

were members of the Congregational Church, being descended from the Puritans. In his early days he followed the trade of comb-making, but when in 1790 or 1795, he with my grandfather moved into Lower Canada, he commenced farming. Lower Canada at this time was very thinly settled and principally with French. The agricultural pursuits had very little attention paid to them, making it difficult for a poor man like my father, unaccustomed to farming to make a livelihood for himself and family. At one time he resided in the city of Montreal and started to work at his trade of comb-making, but failed for want of means to compete with large establishments.

Paul once fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, but my father fought with a bear, which was a very heroic deed. One morning while hoeing in his corn-field near the woods his attention was attracted by the loud squealing of a hog in the edge of the woods. Starting without any thought of the danger he would encounter he ran on until he came upon a bear in the act of killing one of his neighbor's hogs. Although having no weapon but his hoe he concluded to try to rescue it. In calling to a neighbor that a bear was killing a hog his voice attracted the bear's attention. Old bruin looked around to see from whence the intruder came and hearing the voice again he dropped the hog and came to attack my father. He came to within a few feet of him and then sat down on his haunches and prepared for a box. He struck at his antagonist with his paw but missed his aim. My father then seized the opportunity and struck the bear in the