

VI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REBELLION OF '37.

As some of your readers have expressed a wish that I should continue my recollections of the days of "lang syne," I will do so. For the next five years after our arrival in Canada we continued in the even tenor of our lives, devoting ourselves to clearing up the forest, and many a stalwart pine tree was consigned to the flames which at the present time would be of great value. There was at this time in the political world grumblings as of distant thunder, but we in the backwoods had no time to take heed of them until, in the beginning of December, 1837, we were startled by hearing that the country between us and Toronto was in open rebellion. As loyal subjects, a muster of all men able to carry arms was called by my father as far as the Township of Medonte was concerned, and we mustered at what is now Craighurst, and a company was formed under the command of Captain Thomas Boyd, the grandfather of the Mesdames Leatherdale of this village, each one of us appearing at the muster with what firearms we could procure. Old swords were also in requisition. When we arrived in Barrie, those who had no arms were served with guns of the kind that at that time were given to the Indians as presents, and which were as likely to hurt the owner as the enemy. We marched from Barrie and at night took up our quarters at a farm house belonging to a man of the name of Colson. The next day we arrived at the Holland Landing, and during the short stay we made there we heard heavy firing on the opposite hill, and at once our Captain had the roll called and all the men answered to their names except one, and two men were sent into the house to hunt him up, and lo and behold he was found concealed under a bed; and this same man during the march the previous day was a regular fire-eater and only wanted to see a rebel to show what he could do. Poor old Tom Kelly, one of the old Connaught Rangers, "the fighting 88th"—to whom at the battle of Waterloo General Sir Thomas Picton called out, "Rangers of Connaught, come on, you fighting devils," and one of the men said, "Sure, General, we are not