

He at once joined the King's Royal Regiment of New York, and served in the several memorable campaigns with that famous regiment until the close of the war. After its disbandment he settled in Montreal, and subsequently in Williamsburg in the County of Dundas. Here he soon became a prosperous and popular farmer, and took an active part in the civil and military affairs of the country. From 1804 to 1808 he was the representative of the County in the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada. He was an officer of the Dundas militia, and was present at Crysler's Farm, and took part in the several engagements on the St. Lawrence frontier during the war.

When Mr. Merkley was living on his farm in Williamsburg, a beggar came to his door and asked for a meal. The farmer and beggar instantly recognized each other. The last time they met was in the harvest field in Schoharie. The beggar was none other than John Young, who had so nearly taken Mr. Merkley's life some years before, now reduced to the humiliating position of asking alms from the man he so cruelly wronged. The utter abjectness of his position, led him to ask forgiveness for his despicable deed. Mr. Merkley, was not quite so willing to grant the forgiveness, but his Christian spirit overcame his feelings: his former enemy was fed and sent on his way.

The following sketch of one of the U. E. Loyalists of Palatine descent has hardly a parallel among the annals of hardship, adventure, and peril experienced by the first settlers of Canada.

Christina Merkley, was the seventeen-year-old daughter of Michael Merkley, a thrifty farmer of Schoharie. Her mother was dead and the affairs of the household and the care of her five-year-old brother, were to a great extent in charge of herself and her sister two years younger. On the day our story begins, her father was away with his niece on a visit to her married sister. As the shades of evening began to fall the two girls became somewhat impatient and their sense of loneliness was increased by the crying of their brother. After a few moments of watching the father and cousin were seen riding swiftly towards the house. The little boy's crying changed to joyous laughter and the three ran out to greet their father. Just as they emerged from the house a volley rang out and the father and cousin dropped from their horses dead. Before they could realize what had happened they were prisoners of a band of Indians. After taking the booty they required, the Indians set the house and buildings on fire and quickly took their departure with their prisoners. To hasten the children's footsteps and to frighten them into silence they were shown the scalps of their father and cousin. The boy, not old enough to know the meaning of such a threat, kept on crying, and between sobs would call out, "I want my father, I want my father!" The threats of the savages and the fearful pleadings of the sisters proving ineffectual, the girls were ordered to go on ahead with