

After this the old folks removed to a house near the present Village of Stroud on its north side. Here they continued to live until the death of the mother on 24th September, 1838.* Her remains were laid at rest in the old Episcopal burial ground in Barrie. Old Mr. Warnica afterwards married a woman in Markham, the widow of Captain Sheatz, an officer who had served in the war of 1812-15. For some cause or other he did not remain long with her. Owing to their separation he decided to return to his native Denmark and spend the remainder of his life with his friends there. This design was rather imprudent, for he had been absent nearly half a century without receiving any word in the meantime of what had been transpiring. Similar mistakes have been made frequently by emigrants expecting to find the state of affairs in their mother country little changed from what they were at their departure. He expected to live comfortably with his surviving friends on the property upon which he considered he had a just claim. In this frame of mind he made his departure for Denmark. In September, 1842, he took passage in the ship *Stephani* from New York to Hamburg, and for the passage (\$24) he hypothecated his claim upon the lot in Innisfil of which he had been deprived a few years before. The claim was of no value; it was, however, accepted by the owner of the ship, Mr. Robt. M. Sloman.

All Warnica's hopes of spending the evening of his life in Denmark proved vain. On his arrival there he found none of his relatives alive, except one nephew who was very poor. [Another account states that he found only two youngmen of his name, and these were entirely ignorant of their ancestors.] His native district was dilapidated almost beyond recognition, and he afterwards described it as the loneliest place he ever saw. The district had been ravaged by war in his absence, and the estates of his family had been confiscated. Owing to this condition of affairs he found himself in an awkward predicament, for he had not brought enough money to return to his family in Canada, and it would take a long time to communicate between the two countries in those days. He was essentially in a foreign land without a friend, and his position was such as to require immediate attention. Accordingly he was obliged to apply for charitable assistance to his native parish upon which he had a just claim according to the Danish laws. Thus his life, begun in wealth, ended in dependence. The parish officials decided to send him back to America rather than maintain him in Denmark, and so paid his passage to New York, where he arrived, but he could proceed no further through lack of funds. He could not write English, but secured there someone to write for him a letter to his sons in Canada asking for money to bring him to Innisfil; none of them were in a position just at the time to render him any assistance. This letter mentioned that in his possession were valuable papers—doubtlessly referring to the land claim papers with the ship owner. Fortunately he had been a member of the Freemason fraternity for many years, and he applied at the headquarters of that order in New York for assistance, which he duly received. By travelling from place to place in dependence upon that order, he at last reached Canada, and spent the remainder of his life with his son George. At first

*On her gravestone the year of her death is incorrectly given as 1843.