

He came from New York to Prince Edward County at the time of the war of 1812 (one of the United Empire Loyalists), and remained there nine years. Again the pioneer impulse to push on possessed him, and in 1821 he went prospecting for a new home, tramping through the bush as far north as Brock.

Reach Township had been surveyed by Major S. Wilmot in 1809, but was only inhabited by Indians and wild animals until Crandell came on the scene. It was no easy task to pick his way through the woods with nothing to follow but some Indian trails. In fact the trip did not please him—there were too many creeks to cross. So he came to the conclusion that a farm of four hundred acres near what is now Prince Albert was good enough for him. He purchased that farm at about one dollar per acre, or four hundred dollars in all.

Here he brought his wife and put up his log cabin, with its wide fireplace where whole logs could be burned, and its mud-chinked walls. The following verses were taken from the "Life of Jos. Gould," Uxbridge:

THE LOG CABIN

With small straight logs the walls were made,
The gables same, all well notched down,
With basswood troughs the roof was laid,
Alternately turned upside down.

With split bass logs he laid the floor,
Hewed smooth and jointed with his axe;
With two rough boards he made the door,
With moss and mud he stopped the cracks.

Beside the door a window placed—
A six light sash, just seven by nine.
The opposite wall another graced,
Of the same size and square in line.

A chimney built with straight split sticks,
And plastered well with clay and straw.
No jambs were built, there were no bricks,
No cash to buy, no roads to draw.

The floor above with rough boards tight
Was made a loft the chamber over,
In which we children slept at night
On ticks of chaff, with feather cover.