

of the
Wardell Family

by W. W. W. W. W.



MARY GRIFFIN WARDELL

BORN MARCH 5, 1778

DIED 1873

AGED 95

ISAAC WARDELL

BORN MARCH 6, 1769.

DIED 1852

AGED 83

A Brief History
of the Wardell Family

“ Hail to the land of our fathers!
God bless it!

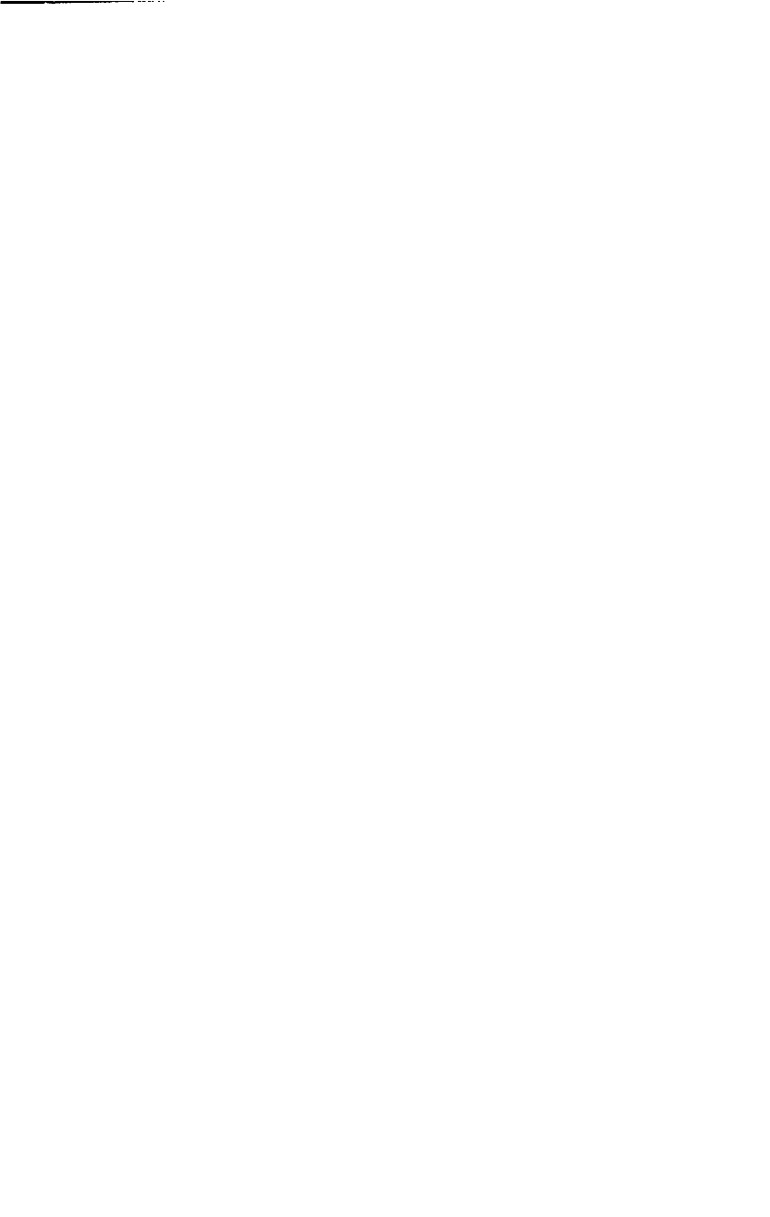
Hail to the land of the free!
As its flag we salute, let no voices be mute,
To swell from the sea to the sea,
The song of the land that is free.

Hail to the blending of races!
God bless it!
Hail to the nation new born!
Let the Saxon and Celt, with a triumph
heart-felt,
The hopes of our nation adorn,
The strength of a nation new born.

Hail to our lakes, streams and woodlands!
Let us love them!
Hail to the land east and west!
Let no faction stealth, detract from the
wealth
Of our faith in the land that is blest,
Our faith in the land of the west.

For God and their country, our fathers
Fought bravely!
For God and our country shall we,
Defend what is right, repressing the might,
And the pride that oppresses the free,
That threatens the land of the free.

Then hail to the land of our fathers!
God bless it!
Hail to the land of the free!
As its glad flag we salute, let no voices be
mute,
To swell, from the sea to the sea,
The song of the land of the free.”





A Brief History
of the
Wardell Family

From 1734 to 1910

By
GERTRUDE P. SMITH



Toronto:
Jackson, Moss & Company, Printers
1910

Preface

“A Brief History of the Wardell Family”—To some this may sound presumptuous, a straining after unearned greatness. And we have been asked by certain members of the family, what the Wardells have ever done that is worth recording in a book. A moment’s reflection, however, ought to convince the most skeptical, that “what the Wardells have done” should be of absorbing interest to the Wardells at least.

True, we number no world famous statesman, philosopher, or scientist in our ranks. After all, they are the result of opportunity and propitious circumstances that come not to all—the fore ordained answer to the crying needs of civilization. But civilization would be impossible, were it not for the mighty efforts of men like old Joseph Wardell and his sons. What man is greater than the hardy pioneer, who goes alone into the silent places, and by the power of his own

unaided effort, smooths the way for the countless thousands who come after? The hardy pioneers and humble workers have made possible the glorious opportunities, which *create* the statesmen, philosophers, and scientists.

The Wardells have in their unostentatious way, helped to oil the wheels of progress. They have ever been among the first to respond when their country called. They did their duty, in peace and war, and none can say a Wardell was ever shot in the back.

At the Wardell Annual Picnic, held in Hamilton, 1908, it was decided that efforts should be made to compile a "History of the Wardell Family." A committee for this purpose was appointed, as follows: Mr. Isaac Wardell, Smithville; Miss Emma Wardell, Smithville; and Gertrude P. Smith, Toronto. It is to the wonderful memory of Isaac Wardell, Smithville, that we are indebted for the most of the facts we have been able to present to you.

We have written truthfully and impartially, to the best of our ability, with the material we had at hand. If any person or fact, however insignificant, has been omit-

ted, we wish to assure the readers that it is because of our ignorance of the matter, and not due to any intentional neglect.

We hope that this history will be revised from time to time, and would suggest that any additional information of interest in the possession of any member of the family, be submitted to the compilers in time to be incorporated in the next edition.

The purpose of this little record is not to startle an anxiously waiting world with tales of soul stirring deeds of heroism, but to keep green in the minds of the rising generation, the struggles and trials of our forefathers. If it, by force of contrast, help us ever so little to be more thankful and appreciative for our present conditions, it will have more than served its purpose.

So with "Good-will to all" we commend to your kindly consideration, "A Brief History of the Wardell Family."

G. P. S.

A Brief History of the Wardell Family.

“Far from the madd’ning crowd’s ignoble
strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”
GRAY’S ELEGY.

ONE hundred and seventy-six years ago, in the year 1734, Joseph Wardell was born in Carnaroon, Wales. He is the first of the family of whom we have any record. His boyhood and early youth were spent in acquiring a very elementary education, common to his class in those days. His parents, as near as we can discover at this late day, were not over-bur-

dened with an abundance of this world's goods, so consequently, Joseph knew very little of the luxuries of this life.

In the year 1755, having just attained his majority, Joseph was seized with an ardent desire to travel, and to see something of the great world beyond the narrow confines of his native village. So, with his brother, he journeyed to London, and enlisted in the British Navy, and was soon assigned to duty, on one of the great battle-ships of the day. This was a man-o'-war, and was about as large as one of our modern lake freight steamers. But unlike our steamers, its motive power was the God-given wind, and the brawny muscles of the slaves condemned to labor for life in the galleys.

Joseph had hardly time to become accustomed to his surroundings, before his ship was sent out in pursuit of the daring buccaneers, and pirates that infested the water-ways of commerce, and who found rich prey in the slow going merchantmen, plying between the new world and the great cities of the old. After seven years of fighting, amid the joys and sorrows incidental to the life of a soldier in the navy,

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and during which time he was building up the strength and sturdy manhood which has been the birthright of the Wardells ever since, he landed in New York, in 1762. On his arrival there, he had nothing but the clothes he wore, together with his gun and bayonet. Nothing daunted, however, he began to look around for some means of livelihood. Very soon opportunities presented themselves in Jersey.—East Jersey as it was then called; so to East Jersey he quickly betook himself, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits. Two years later, he met and after a short but romantic courtship married Elizabeth Parker, a comely young woman, who was a native of East Jersey. She was a sister of Benjamin Parker of whom we shall speak later.

For twenty years, Joseph and his wife lived and labored in East Jersey, and became very prosperous. During that time, the American Revolutionary War had been fought, and needless to say none were more zealous in fighting for their country's cause, than Joseph and his two sons, Goliath and Mike. His first great sorrow came

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when his beloved son Goliath was killed by a ball from a rebel gun. But Joseph himself passed unscathed through the entire conflict, and for his bravery and gallant conduct under fire, was honorably mentioned in dispatches to the mother country.

At the close of the war, he returned to his East Jersey home, and lived for a time in quiet seclusion. But it being known that he and his family were ardent "loyalists," they were subjected to much persecution and annoyance from the victorious rebels. So in 1785, being no longer willing to live under American government, he and his family with the exception of his son Mike, decided to give up their old home, and make a new one in the then little known, but much talked of Canada.

"Oh Canada, my Canada none can compare
with thee,

'Neath sunny skies the earth replies, and
laughs with harvest glee;

Thy winters cheer with earth so clear, but
best of all to me,

The summer and the sunshine and the
spreading Maple Tree.

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“Oh the land of the maple, is the land for
me,
The home of the stalwart, the brave and
the free,
The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamrock
and “Lis,”
All bloom in one garden 'neath the Maple
Tree.”

We fortunate ones in these days of steam and electricity can little realize the magnitude of the undertaking of a trip from Jersey into Canada, and the dangers and hardships to be overcome.

The first thing necessary was a wagon sufficiently large to carry, not only the family, but provisions and stores to last for at least a year. By the expenditure of much time and labor, a wagon was at length constructed by Joseph and his sons, which was a marvel for those days, and indeed, even now it would be considered quite extraordinary.

The wagon box was eighteen feet long, five feet wide at the bottom, six feet wide at the top, and six feet high. Arranged

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along each side, were store rooms or cupboards in which were packed the clothing, bedding, and food supplies. The top was composed of a specially prepared waterproof canvas, which afforded an excellent shelter from the sun or storm. In addition to its being well constructed from a mechanical point of view, it was also artistically decorated, the sides we are told, being beautifully paneled.

They had several cows, (real Jerseys.) and a half-dozen sheep, also the six horses necessary to pull the wagon. In addition they carried eggs, potatoes, apples, corn, and wheat. We must conclude that the eggs were taken for their value as a food, and not in order to raise chickens, as we have no record that they took with them any setting hen, and incubators we know were unknown in those days.

Finally, all being in readiness, they started on their long and tedious journey through trackless forests. They cut their way, step by step, through dense underbrush and camped at night beside some stream. The men took turns watching till

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daylight to guard the little party from wild animals and prowling Indians. How trying such a journey under these circumstances would be, and how difficult to get to sleep with wolves, bears, wild cats and lynx howling around, and with the ever present fear of an attack from ferocious savages, and with no protection, but the flimsy walls of a canvas covered wagon. It is a picture to terrify the stoutest heart.

The live stock was driven before the wagon, which naturally necessitated their traveling very slowly. They passed through New York State, at a time of the year when the early corn was up about four inches. In the course of events they finally arrived at the Niagara River, which they crossed on a raft used as a ferry, and landed at a little village known even then as Niagara.

Words fail to express the joy they felt when at last they put foot on British soil once more. Picture if you can, Joseph, fifty-one years old, dancing about and shouting in exuberance of his delight, waving his blue jean smock for a flag on

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the end of a maple pole, fresh cut from one of Canada's trees, and singing a song of thanksgiving, with his wife and sons and daughters mingling their voices with his:—

“I've roved over mountains,
I've crossed over flood,
I've travers'd the wave-rolling sand;
Tho' the fields were as green and the moon
shone as bright,
It was not my own native land.

Then hail dear Canada, land that we
love,
Where flourishes liberty's tree;
'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own
native home,
'Tis the land, the land of the free.”

Breaking their road as they went, they turned west and went “up the lake,” until they reached the “Fifteen-Mile Pond.” Here they found they were unable to cross the pond at this point, so they were forced to turn south for about four miles. Every

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step of the journey was at the expense of most arduous toil. In some places they had to actually cut a road for their wagon out of solid rock. They considered themselves fortunate indeed, if they succeeded in advancing at the rate of three or four miles per day. Very often however, they were not able to cover one-half that distance, even after the most heart-breaking efforts.

Finally, they arrived at a point which would permit of their crossing to the other side of the "Fifteen-mile Pond" in safety. They crossed to the other side, and to their dismay they discovered that they would have to hew a road back to Lake Ontario again. Thence, they went along the lake-shore until they arrived at the "Sixteen-mile Pond," where they encountered more obstacles and difficulties, and they had to chop their way once more inch by inch. They built bridges over streams too deep to ford, filled in mud holes, and made long toilsome detours on account of streams too wide to bridge. Altogether they surmounted obstacles which

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would have daunted and made turn back a less determined party, or one with a less competent leader than Joseph Wardell.

Eventually they reached and crossed in the same manner, the "Eighteen-Mile Pond," and then arrived at the lake again, from which point they went west until they reached a stream of water, which shortly afterwards was called the Jordan River. They followed its banks, still being forced to break their way every foot of the distance, until they found a point at which they could cross. They did so, and at last reached the "promised land" as did the Isrealites of old from over the "River Jordan."

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day
For all my night has passed away."

After a short time of rejoicing they went back to the lake, and two miles west where they located a four hundred acre homestead, having been six long months on their journey.

“THE BUILDING OF A HOME.”

“Man through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land, of every land the
pride,
Beloved of Heaven, o’er all the world be-
side,
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

THE family consisted of Joseph, his wife and five children.—Timothy, Isaac, Nancy, Joseph, and Debby. Wasting no time they at once began to clear the land. Soon the forests resounded with the merry ring of axes, and the thundering roar of mighty trees as they fell, and above all, the songs of gladness from hearts full of thankfulness for their safe conduct through great perils and heart breaking difficulties.

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For a time they used the wagon, (since called "Wardell's Ark.") for a house. They made themselves as comfortable as possible. In passing we would mention that this wagon was destroyed by fire about 1865. As soon as a little space was cleared, they began to build a log-cabin, which was to be their home.

The cabin was built in the form of a square. The logs were notched at the ends so that the next log could lay secure. The spaces between each log were filled up with a plaster made of mud and leaves, baked hard in the sun. The roof was ingeniously constructed of bark peeled from the living trees. For a fire-place, some of the stones they had cleared from the land were used. The chimney was cleverly made of sticks piled four-square and plastered inside with more of the mud mortar. At last it was finished—the proud result of all their labor—the goal they had in mind throughout all that terrible journey from far-away Jersey. It was just a little squat looking mud plastered log-cabin, surrounded by the primitive forests, but to them

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it was a mansion, a castle second to none. A home carved out of the silent forest by hard unremitting labor. Every piece of wood, every stone, every log, was priceless in their eyes. The whole stood as a monument to the stern inflexible purpose, the never-weakening determination of the Wardells.

After a year of the most laborious toil they succeeded in clearing two or three acres of land. This, they planted with corn and potatoes, which they had brought with them. About this time their supply of provisions gave out, leaving them only corn, and no grist mill in the country. So, spurred on by dire necessity, after much experimenting, they felled a great tree—four feet in diameter at the base. The stump of this, they hollowed out with fire, smoothing the charred sides with a stone, and repeating the burning and smoothing till they secured a basin three feet deep. Into this they put their corn, which they then ground with a wooden “stamper.” Thus they secured their first corn meal. Very primitive it seems to us no doubt.

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but to them it was a marvel of ingenuity.

Next they built a log shelter for their live stock, into which they could be driven at night, and so be protected from the prowling wild animals. Fortunately there was an abundance of wild rice growing in the marshes, and on the river banks, thus the problem of fodder for the animals was most satisfactorily solved.

To Elizabeth and her daughters, belongs the credit of making the first "Canadian Gruel." While watching the sheep and cattle, which had been turned out to graze, they noticed that the animals devoured with avidity certain plants and herbs. Knowing what would be good for beast would doubtless be good for man, they gathered the roots, whose tops the animals had eaten. After washing and boiling them in a pot of water, they added corn meal and spices. The result was a very appetizing and wholesome dish, and as the men worked in the fields, hoeing up and down on the rows of corn, they would regale themselves with a drink of the gruel. Compare this with the "Pink

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Teas" and eighteen course dinners in the palatial homes of some of our relatives to-day. "Where are you now? Think what your forefathers did! The grand children and great-grand-children ought to shed tears when they think what their forefathers endured!" (Isaac Wardell of Smithville has shed his share.)

At the end of the second year, Joseph had considerable more ground cleared and they were able to plant some wheat.

Their first harrow was made from the brushy branches of a tree, fashioned in the shape of the figure four. Through this, holes were bored and wooden pins were inserted in the holes. Their first plow was a much simpler matter. A crooked limb of a tree was dragged, sharp end down, through the earth, and lo! the plowing was done.

At harvest time the grain was cut with a small sickle, and bound into sheaves by hand. Afterwards a clean spot was cleared on the ground and with a branch from the same tree that had supplied the harrow and plow the golden sheaves were threshed

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with a flail.

Their inventive genius was next tasked to find some method of cleaning the chaff from the wheat. But a small matter like that was mere child's play for sturdy old Joseph Wardell! A blanket was stretched out between two upright poles, and another blanket was spread on the ground at right angles with the first. When the first gentle breeze came, they threw the grain by handfuls against the perpendicular blanket, and the friendly wind did the rest. The chaff was most excellently separated from the wheat. Eureka! the first fanning mill!

When finally, their wheat was threshed and had been put through the fanning process, their difficulties had only just begun. In order to have it ground properly, it was necessary to carry it on their backs, a bushel or two at a time, to Niagara Falls—a distance of fifty miles.

The trail they followed was a most round-about one indeed. They had to follow the lake shore, and up and down all the inlets making the trip require over

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three days of time and infinite labor. They were forced to carry not only the raw grain but sufficient provisions to last the three days. They did not have the conveniences which we to-day enjoy. There were no canned meats, beef extracts, and condensed foods. Their only provisions were corn cakes, a supply of which was baked in a griddle in front of an open fire before leaving for Niagara Falls. As you see their meals while on these trips were wholesome but lacked variety. For though the woods abounded in game of all kinds, they were not willing to take the time to kill and prepare for food any of the wild things they saw. For the return trip the miller's wife baked a fresh supply of corn cakes.

The day on which the men arrived home from the mill was a busy one indeed for the women. The new made flour was mixed into dough and placed in a large iron pot, which was then set upon a bed of glowing coals, and the red hot embers were packed up closely around and over it. After the proper interval, the coals were raked away,

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and the bread was finished. It is safe to say its quality and flavor could not be rivaled by any product of our modern bakeries.

Besides wheat and corn, they raised vegetables of various kinds. They were well supplied with game such as deer, rabbit, quail, wild duck and geese. The rivers furnished them with the choicest fish, and all around them abounded berries, nuts and wild fruits. With sugar they were generously supplied by the maple trees, which flourished abundantly in that region.

For buckets, troughs, and receptacles of various kinds they scooped out logs. Their clothing was made from the hides and furs of animals. Their beds were made of the finest down from the breast of the pheasant, duck, and wild goose.

When cold winter with its drifting snows settled down upon them, they soon had a sleigh whose runners were made from the crooked branches cut from trees.

Illness with them was unknown. The active out-door life they led, made them proof against all inroads of disease. Small

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need had they for doctors. Living close to nature as they did, they learned to love her in all her various moods, with a devotion which has been a strong characteristic of the family ever since.

The story of their life with all its hardships reads more like a romance than truth. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" appears tame when compared with the early struggles of the Wardell Family in Canada.



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DEATH OF JOSEPH.

“I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which
calls
The burial ground God’s Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison oe’r the sleeping
dust.
Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest, when the archangel’s
blast,
Shall winnow like a fan. the chaff and
grain.”

~~Here, and lies at Banchaxe Centre~~

JOSEPH Wardell, lived and labored
for ten years on his home, hard won
from the wilderness, when he died in the
year 1794, at the age of sixty-one years.

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The facts concerning his death were obtained from Mrs. Debbie Miller, who is the only surviving child of Joseph's son Timothy, and who resides in Selkirk, Ont. Mrs. Miller is in her ninety-third year. According to her story, she said her grand father went in the evening to get the cows. They came home alone without the old man. Her father Timothy, Isaac, and some of the neighbors went in search for him, and found him lying dead with his cane in his hand. The neighbors said he was not to be moved until the coroner came. Isaac, however, protested and said: "We'll take him home and I will be responsible if it costs me my farm." They did so, and amid general sorrow, he was buried on the farm he loved so well.

At his death the land was divided among his children as follows: Isaac received two hundred acres, Timothy, one hundred acres and Nancy Wardell Culp, one hundred acres.

At the present time the only descendents of Joseph who are living on the farm are from Nancy Wardell Culp's family, who

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have a home on the east line of the farm. The original homestead is located about four miles north east of Beamsville.

On Joe Culp's farm two and one-half miles from Beamsville, on the lake-shore, there is an old historic apple tree, which bears fruit known as "Isaac's apples." (not Adam's.) We are told the apple seed was brought from East Jersey by Joseph Wardell and planted by his son Isaac. The tree was set out by Jake Culp in 1788, and the tree started bearing fruit in 1791 and has been bearing ever since. Apples obtained from the tree in 1908 were preserved by some of the Wardell family. Agriculturists, in spite of their experiments and grafting, have not been able to produce a finer flavored apple than "Isaac's apple."

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ISAAC WARDELL.

TWO years after his father's death in 1796. Isaac married Mary Griffin. Their meeting occurred under very romantic circumstances.

Isaac was a very enthusiastic hunter and trapper. One day, he with a pack of traps on his back, was out on one of his hunting expeditions. Following the river to Smithville, he came unexpectedly upon a bright eyed rosy cheeked lass bound on a fishing expedition of her own. Their surprise, on meeting was mutual, and soon they became well acquainted, and later this acquaintance ripened into love. So with the assistance of that "master huntsman" Cupid, Isaac set a trap for the winsome daughter of Richard Griffin, and he succeeded in winning the prize, and Mary Griffin became a member of the Wardell family. Isaac often said that was the most

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successful hunting expedition of his career.

Isaac, and his young wife at once settled down on the two hundred acres, which his father had left to him. Joining his farm on the east, was his brother Timothy's one hundred acres. Timothy had by this time married Polly Culp—daughter of Stouble Culp, known to the relatives later as “Aunt Polly Tim.”

The two brothers were noted throughout their lives for the extremely friendly relations that existed between them. A peculiar custom of theirs was to meet every morning on either side of the line fence which separated the farms, and after a cordial handshake, Isaac would exclaim—

“Dipend Timothy! How air ye this morning?” To which Timothy always replied, “Guy, Isaac, fags—How air ye?” (We can refer you to Isaac Wardell of Smithville for the exact inflection). Were the brothers to meet but an hour later the same ceremony was gone through with. And to this day the Wardells are noted for handshaking.

Isaac and Mary, better known to the

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community as Uncle Isaac and Aunt Polly, were blessed with ten children—Debbie, Solomon, Isaiah, Mariam, Joseph, Polly, Jacob, Nathaniel, Abraham, and Harriet the latter is the sole surviving member of the family, and is now in her ninety-second year, and is beloved by all. It has grown to be a tradition in the family that the Wardells are blessed with a long life, and retain full possession of all their faculties to the very last. Who has ever known or heard of a Wardell becoming forgetful or childish in old age?

For just a moment we shall take a passing glimpse into the home life of Isaac and Mary. How sharp it stands out in contrast to our "elite civilization!"

Their wants were few and simple, and the great store-house of nature supplied all with lavish hand. They had no large departmental stores at which to buy their clothing ready made, so they were forced to anticipate those simple wants of theirs, even though that generous store-house stood open waiting.

They worked hard for what they had.

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Their summer clothes were woven from thread spun from the flax which they raised on their own land. When this was ready it was pulled by hand and then spread out upon the ground to rot. It was then broken with an improvised breaker and cleaned with a "swingling-knife." After which it was tied into knots and was ready for spinning.

The girls had a small spinning wheel on which was spun the hempen threads, which were later woven into the plain but most serviceable cloth out of which their summer garments were made.

Their thrifty nature would not permit them to waste anything, however insignificant, so the waste product of the flax called "tow" they found very useful in making various kinds of ropes and halters.

None of the women of the Wardell family in those days, could be called useless "butterflies of fashion." Often in the summertime, could be seen, a bevy of laughing, happy hearted girls, gathering wild rice along the banks of the river. The stalks of the rice they braided into beautiful

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straw hats and bonnets, which would put to shame many of the high-priced specimens of the modern milliner's art.

Each one of Isaac's daughters were skilled milliners, dressmakers, and tailors, in addition to their many other useful accomplishments.

Each member of the family had a hand in the manufacturing of all the garments worn by each one. The men cared for the sheep and in the spring they were sheared. The wool thus obtained was carded by hand and made into rolls, which the girls spun on a large spinning wheel into beautiful woollen yarn. This was then woven into "full cloth." How many of the family at the present time can remember the style and comfort of those old-fashioned homespun garments.

Good old fashioned days those were, when coal oil and candles were unknown, and the only artificial light they had was the cheerful ruddy glow from the great open fireplace. Later on, for a light to carry around the house, (long years before tallow candles were known) they took a gravy pitcher

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and put some hog's lard in it, then put a piece of cotton rag in the grease, which they would light.

In after years, they improved their lights, and made "dip candles," which were made in the following way. They took cotton warp, and twisted several threads together, these they would tack on to a stick, and hold over a pot containing hot grease. Then they would dip some hot grease and pour on to the wick, after allowing this to cool, they would pour more on, and continue this process until it got about the size of an ordinary candle. Some were rough and irregular looking, but they gave fairly good light. Some may think that it would be hard to read a newspaper, with such a light, but they had no newspapers in those days. Several years later when the candle moulds came into use, the women folk considered themselves most fortunate.

Times have changed in regards to keeping floors clean. Our fore-fathers had plain board floors. On the floor of the living room they put sand, and spread it on

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evenly, when it got dirty, they swept the sand off, and put on fresh.

Brooms were made in the following way. From the woods they would get a stick from a young hickory, or witch-hazel, and the men would take a jack-knife and peel one end of the stick down a few inches, then turn the splint back until they got around again. They would then turn them over and peel the shavings down to the length of the others. When finished the splints were tied down, and this was used to sweep the floors.

Sulphur matches were unknown in those olden times, (Matrimonial matches were the order of the day). To get a light, they put a piece of punk (cone from logs) on a flint stone, and would take a steel, and strike it, which would produce sparks and ignite the punk.

When the young men came courting they chose the time when the girls would be spinning, and there charmed by the musical hum of the spinning wheel, the love-lorn swain sat in silence and feasted his eyes on the beauty of his lady-love.

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The one qualification necessary for a wife was the ability to spin, and make "full cloth." The possessor of such an accomplishment was in great demand and was often sought after by two or three young men at the same time.

How different from our own times, when we are told, that some girls finding their lovers so backward, were forced to do their own proposing!

Those were the days when old-maids were unheard of, for the ambition of the maidens was to excel in spinning and weaving. The young men, also, found greater pleasure sitting beside the fireside listening to the melodious hum of the spinning wheel, than those of modern times, yawning beneath an electric light, through the idle tinkling of a piano.

Three of Isaac's daughters; Debbie, Polly and Harriet, proving that they were expert spinners and trouser-makers, were wooed and won by three of David Smith's sons, John, Robert, and Thomson.

It would be almost impossible to give a detailed account of all the ingenious con-

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trivances used by the early Wardells in their house life. Each of the men could make boots and shoes for their families. So small a thing as buttons were carved from wood. Pins, they found plentifully on thorn bushes. Even the men and boys were expert "Hookers" of mittens, while the women folk knit the hosiery. Would it be possible, think you, to clothe and feed a family of today without money?

During the war of 1812, Isaac and his brothers, Timothy, Mike, and Josh, took an active part in the fighting, and were participants in the burning of Buffalo. Just previous to the burning of the city the soldiers were given permission to loot the town. Some took silks, satins, and other finery, but prudent Josh was satisfied with a whole cheese and ten pounds of tobacco. Very soon exposure ruined the silks, that those with less fore-sight had taken, and they were glad to come to Josh, and beg tobacco and cheese of him, which he Wardell-like was glad to give.

During the McKenzie Rebellion of 1837, when the call to arms came, all of Isaac's

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family nobly responded, and were assigned to active duty. Solomon was placed at Fort Erie, Isaiah was detailed to carry dispatches. Nathaniel and Abraham were stationed near the mouth of the Chippewa River across from Navy Island. The first cannon ball that was sent into the Island disabled and put out of commission the only cannon on the place. Volunteers were at once called to go to Navy Island by boat and take the defenders as prisoners. One of the first to respond to the call and put his foot "that in" the boat, and cross th' dover was Abraham. Nathaniel was ordered to remain behind on guard.

One night while Jacob was doing sentry duty at Niagara, he saw a flock of gulls going down the river. On the spur of the moment he raised his gun and fired at them. The report aroused the garrison, whose commanding officer called his men to arms and sallied forth to find the enemy. When they left the barracks there were four hundred men in line, but when they reached the river, only sixteen were left, the others had fled in fear frightened by

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Jacob's shot at the gulls.

It was about this time that Ben Parker, brother of Elizabeth Parker, who was the wife of pioneer Joseph Wardell, came to visit the Wardells. Before going away to his home in Jersey he gave each of the children a coin as a token of remembrance. He died several years later in Jersey.

As to religious belief, the Wardells were all Dunkards. In this connection an amusing anecdote is related. The incident occurred in 1834 in the home of Isaac Wardell.

A stranger appeared at the house one day, and informed the family that he was a preacher, and possessed the power to "heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils." He begged from Isaac permission to hold a meeting in the house in order that he might preach to them. This request Isaac gladly granted, and then he sent his sons out on horse-back, to announce to the settlers that on a certain date they would have a chance to hear the Word of God uttered by a real preacher.

When the appointed day arrived, quite a

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goodly company was assembled—about fifteen people, besides Isaac and his family. They sat around the sides of the room and waited for the “wandering disciple” to begin. Finally, he got up, and after a pause said: “I am full, but I cannot utter”; and to the surprise of all he sat down. Very soon however, he got to his feet again, and again said: “I am full, but I cannot utter.” Once more he sat down, only to get up for the third time and repeat, “I am full, but somebody doubts.” That was enough for Isaac, he jumped to his feet exclaiming: “Nobody doubts you’re full, but dipend you can’t preach, Go home and stay there, and don’t pretend again, that you are a preacher. I’ll warrant your family at home is starving, while you are out pretending to preach the gospel.” To which the would be minister replied, “The spirit tells me to go”; Said Isaac, “The spirit tells you no such thing.” You needn’t go to-night, as you might freeze to death, and people would say we turned you out of the house.” So the false preacher was allowed to stay

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until morning. As he was about to leave, Isaac told his son Nathaniel to get behind the door, and if the departing man attempted to shake the dust from his feet, the son was to help him on his way with a good strong kick, however, no kick was necessary as the imposter doubtless realized that he had been treated in a most hospitable manner, considering the circumstances.

For many years Uncle Isaac and Aunt Polly lived on the old homestead, and finally moved near Smithville, and lived there about fifteen years, then moved to a farm at Smoky Hollow, near St. Catharines. Smoky Hollow, received its name from the fact that it was inhabited chiefly by Hollanders, who were great smokers. Eventually Isaac and Polly now grown quite old, gave up their Smoky Hollow home, and went to live with their son Isaiah at Merrit Settlement. Their family all having married they divided their land among their children, and spent the rest of their days visiting among their many relatives.

At this point we feel it would be well

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to devote a moment or two to dear Aunt Polly, she was a pure and righteous woman and beloved by all who knew her. She was never known to be angry, and was often called the peace-maker: Being well versed in the art of healing with roots, herbs, and barks, of which she always had a goodly store, her kindly ways with the sick and afflicted were much appreciated far and near.

Notwithstanding her gentleness, she had the sturdy strength and determination of a soldier, and was able to do a man's work in the field and at logging. It is well remembered that on one occasion, having a desire to visit her parents, she and Isaac walked from their home on the lake-shore to Smithville, a distance of more than twenty-five miles. She carried in her arms her baby, Solomon, and Isaac took charge of the older child, Debbie. They went by way of the river Jordan. There was not a road broken, hence they had to walk. Compare that tedious trip through the trackless forests, abounding with wild animals, at times hardly able to see the

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sky above through the wide spreading trees, cheered along their way by the singing of the birds and bees. How different to-day, when some of Isaac's and Polly's descendants enjoy the pleasure of automobile tours. How many of the delicately nurtured women of our times would undertake a trip of that kind, carrying a baby in arms just to visit their aged father and mother? Uncle Isaac and Aunt Polly left us all a beautiful example not to forget or neglect our aged parents.

We give below a poem composed by Aunt Polly, which was afterwards printed and distributed among the relatives:

“I wish I were a little boy,
Altho' I am a man,
I'll go to California
And do the best I can.

Gold and silver I have got,
I've worked both night and day,
And I married me a little wife,
And along with her did stay.

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I love her as I love my life,
And along with her did stay,
I love her better than another,
And will never go away.

Her name is Sally, dear,
And always with her stay,
I'll bring her from California,
And I'll come to Canada.

I'll bring gold enough,
To buy myself a farm,
I'm so glad I've got a wife,
With a baby in her arms.

Then we were younger but now we're old,
These lines to you we will unfold,
For Jesus Christ calls us away,
For in this world we cannot stay.

Oh blessed, oh glorious hope,
Away to Jesus we look up,
And Jesus Christ as he doth say,
For he will soon call us away.

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When we've been there ten thousand years
And with our Lord, and Saviour dear
W'eve no less days to sing God's praise.
Than when we first began.

Mary Griffin Wardell—wife of Isaac was born in the year 1778, in Tarrytown, Holland, N.Y. State. In the year 1867 in her 89th year, she had ten children, ninety-eight grand children, and one hundred great-grand children. She died in 1873 at the age of 95.



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“THE GRIFFIN FAMILY.”

AT the close of the Revolutionary War, Richard Griffin and his son Ned left their old home at Tarrytown, Holland, New York State, and went to seek a new home in Canada. Proceeding down the river Niagara, they crossed the river to Niagara at the same place where Joseph Wardell and his family crossed in the “Wardell Ark.” Going west they came to the River Jordan which they followed, looking for a suitable place to build a home. At last they found a location that seemed ideal. The old river with its flats, pines, oaks, beeches and maples, seemed more beautiful and sublime than anything they had dreamed of. So Richard Griffin decided at once that this was to be his future home. He and his son Ned located a homestead of eight hundred acres; and immediately proceeded to build a log cabin. When

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it was completed, he left Ned to stop up the cracks and chinks with mud, and to make the household furniture, such as tables, stools, and cupboards. Richard then started on the return journey to Tarrytown to get the rest of the family. Ned stayed behind, and was kept busily engaged in making their home habitable. For six long months, he never heard the sound of human voice, nor saw any living being, except the prowling wild animals, which made the forests ring with their wild cries at night. He was alone—miles away from any other habitation—in a howling wilderness, never knowing whether or not his father and family would arrive in safety, and with no companionship, save that of the beasts of the forests from whom he had to guard himself night and day. It was enough to terrify the bravest heart. But he was sustained by an unfaltering trust in God and plenty of hard work. He alone in that six months cleared an acre of land, besides the work of construction about the cabin.

As the time approached when Ned might

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expect his loved ones home, he shot a deer, and had all in readiness for a feast of welcome when they should arrive. At last the happy day came when he saw the little company approaching in the distance. Joyfully he ran to meet them, and led them back to the home he had worked so hard to prepare. In his great joy he jumped upon the table and executed a dance—the first dance in Smithville—for that little log-cabin was the beginning of the now populous town of Smithville, and Richard Griffin and his son Ned, the first white men to settle there.



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SMITH GRIFFIN.

SMITHVILLE received its name from Smith Griffin, who was a son of Richard Griffin, and a brother of Aunt Polly, (Isaac Wardell's wife). The Griffin family was famous throughout the country. Later on, Smith Griffin became the first general store keeper, and soon after he became the proprietor of a grist-mill, a saw mill and a tannery.

His goods he got from Montreal. Following the lake he had to haul them all the way in wagons by way of Toronto. The trip was a most arduous one, occupying six weeks of time.

As an illustration of Smith's shrewdness in business. He bought calico in Montreal for ten cents per yard, and sold it in Smithville for fifty cents. However, the price was not so exorbitant when we consider that in those days four yards were enough

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to make a serviceable dress. He soon branched out and had two stores, outside of Smithville, besides his many interests in the town.

During the first year of the settlement of the Griffin family in Smithville, they were the sole population. The second year two new settlers arrived, the year following four more came. After that they came thick and fast until Smithville was one of the most populous towns in the country. The Griffins were nearly all millers, so when they came to Canada they brought their stone with them, for the mill. They built a tread mill at Smithville in 1810. The farmers brought their grain, drawn by oxen, and then the oxen were put on the tread mill to grind the grain. We mentioned before that Richard Griffin and his son Ned located a homestead of eight hundred acres. The following descendents of Richard Griffin, are living to-day on the old Griffin property. Mr. Isaac Wardell, W. F. H. Patterson, Mrs. Eliza Patterson and Mrs. Phoebe Hill her sister.

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ISAIAH GRIFFIN.

ISAIAH GRIFFIN son of Richard, was quite a witty fellow, and was noted for his quickness in repartee, and clever sayings. He was a shrewd business man as well. A most amusing incident is related of him in connection with the sale of a horse. The buyer asked him the age of the animal, Isaiah, who was afflicted with an impediment in his speech, a pronounced stammerer, replied, "Ers now—, now two —, Ers now, now two, ers, seven,—seven, seven,—years old." The purchaser well satisfied with his bargain, took the horse home. The next day he met a friend and neighbor, who to his surprise and consternation told him that the animal was at least twenty years old. Naturally he lost no time in finding Isaiah, and in great rage shouted "Why man you told me that horse was only seven years old!" "Now hold on,"

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said Isaiah, "not so fast, I said he was—'Ers now, Ers now—that he was s-s-seven s-seven, s-seven years old,'—three sevens are twenty-one!"

At another time when negotiating with the prospective purchaser of a yoke of oxen, and being asked if the beasts were "breechy" he said in his own inimitable manner. "Ers now, now, to, Ers now,—now to,—I always find them, just where I leave them," which answer satisfied the gentleman, and the deal being consummated, the buyer took his oxen home with him, congratulating himself on what a pair of beauties he had so fortunately and cheaply secured. He turned them loose in a field over night. Next morning he found that they had thrown down the fence, and were free to wander all over the farm. Of course the owner went in hot haste to Isaiah with his woeful complaint "I thought you said they were not "breechy" he exclaimed,—Isaiah, like George Washington, had indeed told the plain unvarnished truth, "Ers now, now to—I never told you any such thing." "Ers now to"

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—I told you I always found them, where I left them!” “Where did you leave them?” asked the complainant, Isaiah replied, “I chained them up to a stump every night.”



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“ISAAC WARDELL’S FAMILY.”

THE eldest child of Uncle Isaac and Aunt Polly was Debbie. After her marriage with John Smith the newly wedded couple located in the township of Erin, Ont. in 1823, at that time a tangled wilderness. They were blessed with two children, David and Mary. Mary was born in Erin, and lived there all her life. She married Danford Griffin, and had the following children: Eliza, John, Catharine, William, Debbie, Alfred, Jacob, and Harriet. Mary died in 1869. David died in Erin, 1901, aged 69 years. He was born on the farm, where he lived all his life. David’s son John H. Smith, lives on the old farm at the present time.

Solomon, Isaac and Polly’s second child was born in Canada in the Niagara District. At the age of thirty-one he removed to the township of Rainham, on the shores

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of Lake Erie, where he remained until he departed this life, February 4th, 1882, in the 79th year of his age. It was there he was led by the Holy Spirit to Jesus, and was baptized by Elder Jacob Van Loon. For forty-six years he was a consistent member of the Regular Baptist Church, and for many years a deacon. His last words were of Jesus, and his only hope was in Him. He desired to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. At the summons of the telegraph despatch to the number of fifteen children, ten sons and five daughters, arrived to give comfort, and to take the last shake of his hand and say farewell here on this earth. His remains were interred at Rainham Centre. An appropriate service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Pugsley, assisted by Rev. L. M. Randall. The former preached from the text in 2. Samuel 3. 38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Solomon married Anne Culp, daughter of Flat-head Jacob Culp. They had twelve children. Anne Culp died. In the course

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of time Solomon took to himself another wife, Mary Hare, by whom he had four children. Mary Hare, Solomon's widow died 1909, in her eighty-eighth year.

Solomon's and Anne's oldest child was Elizabeth, who married Thomas Van Loon. She is now a widow, and resides at Hartford, Ont. Although she is well advanced in years she is very active and still conducts a general store there. She is never happier than when she has her large family gatherings at her home, which frequently occur.

Hiram, Solomon's second child lived in Toronto for many years. Uncle Hiram and his wife Aunt Annie were noted far and wide for their kind hospitality. Many of the relatives and friends will remember the happy visits and warm welcome they received at their home. Both were esteemed members of College Street Baptist Church, Toronto, until their death. Aunt Annie died April 21st, 1904, in her seventieth year. Uncle Hiram died a few weeks later, on May 22nd, 1904, in his seventy-fourth year. Both were laid to rest in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto.

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“There is a land, a sunny land,
Whose skies are ever bright,
Where evening shadows never fall:
The Saviour is its light,
There is a home, a glorious home,
A heavenly mansion fair;
And those we love so fondly here,
Will bid us ‘welcome there.’”

Jacob (Jake) who is afflicted with deafness, and is noted for his happy cordial disposition, is at present living with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon, at Hartford, Ont. He at one time lived at Springvale. At the back of his lane was the stump of a large tree, about five feet in diameter. During a visit of his Uncle Jake, he remarked that he wished very much it could be moved. The next morning Jake, Sr. said that he had had a dream, that buried at the bottom of the roots of the stump was a pot of gold. The news soon spread far and wide, and the neighbors quickly gathered and eagerly commenced digging for the hidden treasure.

After working for many nights, during

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which time the stump was completely dug out, they found no trace of the pot of gold, The searchers then began to realize that something was wrong. Two of their number, Van Loon by name—sons of Thomas Van Loon, went up to the house and asked the younger Jake if he had any more stumps he wished dug up. "No," he replied, "but I guess the gold must have run out of that pot."

Isaac Wardell. Born in the township of Rainham, (Haldimand County), in the year 1834. He remained on the homestead until reaching the age of twenty-one years. Thence he moved to Toronto, where he died April 25th, 1909, aged seventy-five years.

Truly his works do follow him! For many years he gave of his time and means to help those who were down low in the scale of intemperance. His Gospel Temperance work has stood the test. He began his work by holding open air meetings in Queen's Park, Toronto, which were carried on successfully. Owing to a city by-law being passed prohibiting open air meetings in all public places, he and his workers,

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were compelled to look elsewhere for a place to hold their meetings. "The Temperance Hall," on Temperance Street was secured, and for years the work was carried on. After this, he began opening up missions in different parts of the city, sending out the "Glad tidings" and welcome "Songs of Salvation." His great desire and ambition was to "Rescue the Perishing" from the evils of sin and intemperance. Hundreds testify to his sterling worth, his calm, clear judgment, words of comfort and consolation.

For many years he carried on his work in Broadway Hall (which he owned), on Spadina Avenue. He realized that other parts of the city needed help, so he opened a mission on Elizabeth Street, also one on Blair Avenue. At these missions the joy of his heart was fulfilled, and his labors were crowned with success in bringing the wanderers home. He found at Blair Avenue mission a man and wife, who were down in the lowest depths of sin through strong drink. By his christian forbearance, and his deeds of human kindness, he was

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able to draw these people to his meetings. His labor of love bore fruit, as is evidenced by the fact, that after having appointed them caretakers of the mission, they became faithful workers. Both died christians, and for many years prior to their death had led consistent christian lives.

In Broadway Hall, he had his "upper room," where he went and prayed. Also a baptistry where converts were baptized. In his office he had a glass case containing many pieces of tobacco, pipes, and a few partly filled flasks of whiskey, which were given to him by men and women, when they signed the pledge. On each of these he placed a card with name and date attached. That glass case was very precious to Isaac. He was very active in gathering the relatives together on New Year's evening for many years in his hall. The family picnic he considered no amount of time, and trouble too great to make it a success. He realized that the annual picnic afforded a golden opportunity for friends and relatives to meet at least once a year. His work was not confined to temperance and

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mission work exclusively. He had many duties to perform. For a great many years he was a Sabbath School teacher at the Central Prison. His experience with all classes of humanity was recognized, consequently he was called upon to address many meetings both in Toronto and throughout Ontario, his wide experience specially fitted him for his work. He never lost an opportunity to witness for his Master. The Bible was his sword, and his knowledge of it enabled him to impart it to others in a manner that was convincing and lasting, the light of which shows through his marvelous faith and steadfastness in Christ, the Saviour of all mankind.

“In his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
for all,
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies.

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He tried each art, reproved each dull delay.
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
way ;

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
mayed.

The reverend champion stood, at his con-
trol

Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul ;

Comfort came down, the trembling wretch
to raise,

And his last, faltering accents whispered
praise.

His ready smile a parents warmth express-
ed,

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
distressed,

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,

But all his serious thought had rest in
heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
the storm ;

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Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

ORRIN, at the present time lives in Detroit, Mich. He has been a very shrewd and successful business man. He has a pleasant summer home on the lake shore of a charming little lake not far from Detroit, where he spends many happy hours fishing and cruising in his gasoline launch.

MARY, Married William Smith, and is now living on a farm near Dunnville, Ont.

WILLIAM, better known as uncle Will of Toronto, was for many years engaged in the house moving business but is now living retired. He is noted for his exceptional kindness to the sick and poor, and his genial good natured manner. A stormy day he thinks is the proper time to go with a load of provisions to the needy. He says, “a bag of potatoes and an armful of groceries have more gospel, if taken to a hungry family than a load of tracts.”

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“ The Bible has declared
“ A blessing is in store
For all who in the Master’s name
Considereth the poor.”

Such will rewarded be,
When here his life shall end ;
He’ll ne’er regret his having been
On earth “the poor man’s friend.”

MATTHEW, is a merchant, who has a general store, and lives at Huntsville, Ont. He has his summer home on Fairy Lake in Muskoka. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church in Huntsville, and takes an active part in its work.

JOSEPH, was for many years in business in Detroit, but has retired. He spends the winters at Detroit, Mich., and the summers at his beautiful summer home at Pearl Beach, Mich., enjoying the pleasure of boating and fishing.

ALMEDIA, married Thos. Harris, and at present is living in Rainham, in a fine modern home built on the corner of the Solomon Wardell’s farm by Isaac Wardell, of Toronto.

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ALFRED, lives at Edmonton, Alta., and is engaged in the house-moving business there.

JOHN CALVIN, resides in Michigan.

At the death of Anne Culp, Solomon married Mary Hare and the following are their four children.

FRANK, married Wm. Beal, and is living in Toronto.

SOLOMON, resides in Dunnville.

EVA, married George Pugsley and is living in Toronto.

JIM, lives on the old homestead in Rainham, enjoying to-day the comforts of natural gas for heating and lighting—a thing undreamed of by his father, Solomon Wardell.

ISAAH the third child of Isaac and Aunt Polly married Elizabeth Tinline Culp. They had three children:

CYRUS, lives in New Ontario, still enjoying the forest life.

JIM, was living in New Mexico, and we believe he is now dead.

ISAAC, lives in Smithville, the land first trod by our ancestors. To his remarkable

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memory belongs the credit of furnishing most of the facts of this history. He belongs to the church of the Disciples, at Smithville, and takes an active part in the work. The relatives will long remember his addresses at the family picnics, as he in "his own way" described most eloquently what our fore-fathers endured as pioneers in this country of ours; and reminded us of all the modern comforts we enjoy. He is very enthusiastic regarding our Annual Wardell picnics, and hopes to have the picnic held every year, and attended well by friends and relatives. He at one time was a large drover and exporter of cattle and sheep, but is now living retired. Away back in the seventies he captured the only real Mastodon, ever taken in this part of Canada. It was caught in one of the swamps along the Grand River, west of Dunnville, Haldimand County, and which caused all kinds of excitement throughout the country at that time. It is said that Isaac had some great experiences before getting the enormous creature on solid land, and getting it ready for exhibition, as you can judge by the following enormous

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size of the creature's bones. Its longest rib measured five feet three inches from tip to tip. One of its tusks measured four feet six inches with a piece broken off. One of its grinders, after being extracted from the upper jaw tipped the scales at four and three-quarter pounds. When the skeleton was strung up, it filled one with fear, and to think that such a monster could be taken by one lone man, with nothing but an ordinary four foot farmer's spade. But Isaac always was known to be brave, even from childhood, and this was one of the great things he has to his credit, and space will not permit to mention others. He exhibited the skeleton of the monster throughout Canada and the United States, and in all kinds of weather he could be seen and heard in front of the exhibition buildings explaining the various peculiarities of the monster that was being exhibited inside. We trust, he finally showed his philanthropic spirit by donating the specimen to some school of science.

At the death of Elizabeth Tinline Culp. Isaiah married Margaret Tinline, by whom he had the following eleven children:

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JAKE, A farmer lived at Caister, Ont., and died in 1908.

ISABEL, married John Merritt, died in Saginaw City, Mich.

JOHN, died during youth.

ALFRED, died in youth.

DOUGLAS, lives on a farm near Dunnville.

GEORGE is unmarried and lives near Canboro.

WILLIAM, is a most successful lumberman, who has made his head-quarters for many years in Duluth, Minn.

MARY ANN, died in Dunnville.

MARTHA, married Mansell McCollum, and lives in Dunnville.

JANE, married Frank Price, and lives in Hamilton.

DICK, is a carpenter and lives in Beamsville.

MARIAM.—Isaac and Polly's fourth child married Matthew Tallman. The result of this union was ten children. She was well known as being a very brave woman. In proof of which, we relate the following incident: One night shortly after the family had retired they were aroused by the

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squealing of one of their hogs. On investigating, they found that an enormous black bear had stolen up close to the house, broken into the pig-pen and was making off with one of their finest hogs.

Matthew Tallman, ran for his gun, while Mariam in equal haste, seized the powder and balls, and together they went in hot pursuit after the bear. Matthew loaded his gun as he ran, on coming in range of the beast, he fired, while Mariam stood ready with the powder and shot, to reload. The bear being a large animal, and very savage, it took several shots to overpower him. Counting the time required to reload, the fight lasted over half an hour, but in the end with the help of his faithful wife Mariam—Matthew Tallman secured both bear and hog. Mariam was laid to rest in the cemetery at Smithville. The following are her ten children :

ISAAC, a Methodist Minister, who makes his home in Chicago.

MARY, married Henry Culp. They lived at Jordan, Ont. She died and was buried at that place.

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DANIEL, married Hannah Griffin, he died many years ago.

JANE, married Cornelius Smith, and is living at Cartwright, Ont.

MATTHEW, went to Michigan, where he died.

ANNIE, married Adam Zimmerman, she died in Smithville, and was buried at Grimsby.

PETER, was a merchant at Beamsville, he died and was buried in Beamsville.

DEBBIE, married John Dixon, and lives near Dunnville, Ont.

OLIVER, is a farmer, and lives on the old homestead.

MAGGIE, married Robt. Walker, and lives at Beamsville.

POLLY.—The fifth child of Isaac and Polly, married Robert Smith. They lived for many years in Houghton, Ont. On May 27th, 1888, Polly died. Her husband Robert Smith died March 3rd, 1893. They were both buried at Cultus, Ont. Polly was noted for her happy, good nature. A story is told regarding her correcting one of her children. Isaac when a small boy

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received a whipping from his mother for some misconduct on his part. After she had finished the chastisement, young Isaac turned around and laughed, whereupon his mother said, "When I whip you I want you to cry, and not laugh." This incident illustrates how severe the punishment was. Polly was the mother of ten children:

ELIZABETH, their first child married Isaac Culp. She died and was buried in Rainham.

HARRIETT, married Mr. Webber Williams. They lived for many years in Fairground, Ont. On July 17th, 1908, Webber Williams died. Harriet still lives on the old farm at Fairground, most of her children and grand children live near her.

RACHEL, married Amos Gadsby, and at present lives in Toronto. She has always been noted for her merry laugh and funny sayings, being a typical "Samaritana."

DAVID, was for many years a general merchant. At present he is living on a farm at Victoria Square, twenty miles north of Toronto.

ISAAC, is a carpenter, living at Selkirk, Ont.

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ISAIAH, died December 3rd, 1898, and was buried in Essex County.

ELIAS O. has been for many years a grocer in Toronto. The many branches of the Wardell family have always found a welcome upon visiting the city, at the home of this son of Polly's.

MARY ANN, was married twice, her first venture being with Leaman Parney. Her next husband was John Messecer. They are living on a farm at Fairground, Ont. In politics Mary Ann is a staunch Conservative.

SOLOMON, is living on the old farm in Fairground, Ont., where his father and mother, Robert and Polly lived until their death. Sol. is the Veterinary Surgeon for the whole farming community. His genial happy manner makes him a favorite with the children. He is never in such a hurry, but he can take time to tell a good story.

ROBERT N. is a bailiff of the County of Norfolk. He lives retired on his farm at Fairground, Ont.

JACOB WARDELL, Isaac and Polly's sixth child, married Margaret Gregory. He

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died at the age of 88 years, and was buried in Beamsville. The following are their children:

ELIZARETH, married Mr. Ryckman, and died near Owen Sound.

MARY, married Mr. Jim Ryckman, she died near Beamsville.

PHILLIP, lives in Rochester, N. Y.

DARIUS, lives in Guelph, Ont.

WALLACE, lives in Washington, U. S.

ELIZA, also lives in Washington, U. S.

JOHN, is living at present in Michigan.

MARTHA, married Jas. Serby, she died in the state of Michigan.

An amusing incident occurred while Jacob was visiting his brother Nathaniel, on the old farm near Smithville. Jacob was eighty-two years old, and Nathaniel eighty years. The two were sawing stove wood in the wood house with a cross-cut saw. Nathaniel would tire out in a few minutes and would stop to rest. Jacob remarked, "When you get as old as I am, you can do a day's work."

OF THE WARDELL FAMILY

Nathaniel son of Isaac and Polly. He was born December 25th, 1815. Died June 25th, 1897. He married Mary Ann Teeter, and she died June 21st, 1897. Their life long wish was that their death should not be far apart and singularly there were only four days between their deaths, after having lived together sixty-three years. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1885, when the occasion was commemorated by a large family gathering at the homestead near Smithville, Ont. Ten years later, they celebrated their sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

POEM composed for Nathaniel and his wife Mary Ann, by Rev. Mr. Sherman, Disciple Minister, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding in 1885:

Sixty-seven years ago,
A little girl began to grow,
And all along, from then till now,
She's grown and lived as we'll see how,
Her days of childhood soon were past,
And she a maiden was at last;
Side glances by Nathaniel given,
To him without her, was no living,

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Over the days they spent in court,
We'll draw the curtain, as we ought;
Suffice to say that very soon,
They entered on their honeymoon,
Which was spent in old time style,
With spinning wheel, and big wood pile.
These were days of good hard sense,
Of pumpkin pie and split rail fence,
And as the months thus passed away,
An heir apparent found the way,
To bless the union I here mention,
Thus other cares claimed attention,
And as the family multiplied,
And needs by labor were supplied.
She has done her part so well,
That Nathaniel loves to tell.
Solomon's wisdom doth unfold,
And in Proverbs hath he told;
That a man is blessed through life,
If he secures a prudent wife.
Hence Nathaniel's wisdom none deny,
Because they cannot if they try,
We will leave the subject there,
And tell you why we are all here,
To express our good wishes,
And to give to you this set of dishes,
We hope you long may live to use,

OF THE WARDELL FAMILY

The dishes as you both may choose ;
This token of our christian love
Which you will value far above
The paltry sum which we gave,
For the token which we have,
May your plate be heaped with bread,
And joy with you in sorrow's stead,
Use the knives to cut the cheese,
And may you live long at ease.
This commotion here to-day,
Won't be repeated, I dare say.
Many times, for after while,
Tears will wash away the smile,
And sadness fill this very room,
And loving friends be filled with gloom.
But we will not repine for what
Can't be helped, but laugh at.
Grief to us is now unseen,
And hide it all behind a screen ;
That we may all spend this day
With joyous hearts, in such a way,
That sunshine may the clouds display,
And social pleasures have full sway.
Now I bring my speech to a close,
For it's long enough, goodness knows,
This line is number sixty one.
Six more lines and I am done.

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Three more years for you and then,
You've reached your three score years and
ten,
May God spare you from age's hour,
And when you die take you to Heaven,
We've reached your age just sixty-seven.

Nathaniel's birthday being December 25th, Christmas was held as a general family re-union, and a large dinner for family and friends was held each year.

Nathaniel's health having failed when he was about forty years of age, he devoted the most of his time the remainder of his life, searching the scriptures, and preaching the gospel. He was appointed an Elder of the Disciples at Jordan, Ont. For ten years he drove twelve miles every Lord's Day to meeting. He established a church at Smithville; which place he took charge of until his death. It was an old saying of his friends, that, "he preached for nothing, and boarded the congregation," as his home was the "half way" house for visitors. He lived on the old farm near Smithville all his life:

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“As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasure of life,
God looks for some gathered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reapers knife.
Then labor well that in death you go,
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not bent with doubt, and burdened with
 fears,
And dead dried husks of the wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat!

Nathaniel and Mary Ann were blessed with four children, three sons and one daughter.

SOLOMON, their eldest child died at Niagara Falls.

ISAAC, is a prosperous lumber merchant, living at Victoria Harbor, Ont.

SILAS, lived for many years on the old homestead, but at present is living in Grimshy, Ont.

ALMEDA, married Alonzo Bessy, and died 1903.

JOSEPH.—A son of Isaac and Polly died in youth.

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ABRAM, the ninth child of Isaac and Polly, married Frances Culp, daughter of Aaron Culp. They lived for many years on a farm in Rainham. Their home was always open to visitors, and they used to go in crowds. Many will remember the happy times spent in Uncle Abe's and Aunt Fanny's home. Abram died at the ripe old age of ninety years, September 27th, 1907, and was buried at Smithville, Ont. They were blessed with ten children:

MARY JANE, married Daniel Fradenburgh, and is living in Cayuga.

THAN., died in Chicago.

AUGUSTA, married Jas. Field, and is now a widow, living in Smithville, Ont.

AARON, met death by drowning in youth.

CYNTHIA, married Daniel Smith, and lives on a farm at Campden.

ALBORN, a carpenter, lives at Campden, Ont.

ELIAS, A well known builder and contractor of Detroit, Mich., lives in a palatial home, and enjoys the pleasures of his automobile.

WARNER, is a business man living in the State of California.

OF THE WARDELL FAMILY

EMMA C., is at present living in Riverside, Cal. She is an artist and has painted many beautiful pictures, also is gifted as a poetess. At the death of her mother she composed verses much appreciated by the family. Also in remembrance of the old homestead she wrote the following verses, September 16th, 1888:

“IN MEMORY OF THE OLD HOME.”

Oh! how sad will be the parting,
At the homestead by the shore;
For we now must leave the shelter,
Of the home that we adore,
Will we ever be contented,
As we were in days gone by,
Or will we with grief and sadness
Mourn our sorrow 'til we die?

Will our father and our mother,
Who have lived near fifty years
In this low old fashioned farm house,
Oft repent their fate with tears?
Will they go with hearts that's lighter,
To a home not half so fair,
Or will they with wearied footsteps,
Sigh, we have a home nowhere?

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Will our brothers and our sisters,
Who have spent such happy hours,
On the farm, the lake, the hillside,
And among the blooming flowers,
Will they linger on the threshold,
And will tears be-dim the eyes,
As they utter low and feeble,
Their fond and last good bye's?

Dear old lake, how I shall miss you!
Miss your angry billows roar,
When you lie so calm and sweetly,
I shall miss you then the more;
Oh! the happy, sweet sad hours,
I have spent along your shore,
They shall cling like ivy twining,
Round my heart till life is o'er.

Dear old home, how I shall miss you!
Miss each room I love so well,
Where I've slept, and kept my treasures.
And my secrets, you can't tell;
I shall miss the glowing twilight,
As I've watched it fade and die,
I shall miss the morning sunshine
In my room where in I lie.

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I shall miss the family gatherings,
That since childhood I have shared,
I shall miss our city cousins,
That in summer for us cared ;
I shall miss that great long table,
That has seated near a score,
While a host of hungry children
Sat and cried upon the floor.

Yes, old home, we all shall miss you,
And we bid a long farewell,
When we all with happy voices,
Shall meet to greet you, we can't tell,
We will leave you now with strangers,
They may deck your wings with gold
After years when we behold you,
You may seem both proud and cold.

But old lake, they cannot change you !
Cannot make you proud and vain,
For you're grand in all your movements,
And will smile on us the same,
We will linger with you longest,
And will leave you with a sigh,
But will come again to see you,
Now till then good bye—good bye—!

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MANFORD, is a Monumental Sculptor in West Toronto.

HARRIET,—The tenth and only surviving child of Isaac and Polly and is now in her 92nd year, and dearly beloved by all who know her. She married Thomson Smith and has been a widow for many years. At present she is visiting some of her children in Essex County. She is the mother of ten children:

MATTHEW, has a fruit farm at Newport, Ont.

MARY JANE, married Harvey Lundy, and lives on a farm in Essex County.

ABE, is a commercial traveller and makes his home in Toronto.

WILLIAM, is a farmer living in Onaway, Mich.

ELIZABETH, married Joseph Parker, she is now a widow, and lives in Toronto.

THAN., a Blacksmith, lives in Michigan.

EILEEN, died some years ago.

OSCAR, is a farmer living at Blytheswood, Essex County.

ALBERT, a livery man, and lives in Essex County.

OF THE WARDELL FAMILY

NANCY WARDELL.

NANCY WARDELL, married John Culp and they located on part of the property on which pioneer Joseph located.

An amusing incident is recorded about the first stove Aunt Nancy and Uncle John brought into their home. The family had always been used to the old fashioned fire-places, so that the first stove was a great novelty. Uncle John filled the fire pot full of dry wood, also filled the oven, and set fire to both places. The fire blazed out in all directions, when he remarked, "I'll heat up the old mud-turtle!"

Nancy and John were blessed with the following children: John, Timothy, Cyrus, Satan Jake, Abigail, and some others of whom we have no record.

JOHN married and remained on part of the old homestead, and they had the fol-

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lowing children: Isaac, Thomas, Solomon, William, Jacob, and Mary Ann.

TIMOTHY CULP, married Miss Thomas, and they located on part of the old place, They had the following children: Wm., Henry, Mary, Ann, Cyrus, Pete, Albert, Sarah, Joe, David.

WILLIAM, lived at Merrit Settlement and died there.

HENRY, lived at Bridgeport, and died there.

MARY, married John Sume, and lives in Beamsville.

ANN, married Wm. Lonsberry, and lives near Smithville.

CYRUS, lives in Hamilton.

PETE, A stone-mason, lives at Beamsville.

ALBERT, A teamster, lives in Hamilton.

SARAH, married Albert Lonsberry. She died at Caister Corners a few years ago.

JOE, is a blacksmith, and lives at Niagara Falls.

DAVID, lives in Beamsville.

CYRUS, married Miss Millmine. They

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lived on the old homestead. They had three children, and they all died of scarlet fever when young. Cyrus retired from farm life, and died in old age near Smithville.

SATAN JAKE, and wife located on a farm in Houghton, where he died in old age. They had two children, John and Albert.

JOHN, died with small-pox and was buried on the farm.

ALBERT, went to the United States.

ABIGAL, daughter of Nancy and John Culp, married Pat House, and they located along the lake shore. She died many years ago. They had the following children: William, Jessie, Catherine, and Pete.

WILLIAM, lived on the old farm and died there.

JESSE, died and was buried near Beamsville, Ont.

CATHERINE, married Tillman Culp, and lived on the lake shore, and died.

PETE, deceased many years.

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TIMOTHY WARDELL.

TIMOTHY (son of pioneer Joseph Wardell), lived for many years on the old homestead farm, his farm joining his brother Isaac's. He married Mary Culp in 1790, a sister of Flat-head Jacob Culp, and she was known to the relatives as "Aunt Polly Tim." They had the following children: Daniel, John, Peter, Fanny, Ann, Catherine, Deborah, Hannah, Margaret, Elizabeth.

DANIEL, A farmer, married Patty Bush, and they located in Rainham. They had the following children;

SOLOMON, known as Moses, a farmer married Sarah Ann Hare. They lived and died in Rainham.

JOHN, A harness maker married Mary Dunmede, they lived and died in Selkirk.

ROBERT HENRY, married Charlotte Culp, they lived in Walsingham and died there.

PETER, A shoe maker and hunter, mar-

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ried Louisa Everly. They lived in Windham, where he died.

TIMOTHY, (Tug- Mutton), farmer, married Barbara Huntsberger. They are living in Essex County.

ALMIRA, married Daniel Rice. They died in Ontario.

ANGELINE married Amos Yager. They lived in Moulton township and died there.

SARAH, died in youth.

JOHN, A farmer, married Rachel Snyder. They lived at Mud Creek, she died, then he married Amy Bush. The following are his children:

WILLIAM, A school teacher in his younger days. He went to Missouri and died there.

MARY ANN, married Thomas Culp, lived and died in Rainham.

ELIZABETH, married Hamilton Teeter, and died many years ago in Michigan.

ELI., died in youth.

JOSEPH, A carpenter is living at present at Vineland, Ont.

JANE, married Anthony Culp and lives at Buffalo, N.Y.

ELLEN, married Hiram Freece, and lived

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near St Ann's. She died some years ago.

MARTHA, married P. Wigans. She died in Colorado, U.S.A.

ALICE, married Fred. Flowery, and lives in Michigan.

LAVADNA, lives in Cleveland.

PETER, lived in Rainham along the lake shore. He married Sallie Hall. He was a farmer all his life. He died a few years ago. The following are his children:

MATILDA, who married Gideon Swartz, a good old Baptist deacon, They lived in Selkirk, Ont. Matilda and her husband are dead.

MARGARET, married Nelson Dennis, farmer. They lived in Walpole. She died some time ago.

POLLY, married Phillip Sebenpifer. They lived in Selkirk for many years, She died in Dunnville.

TIMOTHY, formerly a sailor, lives at present in Rainham, Ont.

WILLIAM, married Miss Wilson, she died, then he married Miss Warner, and they live in Buffalo.

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URIUS, was lost on some large boat going to New Zealand.

TILMON, lost with his brother Urious going to New Zealand.

DANIEL, married Miss Grant, and lives on the old homestead along the lake shore in Rainham. He is a farmer and fisherman.

CATHARINE, (Kate), Timothy's daughter, married Leonard Yager. She lived all her life in Rainham. She died in old age. The following are her eleven children:

DANIEL and SILAS, both died in youth with measles.

JONAS, enlisted in the American Civil War. He sickened and died before the war was over.

WILLIAM, a farmer, died in Rainham.

JOHN, A retired farmer, lives in Selkirk.

DEBORAH, (Debbie), married Thomas Cooper, farmer, now retired, and living in Selkirk.

MARY CATHERINE, married Adam H. Cline for her first husband. He died, then she married Isaac W. Smith. They live in Selkirk, Ont.

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MARTHA, married Fred. Fess. They are living in Selkirk.

EMMA ANN, married Robert Waugh. They live in Stratford, Ont.

MAHALIA, married John Campbell and lives near St. Thomas.

ALFRED, married Fidelia Culver. They live in Rainham.

ELIZABETH, (Betsey), married Asher Smith, he died, then she married Roy Cutler. They lived along the lake shore on a farm. Elizabeth's farm and her brother Peter's farm joined. She died in Rainham leaving no children.

FANNY, married Warner Shavelier, lived in Rainham, and she died in Windham. She had sixteen children:

POLLY, married Ben. Culp, lived and died in Selkirk.

BETTY, married Jonas Hoover, a farmer, and lived and died in Rainham.

MAHALIA, married Jacob Culp. She died at Oakland,

PHILLIP, died in youth.

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MARTHA, married Hezekiah Smith. She lived and died in Walsingham.

JOHN, A harness maker, lives in Selkirk, Ont.

TIMOTHY, was a hotel keeper in Oakland, Ont. He died recently.

AMY, married Phillip Hoover, and lives in Walpole.

CATHERINE, lived and died at Oakland, Ont.

Several other children died in youth.

ANN, married John Kindrick, tanner, and lived in Rainham. He died and she married Jonas Hoover. She died in old age. They had the following children:

SOLOMON KENDRICK, was a school teacher in his younger days. He lived and died in Charlotteville.

ABSOLOM, A tanner, lived in Rainham, where he died.

BETTY, married Wm. Hare, and they live in St. Thomas.

MARY, married Al. Neff, and they live in the States.

JOHN CALVIN, died in youth.

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DEBORAH, (Debbie), is the youngest child of old Uncle Timothy and Aunt Polly. She is their only living child, and is now in her ninety-second year, (born Dec. 19th, 1819), She lives in Selkirk, Ont., with one of her daughters. She married Joseph Miller, farmer and shoe maker, after his death she married Teeter Hoover, who died some years ago. The following are Debbie's children:

WILLIAM, enlisted in the American Civil War, he sickened and died there.

MARY, married Elliot Vannater, he died, and she married John Mayhew, and is now living in Hamilton.

ELIZABETH, (Betty), married Cris. Hurst, and lives in Selkirk.

ABRAHAM, lives in Michigan.

MARGARET MILLER, married Will. Zimmerman, and lives in Selkirk.

BENJAMIN MILLER, died in youth.

JONAS MILLER, died in youth.

LEONARD MILLER, died in youth.

SARAH MILLER, died in youth.

ANNIE MILLER, married George Smelser, and lives in Fisherville.

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CATHERINE MILLER, married Henry Hare, and lives at Rainham Centre.

HANNAH WARDELL, daughter of Timothy died in youth.

MARGARET WARDELL, daughter of Timothy, married James Overholt. They had three daughters, and one son:

MORGAN, married a Miss Holmes. He was a school teacher.

MARY, married Joel Stewart. They live in the United States.

The other two girls we did not learn their names.



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THE GENEALOGICAL TREE.

WE have drawn a genealogical tree giving the family of Joseph Wardell and all the off shoots from 1734 for four generations. No mention of course, has been made of any other than the Wardells. We have found it very difficult to gather all this information, and have done the best we could. Had fuller particulars been submitted in some cases we would gladly have given more details.

* A "Star" signifies that the person opposite whose name it appears is no longer living.

* * * * *

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts,
not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.

OF THE WARDEL' FAMILY

We should count time by heart-throbs when
they beat,

For God, for man, for duty. He most
lives

Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the
best.

Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,
God.”



“Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness while you have the opportunity.

Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled, and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send to their coffins, send to sweeten and brighten their homes before they leave them.

Let us learn to anoint our friends before hand, for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the dreary way.”