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UNTIL the year 1825, no settler's log shanty broke the line of living verdure which margined the banks of the sluggish and canal-like stream—the east branch of Bear Creek—between the site of the now flourishing Village of Wallaceburg and a point within a mile or two of where Florence now stands. Till then, the tract formed a part of the deep and unbroken forest, which extended from the rear of the settlers' lots on the River Thames far into the undefined north. But in that year, at the close of a long Spring day, a small sail vessel might have been seen boldly making her way up stream. As night came on she rounded the bend in the river in front of the present town of Dresden, mooring alongside the southern or western shore. The venturesome little craft was none other than the schooner "Olive Branch," of the River Thames, which only that morning had left that stream in charge of her owner, the late Wm. McCrae, ex-M. P. for Kent, and his son—the late Police Magistrate of Chatham—with pioneer Gerard Lindsley, from the same place, and his personal effects as passenger and cargo. After making an excellent run, under sail, as far as that infant and pioneer hostelry, Lachlan McDougall's, at the "Forks," where the refreshment customary in that era was partaken of, a long and most successful voyage was, by the aid of sail and pole, completed as above stated. The mooring place proved to be the destination of the pioneer—Lot No. 4, on the 5th Concession of Dawn, now the Gore of Camden, and the site of the present town of Dresden, which location Mr. Lindsley had previously secured and had now come to settle upon. With the break of day investigation discovered a pleasant bank, and what was most essential, a living spring of pure water gurgling therefrom, and it was decided here to effect the disembarkation and spread the tent. Landing his effects, and taking formal possession—Capt. McCrae felling a tree in honor, as he termed it, of the occasion—Gerard was taken leave of by his friends and was left alone in his possessions, the Messrs. McCrae continuing the journey in the lightened craft, unhindered by mill dams and favored by high water, as far as Florence, then, or shortly after, called Zone Mills. Mr. Lindsley set to work and in due course the inevitable log house arose, its particular location being at a point on or very close to the site of what is now known as the Widow Turner's residence, near the apple tree orchard, and between Lindsley street and the Ashery. The erection, consisting of two one-story shanties, set end to end, a few feet apart, and joined together by one roof, forming thereby a convenient covered alley between, by which entrance was gained to the respective parts through doors in the ends. In course of a few years Lindsley made a considerable clearing out of the thick bush everywhere then prevailing—a second erection in the shape of a log barn arising in the stumpy opening at a point now located by the old Webster or McInnes' store.