general wholesale business in the town at that date. There were not very many brick stores then on King Street. Space will not allow me to enter into details of the city, but in having mentioned Buchan-an's house I must not forget to name the then existence of the Old Gore Bank, which with the above institution had so much to do in developing the resources of that section of country in the early days.

I well remember the part of the city now covered with acres of buildings, workshops, etc., of the Great-Western Railways then almost all swamps, beside the parts of the bay filled in for these purposes. The road (for it could hardly be called a street) that led to the few wharves then in existence was more like a country road, and with but few buildings on it. In the summer there were daily boats to Toronto and other points, but in winter the whole travel to and from the town was by the old-time coach. One can now hardly imagine how with all the railways centering in that city we could have existed under all the trials and perils in those early days, for truly staging might at that period be classed as perilous. Indeed, I well remember my first ride down the mountain road in the stage from Caledonia. It was in the early spring, and the thaw had cut a perfect stream in the center. I was on the box seat with the driver, when the front wheel broke its way into this ditch, and over went the coach, landing within a few feet of the side of the mountain. I was of course thrown off my perch, but the driver made a jump for it, holding on to the lines, but unfortunately landing square on me. The amusing part of the incident

was the way in which the passengers inside were mixed up, and the difficulty the driver and myself had in getting them out. This is but one among many such scrapes one was subject to in the staging days of old. This road down the mountain at that time was bad at the best of times.

I trust I have not wearied my readers in trying to give some account of Hamilton so far back as 1839. In my next I hope to give some further particulars of our settlement.

X.

Now to return to our settlement, after my sundry outings with the story of our rebellion and Hamilton trips. But before continuing my subject, I would remark how few in travelling in this day through the many prosperous and fully cleared up townships in the Province of Ontario, and in viewing the magnificent farms, with their splendid farmhouses of stone or brick, and with ample barns and other outbuildings, can form the slightest idea of the hardships, toil and labor that these now prosperous farmers had to endure in the early days of their first settling in the wilds of Canada, or what it has cost in truly hard work to hew out a home in the wilderness. And is it not marvelous when we consider that these vast forests of Ontario have been nearly all cleared off within the past sixty or seventy years, for during the earlier part of the century there had been but very few settlements commenced.

Having had some little experience of the amount of work required in chopping, burning, fencing and clearing these wild lands—especially when in heavily timbered districts, such as that composing this settlement—it may perhaps be of a little interest to the uninitiated to know what all this work means to the emigrant before he can make a home for himself, and I will endeavor to give a short account of this process of transforming the bush into the farm.

In the first place, in the fall, while the leaves are still on the trees, all the underbrush and small stuff is cut down level with the ground and piled in small heaps to form the beginning of the regular brush heap. Then comes, generally in the winter and continuing until the spring, the chopping down of all the larger trees, cutting up into long lengths, cutting up brush and piling it on the heaps already formed. The great art is to so cut this timber that it will, as far as possible, lay in the same direction. This saves much trouble in hauling to the log heaps. The very large trees are not cut up, but left to lay long rolls of logs against, and in this way burn the whole tree up without the extra work of cutting into lengths. These winter choppings in the new settlements were quite a help in the feeding of our cattle, as they came to them each morning as regularly as they would go to pasture, and browsed all day on the tree tops, the sugar maple being the favorite. The deer were often seen at the same work in these new clearings.

Next in order was the burning of the brush heaps as soon as possible in the spring, and next the drawing of the logs into heaps. This was of ten done by what was called a logging bee, by neighbors and their oxen turning out to help each other. Then those log heaps were set fire to and branded up, as they burned out. As all this burning up was done in the hot weather, it was most trying work. It often continued for weeks together, and but for a dip in the lake each night to make black white again, we would have turned to darkies with one year's clearing. All this is easy enough to write about, but hard indeed to have to go through. However, after all the timber was cleared off in this way, the logs that had been selected and left to cut up into fence rails were drawn round to the edge of the clearing, and then split by means of iron wedges and a heavy maul made from a knot cut out of a tree. This is also continuous hard work, but by well selecting straight-grained timber of certain kinds much labor is saved and a snake fence put up. This completed the hard part, but the next truly required the patience of Job to accomplish. This was the dragging in of the seed. It could only be done by means of a yoke of oxen, with a drag often made out of the crotch of a tree, with iron teeth set alternately on each side. This process could hardly be called harrowing (except to the feelings of the driver and his oxen) ; it was more the shaking of the seeds under the surface roots. And after all this work little more could be done with the land after the first crop but to seed it down with grass and leave it for five or six years, letting nature complete the work by the rotting of the stumps. One remarkable circumstance connected with these new clearings in this section was the great growth of wild strawberries that sprung up with the grass in the year after the grain crops, for it is no exaggeration to say that you could see them all along the line of hay cut by the scythe, and coloring the grass, for these berries grew in bunches on long 'stalks, large and fine flavored.

Those who settled on the banks of our lakes or large rivers had a decided advantage over those whose lot was cast in the heart of the bush, for while their trials and hardships surrounded them, ours were only one-sided, for before us was always the vast expanse of the open lake, with all the varied charms of the continual changes from storms to calms, and the opportunity of watching the constant streams of vessels of all classes in and out of the harbor of Port Maitland, which had of late years been greatly increased by it having been made one of the entrances to the Welland Canal. I happened to be very favorably located, as I had a fine view of the harbor with the opposite shore of the bay and the picturesque little Gull Island in the distance, always showing at night its magnificent revolving light, one of the finest on any of the lakes. This with the stationary light at the extreme end of the long west pier of the harbor made its navigation very secure. The

light on the island was in charge of Captain Burgess, an old lake captain, who mostly in the fall of the year lived on the island, his family living on shore in a bay some three miles distant. I remember the old man's account of a terrible night of trouble he experienced. It happened on one of old Lake Erie's regular fall blowers, when something went wrong with the machinery that revolved the light. Fortunately, as he said, it stopped short when the light was fully open, but unless something was done to produce the alternating effect produced by its revolving, it would be as deceptive to vessels as no light. Fortunately his young son was on the island with him that night. However, the old captain was equal to the occasion, and soon contrived some kind of a screen to place in front of the light, which he and his boy kept in motion all night, so far as possible to keep the regular alternate minute of light and dark in view up the lake. He was well rewarded for his service on this occasion.

During the storms on this lake it was particularly interesting to watch the numerous vessels, under all sorts of conditions, scudding for our harbor as a place of refuge. I have of ten counted over one hundred of all kinds of craft taking shelter here. During one special gale I remember seeing a large three masted vessel ride right over the piers. On another similar occasion the jib boom of a ship struck the upper framework of the lighthouse and entered the keeper's room, almost scaring him to death, by his account of it, as it was in the night and he was in his bunk.

During stormy weather we were sometimes treated to the sight of some genuine waterspouts. This was truly interesting, to watch their gradual process of formation and the spiral action of the water when drawn up from the lake by the long tongue-shaped cloud that was lowered from the heavy masses of clouds above to form a contact with the water below. These were always watched through a telescope. I must devote a short space to describe one special case that I would not have missed seeing for anything. A very heavy wind was driving a large spout towards the harbor. I followed it along the shore as fast as possible, and had the great satisfaction of seeing it burst in the bay, and such a commotion as the contents of this cloud made when it struck the lake was well worth witnessing, throwing some water to the high bank on which I stood. After the cloud had emptied itself it seemed to fold together and shoot upwards like a collapsed balloon.

Strange mirages were sometimes seen. I will just mention one or two. The American shore of the lake is about thirty miles distant. Under ordinary circumstances just the outline of the hills was visible. But one day, to my great astonishment, I saw the whole line of the coast raised up over the lake, with a clear view of the hills, woods, clearings, and even larger buildings. I had often heard of such strange scenes, and was glad to witness them. The

other very extraordinary case was a large vessel high up in a cloud, but it was upside down. The original was not to be seen.

It was interesting to watch the movements of some of the birds that frequented this lake, notably the fish hawk. Its power of wing and sight is wonderful. It would soar high above the water in a circle, with hardly a motion of the wing, when suddenly it would drop on a fish as if shot from a catapult, fastening its claws in the back of its prey, rising from the water with it and flying off. They seldom miss their mark. I was once greatly amused, as too big a fish had been struck for the bird to lift out of the water. The hawk was sometimes in the struggle drawn under, and finally had to give up. A shot fired would sometimes cause the bird to let its fish drop. The loon was also of interest, for at times it would cry like a child in distress. Then again give almost a hearty laugh. It is a most difficult bird to shoot, as from its plumage nothing short of a bullet will touch it, but carefully prepared, its skin, with the feathers on, makes a nice winter cap.

The most remarkable scene that I think I ever witnessed was one year when the spring was late, and in consequence the ice held on the lake longer than usual, but it was somewhat softened arid finally broke up with a very strong southwest wind driving the ice up on the shore and forming an inclined plane to the top of the bank, over which the ice was forced. What the consequence would have been to fences and houses had this shove not been stayed at the top of the bank it would have been hard to estimate, but fortunately it commenced there to form a bank, over which it continued to fall until it was fifteen feet high, which was not all thawed till well into June. The noise of the breaking and falling ice was awful, and sounded like the breaking of no end of crockery.

Besides all these pleasing incidents, we had the pleasure of boating, for a nice sort of yacht was owned in the settlement, which gave the opportunity for many excursions up and down the lake visiting our friends. I remember one such that might have ended seriously. Quite a party of our young people were out enjoying a sail on a fine summer's evening, when some of our young lady friends dared my friend, Wm. Spratt, and myself that we could not swim to shore. This was challenge enough, and was no sooner made than we were together in the water. We were over a mile from the land, and had not gone far when my friend, looking very pale, said he felt sure he would never reach the shore. I tried to cheer him, but it seemed of no use. I had him place one hand on my shoulder, but warned him not under any circumstances to take any other hold. I then beckoned with my other hand to the boat, which fortunately was noticed. My friend seemed reassured, and we worked along in good shape, but after a time he leaned very heavily and was giving out. I knew this bay was shallow a long way

out, so tried to touch bottom, when to my inexpressible relief I found it, and let Spratt lower his feet to it, when if ever I saw a sudden revival from fear to hope it was in the face of my friend. The boat soon reached us and we were safe, but at one time it looked serious enough.

But above all the pleasures and scenes connected with our lake, there was a more practical and beneficial side to the case, as it was our fishing and shooting ground, for what with night lines set some distance out in the lake, fishing rod and line, and spearing at night, we were always well supplied with the finest of fish, not only for our daily wants, but quantities were dried and salted for winter use. The spearing was excellent sport. I remember on one such expedition with a friend we came very nearly being carried out into the lake, for the wind was off the land and we gradually drifted from the shore until our poles would not touch bottom. Unfortunately we had forgotten our paddle. It took us a long time to work our punt to shore. We could only manage it by getting out, one on each side holding on to the boat and swimming with it in again. You may be sure the paddle was always on hand of ter this.

If the editor does not call a halt on my long stories, I have a little more to say of our settlement, adventures in the woods with bears, etc.

XI.

Before resuming the doings in our settlement I propose to give some account of hunting and other adventures in the bush. I will begin with a little description of my first trips with a friend through the woods to Dunnville to secure some necessaries, such as tea, soap, etc. (not the fancy soap of these days, but truly the old-fashioned yellow). With the exception of a short road partly cut out in this Sheehan settlement (which I mentioned as the first made in these parts after the war of 1812), the way was entirely through the bush by means of our blazed track. On our return, with knapsack on back, the dog we had with us was noticed at some little distance rolling something over, which on reaching it turned out to be a young bear cub. No sooner had we come to hand than a large she bear came also, with a growl that was long remembered by us, and striking the dog with her paw, made a long cut on its flank. The dog and ourselves were soon making tracks through the bush with the bear in full chase, which fortunately for us she soon gave up to return to her cub. In the fright of this adventure our stock of groceries was thrown away and never recovered after, as our track was lost. The bear I suppose regaled itself on our soap, tallow candles, etc.

After our new acquaintance left us, we both looked as if we

would say "Well, what next!" However, after a little we fortunately heard the blows of an axe in the distance, which we at once made for, and found a man chopping. His exclamation on seeing us hurrying towards him, I suppose in such an excited way, was most amusing, for he said, "Boys, what's the matter? You look as white as if you had been chased by the devil himself." When our story was told he soon had his rifle in hand ready for a hunt for our friend. It was quite interesting to watch him track his way back over the way we had come, for he was an old hunter and trapper. After some distance he suddenly stopped to examine a large pine tree. When he told us the cub was up it, on looking over it sure enough the little chap was there watching us with his head just visible in a crotch. The man had one of the old-time Kentucky rifles, and taking a good rest he fired, and down came the cub, hit just between the eyes. When we asked him how he knew it was that particular tree, he gave a clear and interesting explanation. Little chips of bark and small, fresh claw-marks, more like those of a cat, showed at once to his experienced eye that it could not be the old bear, or the marks would have been of course much larger. We took quite an interest in all his movements, which were so novel to us. His next move was to pull over a small tree, tie the cub's hind legs to the top and let it bend back, when as he said the cub would be safe there until he returned after hunting up the old one. This job we were willing to leave to him (I heard afterwards that he got it all right) ; but as we had had enough of the bush for one day, we wanted to know how we were to get out to the lake. Here the old hunter was experienced; and just pointed to two or three trees, showing how clearly in all cases any moss growing was always on the north side, and as we had to go south, all we had to do was to take a good look at the timber and we would soon come out all right. This in about two hours we accomplished, finding ourselves about a mile up the shore from my shanty. This simple piece of instruction in woodcraft I never forgot, and on many such occasions it helped me out of the bush. I took quite an interest in this man and came to know him well, as he was one of our earliest settlers in the back part of our township, and many amusing stories of his hunting life has he related. One or two, with the curious plan of hunting for bees' nests in the trees, I will try and relate later on. I must relate one or two more bear adventures before leaving this part of my story.

One Sunday afternoon at a neighbor's place we heard a pig screaming most lustily. Our friend thought surely a bear had it. He armed us with guns, he taking a sword, and sure enough close to the fence there was bruin hard at work skinning the pig alive. By taking a good rest for our guns on the fence we were able to put two good shots into him. They brought him down. Our friend, sword in hand, was over the fence in a minute, but seeing

the bear rise again, it took but a short time for him to be on the right side once more. Another shot, however, settled the old fellow. He turned out to be a big one, weighing about 400 pounds. The spoils, in the way of hams, bear's grease, etc., were divided between us, the skin going to our friend, and made him a beautiful hearth rug.

One more such, for it is too ridiculous to leave out of my story. I was sent for in a great hurry one Sunday afternoon by the wife of one of the men brought out by the Colonel, to come and see her husband who was taken very ill or out of his mind. The woman met me and explained that he came rushing home as white as a sheet and shaking all over, and all she could get out of him was that he had seen the devil. I went in to see him. He looked the picture of despair, and groaning all the time. As I well knew that whiskey of ten put the devil into a man, and on the principle of like curing like, I gave him a good horn to drive the devil out of him. This revived him, and he told me he had gone into the bush and was singing a hymn when he heard a noise close to him, and on looking up there stood the devil before him with his mouth wide open, with his arms with long claws at the ends up over his head. He remembered no more until lie found himself at home. I had hard work to make him believe that it was a bear he had seen, and it was a long time before he would return into the bush again.

Having in the course of my story drifted into the bush, I may as well devote this chapter to some more incidents, and descriptions of our wild animals frequenting the Canadian woods in the early days. Next in order may fairly be the wolf. Although not numerous, wolves were a terror to the settler for their continual depredations to our sheepfolds, pigpens, etc. They were hard to trap or shoot, as they are wily brutes; but their peculiar sharp and long howls were constantly heard during the nights. I have often met them singly, but with all my caution and watching never succeeded in shooting one. They are forbidding-looking beasts when on the run, with their long, lank, well-armed jaws wide open, and tongue always hanging out. The only time I ever had a scare by them was on one of my huntings for some cattle. I had made a very early start in the morning, and when well in the woods I heard quite a pack of wolves as if in chase of something, and evidently coming my way. As a precaution I got up a small tree. They came close by me, some four or five, in full chase of a fine deer. It was remarkable to see how quickly this animal twisted his head about to clear his large horns from the brush and small trees. I had foolishly left my rifle at the foot of the tree, or I could have had a shot at them.

Now for a few words on deer hunting. They were not numerous in our woods, and with all my trials at still hunting, in which

I got my education from my friend the Indian I mentioned as my visitor during my first winter, I never shot but one in the woods. I was not a success in sneaking through the bush all day at a snail's pace, without the slightest noise, not even to the breaking of a twig, and according to my Indian training always with the wind in your face. There is a sort of excitement, with perhaps a little nervous shaking, in taking aim at a deer. This old hunters call buck fever. The first deer I saw was just coming out of the lake. Seeing me he took to the water again, and was watched by a man living near, and was shot by him in coming out again. I got a beautiful large pair of antlers to adorn my room.

Most of the deer taken here were in the lake, as the mode of hunting was to put hounds on a new trail, and when hard pressed they mostly make for the lake and swim across the bay to some neighboring point. I have killed some while in the water. I will give an account of one such capture. On old Irish woman working for me called me in a great hurry to look at a man trying to swim to shore. It was a long way out, but with the telescope I found her man had horns, so with my brother we soon had our boat out ready for a chase. It was a long one, lasting some hours. It is truly remarkable how swiftly they can swim. This deer led us some miles up the lake. A young Englishman seeing us, put out to help. By this time our game was about tired out. He was in a little bit of a boat, and in one of the sharp turns of the animal he came right upon this little craft. This greenhorn in his excitement grabbed the deer by his horns, when he raised himself and got his two front legs into the boat, half filling it with water. But green as this young fellow was, he had sense enough to take it by the legs and throw it out on its back. By the time the deer got righted our boat was upon him, when I caught him by his tail. I hung on to it, my brother holding on to my legs, but the poor beast, spent as he was, pulled our punt through the water at a great rate. I am almost ashamed to finish this story, for the fact was, when the poor brute could do no more, and after his noble struggle for his life, I was mean eonugh to cut his throat, and put him into our boat, and got back after some four hours. This was the longest and hardest chase of any that I was mixed up in. In such cases the deer are not of ten followed into the lake, but watched for their coming to shore, when they are shot. A double pair of strange deer horns were found in these woodS, so fastened together that they could not be separated without sawing them apart. The position in which they were found, with the skeleton of each deer with them, showed that they had died together in deadly conflict.

An animal that was rarely met with except in swamps was the wildcat, or Canada lynx. It was a splendid-looking, powerful creature. I had one given to me by a neighbor, who shot it. It meas-

ured nearly three feet from the nose to the stump of the tail, which is short and stubbed. I had it stuffed and properly set up, and it formed an ornament to my hall. This is another of the animals that can truly make night hideous by their howlings and screams. Hunters say that they will attack deer, but in a peculiar cat-like method. When safe in a tree, they claw all the moss they can off the branches, which on the snow attracts the deer, when with a spring the wildcat lands on the unfortunate animal's back, and holds on until his victim is overcome.

Have any of my readers ever tried to shoot a skunk? It not, my advice is to let the job out to some one else, or he and his clothes will carry about with them for many days a most powerful and beastly stench. And woe betide his dog, if he has one with him, for he is sure to have his full share. There is a very peculiar way this creature has of distributing his favors equally to all around him. This precious fluid is by some means first deposited on his large bushy tail, then by extending it in a fan-shape and flirting it round, this awful stuff in the form of a spray is sent round in all directions.

But bad as I have made out the little brute to be, I must in justice to it admit that it is a small animal with a beautifully marked skin, and used in fur trimmings. I had a pair once take up their quarters under a part of my house, and without due regard to the consequences I tried to root them out with a terrier dog. We succeeded in killing one and the other got off, but it would be almost impossible to describe the state of things in spite of all the disinfectants I could apply. It looked at first as if I might as well make out a deed of the house to the skunk family and clear out of it.

I must not forget to mention the racoon, for in the fall of the year we had splendid sport with him. At night these animals regularly made raids on our corn patches. The plan was to set our dogs off into the field, when the chase in a small way was often quite amusing and resulted in the treeing of two or three, when their fate was soon settled with a rifle. A number of the skins put together make an excellent winter overcoat. Some people eat them. I never tried it, even after all the oil is supposed to be boiled out. They are easily tamed if caught young.

A strange little animal, but very rare, was a kind of hedge hog or porcupine on a small scale. I had the pleasure once of watching his operation, when my dog was fool enough to tackle him. In consequence both his lips and even his tongue were stuck full of little quills from one to two inches long and as sharp as needles, which the creature, like the porcupine, has the power when attacked of shooting from his hide. My poor dog suffered terribly, as each of these numerous needles were drawn one by one by pincers from his mouth, which took weeks to heal.

I feel, now that I have come to the end of my weekly allowance in the Herald, that there is much more of the life in the bush that I could, I think, interest my readers in; but I may perhaps yet continue them in some future letters if I can still keep the editor in good humor.

XII.

The quieting of the country after the rebellion was put down was the cause of a large emigration to the Province of Ontario, in which our little settlement participated by the following parties joining us, viz: Geo. Doatier, with a large family. He purchased the lot occupied by young Bowan, one of the first to come out, who returned to England, studied for the church, went out to Tasmania as a missionary, became afterwards bishop of that colony and died there.—Captain Crawford, wife and two sons, Charles and James. His other son Dalrymple came out with our first party. He was a retired officer of the East India navy. After purchasing land and seeing his boys settled, he returned home again.—D. Curtis, a son-in-law of Colonel Johnson, and his family.—A Captain Hicks, also retired from the same service. I have mentioned his name before in these memoirs as the brother of Mrs. Robert Small.—Cap-tain Dobbs and wife. She was a sister of Captain Farrell.—Rev. John Pope with his wife, and a little later a Colonel Cotter and family; also Henry Boucher, of the East Indies. He married a sister of the writer. There were some others whose names have passed out of my memory, added to these settling on the shore, a number also took up lots in the interior, so after all these additions we were becoming a settlement of some importance. Now of ter all the above particulars with names, etc., I fancy I hear my readers say, what interest is all this to us. I must ask their indulgence by reminding them that these reminiscences are of much interest to the second and third generations from the days of the first settlers. These memoirs bring us down to about 1840, at which time our little community met with its first loss in the death of my especial friend and companion in arms, William Spratt (uncle to my young friend, W. A. Spratt of Hamilton). This sad event, for it was very sudden, cast a deep gloom over the whole settlement. He was the first to be laid to rest in our churchyard near the harbor. I have so far endeavored to relate some of the privations and hardships of our early days, but none were so keenly felt by all, especially by the more aged, as the want of the religious services of the church to which most of us belonged, and the three or four years that we had now been without such had not obliterated from our minds the comfort and happiness enjoyed in the land of our birth, but as has ever been, to mothers, wives and sisters we were indebted for the keeping of religious feelings alive, and for the keeping of

the Holy Sabbath in our settlement. I shall never forget my feelings and the revival of old associations upon first hearing the bell of Old Niagara Church, on a Sunday morning. I was there as a juryman, taking it easy as usual on this day, when this familiar although long unheard sound broke upon my ear. It did not take me long to make for that church. Oh, the memories of the past that that service awakened in me I have never forgot.

The first travelling missionary of the Church of England who visited this settlement in 1840 was the Rev. P. O'Neil. He collected the settlers together and held the first service of the church in this township. Before leaving he urged the putting up or securing of a building, and holding regular Sunday services, the heads of families performing the duty. A suitable building was soon secured in a good central position. It was a log house owned by Captain Dodds, and had been used as a stable, but was kindly loaned by him. It was soon nicely fitted up with seats, desks, etc. I shall never forget our first Sunday service in this primitive little church, and how fully this move was appreciated by the general turnout of every man, woman and child in our settlement. These services were continued regularly, with also a small Sunday school. Thus we were able to hold the fort until better times came, which was soon brought about by all interested subscribing freely towards the erection of a suitable church, and each one applying to friends in England for contributions. All of these aids soon put us in a position to build a neat church, costing about $3500, together with the purchase of fifty acres of land for a glebe, and the building of a parsonage thereon. All this was effected within two years of the Rev. Mr. O'Neil's first visit to us. I of ten think what might have been saved to the Church of England in Canada if the early settlers had followed our plan of setting apart a building, and having those who were able to, perform the regular Sunday services. From my own experience I know the benefit that resulted from this work in a new settlement.

Our first incumbent was the Rev. Mr. Gribble, and the opening of our church, with the venerable and indefatigable Bishop Strachan of Toronto being for the first time with us for the occasion, gave a zest to the services, and made it truly a red-letter day of our settlement. Mr. Gribble did not remain long with us, and was succeeded by the Rev. Adam Townley, who also had in his charge the church at Dunnville, also but recently built. He was afterwards incumbent of Paris, Ont., for many years.

The completion of the church, and the regular services performed therein (and well attended they always were) was a cause of great satisfaction to the entire settlement. In those days nothing was thought of a drive of some miles to get to church, added to which it insured those friendly greetings so well appreciated and felt by all early settlers, as Sunday after Sunday old friendships

were kept up under the shadow and holy influence of the church of their fathers, which for some years we had been deprived of in the land of our adoption. In taxing my memory to record the reminiscences of my early days, there is nothing that returns so forcibly to my mind as the genuine friendships and hospitality between those who had cast their lots together in this new and strange land, with all its hardships and privations, so different from that dear old motherland from which we were voluntary exiles. I know of no place where the scriptural injunction, "To bear ye one another's burdens," is more truly carried out than it was in the new and early settlements in Canada.

The history of this little church, built near the village of Port Maitland, is closely linked to the early days of our settlement, for here many of the older settlers are at rest from their labors in its graveyard, amongst whom are Col. Johnson and his wife, Mr. Hyde and his wife, Capt. Dobbs, Charles Crawford and his wife, young Spratt named in this letter, and many others. This church forms a landmark of the rise, progress and decline of a once happy English settlement. In this churchyard, in one long grave, are buried some forty soldiers, who lost their lives in a collision of two vessels close to this harbor, the particulars of which I will give later on.

A beautiful memorial window has lately been placed in this church by Dr. Arthur Johnson of Toronto in memory of his grandparents, Col. and Mrs. Johnson; also another window in the church some miles further up the lake, in memory of his father, who was one of the original settlers in that part. He married Miss Jukes, daughter of Mrs. Hyde. Dr. Johnson became a minister of the Church of England, and was for many years rector of Weston, near Toronto.

In the early forties that I am now touching upon an epidemic seemed to strike our new settlement, which has raged in the human breast from our old great-great-grandparent Adam down to our days, for all our young people seemed bound to marry or be given in marriage, some returning home for "the girls they left behind them," notably Captain Hicks, Dalrymple and Charles Crawford, and one or two besides, while others took for better or worse some of the fair daughters of our settlement and other parts in Ontario. The first who was struck with this fatal malady was young Johnson, only son of Colonel Johnson. I mentioned before that he married a daughter of a Dr. Jukes, of the East India Service. Mrs. Hyde, her mother, was the wife of the doctor by a former marriage. Myself, with others, soon followed his good example. In my case there was a little romance, as I named in my rebellion notes, connected with the selection of the partner of my life. She was a Miss Hale, daughter of a Judge Hale of the East Indies. The family resided at Ancaster, near Hamilton, to which place a kind Providence led me, as He did Jacob of old to find his partner.

Robert Spratt married a sister of Captain Hicks. My brother's first wife was a daughter of a Colonel Thompson of Etobicoke, near Weston, and in after years he took a daughter of a Dr. Page of Thornhill, near Toronto, as his second wife. This much suffices for this part of my story, as my readers will consider that I am but a registrar of births, marriages and deaths for the settlement. As I have mentioned Mrs. Hyde as formerly Mrs. Jukes, I should also say that some of the young Jukes were among our earliest settlers, but they have all passed away except Dr. Augustus Jukes, now retired and living in Winnipeg, Man. As a lad in these earliest days, I well remember him delivering letters of our weekly mail from Dunnville to his friends along the shore. He had kindly constituted himself our postman. He studied afterward for a doctor, and practiced for many years in St. Catharines, afterwards appointed as chief surgeon to the Mounted Police Force in the N.W.T. He is uncle of Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson of Toronto.

Our settlement by 1842 had assumed the appearance of a prosperous farming community, as good dwellings had already taken the place of the first log shanties, etc., among which were some substantial stone buildings, notably that built by our Colonel, as he was styled. He well named it the "Retreat," for a little more, with its two or three foot walls, would have made a fort of it. From having been a military engineer in the East Indian service, he was not at home unless in stone work of some kind.

Part of his forty years' service in India was with Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington. For some time he acted as his quarter-master-general. Besides the dwellings, barns and farm buildings had been erected, and the clearings had assumed goodly proportions. The stumps in the first choppings were well rotted by this time, so the plow was at work, which made matters look more farm-like. This narration is not supposed to be personal, but it is difficult to keep self out of it, especially when that self thinks it has performed some great things. I was always fond of carpentering, so when I knew I was coming to Canada I invested a pound with the village carpenter and blacksmith, to work with them in their shops in the evenings. Many a useful piece of knowledge I got in these trades that became of use to me, particularly from the blacksmith, that saved me many a trip of seven miles to get a little job of ironwork done.

With the help of the carpenters who put up my first house I got a log place put up for a shop. Before the first winter I got my turning lathe, bench and portable forge put up, in which in bad weather and in the evenings I worked, and by spring I had a lot of furniture made, which suited us well enough for a long time. With regard to all my farm buildings, barn, stable, driving house, cow houses, etc., I put them all up myself, with the help of my hired man. Each winter while chopping we would select suitable timber

and square it ready for summer work on some of the farm buildings, which in the course of a few years were all completed by my own work. Now, after this explanation, I am sure my readers will excuse me if I have blown my own trumpet a little. Besides our buildings, etc., we were all getting a lot of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry about us, as there was now pasture at home for them. Young stock still had the bush to roam in; pigs also did well in the woods, from the quantity of hickory and other nuts, and turned up in the fall quite fat, but not fit to kill until they had been fed for some time on grain, to harden the flesh, as the fat from the nuts was of such an oily nature that it never hardened, and shrunk up to nothing when boiled.

I should have mentioned how fortunate we were the first summer in being able to draw a regular supply of meat, flour and all other necessaries from the Township of Rainham, some twenty miles up the lake. It was one of the very early settlements, and settled mostly by Pennsylvania Germans. One enterprising Dutchman soon found us out, and made regular weekly trips with a wagon load of meat, and all kinds of truck. He became our butcher and general dealer, and made it pay well, for he worked from both ends, and of ten took fish from our harbor back with him. He was a great help in other ways, as he bought cattle, pigs, poultry, etc., and brought them down to us. He was a useful fellow, but the great attraction was not the almighty dollar, but the more almighty bright English Guineas, which no doubt were duly salted down in the good old Dutch style of those days.

XIII.

In my last I incidentally referred to the old town of Niagara, but it is worthy of a more extended notice, as it was our country, or rather district town, at which all the law courts, registry office, etc., were held, comprising the old Niagara district, since divided up into some five or six counties. It is noted for having been the first seat of government of the province of Ontario, and from the very earliest days, a military post. The original old forts, or rather the ruins of them, are still to be seen. In the graveyard of the church I referred to, are some of the oldest tombstones in Upper Canada. It was also linked in early days with our settlement, as all our law business, registering of deeds, etc., had to be done here, which was among some of the hardships of those days, as it was some seventy miles distant. We were continually drawn as jurymen, which meant something, as the assize court was only held once a year, and lasted of ten a month or five weeks. For this service as jurymen we were allowed 2s., the munificent sum of 25 cents, for each suit we were on. I of ten wonder how the jurymen of to-

day would like such treatment. But for all this work was most monotonous and costly, to a juryman there was much to interest and amuse.

I know of none that attracted more notice and astonishment to the quiet people, of this old burg than the doings and frolics of the so-styled "Grand River Roarers" during the assize weeks, for it generally happened that a number of the settlers from the river were drafted as jurymen. The first proceeding among these jolly good fellows was to go through the form of organizing the society, by the election of a president, secretary and treasurer, and inducing as many as possible to join them. A meeting was to be held every evening for social purposes, the rule of membership being that each juryman was to give an account of his day's earnings, and hand the same over to the treasurer as part of the general fund, and another standing rule was that the proceeds of each day's work was to be disposed of each night to further the sociability of the members. I dare not attempt to give an account of these nocturnal doings; but one thing was certain, they did not do much to further the cause of temperance. The length of these nightly social gatherings therefore was dependent on the profits of the day's work at the court, and the finish up for those that were not "laid out" was a march round town, with sometimes the bagpipes leading off. The principal object of these excursions was to see to the proper disposal (as they said) of the business signboards of the merchants, which were by the time the session was over pretty well mixed up. One amusing case is worth narrating. A dead set had been made at the sign of a druggist, which seemed to defy the efforts of the Roarers. However, they were bound that the pestle and mortar should come off the top of its high post. One of the party was to climb up and saw it off. He got up all right and was at work, when a scare took place, and he tried to slide down, when to his horror he found the post was full of small sharp tacks with the points sticking upwards, which of course caught him on his return trip, ripping his trousers in all directions. This, he said, he did not mind, if the tacks had left his legs alone, for this was of great trouble, and took, small as the affair seemed at first, quite a bit of doctoring to mend the victim's legs up again.

As I have started this strange story, I may as well finish it by just one more of their proceedings, which was that the first thing every morning each room in the tavern was invaded by a member with a tin, pail of whiskey and small dipper and all had to take an "eye-opener," so called. Now it may appear strange of ter such a partial record of these roaring jurymen to say that they were after all a fine, jolly and good-hearted set of fellows, and certainly helped to put a little life into the dull old town.

One of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed in a court was in consequence of a juryman having taken too much "firewater".

the night before at one of these social gatherings, and while "non compos" some mean creature had cut one side of his beard and mustache off, which the victim of this contemptible joke was naturally proud of, as they were certainly fine and well suited to so handsome a man as he was. If ever I saw a mad man this was one, and had he found the culprit he would surely have wrung his neck. However, he appeared in court next morning clean shaven.

Now here is where the ridiculous part came in: his name was called and he had taken his seat with the jury, but the crier of the court continued to call his name, when the judge asked what he meant, as the juryman had answered three times to his name. Old Flynn, the crier, replied that it was not Mr. L ______________, for he had hair all over his face, upon which he got up and said, "I am Mr. L— and conclude I can shave if I see fit." This was too much for the court, as the story of how L _____ had to shave had become pretty well known, and it took old Flynn some time to restore the court to its proper dignity again. The judge saw there was something special in this case, and had it explained to him after court that evening.

I could narrate many more curious anecdotes and stories of these primitive juries, and what we were subject to; just these one or two will suffice. The jury I was on was locked up for the night, as we could not agree; it was a hot night, the window open. About 1 o'clock a gentle whistle was heard from below. On inquiring what was up, we were told that one of the parties interested in the case had sent a basket of refreshments for us, and strange as it may seem not one of us twelve men who for our wisdom I suppose had been selected to try this case, saw through the dodge when the fellow below proposed as a means of getting the basket up, to tie our handkerchiefs together. No sooner said than done, when a pull from below revealed how we had been fooled by the rascal, who made off with ten good silk handkerchiefs. What we said and thought is perhaps better not recorded.

On one of my visits to this town as a juryman a most pleasing incident occurred to me at the old Harrington House, then kept by Davidson, who afterwards removed to Hamilton and for many years ran the old City Hotel on James street, afterwards built the Royal and managed it up to the time of his death. My personal affair was being introduced by the host to a Captain Radcliffe, a retired officer of the British navy, who said he had noticed my name on the register, and it was so uncommon that he was sure he must know something about me, which proved to be so, as he turned out to have been an intimate personal friend of my father. They were together in the respective branches of the British service at the taking of the Isle of France and other islands from the French. His story to me was of particular interest, and became fully confirmed more in detail in after years, when family records came into

my possession. My father, after a great deal of red tape, succeeded in getting the government to accept his offer to take his native regiment as part of the force to attack the French possession. The doubt appeared to be that while the native made a good soldier in his own country, could he be trusted to fight outside of it? He was the first Indian officer who had ever volunteered for foreign service. To make the captain's story short, the sequel set at rest the fighting qualities of the East Indians by this regiment being ordered to attack a French fort that had already repulsed a force of the regular service. Suffice it here to say that the order was most gallantly carried out, the fort stormed, the guns spiked; but in returning, the regiment had to cut its way through the entire French force, which had changed its front. The result was that only one-half of the regiment returned alive.

I of ten look back to these old court days at Niagara, and think how many of the young lawyers, then beginning the practice of their professions in these courts, have since made their mark, and many have become able and distinguished judges in all the courts in Canada. I remember hearing the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron plead for the first time in an important suit here; he became at once a marked man.

From the foregoing, my readers may think that there was no law of any kind administered in this large district, except at old Niagara. No, it was not so, for there were what were called "Courts of Requests," under three commissioners to each, trying or adjusting small cases. It was the general idea of those times that three old fogies were always selected to fill these posts, who knew as much about law as they did of Greek, except perhaps in their own estimation, as they mostly put on more airs in their courts than the highest judges of the land. Some of their decisions and rulings were truly remarkable, but for all a lot of petty cases were got through with in some way or other. These courts perhaps suited the times, but were as primitive in their way as many of our then surroundings. I was only once before this august body, and had they had the power they would have surely committed me to old Niagara for contempt of court for presuming to take exception to the decision of their lordships.

These primitive courts were soon superseded by regular division courts, presided over by court judges, at first with but limited jurisdiction, but these powers have from time to time been greatly enlarged, thus relieving the pressure on the higher courts, and materially reducing cost of litigation, by the establishment of local courts in all the sub-divisions of counties.

In attempting to record some of the early trials and troubles that the first settlers had to contend with, the habit of drinking to excess by a very large number of the people was amongst the most serious. This was largely accounted for, first by the low price

of whiskey, it being in those early days only from twenty to twenty-five cents per gallon retail, and the only benefit, if there could be any, was that it was too cheap to adulterate as in this day, so that the stuff was pure. The second cause, with a certain class of our young men settlers, was from the utter disappointment at their surroundings, as compared with all the refinement and comforts of the happy English homes in so many cases left behind them for ever. For in those days it was truly whiskey everywhere; the first thing in the morning a horn on the plea of keeping off the ague; in calling on a neighbor, if even at nine o'clock in the morning, it would be thought inhospitable if the whiskey jar was not produced; the same in all the operations on the farm, in the choppings, at the loggings, burnings, haying, harvesting, or anywhere that two or three were working together, there was sure to be the whiskey jug behind some stump. At all the bees or collecting together of neighbors for mutual help or amusement, there of course it must be, only with the difference that then it was wholesale instead of retail, and a pail with a dipper in it had to be used. Then again at all public gatherings, such as cattle shows, circuses, political meetings, etc. These I will not attempt to describe, except in the terms usually applied to all such in those days, viz., "It's a general drunk."

I have no intention of inflicting upon my readers in detail any of the sad effects of this prevailing evil to a new and early settlement. But I cannot help narrating the following, as amongst all my various adventures in the bush it was by far the most exciting and trying. I was one morning very early at the end of my farm, close to the woods, when I heard some one screaming and rushing towards me. I tried to stop him, but the more I called the more frightened he seemed, and bounded over the fences and away off into the bush. A moment's thought satisfied me he was a mad man, and I ought to follow him, or he would perish in the forest. Such a tramp he led me. I shall never forget it. It was hard to keep him in sight. After a run of fully two miles he fortunately stumbled and fell. There was nothing left for me to do, if I was to help the unfortunate creature, but to tackle him when down. Can my readers imagine such a position as a rough and tumble with a lunatic in the heart of the bush, outside of all help? By good luck, after a little his strength was failing him, and I was able to control him. I found all his horror and belief was that the devil had been chasing him all the morning, had caught him at last. The only chance I had with him was to foster this delusion, and under it was able, after an awful time with him, to get back to my clearing, when most fortunately for me I found my hired man, and together we managed to get him back to his home at the harbor, from which he had escaped. He was a carpenter by trade, and a good workman, but unfortunately a victim to drink, and was in

a fit of delirium tremens. It was some time before I got over this most trying incident.

In these memoirs of the past I have endeavored in all cases **to** show how great has been the progress made in all directions tending to the development and prosperity of our country. Among all these changes I know of none more marked for the better than the improvement in the drinking habits of the people of Canada, for it has this advantage, that it has been brought about by the moral influence of the churches, the schools and the general toning up of society in a strong protest against intemperance. And also much is due to the old plan of moral suasion of the more early organized temperance societies. For these and other causes this improvement has come to stay, for it will be more sure and lasting than all the proposed compulsory legislation and prohibition enactments being now sought for in our day. I often wish, when I hear extremists who charge Canada with being a drunken country, that they had lived in the days that I have been describing, when such a charge might have been applicable, but most certainly not to this generation of Canadians. I must leave my readers to draw their own comparisons of the past, as I have I think truly depicted it, with their present surroundings in this matter.

XIV.

One cause of trouble to early settlers in the bush was the having daily to hunt up his oxen, which from necessity were turned into the woods after the day's work, and by morning had wandered a long way from home, thus causing a great loss of time before another day's work could begin, as there was no pasture for a year or two on a new farm, for until our new clearings produced grass the bush was all we had to depend upon for feed. To one of the oxen was always attached a bell, as loud as could be got, for it could in the stillness of the forest be heard a long distance. The cows would sometimes come home to get relief through the milk pail, but oxen hardly ever—they know too much, as their life at home was a yoke on with hard work. I have of ten been lost in these huntings for cattle for hours, but if by chance you came upon any animal, and began to drive it, it was a sure guide to its own clearing. In the spring the wild leek was the first to start growing. Cattle are very fond of them, and then it was onion everywhere—in the butter, in the air from the breath of the cows, etc., that seemed always to get as near to the shanty at night as ¯they could. Onions were good in their place, but there is such **a** thing as having too much of even a good thing, at least such is the experience of all early settlers as to onions. Will my kind readers try to fancy themselves driving a yoke of oxen all day, with this delightful perfume about them, and maybe a hot one at that. I very soon, however, got rid of these

every-day huntings by enclosing a large part of my woods in a brush fence.

As a township becomes settled, the cutting out the concessions and sidelines devolved upon the settler by his statute labor, for which he was assessed according to the value of his property, and had to give a certain number of days' work under an officially appointed so-styled "path-master," whose duty it was to call all the men in his division out to work, overlooking the same. I might say that one of the perquisites of this high official, in those early times, was that he was supposed to find the whiskey for his gang of men while at work. This in those days did not involve a very great outlay, as it only cost about 20 cents a gallon. The making of these new roads through the bush involved a good deal of hard labor, as these roads in many low parts and through swamps, had to be made of large logs drawn closely together along the centre of the newly-cut line, leveled off with small stuff between the logs, with earth in the middle if it could be got; if not, a wagon - might bump over these logs as best it could. Such made roads were well called corduroy roads (truly well named). Few people in the present day can imagine what a ride in a lumber wagon, minus any kind of springs, for a mile or so over such a road means in the way of a good pounding and shaking up for the unfortunate victim.

The general move into our new habitation resulted in no end of jolly gatherings, for it seemed to be fully understood that in each case there must be a house-warming. These often had many amusing incidents connected with them. Music was one of our great troubles, for there were only one or two pianos in the whole settlement, and these of the most antiquated type, and of course could not be moved about. So to obviate this difficulty some of the musical ones organized a string band, so-called, the strings being composed of the teeth of combs covered with tissue paper, and capital dance music they produced. One young fellow who had evidently not forgotten his school days, would accompany them with a jew's harp. If this young chap had been as proficient at school in his studies as he was on his harp he must have passed with a double first in all departments. However, this strange musical combination answered our purposes admirably, and I venture to say that while we all may have danced to more conventional music since those times, we have never danced more heartily than we did in those good old rustic days. Part of the principal amusement was collecting our neighbors together at these socials, as in most cases the oxen had to be brought into use, more particularly in the winter time. In these fashionable days, when we drive in state to a ball or party, in our carriages or cabs, we cannot understand the pleasure and fun to a lot of young people in being called for with a yoke of oxen and big sleigh box, or perhaps a hayrack full of straw.

At the risk of being considered too long-winded in some of my early stories, I cannot refrain from a description of one such party that occurred some years after a second generation had been added to our settlement. My good wife was determined that our young folks should have an idea of what a genuine good old "Twelfth Night" party in grand old English style was like, so wrote home for a sheet of the usual characters required for such occasions, such as king, queen, lords and ladies of all sorts in their various costumes. Part of the amusement was to prepare the dresses beforehand. This sheet was cut up, with each personage folded up, and drawn for by the little people. Then came the dressing up of the different characters, each one to sustain its own during the evening, which opened with a state ball, their majesties sitting in state and receiving the knights, nobles, etc., of their court. Between thirty and forty youngsters of all grades, from the teething stage upwards, were collected together from all parts for this great event, besides no end of fathers, mothers, etc. We hear of tearing a house inside out, but to understand its full meaning you will need to try such an affair in the bush. Fortunately my house was a large one. The chronicles of the settlement recorded it as a big success, and no doubt a legend of the feast has been handed down still further to the children of some of the then children who personated the great ones at this state ball. It is pleasing to know that such has been realized, for I have had the great pleasure of hearing from some of the then children who were present at that memorable party, that they well remember the enjoyment of that evening so long past, and a Mrs. Millar, daughter of Charles Crawford, now a resident of Leslie in Michigan, writes me how she often refers to this and similar incidents of her childhood days in the happy old settlement at Port Maitland, to yet a second generation from those old days.

This is my story, but it was not quite as straight sailing as so far described, for most unfortunately the day before a regular genuine Lake Erie snow storm set in, blocking up all the roads. However, this turned out no obstacle, for all the oxen that could be got together from both ends of the settlement were with big sleighs set to work to open up the track; but as ill-luck would have it, during that evening the storm came on again in full force. The consequence was that only those close by could get home. The stowing all these little folks away for the night was for them as much fun as any part of the performance.

Any one who has been amongst the early settlers will perhaps• like myself have had to act in all kinds of capacities in the interest of individuals as well as the settlement in general. From one cause or other I seemed to have acted as a bush lawyer, parson and doctor, and as often amusing and sometimes serious incidents occurred while practicing in these various callings, I may as well give my

readers the benefit of some of them. As lawyer, the work was mostly in drawing deeds, wills, etc., for our new and poorer settlers. But acting as a parson was a more serious piece of business, as it involved trying to help and comfort those who were in trouble; of ten to read the burial service of the church over their departed friends, and in early times, when we had no clergyman, or in his absence to do Sunday duty either in our first little log church or the new one after it was completed. In early times, when there was no clergyman of any religious body within twenty miles, a magistrate could marry. I never as such had but one application to perform this service, and was pleased to be able to turn the parties over to a young Methodist parson just settled in Dunnville. It was, he told me afterwards, his first case, and disappointed he was, for instead of a fee the fellow handed him a dozen suckers, for he was a fisherman. Of all the fish that inhabit these waters, this is the meanest, flabbiest and stuck full of minute bones. It became a standing joke against him, for he was often asked if he had got any suckers.

My medical practice and surgical performances, considering I held no diploma, with its usual big seal attached, will no doubt seem strange; but any one who has lived in the bush in these times that I have been writing about, with no medical man within miles of a settlement, with the numerous and dangerous accidents of all kinds so common in a bush life, knows full well that any one that has perhaps but a very slight knowledge in such matters is naturally looked to for help, and it takes but little to soon find yourself elevated to the title of doctor, if only a quack at that. However, it was excuse enough in such emergencies to use any little knowledge you may have had to try to help alleviate sufferings, until more practical aid could be procured.

In medicine, "nolens volens," I had to practice. It was brought about in this way: My good mother was the possessor of a large and valuable family medicine chest, prepared and fitted up with the common and ordinary drugs in use in that day by a celebrated chemist in Old London, a Dr. Reece, who also published with it a most useful work describing uses and usual doses, etc., which if well studied would almost make a doctor of you at once. I may add that the chest was for years in the East Indies with my mother, who had it fully replenished before coming to Canada. Now with this explanation it can easily be understood, when it became known that such an apothecary's shop was in our settlement, how it was resorted to by our suffering humanity, especially when it was found drugs were free. I will not attempt to describe all my wrestlings with measles, teething children, and what not.

Our greatest trouble was malaria and ague. I do not know what the doctors of today would say to our practice, which was in all such cases five or six grains of calomel, followed by a big

black draught of senna and salts, then stuff the patient with quinine. I think I hear some of my readers exclaim, "Why, the fellow must have been a horse-doctor." However, enough of this, as I have a little to say on the subject of our bush surgery. In this I was not as well equipped as in the former, for I had no tools, in fact did not require any, as I did not pass as a regular "saw-bone," but only as a stitcher and dresser of cuts, bruises and surface damages, of almost everyday occurrence. Strange as it may seem, I was rather fond of this work. I perhaps acquired this taste when a young man at college, as connected with the college was a medical department, a student in which was a great chum of mine. We boarded together, and when any special cutting-up or dissecting was on he would manage to get me in, as my friend was in his third term. I got a good deal of useful knowledge in bandaging, sewing, dressing and caring for wounds in general, which became very useful to me in this new country. I will not trouble my readers with particulars in too many cases, but select just two to give some idea of this kind of work. On one occasion I was sent for in a great hurry by the wife of a man who had shot himself. This couple worked for me for some time, and had taken up a wild lot. I reached the place about dusk, and found the poor fellow dead. He had put the muzzle of his gun into his mouth and blown the top of his head off. This is detail enough of this awful tragedy. It haunted me for many a day after that. I had to spend the night alone in the shanty with this poor old woman and her unfortunate dead husband, as the boy that came after me was sent to their nearest neighbor, about a mile off, and did ,not return. This was one of the cases in which I acted as a parson and buried the poor creature.

The other case was a man who had cut himself very badly in the calf of his leg with an adze. I was fortunately passing the place, and the woman called me in. She was in a bad way, as the doctor had not turned up after three hours' waiting. The case was certainly a bad one, as considerable of a vein was cut. To make a long story short, I tackled it at once. The woman was English, and had a regular old country work-box, in which of course was a pair of tweezers. With this I was able to nip the vein, drew it out a little and tied it up, and stopped the bleeding, which had been profuse. Then with a few stitches and some strips of sticking plaster, I closed the wound. By this time the doctor arrived, and after looking over what I had done he did not make• any change, but joked with me over my performance, and jokingly said he would have me up for practising without a license.

A Dr. Carter, son-in-law of Col. Johnson (whom I have named before), came from England, and was in our settlement for a short time. He practiced for years after at Nelson, near Hamilton. His widow died at Milton recently, at the ripe old age of close:

upon ninety. She was the last link that bound two generations together.

I soon had a bargain made with Uncle Carter that he would take me with him to all special surgical cases. I could mention many of all kinds, some to me of great interest, such as legs, arms, etc., but not to my readers, so I will give two only, for while serious they had a ludicrous side to them. The first was the cutting off of an old woman's thumb. As the joint was diseased, the doctor had promised to show me the cause of the trouble. When. all was made right with the old woman, we could not find the thumb. On questioning the little granddaughter, she said she was afraid the cat would get it, so she put it on a plate in the cupboard. There was no chloroform in those days, so I held the old body. •

The other case. A man had cut his foot badly, necessitating three toes being amputated. The fellow stood it like a soldier, right in the bush where he was. When all was over he was very particular that these toes should be decently buried. There is some superstition about this in the old country. I took him to where he was boarding, and got a little box, packed these three toes side by side in wool, and showed them to him. I pointed out the tree under which I buried them, which fully satisfied him. The old fellow is alive at Port Maitland. I do not know if he ever visits this grave, but conclude he does from the fuss he made about his toes at the time.

XV.

A short time after the rebellion the sedentary militia of the province was reorganized, and a battalion was formed in this section, with Dunnville as headquarters. Most of the officers were appointed from those who had served during the rebellion of 1837-S. I had the honor of being raised from the ranks to be a captain in the militia force, and in due course held the distinguished rank of major, with Captain Farrell as our first colonel. So it might be supposed that it was started under favorable auspices. But how to attempt to describe these annual drills I know not. I shall *never* forget my first day in this strange and extraordinary turnout. It was truly more like a circus than a military parade. Fancy if you can eight hundred men let loose for the day, all assembling in some field or open space, covered perhaps with stumps. Then the officers of each company had to try and herd his flock together. After no end of work we will suppose that the different companies had at last been got to take up their respective positions. Then the performance commenced in earnest by the roll call. First, then, dare I to call it—a company drill? But something had to *be* done, as what the militia were taught in this memorable day's work had to last for a year. Of course all this was a supreme farce

in itself, but it had the advantage of at least keeping on paper a militia force that were liable to be called for active service in case of need. Our late rebellion had fully shown us that such men could be brought into good shape by constant drill and camp life. Since those days I have had a good deal to do with volunteer companies, and can say that with proper training I would ask for no better set of plucky and loyal men to lead into action.

But to finish up this training day's proceedings. After the said drill, the companies were supposed to form in—dare I say line? However, they were then ready for the colonel to inspect, who of course rode up in truly military style, and always had to compliment the men in their soldierly appearance, etc., after which three cheers for the Queen, and for the colonel, when the troops were dismissed. This meant that each captain led his men to the tavern, and when drawn up in due form the captain's treat was given in pails full of whiskey with dippers passed along the line. Each man took all he wanted. Then cheers for the officer was in order, with of course as a musical declaration that he was a jolly good fellow, and who dared to deny it after so much free whiskey? The men were then dismissed„ and mostly finished the day with a little more whiskey on their own account.

The day's proceedings were wound up with generally an officers' dinner. The term mess was more suitable, I think, for the winding up of such a day, for truly a mess it often was before such broke up. "Verbum sap" is sufficient for the case.

A few years after this first turnout the following amusing incident took place at one of these annual drills. The colonel, who was then living in Cayuga, wrote me to secure him a good horse, and he would come down to Dunnville by the steamer. Knowing that he was particular in his get up for such occasions, I hunted up a good large, showy animal from a livery stable, which on view he liked the look of. When all his military trappings were put on we mounted our chargers and started for the parade er.round (I was then his major). I soon noticed that this brute had a peculiar motion with his hind legs, giving the colonel a strange shaking up at each step. On reaching the ground he started to trot along the line, when horror of horrors, it was revealed that this beast had the springhalt (I think it is called), for he worked his hind legs like pump handles. This was too much for these would-be soldiers, and ended in a general yell all along the line. This so enraged our colonel that he stuck his spurs into the creature and galloped off the field back to the stable. After giving the livery man a good going over he took the boat back to Cayuga. It was a long time before I could satisfy my superior officer that this affair was not a put-up job by me. Some few years since, while in his town, called upon the old man, then well up in the eighties, when this incident was referred to, and a good hearty laugh had over it.

In the early forties the county of Haldimand was set apart out of the old Niagara district composed of some nine or ten townships, with its county town at Cayuga on the Grand River. Colonel Martin of York was the first Sheriff, and Captain Farrell (before named) Registrar. In the early days the Grand River was a great factor in promoting the progress of this section of the country, for upon the damming of this river at Dunnville, as the feeder of the Welland Canal, it made deep water for twenty miles up to Cayuga, from which point up to Brantford, by deepening parts and the construction of some locks to overcome rapids in others, an excellent and most useful navigation was established, allowing the passage of vessels, scows, etc., drawing four feet, which in early days was the only means of transporting the vast amount of timber, lumber, grain, etc., from a very large section. On this navigation two small steamboats were employed, making alternate trips between Brantford and Buffalo, adding to the benefit of a passenger service, which in those days was indeed great. These boats towed the scows, etc., from the headwater at Cayuga to Dunnville, whence they passed down the feeder of the canal to Port Colborne and out into Lake Erie, from which point these same steamers continued the towing to Buffalo, a distance of some twenty miles. The empty crafts were returned by the same means and route to the Grand River. This outlet to our internal navigation was in the course of a few years greatly improved by connecting the mouth of the river at Port Matiland by a short cut to the canal, with its necessary lock. This work I shall have to refer to hereafter. The construction of the various locks for this navigation of course necessitated the damming of the river at the respective points, and at each lock produced a certain amount of water power for mills and factories, which was at once taken advantage of by the erection of saw and grist mills. The consequence was that villages soon started at Indiana, York, Caledonia and other places which all materially aided the settlement of this whole large and now fine agricultural section. I know of no undertaking in the early days that did more to open up this part of Ontario and develop its resources than this said Grand River navigation, but which, since the railway days, has had to give way to the progress of our age and has passed out of existence.

With the formation of this new county came the election for its member of parliament, and Mr. Merritt, the son of Hamilton Merritt, the promoter of the Welland Canal, was the first to represent this county in the legislature of the then Canada.

Among my other reminiscences I must not forget to show how differently the elections of members of parliament were managed in the early days from what they are at present, for then there was but one polling place, and generally at the county town, which was kept open for two days, with open voting. While party feel-

ing, as now, of ten ran high, it was not carried on with the same rancorous spirit as it is today. The following description of the election of David Thompson for the first time, after Merritt, to represent the County of Haldimand, may show how we ran politics in the good old days. We benighted Tories (so considered then, as now) had our man in the field in the person of a Mr. Evans. The day before the election, on the fourth of March, a tremendous snow storm set in, covering the ground fully three feet.

From our little settlement we rigged up a big sleigh, with four horses, and broke the track the whole twenty miles to Cayuga. However, in spite of this a large number of voters were on hand, and the result was that David Thompson was duly elected, upon which his friends were preparing to form a procession to drive the member-elect to his residence in the Village of Indiana three miles up the river. A proposition was made to Mr. Thompson and his committee by five opponents that our man should be seated in the same sleigh with Mr. Thompson. This was cheerfully accepted. Thus we had a big turnout in every sense, for both candidates were large, heavy men, and it was hard to pack them in the one seat, and most hospitably all were entertained, even to the broaching of a ten-year-old barrel of whiskey that, with others, had been stored away when he gave up distilling. At the risk, during the present temperance excitement, of being considered a reprobate, I have to confess that it was good and by no means hard to take, and so mellowing in its influence on both Tory and Reformer (Reformers had not then developed into Grits) that these proceedings closed with the good old song, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." I wonder how many gallons of even good old whiskey it would require at an election in this day to make the electors believe that both candidates were good fellows.

I must not forget to give some account of the first agricultural show we attempted to hold in our new County of Haldimand in the then small Village of Cayuga. I was one of the first promoters of this county society, and acted as its secretary and treasurer for a number of years, and on retiring from those offices was presented by the members with a handsome silver tea service, which I prize as a reminder of those happy days. To look back to that show, and to call it such, seems now ridiculous, but nevertheless it was an important event then. Let me give a little account of it, and the difficulties of getting anything together to show. First as to a show ground. There was in Cayuga a market square, at least on a map. When found, I set to work with some help to put a fence around it, or part stumps, poles, rails, etc., the whole enclosing the great area of about two acres. If there had only been photography in those days, what a picture this primitive show ground would have made to hand down to the present generation. The internal arrangements were somewhat on the same pattern, with perhaps

the exception of a few crates, boxes, etc., in case any one was ambitious enough to bring a stray sheep or pig to exhibit. As it turned out, I had not provided enough for these classes, but was lucky in getting the loan of some old sugar hogsheads from a store. These answered for some unexpected pigs that came to visit us.

As I seem to be inclined to run into the details of this memorable event, I may as well tell the story of one of the hogshead pigs that made a great commotion, for he was of rather too large dimensions for his pen. In trying to look out, he upset his quarters, and ran off among the stock and visitors, making a regular stampede until he was caught again. As to the quality of the various classes of stock, I will not say anything further than that there were many more entries than we expected, but of course none of the blue-blooded stock of these days. However, a show we were bound to make it, even to all the useful and fancy articles of farmers' wives and daughters, worked in those early times. This was held in a little school-house bordering on the show-ground. To sum the whole affair up, it was pronounced by all as a great success both in entries and attendance. In the early days of such shows, they were simply organizations for the advancement of farming, and not as in the present day, part agricultural, and the largest part circus.

An amusing story is told of a young Englishman who took the first assessment and census of our township. I suppose he found it difficult to find all the settlers, scattered as they were through the bush. In all such cases, after recording the name, he added, "Non comeatibus in swamp." The fun of it was lots of the parties were so accounted for in his assessment roll.

In my next I purpose to give an account of the bad accident to two vessels just outside of our harbor, which resulted in the loss of some forty lives.

XVI.

Early in May, 1850, a sad accident occurred just outside of the harbor, which threw a gloom over the whole settlement. It was from the collision of two steam vessels, the Commerce, bound to Port Stanley with a division of the 23rd Regiment, for London—"Welsh Fusiliers"—and the coasting boat Dispatch, which vessel ran into the Commerce, so badly damaging her that she went down in a very short time. The Dispatch, not being much damaged, she .at once came to the help of the Commerce, and thus rescued most on board. However, unfortunately some forty were drowned. This occurred at 11 o'clock at night. I well remember that night, for I was returning from a neighbor's, when I noticed two bright lights. It was a fine calm, star-light night, and before turning in I stood for some 'time watching these vessels gradually approaching each

other. I knew nothing of it until, at daybreak the next morning, I was sent for as a magistrate to come down to the harbor, when, in connection with Mr. Farrell, another magistrate, we examined into the lamentable affair and obtained the following particulars. The men had all turned in when the collision between the vessels took place, when all at once they rushed on deck, only partially clad. From the description given of the whole proceedings by the major, it went far to show the effect of discipline in cases of danger, for his first order was to fall in, which was promptly obeyed by the men, and so they stood until rescued. It was only those who tried to save themselves that were lost. Those saved were placed on board Her Majesty's ship Minos, still in the harbor, in charge of a Mr. Hatch. As the men had lost everything, a relief committee was formed in the settlement and at once set to work to hunt up blankets, clothes, etc., to relieve the immediate necessities of the sufferers. On ascertaining the total number lost we immediately had a number of coffins prepared for use as the bodies rose, which did not take place until June, when the Commerce was raised. By a system of signals from the vessels we ascertained how many bodies were secured, which were sent out for, placed in coffins and taken to the churchyard near the harbor, and placed in a large open grave made ready to receive them. When all had been found the grave was closed and a funeral service performed. A monument has been since placed over this grave by the regiment.

A Mr. George Cox, of London, Ont., formerly of the Postoffice Department there, was at the time of the accident in the employ of the steamer Commerce, and was among those rescued. He at the time was standing up to his neck in the water.

I had a good opportunity of watching over the proceedings of raising the Commerce, as the accident had taken place just opposite my residence, and about a mile from the shore. Mr. Farrell and myself, as the two nearest magistrates, took action at once, and issued warrants for the captains of these vessels. Great exception was taken to our proceedings by the coroner, as it was, he claimed, out of our jurisdiction. We had to refer the case to the attorney-general, when we were sustained and commended for our prompt action. A full investigation was then held, which resulted in the clearing of the captain of the Commerce of all blame. The captain of the Dispatch cleared out directly after the accident, and was not heard of afterwards. The trouble in this case was a great loss of life had occurred, and in the absence of any bodies the coroner had no jurisdiction either, and as it was some six weeks before any of the bodies rose, nothing could have been done if we had not taken the action we did as magistrates.

When this force moved forward again Lieut. Chamberlain was left behind to look after the interests of the regiment. He afterwards became Sir Henry Chamberlain, and was killed in the Crimea..

Just about this time one of the great events in our settlement occurred through the building of a schooner of some four hundred tons by Mr. Hyde (whom I have named before). It was on the bank of the lake, close to his house. All the timbers, planking, etc., were mostly cut in his own woods. The day of the launch was a gala day and general holiday. In committing it to its element it was duly christened in good old style "The Georgina," after his wife.

In recording this addition to our Port Maitland merchant fleet, I must not forget to mention a certain rakish little craft, owned by an old British tar, and, according to the opinion of the old custom house officer, it had a bad reputation, as he was on the continual lookout to catch her smuggling; but the old Jack tar was too much for him, as a few little adventures will show that it was the officer that was caught, and not the little vessel. On one occasion this Queen's officer had, it seemed, got some positive information that put him on the lookout. He had posted himself in a good, sheltered spot in the bay close to the pier, and had selected an old, damaged boat on the shore for his sentry box.

He was just at the right time turned over, boat and all, and so kept until morning, when of course the little craft had discharged her cargo and off again. The same parties released him in the morning as innocently as possible on pretence that they heard him calling for help. I could name no end of such tricks upon the old man. I became, without my knowing it, an abettor, as my root house in the bank of the shore of the lake had been used as a depository for some of these smuggled goods. In finding them there, I took pay for storage as a joke against the old sailor, and wrote a receipt for the same on the barrel of whiskey from which I extracted two gallons, and added duties to be paid when convenient. Some time after, the old chap excused himself by saying that he was close on being caught, and had the cheek to add that he had an eye on this place in case of being hard pressed. He gave me at the same time this account of the finishing up of this particular run (as he always called his little trips) : After ,getting rid of this small cargo he sailed into the harbor as if nothing was wrong, and was tying up at his little dock when the old customs officer jumped on board and seized the boat in the Queen's name, commenced his search, and was in high spirits when he came upon some bags, as if hid away, labelled tea (the fact was these were kept for just such an emergency). However, these said bags of tea were all carried to the shanty used as a customs house. The old smuggler said I looked on as if in a bad way, knowing however how it would all end, for instead of tea the bags were filled with sawdust, which the officer soon found out to his disgust and rage. I could not refrain from giving this story, for I still seem to see the grin on the old chap's face as he told it to me.

Small events go to make up the life of the early settler, so there

was quite an excitement amongst us on the occasion of an itinerant photographer setting up his one-horse wagon, fitted up as a gallery, on the shore near the church, and I think I am within bounds when I say that hardly a single individual, especially our mothers with their little ones, failed to have their pictures taken. My then small flock, with the dear mother, were among the first to take advantage of this new and marvelous process. I keep these now as curiosities, for they were done on tin plate, and cost as much for one as half a dozen of the beautiful cabinets of this day. However, I am sure all will fully realize what a stir such an event would make in so new a place, and the photograph of many a little one taken in the bush in Canada found its way to loving friends in the old country.

At the risk of being tedious, I would like to say a little more of the bush and its inhabitants, for to me it was a source of great enjoyment and study to examine the endless variety of animal and vegetable life. In a former letter I attempted to describe the habits, etc., of some of the larger and more ferocious inhabitants of our woods, but there is much in the lower scale of that life that was also of great interest and sometimes of profit, as well as food, for the first settlers. I have known many who turned their attention to shooting and trapping the smaller fur-bearing animals, such as the fox, martin, mink, skunk, squirrel, ermine, and some others to make a profitable matter out of it. None but those who know what the bush has been in early days as a provider for daily wants of the family can appreciate the blessing and help derived from this source of supply. Many a day have I gone to the woods for a dinner, and if not successful with my gun, it meant a fast for that day, but this was not often, for we had as stated before, learned to eat what at first was considered common and unclean. Thus we had an enlarged field of this animal life to supply our wants from, and so if we could not bag a partridge, we could a squirrel or some other little beast or bird. However, this settlement was fortunate, because we could always fall back on fish, for the rod was more certain than the gun. My attention in my ramblings in our woods was devoted almost entirely to the feathered and insect tribes, of which from the first I was making collections. I was fortunate in being somewhat of a taxidermist, so was enabled to preserve and prepare the birds' skins, insects, etc., for stuffing and setting up. In due course I had made quite a valuable collection, which I was induced to give to a friend returning to England, who had them properly and suitably mounted. Many is the hour, I suppose, I shall be thought to have wasted in watching and trying to fathom the instincts that led to the carrying out of the of ttimes strange and varied doings and purposes of these smaller inhabitants of the forest. If I were to record all my observations and notes on these varied and interesting subjects I could make a respectable volume from them, but here all must be condensed, or there will

be a fear of my hobby running away with me. I must, however, be excused if I have a little more to say of our bird life. First, the partridge has a method of calling his wife and family together, or in case of danger near by, with his wings making a loud drumming noise on a fallen tree. It is wonderful how far this can be heard. I never but once saw the operation, and that after no end of manoeuvring to get within sight of it. What with our beautiful blue bird, red bird, quail, woodpecker, and innumerable other varieties, our woods in summer are decked with the gayest of plumages, but with all this beauty we English emigrants sadly missed the want of song so common to all the birds of the old world. My special interest was with the endless variety of woodpecker, from the little so-called chick-a-dee to the majestic cock of the woods, with its gorgeous scarlet top-knot. To watch this last in its operations in scaling a tree in search of grubs is truly interesting. The ascent is by little jumps, holding on by his sharp claws,' assisted by the tail, in which are some four strong heavy feathers, which are so placed against the tree as to form a perfect seat for the bird while digging out his worm; but as the tree is ascended, the trunk is continually tapped with the beak; then, evidently in a listening attitude, with head on one side as if expecting some sound if any grub is within hearing of the bird's tap. The power of hearing as a provision of the Creator for this bird must be most acute. Then the chopping to get this thing out is truly remarkable, and the blows with the powerful beak from right to left to force the chip out, are as regular as if delivered with an axe, reminding one of the poet's idea of "The wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree." From close observation I am satisfied that another of our birds—the robin—is gifted with the same acute sense of hearing, for watch it hopping over your lawn; it stops with head on side, listening, not satisfactory on it goes—same process again, the beak then in contact with the ground, as if to convey any sound direct to the brain. Then digging a hole with its bill, and out soon comes a grub or worm.

I must just name our beautiful little friend, the humming bird, of which we have only two of the species here. I was fortunate to get in my collection one of their nests. A more compact and perfect little thing you could not imagine, not a hair or shred out of place, in all not larger than the half of a small hen's egg, and therein two tiny white eggs not larger than small peas. Such is very hard to find, for they build in the deepest swamps. Of the beauties of our butterflies, moths, beetles, etc., I cannot find space to even touch upon, but in these I was able to get quite a collection together; then down into the lower depths of insect life I was greatly aided by a powerful microscope brought out with me—and oh! the wonders of creation that this little instrument reveals to one's admiring and astonished sight are beyond description.

Before leaving the woods I must in short endeavor to give an account of the bee-hunters' methods. First, some bees are caught and divided into two glass jars and placed at a considerable distance apart—the further the better--next after keeping them without food for a few days they are liberally treated to honey, and when well eaten they are allowed to creep out of the jars one or two at a time from each station, when the men, compass in hand, note carefully the direction of their flight, for the instinct of these little creatures is truly wonderful, for to use the old saying, a B line is made for the tree with the hive in it. My readers will at once see the effect of following these two compass lines, that at the angle where the two men meet the bees' nest should be found, or at any rate near to it. Then comes a good paying haul of honey. My brother was fortunate to come accidentally on such a bee tree, which resulted in the getting of two good-sized wash-tubs of honey in the comb.

Now, to wind up this part of my subject, I must add a few words about snakes, of which we had three principal varieties—first, the rattlesnake, the only one I believe whose bite is said to be deadly. I once killed a large one with six rattles. The noise made by these is just like dry peas in a very dry pod, and loud enough to give timely warning to get out of its way. The next is the black one, which of ten measures from five to six feet. It sometimes is seen in the lake when in miniature form. It is a good representative of the genuine sea serpent. The last, the milk snake, is small but beautifully marked. Its bite, as also the black one, is harmless. It is a saying that "where there is smoke there must be fire," so where there are snakes there must be stories, and here goes for just two or three. This one I do not vouch for, but there must have been something in it, for the party in question never could stand being joke about the rattlesnake. The following story was told by his man, who was at work with him in his hay field. He said he heard his boss give a scream and fall down. He ran to his help, and was told that a rattlesnake was up his leg, and was biting him. He looked as pale as a sheet, and told his man to rip the leg of his trousers open, for his leg was beginning to swell. This was soon done, but instead of the awful snake there was found the head of a thistle fast to the top of the sock, which of course gave him a prick as he moved. Is it to be wondered at that after this adventure he did not want to hear any more about rattlesnakes? I had some little experience with the black ones. I was on a wagon load of oats, and had just received a large bundle, and had taken it in my arms to put it in place, when I felt a curious commotion in the straw, and a huge black snake pushed his head out close to my face. It did not take me long to pitch my load off, and the brute was killed—he measured close to five feet. One more: I was passing through a field with axe on shoulder, when I noticed a blue

bird on the edge of a hollow stump. It seemed to be acting strangely as if in deadly fear, its wings extended and shaking, its mouth open, and its eyes fixed on some object in the stump. It did not move as I came to it. I then saw the head of a great black-snake. I struck the stump with the axe, when he disappeared, and after a little the poor blue bird flew away. I set fire to the stump, when out ran two of these snakes, each measuring over five feet. I killed both. The skin of the largest found its way into my collection, and thence was carried to England.

XVII.

In the early fifties the decline of our settlement commenced, by many of the younger members removing to the cities, where they found a more congenial occupation than that of farming, particularly as many an older and first settler had passed away, leaving nothing to bind them to the place. In fact history was repeating itself, for this has been the fate of all such early exclusive old country settlements, made up often of retired officers of the army and navy and their families, a class of men hardly fit for farming and coping with the rough and hard life of the early days in Canada. I know of no such settlement that has remained in existence long after the first generation had passed away. With us the exodus soon became general, leaving but a very few of the first who emigrated to this part behind, and in several cases I know of the original farms having passed into the hands of workingmen, some of whom were of the first party coming out with Colonel Johnson, and who have in most cases made good and prosperous farmers.

I was, I think, almost the last to leave, but I had given up farming some years before, and entered into a manufacturing business with Dr. Crawford, who after a short time removed to Toronto, where he became successful, and died a few years since. Capt. Hicks held for some years a good position on the Great Western Railway (under Mr. Brydges, one of the first managers), but the poor fellow was run over and killed by a yard engine in front of the station house. A few of the others who left about this time were Robert Spratt, who removed to Toronto and for many years engaged in the produce business. He died, as mentioned before, last year in Hamilton. His son is still in business in that city. Henry Boucher also went to Toronto, was some years in an office, and removed afterwards to Port Hope. Young Johnson went to Cobourg, where he studied for the church and was afterwards rector of Weston, near Toronto. His son, Arthur Jukes Johnson, is one of the leading medical men of Toronto.

My brother and myself are the only two still living out of the first party that I have named, who settled here. Of the next

party, all that are left and yet living in the old settlement are Mrs. Docker; wife of the late George Docker, a hale old lady well advanced in the eighties. Many of her family remain with her, farming the old homestead and other farms in the neighborhood. Her house is truly a summer resort for her numerous friends from all parts of the country; it is beautifully situated on the banks of the lake. Many families seek this secluded retreat for summer camping. The other is James Crawford, the youngest son of the Captain Crawford named before. There are none of the second generation but these Dockers and some sons of a Wm. Blott, who was one of the first settlers, and married a daughter of Colonel McGregor, also mentioned as one of the earliest to locate in this part. Several inter-marriages have taken place between the young people of these second generations.

I must not forget among these memories to mention a visit I made to Hamilton, for it deeply impressed me at the time. It was during the time the cholera made such sad ravages in that city. I well remember the general gloom cast everywhere. On every street you would surely come upon a funeral. Business obliged me for two or three days to witness these melancholy scenes. A sewer was being put down on James Street, which was considered at the time as injurious on account of the stirring up of so much old soil. I was glad to hurry out of so plague-stricken a place, as I felt all this excitement produced a most depressing effect upon me. On entering the car at the Great Western station the first thing to be seen was a cholera patient on a stretcher being taken to her home. This drove me into the baggage car (for there were no smoking cars at that time), where matters were made worse, for there I found a coffin, and close beside it a straw mattress with an old woman on it, just recovering, on her way home. This was enough, so I wandered off to the end of the train and sat on the steps of the car until I reached St. Catharines, whence I drove home. I spent the evening with my friend Mr. Jukes, before named, who had urged me strongly not to go to Hamilton. However, I fortunately escaped contagion, but had not yet done with this dread disease. Shortly after my return to the village where I was then living, a dread case of cholera took place, and was followed by two others, which produced a terrible gloomy effect in so small a place. I had got from my doctor some prescriptions of what to do at once, which helped me a little, as of course I had to act until I could send for him. Unfortunately two cases ended fatally, and such was the fear on all, that but for a negro I would not have got any help to put these poor victims even into the coffins. I had taken the precaution to get from Mr. Osborne, grocer of Hamilton, two or three gallons of the very best imported brandy, for this was considered a sovereign remedy. My friend Davidson, then keeping the City Hotel, told me that in all his years of experience in that time

he had never seen so much **brandy drank** as during that time, and unfortunately it left its mark on many a man who had not been in the habit of drinking before. This, I know from experience, was lamentably the case in my small village. In every case of hopeless drunkenness it was put down to cholera, and I was sent for, but **I** think my good brandy was looked for.

I must give a little further description of Port Maitland, as it had become a harbor of considerable importance, owing to its being now one of the entrances to the Welland Canal. This was effected by a short cut of four miles, and the building of a lock. I have often seen three large vessels locking through at one time. This made **a water** power possible out of the canal, which I leased from the **government** and built a flour mill on it. As I had become tired **of this bush** farming, I rented **my farm,** eventually sold it, and moved over to the east side of **the** harbor, built a house, a store and sawmill, and commenced business, which was more congenial to me than this so-called farming, without a market for anything you produced. By giving some account of this store work, and the prices paid, and that mostly in trade for goods out of the store, it will be seen that farming could not be a profitable business; at the same time it marks the progress made in this occupation, as in all **others, for** now with our **large** towns and villages in all parts **of the country,** it created cash markets for every kind of farm **and garden** produce. Compare the prices of today with the following, and paid in goods, **viz.:** Butter (so-called) ranging from eight to twelve cents; eggs **from** six to ten cents; oats about thirteen cents; potatoes not over twenty-five cents per bushel; cordwood one dollar pere cord delivered at the canal; wheat was the only cash article, and not over 30 cents per bushel, and part in trade; fowls, ducks 25c a pair; geese 30c; turkeys, best 50c, and in **the same ratio** for all other articles; horses, cattle, sheep, etc., **were almost unsaleable,** and you had to take any price you could **get for them. As** proof of the above, just visit the Hamilton market **and see** how saleable **they** are and at what prices all and every kind of **farm** products are now disposed of. I have in those days shipped away thousands of dozens of eggs not costing much over 6c, and tons and tons of butter not over 10c or 12c. This latter was sold for almost anythino-b we could get for it. The most of it
as then made **was not** fit for much else than cart grease. The strangest lot of stuff **I** ever handled was **some** thousands of muskrat skins taken on these large marshes at the mouth of this river in the winter by Indians. I took **these** to Hamilton. It turned out a hot day, and the smell of **the musk on** a forty-mile drive was enough **to last** me for the rest **of my life.** They were bought for about **6c each.**

There **was now** a great **deal of shipping** in and out of **this** harbor **that I** became much **interested in, as I** was acting **as** a

general marine insurance agent, and was of ten employed to adjust and average losses of wrecks of vessels and their cargoes, which were very frequent about this harbor in the fall of the year. I speculated in a few of such. Once a vessel load of corn was driven up high and dry on the beach. Peddling this out again to the farmers for miles round was no small job. Another case was a small schooner with a damaged cargo of general merchandise, which had to be sold on the spot. I bought the most of it, with bales of factory cotton and other such goods, frozen solid. Sold out again in frozen pieces, except the best, which I separated and hung **up** all over the four stories of my mill to dry, and then sold retail in the store. What with crates of crockery, hardware and frozen groceries of all kinds, it was quite an undertaking to get rid of such a varied lot of stuff. I was further mixed up with some two thousand barrels of flour and a lot of corn, but it is of no particular interest to my readers.

Had I space before closing these reminiscences, there are some other matters that I would like to refer to, but I must bring my long story to an end with a little personal affair that might have been serious. I was crossing the river with my wife on a Sunday on our way to our little church. It was in early spring, the ice seemed solid, but on stepping on a patch of snow I felt it giving way under us. I pushed my wife sharply over on to the solid ice, following in the same direction. It is most important in such a case that it should be always with the body up the stream; then the current, swift as it always is at the mouth of this river, tends to bring the legs of the body in the water up to the level of the ice; if otherwise, the force of the water will naturally draw the upper part of the body off the ice. Most of the drowning cases in the spring occur from this latter cause. Except the fright and a wetting, we fortunately got out all right, but no church for us that day.

The following accident, which might have ended most seriously, occurred on the occasion of my driving with my wife, two children and a young friend up the Grand River road to Hamilton. Between Dunnville and Cayuga there were in those days a large number of long bridges, as every creek and inlet to the river had been flooded by the damming up of the river at the former place. I was on one of the longest of these, nearly over it, when with a tremendous crash the whole bridge collapsed without the slightest warning. The pair of young and spirited horses I was driving at once plunged over the side into about twelve feet of water, but providentially the front wheels of the wagon became fast in the timber flooring, otherwise the vehicle must have been dragged in with the horses. I dared not let go my hold on them, and but for my friend, who at once got the wife and children out on to a kind of raft formed by the floor. I do not know what would have hap-

pened. But even here another trouble seemed to await us, for from the splash the timber made in the water, this ark of refuge was separating and floating away, and but for the timely and plucky help of some half dozen men who were at work on the bank at the time, I cannot but believe some of us must have been drowned.

Some of these fine fellows swam to the raft and got my wife and little ones safe to shore; others went to the horses' heads—one carrying a hunter's knife in his mouth to cut the harness with. This was a dangerous piece of work, for the horses were plunging and rearing to get loose. I had all **I** could do by bracing myself against the front board to hold them in place. However, this good man managed to cut them separate in front, while I managed to loosen the tracees, when as ill-luck would have it one horse swam to the opposite side of the pond, but was brought back by the man who cut them loose. The great difficulty was in getting the wagon up the steep part of the bridge still holding to the bank. In working at this **I** had hold of the wagon pole, which by a sudden jerk to one side sent me down ten feet on the broad of my back into the water, at which my dear little ones set up a most piteous cry, and that made matters worse. However, after a good deal of **work we** got the wagon up and the harness patched up with rope. **While all** this was going on, a good old Dutch woman saw the **accident from** her shanty, hurried to our help with two or **three blankets, a** pair of scissors and some whisky, feeling sure, as she said, **that** some of us could not escape drowning. I could not persuade these fine fellows to take anything for all their kindly help. When all was put into shape we started again for Cayuga, some four miles away, where **I** got a harnessmaker to repair damages, and then **I** went to bed until my clothes were dried. After all this trouble and delay we did not reach Hamilton that night. **I** found it hard work for the rest of our journey to get the team over other bridges on the way. **I** have perhaps gone too much into detail in this affair, but of all the scrapes and troubles that I passed through in those early days this was decidedly the worst.

One more amusing incident, although not connected with our settlement, **that** I took **part in, was** in Stratford, where **I** was then living. The occasion was the visit of the Prince of Wales to **that** place on his tour through Canada with the Duke of Newcastle. The inhabitants of that then little burg were determined that the heir to the throne of England should be right royally received, so we contrived, having no guns, to fire a royal salute with a good heavy blast of powder in twenty-one stumps. It turned out a great success, and greatly amused the young prince and the duke, when this novel idea of welcome was explained to them.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am sure you will be pleased to know that my next letter will be the end of my long-winded reminiscences **of early** days.

XVIII.

As this will be my last letter to the press on the early memories of a settlement on Lake Erie near Port Maitland, I feel that these reminiscences would hardly be complete without some account of the Six Nation Indians. They were actually the first settlers of the whole Grand River valley, from its mouth almost to its source, comprising a tract of land six miles wide on each side of that river, granted by the British government to the following tribes, as making up the so-termed Six Nation Indians, namely: The Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas and Tuscaroras. These tribes had, from the earliest days of settlement by the English in North America, been loyal to the British crown, taking part in all the French and colonial wars with other tribes on the side of Britain, and remained true in their allegiance during the war of independence. Up to the time of this war the first five named tribes inhabited the valleys on the rivers and lakes of central New York, including the Mohawk and Genesee valleys. The sixth, the Tuscaroras, had earlier migrated to North Carolina, but being driven from these southern hunting-grounds, they were again admitted, as being of the same stock, into the one confederacy, which has since borne the name of the Six Nation Indians.

In the treaty after the war for independence Great Britain made no stipulation on behalf of her Indian allies, but official pledges had been given them that they should be restored to the condition they were in before the war, at the expense of the government. Captain Joseph Brant, the celebrated chief of the Mohawks, claimed the fulfilment of these pledges, which were acknowledged by the British government by the granting of tracts of lands in Canada as new hunting grounds and homes for these faithful Indian allies. The following locations were selected by Brant: First, a tract of land on Lake Ontario, in the Bay of Quinte district. Many of the Mohawks continued to reside there, but a portion of the tribe of Senecas remained in the United States, and desired that the rest of the Six Nations might settle nearer to them; therefore Brant also obtained in 1782 the grant of several hundred thousand acres along both sides of the Grand River, as before mentioned. Now while there were large tracts of land, which might for years have been suitable for the hunting grounds of these tribes, that being their only occupation, it was soon found, as the adjacent lands of these grants were settled, that the game became exterminated, and the occupation of the Indians was gone. So they had gradually to settle down to farming. But with this new state of things such large tracts of land were not needed, as some five thousands only made up the total Indian population. Therefore, early in the century application was made to the home government by these Indians to be allowed to dispose of part of these lands. This was.

granted, but fortunately a proviso was made that the proceeds of such sales were to be paid to the home government, to be held in trust for the Indians; for as soon as it was known that these lands were for sale the unfortunate Indian became the victim of speculators and land-grabbers, and large tracts were sold and surveyed into townships at most absurd prices. Some of these were South Dumfries, Moulton and Canboro, besides smaller parcels sold and bartered away. And while the rate per acre was so low, unfortunately sales were in many cases also made to irresponsible persons, with but little money paid down, the balance of such purchase being made up of bonds, mortgages, notes, and in fact almost any kind of security. This state of things was soon brought to the notice of the government, when a commission was appointed to investigate the position of these bonds and securities, held on account of these sales, which were found to be in a most unsatisfactory condition. Upon this the whole Indian situation was considered and revised by the formation of an Indian Department by the Canadian government, which would have entire control of all matters pertaining to the interests of all the Indians located in Canada, so that all future sale of lands would be made by this department and the proceeds invested in trust for the Indians. The whole of the Six Nations were brought together and settled in the Township of Tuscarora, and the balance of the Grand River grant was taken over at a fair valuation, and sold out to settlers. The proceeds, with what was held by the British government from the first sales now formed the Indian fund, the annual interest being divided between all the Indians living on this reserve, which but for the unfortunate early sale of so large a part of these lands would have formed a handsome endowment for all time for the Six Nation Indians instead of the small pittance now payable from what has been saved out of their valuable inheritance.

These agreements with the Canadian government were confirmed at a general Indian council in 1829, and at the same time a grant was made to the New England Company of one hundred acres to each of four schoolhouses, together with a lot a mile square for a village at Brantford, a part of which was afterward given by Captain Brant for the benefit of the English Church of that place.

I had, from the time of my settling on part of what was originally Six Nation lands, always taken a great interest in these Indians and their history. In one of my first letters I gave an account of the first Indian I saw. I well remember my disappointment, as he in no way came up to my ideal of the "noble red man," as described by Cooper in all his Indian novels. My next opportunity of seeing them attractively was at York, on the Grand River, on the occasion of the annual distribution by the government of blankets, powder, etc. This, however, did not do much to raise

them in my estimation. But of late years, since they were all settled on the reserve in Tuscarora township, and have had to turn their attention to farming, their condition has greatly improved, and it is surprising in going through this township in the present day to see the many improved farms, comfortable dwelling houses, and good substantial farm buildings, in many cases equal to those in white settlements, and a large amount of grain and other produce is grown. There is within this reserve also quite a flourishing agricultural society, managed entirely by the Indians, with an annual show that is truly a credit to them. I have often been much pleased to be present at these shows.

I must reserve some space for a record of the New England Missionary Society that has done so much for the Indians in the United States and Canada. The New England Company was first chartered by the Long Parliament in 1649. At the Restoration in 1660 it was considered that this ordinance could no longer be recognized, and a new charter was therefore obtained in April, 1661. The first Pilgrim Fathers led the way to America in the Mayflower in 1620, followed in 1631 by the celebrated John Elliott, who seems to have given himself up to the work among the Indians. Through his work the wants of the Indian races became known in England, as he had published eleven tracts on this subject, and it resulted in the formation and establishment of the New England Company. This celebrated man was distinguished as "the apostle of the North American red men."

Up to the time of the war of independence this company had been doing its work in the New England colonies in America; but upon being declared independent of Great Britain the company could no longer carry on its work there, and was advised to remove its operations to New Brunswick. There its work began in 1786, and continued successfully up to the year 1822, when the company transferred its operations to other parts of British America, and established stations in various places, the principal ones being among the Mohawks and other Six Nation Indians, settled on the banks of the Grand River between Brantford and Lake Erie.

In the year 1823 the New England Company decided to establish stations, with, fit persons as missionaries, among these Indian tribes, which were brought into full operation in 1827, with William Hough as its first missionary, and with John Brant as a sort of lay agent. As my space is limited, I must confine myself to just a short description of the work at a few of these leading stations. The most important is the Mohawk station, about a mile from the city of Brantford. Here the old mission church was built by the Mohawks in about 1785. In this church is still kept the large English bible and communion plate presented to these Indians by Queen Anne in 1712, together with the bell which was brought from their former church in New York State. In the churchyard

is the tomb of the celebrated Captain Joseph Brant, and in the register of this little church appear the names of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught. In 1874 Lord and Lady Duff erin visited the Six Nations and received addresses from them. From time to time many of our governors and other notables have visited this historic little church.

Near this church and in connection with it, in the year 1828 was built what was termed the Mechanics' Institute for teaching the Indians farming and all kinds of trades. In 1858 this institution was greatly enlarged, and now provides board, lodging, clothing and education for 45 children of each sex. This institution was for years under the management of the late Archdeacon Nelles of the Diocese of Huron. He was succeeded in 1872 by Robert Ashton, who was sent from England by the company as lay superintendent of its school and farm, which comprises about 250 acres. Under the able management of Mr. Ashton, many great improvements have been made, and all departments have been brought up to a high state of proficiency. Many Indians have passed through this institution with great credit to themselves and are holding prominent positions in the professions and in mechanical and other occupations.

Besides establishing and supporting some six or seven schools at the cost of £1500 a year, several other missions are maintained.

In closing these papers I would say I trust that in the course of my long story I have interested some of your readers, and would tender to you, Mr. Editor, my sincere thanks for your long forbearance with me, in allowing me such liberal space to put on record the history of my early days in Canada, and now must write "Finis" to these reminiscences.

At the Mouth of the Grand

An article written by T. L. M. Tipton of Dunnville, which appeared in the Canadian Magazine, July, 1893—If you make comparisons with Conditions Today, present day Readers should keep in mind that it was written 44 years prior to being Republished in 1937.

Let us idle away one of these long sunny, summer days on the banks of a Canadian water-way, whose picturesque charms are not so well known as they should be. There is very little scenery in the Province of Ontario which can surpass in quiet, rural beauty that found at many points on the Grand River, from its source away up beyond .Elora, down to where it empties—a broad, deep, slow stream—into Lake Erie. We will linger for a while beside it, starting from Dunnville, and following its course down to its mouth at Port Maitland, a distance of about five miles.

The little town that we are leaving, with its shaded streets, its villas and cottages surrounded by well-kept gardens, its quaint fishing suburb, its mills and its storehouses, is a place well worth something more than a passing glance. It can boast of waterworks, electric lights and natural gas. Many of the townspeople use this gas for fuel in preference to wood or coal. There are several wells in and near the town, and they yield a fair supply.

The Grand River washes the little town upon its southern side, and a very long bridge and longer embankment cross the stream at this point. We will walk over them to the opposite shore.

This is the bridge; beneath our feet is the dam; beyond is the embankment.

These works were constructed, when the present century was young, for the purpose of turning the waters of the river through a feeder into the Welland Canal. That canal drew its whole supply of water from this river, until it was lowered to Lake Erie level a few years ago, since which time it has been fed from the lake.

Stand on this bridge for a few minutes and look away down the stream below you. It can be seen for more than a mile, flowing through the wide marshes and low grounds on either side of it. Then a sharp bend and a point of higher land hide it from our view.

How gloriously the waters sparkle in the morning sunlight! How intensely white seems the sail of that boat, heading up stream for Dunnville! She is probably bringing a cargo of fresh fish home from the lake, to be sent by railway to Buffalo.

Today these waters are calm and peaceful as a standing pool, but in spring and f all they sometimes go rushing over the dam with a mighty roar, bubbling and boiling down below there, till the river for some distance is one sheet of foam.

We have passed the bridge now, and are on the embankment —that very long barrier which reaches across to the opposite shore. On the upper side it is protected by a wall of timber and a bank of stones; on the lower by a row of willows, whose roots twine in among the clay and gravel which compose it, and help to resist the action of the waters.

Away below us lies **the marsh, a** "level waste," extending from the foot of the embankment to **the** mouth of Sulphur Creek, which flows into the river about a mile and a half away. Fair and beautiful does it appear in the soft light of this summer morning. The cattle are wandering over it, cropping the fresh, juicy grass. A few of them are gathering in a picturesque group, close to those low-hanging willows by **the** water's edge. Some of them stand out dark and distinct **against** the sun, while others are half hidden by the bushy trees.

I admit it is a great flat piece of reeds, and flags, and wild **grass,** a slushy mixture of land and water, with no tree for the **eye** to rest on, except those few craggy willows, and two small elms. But do not say that it lacks the charm of variety. Look at the thousand different lines which the light of early day sheds over it. See how the dark, **rich** green of the reeds contrasts with the lighter shades of the **grass, and** with the gleaming waters of the channels which cross it **here and** there and connect the river with the creek.

Bright and pleasant as it seems, there are times when it presents a very different appearance. **In** spring, freshets have swollen the stream across the entire flats, and, far down as the eye can reach, is one vast sheet of rushing, surging water. Nothing else is to be seen except the tops of the low trees peeping above the flood; not a speck of dry land is visible.

To properly understand and appreciate the beauties of **the** marsh, you should visit it at every season. You should look on **it in** the golden autumn, when **the waving** reeds have changed their green dress for one of deep russet brown, when vast flocks of blackbirds go forth from it at morning in search of food, and return at evening to their nests. See ! there are a few of them now, flitting about and perching **on** the tallest stalks they can find. They build their nests **and hatch their** young down in the solitude of this wild marsh, **and leave it for a** warmer climate when the cold weather approaches.

In the fall of **the year** this place is a favorite resort for ducks, too. Then you may **hear** the guns of the hunters in every nook and corner of it, and see men popping in and out among the tall

reeds in their little tiny skiffs, which look as if a puff of wind would blow them over. You should come here then, and in winter also, when in the severe spells it is one great field of ice and snow, with brown tufts of withered grasses and flags dotting it here and there. I think that it is more truly picturesque then than at any other season.

A few weeks earlier than now in June would have seen the sturgeon fleet on the lower river just below the bridge—a sight worth seeing. To behold the fishermen in their rude punts, bobbing up and down on the stream of foaming water which leaps over the dam, and throwing out their baited hooks to entice the big fish, is an experience worth having. It becomes fairly exciting when they catch hold of one of these monsters of the deep, and, after a fierce struggle, drag him, puffing and blowing, into the boat.

Sometimes they remain out hours of ter sunset; then the long streak of white foam resting on the dark and gloomy river, and the almost ghostly appearance of the fisher-boats, as they dance on it for an instant and then vanish into the shadows, form a phantomlike scene such as Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint.

Now turn around and look away up stream ! What a noble piece of water it is—a small lake, in fact, over half a mile in width as far as we can see it, and that is over three miles. The river, in its natural state, was not half as wide, but the building of the dam and embankment had the effect of overflowing the flats for some miles up, and thousands of acres, which were formerly covered with tall, spreading trees, have been for many years under water. At some points the dead trunks and branches of these trees still remain standing. They remind us of those weird pictures of barren and blasted forests, which we meet with in the writings of some of the old romancers and poets. But, for the most part, wind and storm and decay have done their work with these giants of the wood, and nothing but the stumps can now be seen.

It is good to rest here for a while taking no heed of the flight of time. Calm, clear and bright the beautiful river lies before us, not a wave, not a ripple, to break the repose of its surface. Like some vast mirror, it reflects every object on its banks—the green trees, the white mills and storehouses, the dwellings, the barns, the bridges—we see them all down in those mystic depths, plain and distinct both in form and color.

Ruskin somewhere says that, under certain conditions, there is as much to be seen in the water as above it. We have only to look on that scene before us to feel the truth of his remark.

"How came that long double row of broken piles there?" you ask,—"there on the further side of the stream, which seems to run up past that inlet?"

This is all that remains of the old original tow-path. Long before steamboats or locomotives were known in these parts, great teams of horses used to toil along it, dragging scows and barges and schooners behind them. For many years the Grand River was the principal outlet for the whole surrounding country. Immense rafts of oak and pine and elm were then brought down it, to go by way of the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence to Quebec—for the forests of this region were once rich in timber. One of these rafts, with its shanties built on it, and its crew of French lumbermen, was a sight to gladden the eyes. How the merry fellows would run round on it, lively as crickets, singing one of their native songs, as they labored with their pike-poles to push it along.

After the introduction of steamboats, the light traffic between these parts and Buffalo was carried on, for the greater part, by a few side-wheelers, built so as to navigate shallow waters.

There are many in this neighborhood who can well remember when the old *Experiment* and *Dover* used to come in here by way of Port Maitland and the feeder, laden with cargoes of freight and passengers from Uncle Sam's dominions. Then they would steam. on up the river as far as Brantford, escaping the rapids by means of locks and short canals. Almost any evening during the season of navigation, one might stand on this embankment and see steamers come puffing down, each with her tow of loaded scows and schooners behind her.

All this is over now; the Grand River is a deserted highway; the locks and dams in the upper section have been carried away by the floods, or suffered to rot down, and it would be difficult for anything much larger than a rowboat to pass Cayuga—seldom, indeed, does a lake craft of any kind go even that far. The grain is carried chiefly by the railways, and the trade in gypsum seems to have ceased. The forests, too, have been stripped of their best timber, and nothing is ever rafted down here, except a few small saw-logs and poles.

But, though the palmy days of the noble stream may be ended, time has not robbed it of its picturesque beauty: it has heightened and increased, rather than diminish it. Like some old veteran, whose battles are over and whose bustling days are past, it has now that quiet charm which repose and decay alone can give. The merchants and the mariners, who once trafficked on its waters, have abandoned it to seek employment and wealth amid busier scenes. But, though they have deserted it, it still has its lovers and admirers. The artist now delights to haunt its banks and transfer some of its numberless bits of enchanting scenery to his canvas or his paper. This neighborhood is fast becoming a favorite resort for landscape painters. Some members of the Buffalo Sketch Club spent the greater part of last summer here, and many of the pictures exhibited at their annual opening were taken by them between

Dunnville and Port Maitland. This summer they are here again, busily sketching.

You shake your head and look grave. I know what your thoughts are. Yes, Hawthorne did say that when a country or a region becomes an object of interest to painters and poets, it may be safely considered to be in the last stages of decay. I admit the truth of the observation; it will hold good as far as the river is concerned; but if you were to see the little town over there on a market day, when the streets are crowded with wagons loaded with farmers' produce, you would not think that it was in any danger of going down. A good farming country lies all around. Heavy grain crops are grown in the townships west of the river, and now that the low, sandy lands of Moulton are well drained, they produce roots and fruits in great abundance.

The fine prospect on both sides makes this embankment a most enjoyable place for a stroll. On summer evenings, especially on Sundays; after church, half of the population of Dunnville may be seen here. But there are times when nobody will venture to cross it unless compelled. When the late fall winds are blowing a hurricane down the river, the waves will dash against it and break over it in showers of spray that would drench one to the skin in a few minutes. At the time of the great flood in 1869, the waters burst through and made a gap of over 200 feet long. Then the lower stories of half the houses in Dunnville were flooded, and the people rowed about the streets in boats for several days. The low, flat parts of Moulton township were also overflowed for several miles back from the river. These overwhelming floods are now things of the past. The village fathers of Dunnville have raised the road along the river so as to form a level breakwater, and an additional waste-weir has been built. The embankment, too, has been made higher and stronger.

Here, at the end of the embankment, is the first of the three great waste-weirs which carry off the surplus water and are the chief safeguards when there is danger of being flooded. A pleasant, airy, picturesque spot it is. On the upper side is the wide river, and look across it and you will get a fine view of the front street of Dunnville, with the tops of the higher buildings and the towers of the churches. On the lower side the swift current sweeps around into Sulphur Creek, and when the valves of the weir are open and the water is rushing through them, it becomes so rapid and strong that it would be rather difficult to stem it. When, like the "Sweet Afton," it flows gently along, the lake fish delight to come up and play here. On each side of the channel you may see one of the quaint-looking dip-nets used in this region, with its long balance pole and its upright rest. It hangs over the water ready fOr a dip whenever indications are favorable. On the opposite side, close by the tall white grist mill, a couple of fishermen are

sitting down enjoying a smoke under the thick willows that overhang the little mill-race. In a few minutes they will probably let down the net and make a catch. The fish caught here are, most of them, fine eating, especially the bass, both black and white. These fishermen are professionals, who pay the Government for their licenses and follow the occupation for profit. They own seines as well as dip-nets, and if you come at the right time you may see them putting off in their scow-built punts and then throwing out their nets and dragging them to shore, heavy, perhaps, with every kind of fish that is to be found in these waters—pike, pickerel, bass, suckers, mullet, and, it may be, maskinonge—the finest and most delicious of all, so epicures say. At certain seasons of the year it is unlawful to catch some of these fish. Should one of the prohibited happen to get into the net at these times, the fishermen, of course, make a point of throwing it back into the water, more especially if the inspector should chance to be looking on.

In addition to the professionals, there are a number of amateurs who love to frequent the waste-weirs and other points where the fish congregate. They are mostly old gentlemen, retired tradesmen, officials, and farmers, who are spending the evening of life in Dunnville, and who, in these long, hot summer days, find their chief recreation and employment in the sport which Izaak Walton so loved. These gentlemen use nothing but the hook and line, and these they can ply to their heart's content without let or hindrance.

The summer months, July and August especially, generally bring a number of visitors to enjoy the sport of trawling. Boats and guides are always to be hired, and one may see them starting off up stream and down with spoon-hook and line and lunch-basket, if he chances to be abroad in the early morning hours.

It is time that we were on our way to Port Maitland. The little islands and the old canal, just above where we stand, are worth devoting a few hours to, especially when the inlets are covered with beautiful white pond lilies which seem to float on the surface of the water. They make a fine contrast with the dark • green leaves that surround them.

You can glance at the second waste-weir as we cross the Sulphur Creek bridge. Like the first, it is a solid, substantial stone structure, built at great expense on a firm foundation of piles and puddled clay.

Leaving the quiet village of Byng, we take the river road, and are soon on the summit of a little hill from which we get another fine view of Dunnville. As we look across the marsh, the town seems to lie on the very edge of it. From this point the eye can also take in the long bridge and embankment, the lover river, and the creek with its branches dividing the green expanse into fairy-looking islands, while the beams of the morning sun falling upon the scene, give it the charm of life and freshness.

A mile or two more and we are past the bend and in sight of the sand dunes of Port Maitland—high mounds which look in the distance like a chain of mountains. They shut out the lake from our view, but the tall masts of a schooner lying in the harbor can be plainly seen towering above them.

We pass thriving-looking homesteads, rich pastures and fields of winter wheat, which promise fair for a good yield at harvest, should nothing happen to blight or injure them.

The land on this side of the river is comparatively high, but on the other side the great marshes skirt the lagoon-like stream down to its mouth, and stretch away south and east to the banks of the feeder.

At last we come to where the sandhills block the way, and the road branches off. Let us mount the steep bank, although it is rather hard climbing, for the sand is so loose that our feet sink into it every step. From the summit of these mounds we have a delightful view. The lake, the piers, the light-house, the long line of sandhills, sweeping round the crescent bay down to Mohawk Point, burst at once upon our sight. Far as eye can reach, the great inland sea lies before us, clear and peaceful. The spirit of repose seems to have shed its influence over it, and to have lulled it into slumber as deep and as sweet as the **sleep** of a child. Away out we catch sight of the white sails of vessels, and the smoke **of** a steamboat. Here all is quiet; there is nothing to disturb the pervading tranquility; not a sound is to be heard save the murmur of the waters as they ripple on the sand.

Our surroundings "breathe immortality" **and invite us** to meditation. While we are in this mood, it will be good for **us to** linger for a while in the little churchyard, which lies yonder, **just** at the upper end of this chain of hillocks or dunes. You can see the tower of the church through the trees. A wild, solitary spot it is, lying amid the sands, with the vast lake in front of **it,** and an atmosphere of mingled sadness and sweetness pervading it. The .grass has grown high and rank in places, bramble has cropped up, **the** sand has drifted in and buried portions of the fence, and of some of the gravestones, but there is a charm in this secluded God's acre, which the more pretentious **cemeteries** of great cities do not often possess. The spirit of the place awakens tender feelings, and inclines us to deep and solemn thought. There is nothing to break the spell which it casts over heart and mind. No crowd of **sightseers,** no elegant equipages sweeping by, no gay flower-gardens **and** inappropriate decorations to turn our attention from the things that are afar off to the pomps and vanities of the world.

The little wooden church is Anglican, and is old, as age is reckoned in this country. Some of the tombstones have been standing for more than half a century. As you walk round, and read and ponder, you will observe **that** a number **of old officers lie**

buried here. The lake shore for several miles west of us was originally settled by military and naval officers from England, who came out here to form a little colony, and live the free, independent, pleasant life of country gentlemen. Some of them laid out much of their means in improving their farms and in building substantial dwellings for themselves, but they found, generally, that farming in Canada was anything but profitable in those times, except for practical, hard-working men, able and willing to endure privation and rough fare. As most of them had regular incomes, they managed to live comfortably, but their descendants, with a few exceptions, have left the neighborhood to seek more congenial employment in our towns and cities.

You wonder why the grave we are approaching is made of such extraordinary length,—as if it were that of a giant. Beneath that mound of earth rest the remains of a band of gallant soldiers, who belonged to the famous Twenty-Third, or Welsh Fusiliers, and who were drowned near this shore in 1849. They were on their way from Montreal to London, and were going by steamboat as far as Port Stanley. Their vessel was run into by another and sunk a little way out from this place. Assistant Surgeon Grantham, some non-commissioned officers, and more than forty men perished, and their remains were interred in this churchyard, as may be seen by the inscriptions on the headstones. The accident happened in the night, and it is said that one of the vessels did not have her lights properly displayed. Be that as it may, the poor fellows went down, and

"They laid them by the pleasant shore,
And in hearing of the wave."

There have been many shipwrecks in this bay, when the storms of autumn raged, and the lake vessels were making the last trips of the season.

How invitingly cool seems the Lake in these sultry days! No wonder so many Dunnvilleites have built summer houses on its shores.

We will walk along the beach to the village. We can see the tops of the houses over the sand-hills.

You would like to know something about the origin of these sand-hills. Well, I confess I cannot tell you how they came here; I am not in the least scientific. Probably they were blown up by the winds and are the work of the gales of centuries. I think that they go on increasing in size from year to year, as fresh sand is washed up from the lake.

This must be a scorching hot place when the summer sun is pouring down his rays on it, especially when there is no breeze off the lake, for there is very little shade here; nothing appears to grow on these dunes, except a few scrubby, stunted hemlocks,

which creep along the ground and look like vines rather than trees. But notwithstanding this, there is a peculiar fascination about the scene. The glare and heat of the sands at noon-day make the cool lake look still more welcome and refreshing, and when the evening yellow falls upon them, they seem actually to take on the long lines of golden light and the deep-hued masses of shadow.

Artists always love low sandy shores like this. Some of the most attractive pictures in our galleries are taken from just such scenes. This neighborhood has received its share of attention. Mr. George Merritt Clarke, a talented member of the Buffalo Sketch Club, was here for several weeks last summer, sketching among these sands and the old tumble-down houses of the village, which is now in the days of its decline, but not, I trust, of its fall.

The good people of Port Maitland, some of them at least, wondered what attraction the place could have for an artist and could not understand how the picture of an old frame building not worth five dollars could fetch almost as many hundreds, when put up for sale.

Here is the mouth of the river, and the capacious harbor, one of the very largest and best on Lake. Erie. A fleet could ride at, anchor in safety under those piers. Away across, on the other shore of the river is the lake entrance to the Feeder. The lock is about a quarter of a mile up it.

Round about us lie the houses of the Port, and, if decay and dinginess are signs of the picturesque, then this place must surely be an Artist's Paradise, for more dilapidated-looking affairs than some of these old structures are, could scarcely be seen anywhere. The light-keeper's house and the neat hotel are modern, respectable and prosaic, but the rest of the buildings are antique, unpresentable, and dear to the poet and the painter's heart.

See that worn-out frame cottage. It stands there on the sand-bank, but every house in Port Maitland rests on a similar foundation. It is a village built on sand.

During the war of 1812, and for many years after, Port Maitland was a naval station, perhaps the most important on the lake. Some of the old inhabitants here can remember H.M.S. Minos, and her commander Lieutenant Hatch. She was stationed here away back in the forties, and was withdrawn when Great Britain and the United States withdrew all war-vessels from the lakes.

The Port was a busy place formerly, but its trade, like that of the Grand River, has fallen off.

Steamers here took in their supply of firewood, and great piles of it were to be seen on the docks. The harbor was filled with vessels all summer long, steamboats wooding up, schooners which had to put in for supplies or for shelter, little fleets of Grand River scows and barges waiting till the lake was calm

enough for the tugs to tow them across to Buffalo. Great rafts of timber of ten lay here for days. During the time of the American civil war, a good deal of round pine was brought in to go through the canal, immense sticks, some of them over one hundred feet in length and three of four feet in diameter. At that time the Southern ports were blockaded and ship yards had to get their masts and spars from Northern forests.

The only industry which seems now to flourish in the place is fishing; this is carried on to a considerable extent. The great reels for nets which are seen in the stands in front of some of the houses show what is the occupation of the inhabitants. Some of these fishermen ply their trade along the beach with seines; others have gill nets in the lake. Any one who stays here for a few weeks will have an opportunity of seeing their little steamboat come in at early morning with its cargo of fish, and go out at evening when they set their nets. If one is fond of fishing either with hook or trawling line, he can find no better place for a summer outing: there is the river to sport on and near by is the cool lake. Accommodation is easily obtained; no more comfortable and pleasant country tavern can be found than the cheerful-looking little inn, with its good table, airy rooms, and aspect of neatness, so that a stay by the spot where the broad, slow river, melts into the breezy bosom of Lake Erie, lacks not in the comforts of life found in other summer resorts.

The Early Days in Dunnville and its Vicinity

By Rev. Father (later Dean) P. J. Donovan, in St. Michael's Parish Almanac, 1918.

This is a short story of the early days in Dunnville and in the neighboring townships. As the narrative proceeds, keep in mind that in this brief history it is impossible to relate everything that is known about these early times, and at this late date it is not always easy to get accurate information on the subject. However there is enough matter here to create interest. The period covered reaches to 1878. Some of the information is taken from "The Illustrated Historical Atlas of the County of Haldimand," published in 1879 by H. R. Page & Co., Toronto, Ont., and the rest the writer has picked up here and there at different times.

DUNNVILLE

On the high ground along the Grand River, within a short distance of the south-eastern boundary of the present town, is the Klingender farm, the original site of Dunnville. This, no doubt, is the place where Squire Anthony, one of the very early settlers, made his home some time before the dam and Welland Canal Feeder were built. Fred Klingender, who is now living on this property, and who was a baby when his father moved there nearly eighty years ago, says that a grist and a saw mill, a store and a distillery stood on the place, and that the remains of the foundations of some of these old buildings still remain. A part of the timber used in the construction of his present dwelling house was taken from a building once used here as a hotel. A brickyard was also located on this site.

About 1825 Solomon Minor settled on the present site of Dunnville, and two years later the construction of the dam across the Grand River was begun. It was at first proposed to dam the river at Port Maitland, but the company was prevented from doing so by Commodore Barron, then in command of the naval station there, who refused to allow the dam to be built within five miles of the mouth of the river. The present site of the dam was therefore selected, and as soon as the selection was made Oliver Phelps

bought three lots from the Hon. Henry John Bolton, and had them laid out into village lots, which were sold, and buildings were soon erected on them. The progress of the new village was for some time very slow, as most of the laborers employed on the dam and the Feeder lived in boarding houses, and after the works were completed moved away. At the time there were no roads in the adjacent townships communicating with Dunnville, only a path along the north side of the river bank. The Robinson Road was chopped out in 1833, and the Diltz Road the following year, but neither was fit for travel for a few years afterwards, except in winter or late in the summer. The Robinson Road was not rendered passable for teams until later. Mr. Wilkinson of Buffalo was the contractor for the building of the dam, which with the Feeder was built by the Welland Canal Co., of which the late Hon. Wm. H. Merritt was the promoter and manager. The Feeder was finished on the 28th of September, 1829, on which day the water was first let in. For years the Feeder was so shallow that when the weeds grew up in summer the Company had to have it mowed out in order to allow the water to run through in sufficient quantities to supply the canal. The Company, in order to encourage manufacturing, announced before the completion of the works that the mill or factory which would first get in running order after the Feeder was finished should have exemption from rent "as long as grass grows and water runs."

THE FIRST MILL

Oliver Phelps of Dunnville and Mr. Keefer of Thorold built each a mill at these points, and hurried their completion in order to avail themselves of the Company's offer. Mr. Keefer had his mill built first, but Mr. Phelps had the machinery in his before the roof was on, and had it ready to grind wheat as soon as the water was let into the canal, thus winning the prize before the water had time to reach Keefer's mill at Thorold, which was also ready. The Company, however, gave the privilege of perpetual free water to both mills. Andrew Thompson built a sawmill here about the same time. Logs were brought down the river and cut into lumber by Thompson, and later by Oldfield & Knoxen and Hezekiah Davis. The last named cut a cargo of lumber which L. J. Weatherby took to Buffalo and sold it there. This lumber was then shipped to Chicago and used to erect some of that city's first buildings.

THE POSTMASTERS

About this time the first postmaster came. His name was A. S. St. John. He was succeeded by John Armour, uncle of Thos. Armour. The last named succeeded his uncle in 1864, and resigned in 1916. He still lives here. The post office was first situated

where the Pump House is now. The present site was purchased by Thos. Armour. John Armour was made clerk of the Division Court in 1838.

TWO OLD TIMERS

William Lambier, still living here, came to Dunnville in 1830 with his father,, Basil Lambier. They came from Montreal. William was then three years old. His memory is still very good, and his earliest recollections of the town is a few houses along the river, and one house where the Bank of Commerce stands.

In 1836 came James McNichol from Donegal, Ireland. His son James was born in Dunnville in 1838, and is still living here, the oldest man born in the town. The late John Arderlay, son of William Arderlay, was the first male child born in Dunnville.

EARLY MILLS AND TAVERNS.

About 1836 Camp & Munson, James R. Benson and Clark Bros. built mills here, or across the river at Haldimand, now Byng. In 1833 a German named Deffenbacher built a carding mill, and shortly afterwards (1835) L. J. Weatherby came to Dunnville to work in it, and soon afterwards bought it. Mr. Weatherby enlarged and carried it on for some time. Hezekiah Davis had a saw and a grist mill on the site of 0. E. Willson's mill, and close by there was a dry dock. James Sime settled here in 1835, and George Sime a few years later. John Edgar came the same year.

Mr. Kennedy opened the first tavern in a log building, which he kept while the dam and the Feeder were being built. Shortly after this France Lemieux built a hotel where Price's Farmers' Hotel is now. Robt. Murdy succeeded him in 1834. In 1836 this hotel was taken over by David Price, who formerly lived at Hum-berstone and built a stone hotel there, doing the stone work himself, as he was a stone mason by trade. His son David, so well known to the present generation, eventually succeeded him. A son of the last named, also called David, succeeded to the business, and built the present building; and now his widow, Mrs. David Price, with her son James as manager, is still carrying on this business that has been in the family so long. For names of other hotels look under heading of "The First Street."

The Robt. Murdy spoken of above, was the father of Robt. G. Murdy of Dunnville. He ran the first packet boat on the Feeder, and in 1846 he took charge of the toll bridge at the entrance to the Feeder. His son Robt. G. succeeded him in 1866, and carried on a lime kiln and stone quarry business at the same time.

A HARD TIME WINTER

One winter, between 1845 and 1850 there came a very great shortage of food, and a committee had to insist on the town baker

handing over his supply of flour, which was divided equally among all the people to relieve their needs. Fortunately the river broke up early in the spring, fish became plentiful, and so much distress was removed.

A FISH STORY, ETC.

Just to make the members of the many rod and gun clubs of the town wish they had been in Dunnville sixty years ago, reference is made to the fact that in the spring sturgeon were caught in such numbers that it was no unusual thing to see these fish piled along the river bank like cord wood. Game was very plentiful. Deer were so numerous that they became a nuisance to the farmers, whose wheat fields and young orchards suffered from the visits of these animals. Bears were common, and ducks too numerous to mention. The wood pigeons took hours to pass over the town in their spring and fall flights. Martin Green, a trapper and fisherman, who has lived here since these days, says that one year the black squirrels emigrated from the woods in Dunn, swam down Sulphur Creek and across the river at Dunnville, and then went on east. They never came back. A creek ran down through the property where St. Michael's Church now stands, and then on through F. J. Ramsey's place to the Bank of Commerce corner, emptying at last into the lower river. There are men still here who fished in this stream as far up as the church. It was called Sunfish Creek.

A MEAN MAN

In the days of Dunnville's infancy there was one mean man who lived in the village. This is what he did on the occasion of his marriage. He offered to the clergyman who married him a string of fish (suckers) as his fee. The domine, who was a circuit rider and lived on the Forks Road, took the fish. He fared far better than the writer, also a clergyman, who has had a groom offer him as a fee a fish story about having no funds at all.

STEAMERS OF OTHER DAYS

Steamers ran from Buffalo to Dunnville and on up the river to Brantford. This was after the Feeder was built. These boats carried passengers, had regular ports along the river, and passed through locks at Indiana, York, Caledonia and near Brantford. The names of some of these were the Indian Chief which was the first boat on the river, the Swallow, Queen, Caroline Messmore, Brantford, Oxford and Caledonia. Captain Daniel McSwain also ran a packet boat between Buffalo and Brantford. A tow path ran along the other side of the river to the Telephone City. There was no railway connection to Brantford then.

It was in 1833 that the Grand River Navigation Co. improved navigation along the river from Indiana to Brantford. In 1871 the

Haldimand Navigation Co. bought out their rights and property. At this period and later the river gave more or less trouble every spring, and many moved away because of these freshets. In 1869 occurred the most serious flood.

THE FIRST STREET

The first street ran along the river from the Queen's Hotel corner west. The buildings on the south side were built from the river bank out over the stream. The business of the town was carried on here, and these are the names of some of the business and professional men who earned their living on this street then and until it was eventually deserted for the present business section: A. S. St. John, Andrew Thompson, John Oldfield, John Armour, Merrigold & Stewart, John Minor, Henry Penny, Thos. Armour, J. Stevenson, Wm. Fleming, Montague & Darling, Alex. and Hugh Robb, R. Chambers, M. Gash, C. Osborne, H. Johnson, Robt. McNeill, Thos. Boyle, J. Gibson, J. Hirsch, McMullen Bros., E. Barker, Wm. Sache, R. Richardson, Lawson Bros., Wm. Scholfield, Jas. Scholfield, A. McNeill, R. May, Wm. Bell and Cornelius Perry.

The hotels that withstood the breezes that blew along the river front were: Commercial House; North American, Thomas Wiggins, Prop.; Dunnville House, John Ricker, Prop.; Arderlay House, Wm. Arderlay, Prop.; McKeever House, John McKeever, Prop.; Laverne House, Mr. Laverne, Prop.

Other men in business off this street in these early times and later were: A. A. Brownson, Jos. Brown, Samuel Amsden, Hugh Asher, John Woodbury, Geo. and Thos. Carlisle, Walter Brown, George Sime, James Sime, A. T. Macartney, John Johnson, Henry Johnson, Reid & Diltz, Hyatt & Miller, D. Mitchell, Hanlon & Henry, K. C. Kirkpatrick, S. Cornick, Thos. Woodside, J. Edgar, Jas. and D. Mclndoe, Jas. Norris, D. Smith, Wm. G. Scott, Wm. Carr, John Parry, Julius Moblo, Jas. Adams, Angus Livingstone, John Flower. Joe Montague ran a blacksmith shop where the Customs House now stands. Dr. Allen and his son Dr. Allen, Dr. Jarron, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Couse, Dr. McLaughlin and later Dr. Hopkins, father of the present Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. McCallum, were the medical men. The hotels in this district were: McKee House, Queen's, Victoria, Mansion, Arderlay House and Royal.

The fire chiefs were John Oldfield and R. Brownson; the village clerk, John Martin. At different times the town foremen **were** Thos. Carroll, John Carson and Christie **Wilson.** Matthew **Culleton** was night watchman.

THE SCHOOLS

From all accounts those who were eligible for school in **Dunnville** in the days of long ago had **their** troubles, as there ***were*** **many** private schools for them, and **a small** public school stood **at Dr.**

Hopkins' corner. John Armour taught in this school; also a Mr. Atkinson and Rev. E. H. Dewart, later editor of the Christian Guardian, and Michael Scott and Ed. Henry. This building was given up when the present site was taken over for a new school in 1855. Fergus Scholfield, still living here, and born on the site of the Monarch Knitting Co., is the authority for the statement that the children were highly indignant when told where the new school was to be built. They felt it was a great hardship to be asked to walk away out near the woods to the school—just three blocks from the river.

These are some of the teachers who taught in this school until 1878: N. L. Holmes, Miss Jane Miller, Miss Jennie Miller, Messrs. LaMont, Minor, C. E. S. Black, T. Q. Hamilton, Thos. Hammond, A. E. Osborne.

The High School was established in 1868 with the following trustees: Judge Upper, T. L. M. Tipton, W. N. Braund, John Parry, Charles Stevens and Hugh Asher. The first building used was owned and occupied by N. J. Root, and later the old Wesleyan Church was occupied. In 1885 the old High School on Alder St. was built. The principals up to 1878 were: Messrs. Colter, Young, Hume and Harrison.

THE CHURCHES

In the early days the Methodists worshipped in the old public school that stood at Dr. Hopkins' corner, and also in a room over W. R. Jackson's store. About 1852 the Wesleyan Methodists built on the present public school corner. This building was later moved to Lock St., opposite Dr. Walker's. About sixty years ago the Episcopal Methodists built on Pine St., the building now occupied by Geo. Windecker as a mill. The New Connection Church on the corner of Maple and Alder Sts., was built by Rev. Mr. DeMill some time in the sixties. In 1874, shortly after some different denominations of Methodists in Canada had formed a union, the members of the two other Methodist Churches here worshipped at the New Connection Church, and sold their buildings. The names of some of the early ministers were: Rev. Messrs. Gundy, DeMill, Winslow, Wilson, Brown and Williams.

In 1849 Rev. Geo. Cheyne enrolled 25 members for the Knox Presbyterian Church in Dunnville. Before this, however, in 1845 a brick church had been built. In that year these gentlemen were members of a committee connected with it: Andrew Thompson, John Armour, Wm. Chalmers, Jas. Sime, John A. Minor, and Dr. Jarron. The first pastor was Rev. W. Porterfield, who came in 1852, and in this year Salmon Minor, John Bowman and Wm. Scott were ordained elders. Shortly previous to this some members had withdrawn and formed a connection with the United Presbyterian Church. Rev. Robt. Jamieson succeeded Rev. Mr. Porterfield and

then came Rev. John Rennie. Rev. Robt. Fleming came in 1868, remaining just a short time. Until 1876 there was no regular pastor, when came Rev. Geo. A. Yeomans who was here in 1878. The present building was erected in 1906.

An Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Clark, a missionary, visited the Anglicans who lived here in the very early days. After this the Rev. Mr. Hill made occasional visits from York. In 1841 Rey. C. B. Gribble came, and in 1843 Rev. Mr. Townley had charge of the churches at Port Maitland, South Cayuga and Dunnville. Then the following clergymen succeeded to the charge in this order down to 1878: Rev. John Flood, Rev. Noah Disbro and Rev. Percy Smith, the last to hold the triple charge. The old church stood back on the lot where stands the present building erected in 1886. A graveyard surrounded the old church.

In the year 1878 the Baptist Church was not organized here. Meetings were held in the old church opposite Dr. Walker's, on Lock St., in 1887, and in the following year the church was organized by the Rev. Mr. Pugsley, and the present church was built in 1889. Outside of Dunnville, however, there were churches of this denomination with many members in Sherbrooke and Canboro that dated back to early times.

Father McIntosh is probably the first priest to say Mass in Dunnville. This was in 1848, and the place was a room in Mrs. McKeever's hotel. Later Mass was said in a building owned by John Timmons near the G.T.R. station; next at Thos. Carroll's house, then at Jasper Murphy's and the Amsden and the Boswell halls. Dean Grattan, Fathers Conway and Fitzgerald came after Father McIntosh. About 1858 or 1860 Father McNulty of Caledonia, visited the town. Shortly after a frame church was built where the parish house now stands, was moved later to the present site and was moved back again in 1886 to allow the present church to be erected. From the year 1858 or 1860 Frs. McNulty, M. Cleary, Doherty, Maddigan and Kelly (now of St. Patrick's, Hamilton), pastors of Caledonia, came at intervals to minister to the spiritual needs of the Catholics until a parish was established in 1885 with a resident priest.

Father Lee came to Stromness in 1841, and died there a short time after. He quelled the Broad Creek War.

THE LEGISLATORS

The names of the legislators for Haldimand and Monck down to 1878 are: Haldimand—Capt. John Brant in 1832; William H. Merritt in 1837; David Thompson; William Lyon Mackenzie, who defeated Geo. Brown; R. McKinnon; Michael Harcourt, and in 1863 David Thompson. David Thompson was the representative at Ottawa from 1867 to 1878. Dr. Baxter represented Haldimand

in the Ontario Assembly from 1867 to 1878. The County of Monck was represented in the House of Commons by Lauchlan McCallum in 1867, James D. Edgar of Toronto in 1872, and Lauchlan McCallum was elected again in 1874 and 1878. The same county was represented in the Ontario Assembly by Geo. Secord in 1867, Lauchlan McCallum in 1871, and Dr. H. R. Haney from 1872 to 1878. Then Richard Harcourt.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

The first paper in Dunnville was "The Independent," the first number of which was published at Cayuga by Dr. Harrison and T. L. M. Tipton, recently deceased. This was in 1851. L. J. Weatherby and A. Brownson bought it in 1852. Hanlon & Henry took it over in 1859. It was Reform in politics until that year, when it became Conservative, supporting Samuel Amsden against William Lyon Mackenzie. A short time after it discontinued publication. Later Thos. Messenger bought the press and type and started "The Luminary." In 1871, C. E. S. Black bought this paper, and continued it under the name of "The Gazette." "The Haldimand Tribune" was published here by L. J. and W. L. Weatherby. In 1873 came "The Reform Press." L. J. Weatherby took charge of it. C. W. Colter was first editor, and later T. L. M. Tipton edited it. The Dunnville Chronicle was established in 1896 by W. A. Fry.

A POPULAR MANLY ART

In these days the manly art of self defence was not neglected. There were many Jess Willards, who did not wait for a ring to perform in and were not concerned about a purse. They just naturally engaged in this diversion to work off an exuberance of spirits. Anyway it can be truthfully said that the spirits had a lot to do with it. These were the days of good spirits too, and the times were indeed happy. No uplift fads then. Germs there were none, and whoever heard of microbes? They had not yet come to town. There were no operations for appendicitis. No need of such, for the panacea for all ills was quinine, very sparingly placed in a most liberal supply of . . . (Fill in the blank yourself). The article is now taboo since Ottawa followed the example of Toronto.

Between 1858 and 1863 there was an excellent dramatic club here with a Mr. and Mrs. Mason as instructors.

DUNNVILLE IN 1878

The "Historical Atlas" has also the following to say about Dunnville in the year 1878:

"To the almost unlimited water power obtainable, Dunnville

owes much of its early prosperity and subsequent growth. The shipping facilities furnished by the canal, and the excellent harbor at Port Maitland, have made it the market where nearly all the surplus grain of the surrounding townships is handled, and the building of the Buffalo & Goderich Railway has given Dunnville increased advantages as a business centre.

"Owing to these advantages, and the enterprise of the business men of the village, it has maintained a degree of prosperity, even in the last few years of depression, equalled by very few communities of its population in Ontario. Its population is now about two thousand and is increasing. It is well built, mostly with brick, and some of the stores are large and substantial structures, notably those erected by the late Samuel Amsden, who was at one time an enterprising and wealthy business man. He built the store now occupied by F. J. Ramsey, known as the Boswell Hall Store, and another now occupied as a hotel, the "Queen's." Dunnville has a large number of well-stocked stores, and a few fairly prosperous manufacturing establishments. Two weekly papers are published here, and are well supported.

"Dunnville was formerly a part of the township of Moulton, but was on January 1st, 1860, erected into a separate municipality, when John Jarron was elected reeve; in 1861 and 1862, Jabez Ams-den was reeve; in 1863, John Parry; in 1864, Matthew Gash; in 1865, Jabez Amsden; in 1866, Geo. Sime; in 1867 and 1868, Matthew Gash; in 1869, Angus Macdonald; in 1870 and 1871, John T. Johnson; in 1872, Harmon Root; in 1873, John T. Johnson; in 1874 and 1875, Harmon Root; in 1876, Matthew Gash; in 1877 and 1878, Arthur Boyle. The assessed value of the real and personal property of the village was in 1878, $503,020; the amount of land within the corporate limits is 780 acres. Dunnville has several excellent hotels and many handsome residences. There is an efficient fire brigade and two brass bands. The Imperial Bank of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce have agencies here, being the only banks doing business in the county of Haldimand."

Among the professional and business men of Dunnville in 1878 were. Thomas Armour, Arthur Boyle, N. A. Barnea, W. N. Braund, James Bushel, Sr., Chas. E. S. Black, Edgar Barker, Thos. Braund, John Bolger, Nelson Beebe, A. Brownson, William Baker, John Bell, Archibald Couper, E. 0. Cross, E. H. Docker, Joseph Fant, A. B. Ford, R. A. Harrison, S. Haney & Son, C. A. Hart, James Haney, James Jamieson, William Kerr, A. M. Kinnear, Fred C. Lowe, Alexander Logan, R. F. Lattimore, Henry Lawe, L. Mas-secar, Thomas McDonald, John Moblo, Charles May, F. E. Newman, John H. Nevins, F. J. Ramsey, Harmon Root, John Sowerby,

Charles Stevens (J.P.), W. G. Scott, Scholfield Bros., John Stewart, John W. Holmes, James A. Sime, M. C. Upper, Jacob Vanberburg, White & Dougher, S. & E. Waltho, L. J. Weatherby, John A. Whitmore, David Price, Wm. Griffith, James Rolston, and Jas. Mclndoe. The town clerk was C. E. S. Black. Chas. Stevens, whose name appears in this list, has been continuously in the harness business here since 1851. He is the oldest harness maker in Ontario, and still works at his trade.

OLD TIME PARISHIONERS

The members of St. Michael's Church may find it interesting to go over these names of old time parishioners who lived in the town: Jeremiah Sullivan, Thos. Carroll, Andrew Devine, Thos. McGill, Jasper Murphy, Felix Murphy, Michael Cleary, John Timmons, Patrick O'Neill, Dennis McDonald, Matthew Culleton, Casper Heisler, Malcolm Miller, Michael McDonald, Patrick Hunter, John Hickey, John Cooley, George Jewhurst, Peter Cullen, Chas. Eaton, Michael Cribbins, Richard Sasse, Dr. McLaughlin.

PORT MAITLAND

Probably the first white men who appeared in this neighborhood were the Rev. Fathers Dollier de Casson and Galinee, two Sulpitian priests, in the year 1669, or 249 years ago this year, 1918. They came down the river from Cainsville, and encamped on the site of the village of Port Maitland. Fif teen days they remained there, and then for the sake of prudence they retired a mile and a half into the woods, built a combination hut and chapel, said Mass three times a week, and remained five months.

In the Crown Lands' Department at Toronto there is an old map that shows an old Indian trail along the lake shore through Sherbrooke and Dunn. This trail was the first road used in these parts, and it crossed the Grand River at Port Maitland. The wash from the lake had formed a bar here, and this enabled travellers to ford the river at this point.

Port Maitland was the rendezvous of the Indians who went to the assistance of General Brock in 1812. Some came down the river, and others, coming along the lake from Long Point, joined them. When all had assembled, the party went down the lake to Point Abino, thence across to Queenston Heights.

In the year 1813 a British fleet under Barclay engaged with Commodore Perry off Put-in-Bay, in the western part of Lake Erie, and was defeated. Four of these vessels, called the Mohawk, Rocket, Meteor and Comet, were pursued as far as Erie, where they evaded their pursuers and came across to Port Maitland and were scuttled at the mouth of the Grand. These boats were built at Chippawa

in 1788. Many a year passed before the skeletons of these old boats disappeared below the river's surface. Just recently some of their timber has been fished out of the water, and from the well-preserved oak the late Francis Splatt made walking canes and presented them to Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, and the late Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario. At the same time a great many 20 and 35 pound cannon balls were found in the wrecks, and also a few very old English coins. John Robinson and James Moss, members of the crew of one of these boats, settled at Port then. Chas. Ross of Dunnville has now in his possession Robinson's sword, and many of the cannon balls referred to above. After the war of 1812 a Highland Regiment was stationed here. Up on the east side of the river there stood the old military cemetery which, as the years lengthened, was sadly wrecked by the work of the wind on the sand, and many graves were laid bare. The children of a later generation, while playing about this graveyard, found strange looking buttons, which on close inspection proved to be some of those that had been on the uniforms of the soldiers buried there long ago.

Wm. Moss was the baker in the very early days, and afterwards kept a general store. Squire King, a soldier, received his discharge while he was stationed here, and bought a large quantity of land in this vicinity. Wm. Hendershot and Henry Ross were the first fishermen to fish off this point. Wm. Turner was one of the first Customs Officers. Thos. Connor was also an early settler, and Connor Bay, just east of the Port, is called after him. Charles Klingender, a pilot, licensed by the British Government, took the war boats in and out of the river.

A steamer tragedy took place a few miles off Port Maitland in 1848. The Despatch, carrying a company of Royal Welsh Fusiliers, had just put out into the lake from here, when it collided with the Commerce and about fifty persons were drowned. Their bodies are buried side by side in a long trench in the Port Maitland cemetery.

Six scows, towed by the R. L. Howard, left this harbor in 1862, and were wrecked off Point Abino with the loss of eighteen lives.

In 1870 the steamer Guiding Star, on her way from Buffalo to Detroit, put in here to wood-up, and while at the dock her boiler burst, killing four and seriously scalding seven persons.

CANBORO

Benjamin Canby negotiated with Captain Dochstader for the purchase of 19,500 acres of the Dochstader Tract for the sum of $20,000. This land had been obtained by Capt. John Dochstader

from the Six Nation Indians through Chief Brant. Canby was a tanner by trade. He came from Philadelphia and was a Quaker. This estate Canby called Canboro, and laid out a village on the Talbot Road and named it Canboro, in compliment to himself very likely. In laying out the township he did not seek the convenience of settlers in arranging lots and concessions, as it was surveyed in blocks of equal size and irregular shape, and all the roads were so built as to converge and centre on Canboro Village. He opened the Darling Road, and called it after his nephew, Thos. Darling. Besides the Talbot Road built before Canby's time, there were the Dunnville Road and the road towards Hamilton, and the Indiana Road. Other roads in the township are the Moote Road and the River Road.

The early settlers were Peter Melick on the Talbot Road, about 1811. Shortly after Matthew Smith built a mill in the village of Canboro.

About 1814 Samuel Birdsall settled north of the village. At an early date S. Follick settled on the Darling Road. In 1885 came Adam Moote to the north-east of the township, and in 1832 Wm. Fitch carried on business in the village. Shortly after Jeremiah Scanlon, Daniel Barry, Bartholomew Hartnett, Maurice Clifford, James Ryan, James Kenny, Wm. Quinlan and Hubert Dumas came to the township.

Another early settler was Major Robinson. He bought seven hundred acres where Attercliffe Station is, built a mill and kept a store there. John Folinsbee settled in Canboro village in 1834.

The township was reached in the early days of the first settlers by means of the Chippewa and Oswego Creeks. These men conveyed everything by canoes. There were no roads.

The first reeve was Barton Farr. Others to hold this office to 1878 were Amos Bradshaw, Jacob H. Bradshaw, Calvin S. Kelsy, Wm. F. Burk, Walter Melick and Samuel Swayze. The population in 1878 was 1000, and the land was assessed for $288,905.

SHERBROOKE

One of the first white settlers in Sherbrooke was Jacob Niece, a Pennsylvanian of German descent. Seeking land on which good spring water could be obtained, some Indians guided him up the lake shore to lot 11, in the 2nd concession of Sherbrooke. There he purchased land in 1822, cleared it in a short time, and found very rich soil. 'William Furry, another Pennsylvanian of German descent, settled here about the same time. Other settlers at this early period were David Deamud, Daniel Dickout, John Knisley, John Lapp, Henry Minor, Hay Kinnard, all U. E. Loyalists, between

1820 and 1822. Two or three years later John Root, an American, settled near the east side of Sherbrooke. While the canal connecting Pt. Maitland with the Feeder was under construction James and John Corcoran and their sister Ellen settled near what is now known as The Locks. Their brothers Michael and Patrick came shortly after. Timothy Sullivan lived at Stromness in these days and afterwards moved to Dunn. Thos. Connor and Patrick Cummings were among the first lock tenders at The Locks. In 1834 Wm. Chalmers, a Scotchman, settled at Lowbanks. Other arrivals werer Archibald Galbraith in 1838; L. McCallum, 1852.

In these days the nearest market was at Chippawa. Wheat sold for 50 cents a bushel. In 1834 there were three wagons in the township, owned by Messrs. Niece, Furry and Deamud, who also had horses. Other settlers used wood-shod sleds drawn by oxen. One dollar paid the taxes on 100 acres. This then was considered excessively high. Money was very scarce.

Before 1875 Sherbrooke was united with Moulton. James Dougher was elected reeve in 1876, and was succeeded by Daniel Dickhout in 1877.

DUNN

This township was originally Indian land, but in 1832 it was surrendered to the government and shortly afterwards thrown open for settlement. Some years previous to this, however, Walter B. Sheehan, Henry F. Sheehan, Geo. H. Sheehan and James M. Sheehan, had settled on a block of land their father, W. B. Sheehan, had obtained from the Six Nation Indians. Walter B. Sheehan was the first Collector of Customs in the County. The Village of Haldi-mand, now Byng, sprang up simultaneously with the settlement of Dunnville. Except for the Sheehan Tract, the first settlement was effected on the lake shore near Port Maitland. A. P. Farrell was the first permanent settler of Dunn. There were no roads, and the only way the township could be reached was down the river in canoes, or along the lake shore.

About 1784, the block of land, known as the Earl Tract, was given to Capt. FIugh Earl of Butler's Rangers, who had married Capt. Jos. Brant's sister.

In 1834 James Blott bought Lot 2 on the lake shore. Then there were no settlers on the lake shore from this place as far west as the Rainham town line. Another settler about this time was William Blott. In 1835 Col. Johnson bought 700 or 800 acres of land and began immediately to improve it, thus giving employment to a number of poorer settlers.

Other settlers who came with Col. Johnson were W. C. Lowe, Richard Paddock, Richard Constable, Job Matthews, Mrs. Col. Imlach and her sons, and Dr. Carter.

Wm. Bowden came in 1835, Jacob and Henry Stoner in 1839, Archibald Dickson in 1837, and in 1840 Commodore Crawford bought land on the lake shore for his sons James and Charles. George and Thomas Docker were early settlers, and Peter Hall another in 1834. Abraham Moyer, Nicholas Sevenpiper, Jacob and Samuel Furry, all bought land on the Rainham Road. Henry Marshall came in the thirties. Henry King came in 1838. In 1840 Francis Ramsey, who was Superintendent of the Welland Canal Works at Dunnville, bought Lots 10 and 11, in the first concession. In the late forties came P. Martin, Jeremiah Sullivan, John and James Newman. Wm. Billington came still later. The names of some others who came before 1850 are Robert Armour, W. R. Blott, Albert Bate, W. J. Booth, H. Bradford, James Barry, Albert T. Bate, J. Diette, Thomas Drake, Peter and W. Grant, Geo., Louis, Francis and Samuel Grant, A. Lapp, David Martin, R. G. Murdy (Byng), John E. Scott (Byng), R. Stevens, B. G. Stoner and Henry Stoner, Jonas King, John, William and Henry Furry, Joseph and Henry King.

The township was assessed at $182,666 in 1878, and the population was 828. The first reeve was Col. A. P. Farrell, then came Wm. Blott, Geo. Docker, Robt. Armour, Francis Ramsey, Wm. J. Aikens, Abram W. Thewlis, Henry Marshall, Hugh Bradford, Robt. Ramsey, Edward Logan, and in 1878 W. R. Blott.

MOULTON

In the year 1826 there were four or five families living in Moulton, and they were scattered along the river. The land belonged to the Six Nation Indians, and was surrendered by them to the government through the negotiations of Wm. Jarvis. It next came into the hands of Lord Selkirk, who gave a mortgage for the amount of the purchase money, but failed to pay it, resisting arrest at the hands of Sheriff Smith of Niagara. Selkirk then went on his way to Rupert's Land. Smith sold the land to the Hon. Henry J. Bolton for the sum of $40.00, to pay the expenses of the litigation.

Squire Anthony was one of the early settlers, and lived a mile below Dunnville, where he built a steam grist and saw mill. Below him lived a man named Anger. Solomon Minor, 1825, lived where Dunnville now is. The building of the dam and the Welland Canal Feeder, 1826, made a big change in the neighborhood, and helped to build up the village of Dunnville. Ezra Moote came in 1831. In 1832 Andrew Hood settled on the Feeder. About 1835 came John

Bowman, who lived on the north side of the Feeder. Dr. Kirk settled at Attercliffe Station in 1835. In 1838 Archibald Galbraith bought a farm near Stromness, in which village he had lived six or seven years. R. Pew (1834) and A. Price (1837) are other settlers.

John Lawson came to the Feeder Bridge in 1855, and shortly after Daniel Sullivan arrived in the same neighborhood. Some more old timers were Michael Ryan, Martin Hayes, Timothy Clifford, Owen Ryan, Patrick O'Neill, Patrick Warren, Felix Murphy.

The first reeve of the township was Dr. John Jarron in 1850. It was Dr. Jarron who gave the vote that decided the placine of the County buildings at Cayuga instead of at Dunnville. Other reeves were: L. J. Weatherby, A. Brownson, Win. Benson, J. R. Brown, Jabez Amsden, Lauchlan McCallum, James Dougher, James Darragh, James G. Campbell, Wm. Mossip, Angus Macdonald, Win. Hutchison, John Morrison, and in 1878 John Mumby. T. J. Galbraith, now of the Dunnville Customs, was township clerk in 1878.