

## Reminiscences of Mrs. Edward Pilkington

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Reminiscences of Mrs. Edward Pilkington, daughter of Col. Nelles, Gainsby, left as a legacy to her granddaughter, Annie Kelland, copied from the original manuscript by Miss Harriet Ruthven, granddaughter of Col. Nelles, (20th Nov., 1874.) Probably written in 1848. We have printed the exact language, but omitted several passages merely of family interest and are delighted to be able to give the reminiscences of one of the early settlers of which we find so few. Statements of where they landed when they came, how they travelled and what were their hardships in coming, and through the early years of hewing down the forest and through the "Hungry Year", such statements are almost entirely lacking, so that we are the more pleased to be able to print this through the kindness of Mrs. Alfred Ball, nee Ruthven.—Ed.

My little granddaughter, Elizabeth Anne, is this day nine years old. Taking a retrospect of the years of my pilgrimage, what cause have I for thankfulness and to say with the Psalmist, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Should it please my heavenly Father to spare this little one, she will often think of grandmama and perhaps wonder who she was and what was her history. For her dear sake I will note down a few dim recollections of bygone days. After the Revolutionary War when the United States obtained their independence, my grandfather, Henry William Nelles, by his loyal adherence to his rightful Sovereign, sacrificed a noble property in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk in the State of New York, and literally taking up his staff after the war was over and he could return with safety, brought his family many hundreds of miles into the backwoods of Upper Canada, then an almost uninhabited wilderness. My grandfather and his family after many hardships in their journey through the woods, crossed the Niagara River and halted on the shore of Lake Ontario about thirty miles distant from the Falls of Niagara. Here he pitched his tent like the Patriarch of old, not knowing whether he went. He took his son to reconnoitre the woods, he was pleased with the locality and said, "my son we had better choose this spot