

I remember of hearing about this time (1826) of a man of the name of Burkholder—I am not sure of the name, but the circumstance I remember perfectly—who, on going home one night from York, was attacked by a Panther on Baldwin's Hill, near Yonge street. He had a desperate fight with the beast, but he was a courageous and powerful man, and by using a heavy stick he succeeded in beating it off, but his clothes were torn to pieces, and he was so badly hurt that he had to come back and stay for some time in York before he was able to go home. This man, Burkholder, was most likely one of the early settlers of York Township, and the incident may have occurred some time after 1812.

I think it is somewhere about forty years ago that a woman residing in Thornhill (about twelve miles north of Toronto) was working in her garden very early one morning, and was terribly frightened at seeing a very large, fierce-looking yellow animal jump over the fence, run across the garden, jump the other fence and disappear in the woods. She gave the alarm, and a hunt was immediately organized. They followed him all day and saw him several times, but could not overtake him; he was making his way to the big swamp.

In the year 1853 I was preaching on the Crosby circuit, and Mr. Thomas Leggatt, a farmer of Crosby Township (County of Leeds and Grenville), with whom I was boarding, gave me the following information: "Several years ago (1847?) I was going to visit my brother John one morning in the fall of the year, and just as I was about to cross the bridge, I heard a strange noise behind me. I turned sharp around, and saw a large yellow animal coming towards me. As soon as I turned to face it, it stopped and crouched down, ready for a spring, but I stood still and faced it, when slowly it rose up and walked around, trying to get behind me, which it could not do owing to the creek. It walked backwards and forwards several times, then turned around, threw up its long tail and disappeared in the woods. I was very much frightened, for I knew that I had the terrible Panther before me. I knew that if I ran away he would be upon me in a moment."

Mr. John Singleton, also a farmer in Crosby, living near Mr.