

for our inheritance, the country will never be settled farther up in our time" The British government, as a reward to men who sacrificed their property by their adherence to the King of England, gave a certain portion of wild lands in lieu of the smiling and cultivated homes left behind in the United States.

My grandfather and his sons and a black servant, who followed the fortunes of his master, set to work to fell the trees and erect a habitation which they accomplished in three months, thus making their first settlement in the township of Grimsby, County of Lincoln and District of Niagara. About the same time several families of the U. E. Loyalists followed the same course, choosing rather to suffer hardships with the loyal subjects of the King, than the pleasures of wealth and the comfort of good properties in a cultivated and settled country. Amongst the number of these devoted patriots was the family of Judge Pettit from the state of New Jersey, a sister of whom married my maternal grandfather, John Moore, of a good family in the usual acceptation of the word. These families having all settled near each other lived in almost patriarchal friendship united by the ties of mutual suffering, endurance, religion and political principles. My father became attached to my mother, the daughter of the above named John Moore, a young lady of a refined and cultivated mind with great personal attractions and also of a deeply religious nature.

My first recollections are of the dark blue waters of Ontario and pine covered hills of Grimsby. The wilderness had given place to a cultivated and smiling neighborhood, peace and happiness dwelt in the abodes of the little loyal band and happy children whose hopes and wishes were bounded by the little world around them, had no aspiration beyond that simple society. How well I remember the scenery, April mornings when flocks of pigeons of interminable length formed highways in the air, lovely orchards in full bloom, the beautiful scarlet bird perched in the snow white blossoms of the cherry tree. It was truly a lovely spot, a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills, a land of wheat and Indian corn, of peach trees and melons, a land of milk and honey, a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, a land whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

My father's place lay at the foot of a richly wooded mountain on one side and bounded on the other by the crystal lake; the trees were magnificent. I have never seen anything to give me such an idea of ages gone by as the woods of these primeval forests, the gigantic oak, the tall pine, the beautiful chestnut, the white flower-