

those poor girls still held out stoutly in refusing the whiskey, which was kept beneath a trapdoor in the kitchen, in a sort of little cellar. At length my aunt thought of the large, handsome family Bible, in two volumes, in which they had been reading, and opened them and pointed out the pictures to try and attract their attention, while my mother knelt down at the other end of the table and prayed to God loudly and earnestly.

“In this position my grandfather found them, and fearful was the shock to him. He brought Cozens with him. No sooner did the Indians see him than one man drew his knife and showed it to my mother, saying, ‘Cozens kill my brother, I kill Cozens.’ Then my grandfather, to divert that idea, was obliged to get them the whiskey. Nothing else probably saved their lives.

“Cozens slipped away and called the Lovekins and some other neighbors, and my aunt and mother went into a little room inside my grandfather’s, while he and his friends kept watch, and those horrid creatures set to for a regular orgie. There was a great kettle of food for the hounds on the fire, made of bran and potato peelings and all sorts of refuse. This they eat up clean and clever; then they drank, danced and sang all night long, and in the morning off they went, to the relief and joy of the family.

“One great misery of life at Clarke was the unpleasantness of being obliged to sit at table with one’s servants, a black one sometimes being amongst them. My grandfather used to sit at the upper end of the table, with his family at each side of him, while lower down sat the servants and laborers—somewhat in the old feudal style—the nearness of the view decidedly divesting the arrangement of all enchantment.

“Another was the being obliged to receive every passer up and down who wished to stay. Sometimes, of course, there would be an agreeable guest or party of guests, but as there was no sort of inn, it was not quite so agreeable to have fifteen or twenty coachmen come and take possession of your kitchen, and perhaps be storm-bound and have to remain several days. There were also parties constantly coming to Squire Baldwin’s to be married.

“The mode of travelling was wonderful to hear of. There was a great stopping place called Pike’s, somewhere about Whitby. Here men, women and children had to occupy one room, all lying on the floor, with their feet towards the fire and some bundle under their heads.

“In December, 1810, the family moved up in sleighs to York.”

Where, after experiencing so many hardships, they enjoyed the comforts of comparative civilization.