

Pilkington, who bore a conspicuous part in that brave and as it turned out almost bloodless conquest.

In the summer of that year my brother, Captain Henry Nelles, asked to introduce to me a very particular friend of his, a Major Pilkington, a fine noble generous hearted man with a fine person and commanding air, blue eyes and brown hair, such eyes, suffice to see him was to love him and love but him for ever. In February, 1814, I was married to him. I accompanied my husband to the wars, our honeymoon was spent in a cottage on the river above the Falls and in sight of the American shore. I travelled in Canada until 1816, in that time I lived at Fort Erie, at Fort Niagara, at Montreal, at Sorel on the banks of the Richelieu and at Chambly. After the battle of Waterloo the army was called to England and I returned to my native place, Grimsby, where we took up our abode and with my son Edward Harpon and my twin daughters Mary Anne and Elizabeth Maria I passed my time in peace being surrounded by my father, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins who were all too fond of me. My sister Elizabeth married the Rev. Brook Bridge Stevens, chaplain of the forces and evening lecturer of Montreal. My brother the Rev. Abraham Nelles is now the Rector of the Mohawk church at the Grand River. In 1827, my beloved husband, Edward Pilkington, received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Webb, the clergyman of his native parish in Ireland, written at the request of his mother, Mrs. Pilkington, wishing for his return home and that she would give her estate of Urney upper half Baron of Phillipstown, King's County, which he acceded to. It was a trying time the parting from that home of love. Oh how my heart bleeds when I think of that last farewell. My father brought me in his carriage the first sixty miles on my way through the United States, but "come it slow or come it fast, the parting time must come at last" My aged, my much loved father must we part and part forever? and we never did meet again for my revered father was called to his everlasting rest in 1842

We travelled through the States and sailed from New York on 8th July and landed in Liverpool 1st August.

My first impressions of England were glorious, my imagination had never pictured a world so fair, the green verdure is what first strikes on the heart of a dried up American as something like enchantment, but this I cannot dwell upon. Read Washington Irving's description of his first visit to England and you will read one of the most beautiful things in the English language. We reached old Urney about the 12th of August, what a happy meeting between Edward and his aged parents. His mother did not know her son, but we soon had a bonfire and great rejoicings and we lived with the old