

barnyard animals. North and slightly eastward, and not far distant on another elevated knoll, lay exposed to the summer's mid-day sun and the winter's northern blasts, the little "God's acre" of the colony, a spot in which were laid to rest to their long sleep, after their wearied journey over sea, from many trials, from grievous sickness, in the delirium of which they dreamed of their loved Scottish hillsides and homes, these of the pilgrim band—fathers, mothers, children—who died the year of their arrival. No spot in the history of the settlements of the County is so replete with associations of so sad and melancholy a character. The most callous, the most unsympathetic could scarce view that forlorn and neglected spot without a tightening of the heart, a moistening of the eye. Here, too, but at some distance and towards the gore or point, was erected by Laughlin McDougall, probably with the Earl's consent, about the termination of the war of 1812-1814, the old Wind Mill whose broad sail arms for many years formed a familiar and grateful guide post for wearied travellers and early navigators of the Chenal Ecarte and Bear Creek. Nor was the location devoid of interesting reminiscences of a less sorrowful character. In the "Castle" in the year 1814, the American General McArthur fed and feasted, and maybe drank Dolsen's famed peach brandy in company with his more friendly Scottish brethren of Baldoon, whilst in the neighborhood, along the "Sny" and Bear Creek, bivouacked his rugged troopers. So fed the same year Yankee Capt. Forsyth and his scare crow soldiers, less generous, however, than the former, for it was he, not McArthur, that plundered Baldoon of its sheep and cattle, the settlers of their stores, and even the Earl of his dress and small clothes, which latter with a marquee tent and other articles had been sent, in the early days of the Colony in anticipation of his Lordship's extended visit, and in which garments Forsyth and his uncouth followers dressed and strutted to their own admiration. Here, also, the Earl's successor, Hudson Bay Trader Dr. John McNab, and his squaw spouse, "kept hall" and watched his flocks; and here, too, lived, preceding him in occupation, and following him next in possession, Indian Agent Squire William Jones. These lands that knew the Earl now know his family not. Settled under his auspices a little in advance of, but concurrently with the lands on the Red River of the North, the lands of Baldoon which at one time gave promise of a successful future, are now at best wettish meadows, the lands of Selkirk, or Red River, are supporting a large, increasing population, and sustain on the banks of the river of that name, in the city of Winnipeg, a town of 12,000 inhabitants.

What befel the settlement, eventually causing its collapse, is not altogether clear. Nature's agency, undoubtedly, was a prime factor. Chosen because of its advantageous position at the confluence of the two rivers, and for its broad reaches of level prairie soil, then high and dry and covered, unless where the wooded belts or clumps of the finest timber prevailed, with luxuriant grasses, the site was, nevertheless, a mistake. Malaria was not thought of, nor was that more insidious and dangerous enemy, *rising* St. Clair, which finally annihilated it, anticipated. But there were other causes. It was sadly mismanaged by the agents or managers. Even so glaringly wrong so early as 1809, that the more honest settlers felt compelled to complain of it to the Earl, who, in reply, first thanking them for their consideration, and possibly influenced by the position of affairs, writes under the date of December 21, 1809, as follows:—

"It is my intention to let the farm of Baldoon, with the sheep and other stock on shares, according to a plan which I have explained to Mr. Clark of Queenston.

"I shall be well satisfied to have you for one of my tenants, and the

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