

LUCRETIA ROWE FOLWELL



Lucretia Rowe Galwell

The lives we need to have written for us are those of the people whom the great world has not thought of, who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done.

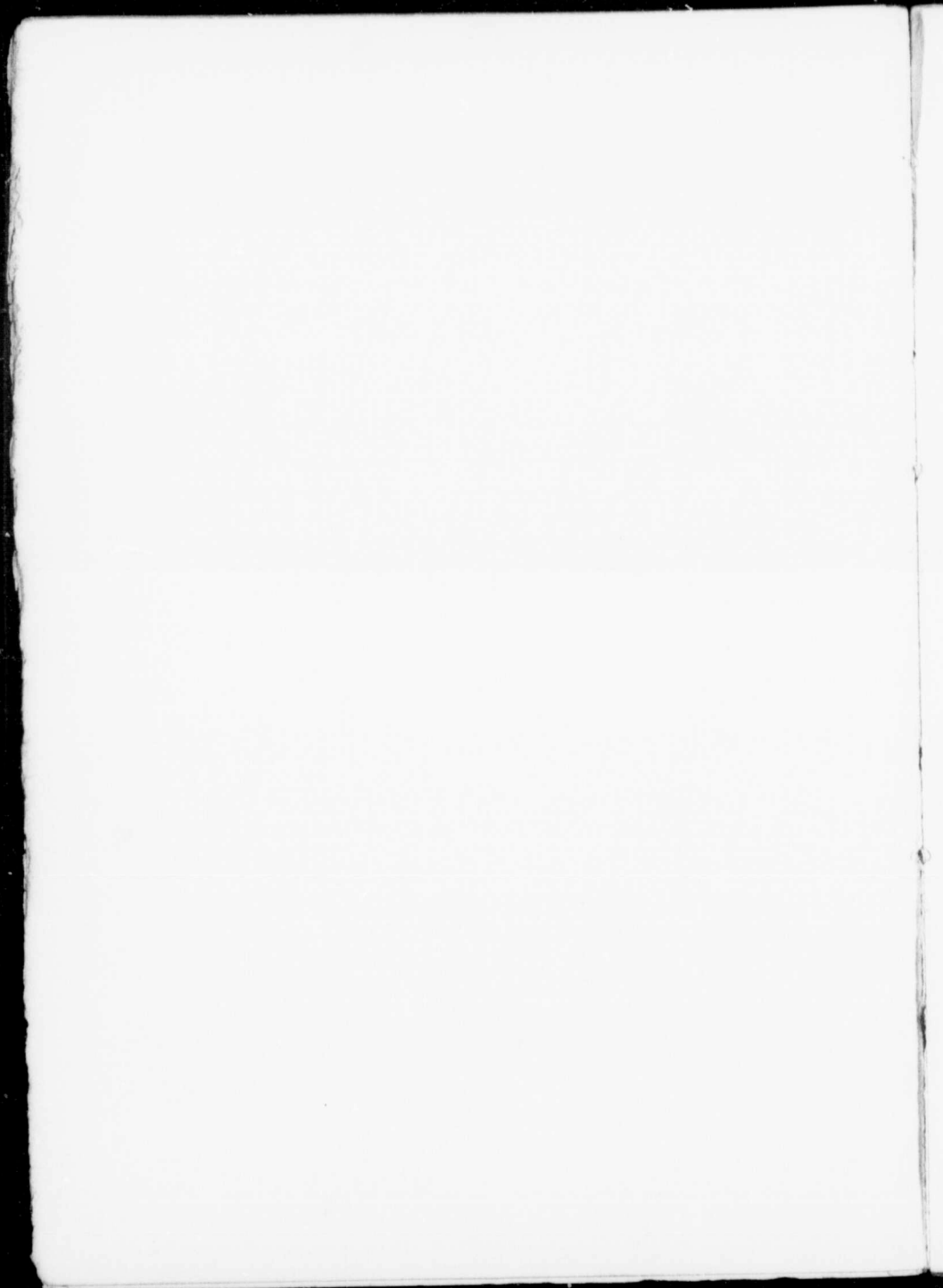
—RUSKIN.



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ALL too quickly the men and the women connecting the pioneer days of our country with the present are passing away, but there still remain those—though but few—whose memories reach back into the interesting past, and it is well to gather these records while we may.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

Among the Hessian troops sent by England to America during the Revolutionary war was a youth of eighteen—thrust into the army by the press-gang—named John Rowe. The unwilling recruit, after a long, rough passage, reached the shores of the St. Lawrence in but poor condition for service, when, with the disregard of the time for life, he was left by the wayside—his credentials pinned to his coat—to die or to recover. The latter, fortunately, was his fate. A kindly French woman, commiserating his pitiable state, nursed him back again to health, and the young Teuton, having learned

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that both his father and his mother had died of grief at the loss of their only child, decided to remain in the strange country. Although John Rowe did not rejoin the army, at the close of the war he was given land near Sorel, some sixty miles east of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. His wife was a German girl from the State of Vermont. Together they hewed out a comfortable home from the almost unbroken forest.

Into that home a son was born in 1787, whom they named Christopher. As the boy grew to manhood, he determined to emigrate to the more prosperous Upper Province; so bidding "adieu" to the occupants of the quiet farm-house, and gladly leaving behind him the uncongenial French surroundings, he set out, afoot and alone, for the "delectable land." A leisurely journey of weeks brought him to the comparatively well-settled County

of Wentworth, where, after a time, he rented a farm in the Township of Glanford.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

Some ten years before John Rowe came to America—about the year 1765—a young Presbyterian Highlander—a strong Mason, too—of gentle birth and breeding—James McCollum by name, left his native Argyleshire hills to seek his fortune in the world beyond. Not finding desirable prospects in Ireland, he set sail for the much-exploited American Colonies. Upon his arrival at the port of New York he secured land in the colony of New Jersey. This he afterwards disposed of and removed to the Highland settlement at Cherry Valley, New York State, where he bought land upon the banks of the picturesque Susquehanna, also land upon which part of the city of Albany now stands.

In 1772 James McCollum married Sarah

Lucretia R. Folwell. Campbell, a clanswoman of his own, who died in 1777, leaving one son and one daughter. In 1782, troubled year though it was, he again married. This time an English-Welsh girl, Eunice Ffrench, had won his heart.

When the unfortunate struggle arose between Great Britain and her thirteen American colonies, the sturdy Scot—true to the traditions of his race—stood firmly for the “unity of the Empire,” and at length, in 1794 or 1795, was forced to flee for his life from the fury of a brother (who took the Revolutionary side), who threatened to shoot him for his loyalty. Taking with him nothing but the deeds for his broad acres, which he hoped at some happier day to reclaim, he, with several others, made his way to Nova Scotia. The journey was a perilous one. For days together the travellers lived upon the flesh of a dead horse found in

the woods. Finding the province already overcrowded, James McCollum pushed on to the Niagara District, Upper Canada, where friends, refugees like himself, had settled, and where he received good grants of land near the present town of Smithville. This land is to-day occupied by his descendants of the fourth generation.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

The following year his wife and children said "good-bye" to their home with its pleasant surroundings, and under the care of the eldest son, John—the younger children and a few household effects on pack-horses—driving some cattle before them, came through the wilderness of New York State, guided by the rivers or blazed trees, to join the husband and father in the wilds of Canada.

Staunch old Conservative that he was, clinging tenaciously to the fashions, as well as the politics of his youth, till his death in 1819, James McCollum dressed in the

Lucretia R. Folwell. knee-breeches, long stockings and buckled shoes of former days.

In 1809 Christopher Rowe—the son of the Hessian recruit—was married by a magistrate to Mary, third daughter of James McCollum, and together they “set up housekeeping” on the farm he had rented in the Township of Glanford.

The bride excelled in all the domestic accomplishments of the day. In the rude log house, with its Dutch fireplace and primitive furnishings, her life was indeed real—carding and spinning wool; making her own and her husband's clothes with thread spun and coloured by herself; cooking and baking—her baking powder the ashes of corn cobs dissolved in water.

Scarcely three years had gone by when the call “To arms! to arms!” startled the loyal settlers. Every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty responded; every woman, like the Spartan mother,

unflinchingly sent her loved ones to the front, to beat back the merciless foe who had pursued them to the very firesides of their hard-won new homes.

Lucretia R.
Folwell.

Left alone, but for her two little children, Mrs. Rowe managed the farm and awaited anxiously news from Queenston, or Stoney Creek, or Lundy's Lane. Many a night was she wakened by the blood-curdling howl of the wolves prowling in search of prey. Not the least of her trials were the troublesome, friendly Indian scouts, whose demands for food it was hard to satisfy, and who did not hesitate, when necessary, to take what they wanted by force. More than once Mrs. Rowe and her children hid among the hay in the barn in hopes that the Indians would think the house uninhabited and pass on. Upon one occasion, exasperated by their endless requests, she refused to give them what they asked, when the angry Mohawks

**Lucretia R.
Foiwell.**

seized her and threw her out of the door upon a pile of wood near by. When consciousness returned the unbidden guests had gone, leaving a much-depleted cellar.

The war closed and Mr. Rowe came home, having passed unhurt through the entire campaign, to find that his thrifty wife had made quite a large sum of money by selling supplies to the troops. Mrs. Rowe was enabled to do this through the influence of her brother, Captain Peter McCollum. With this money and their former savings they bought a farm of their own situated on Dundas Street, in the Township of Flamboro' West, near the present town of Waterdown, and there on the nineteenth day of October, 1815—the year of the birth of Canada's great statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald—was born a brown-eyed baby, who, in honour of her German grandmother, was baptized

by the Rev. Daniel Pickett "Lucretia," and whom we know as a silver-haired great-grandmother. In her high-backed wooden cradle with its strong iron bands, the little maid slept as sweetly as do her great-grandchildren to-day in their betrimmed resting-places.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

Four years later Mrs. Rowe, as a United Empire Loyalist, drew her grant of two hundred acres of land in the Township of Toronto; Mr. Rowe then rented the farm upon which they lived, with the option of returning, and they removed thither in March, 1819.

The new property was situated on either side of the River Credit, between the present villages of Streetsville and Meadowvale, and included an island, which they called "Mary's Island," and where was found a quantity of good onions growing wild. So fertile was the soil that by simply cutting a hole in the ground

Lucretia R. Folwell. with an axe, and planting the seed, an abundant supply of vegetables was obtained; but, although the situation was pleasant, the soil good, the river full of salmon, deer and game plenty, the privations were many and severe, and as they already owned a good farm in an older part of the country, Mrs. Rowe willingly sold this to a Mr. Folwell who had come in from the United States.

For a short time the two families lived in the same house, the beginning of a friendship between a manly boy of thirteen years and a bright little girl of four, which ended in a life-long companionship.

As his name indicates, Mr. Folwell was of English descent. His grandfather, Nathan Folwell, came from Kent, England, and settled at Burlington, New Jersey, about the year 1701. Mr. Folwell had been formerly a successful merchant at Ovid, Seneca County, New York State,

but, through the dishonesty of his partner, reverses came. Leaving his family there, he determined to commence afresh in Canada.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

The postal service of that day depended largely upon the state of the roads, the weather, or a neighbour's kindness. As Mrs. Folwell did not hear regularly from her husband, she grew anxious as to his welfare, and with womanly solicitude sent her eldest son Charles to seek his father. The boy crossed the Niagara at Lewiston, on his thirteenth birthday, went through the country making inquiries, until he heard that one of his name was employed by a settler living on what is known as the Middle Road, between Dundas Street and the Lake Shore Road, plodded on, and found the object of his search.

In October the Rowes returned to their home in Flamboro' West, feeling they had indeed "got back to Paradise."

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

With the early settler the possession of a mill site was regarded as an unusual opportunity for success. As Mr. Rowe more fully realized the value of the property and the water privileges just sold, he felt they had made a mistake, and when the next year Mr. Folwell found himself unable to meet the payments, and that the adjoining farm could be bought more cheaply, the agreement, which was verbal, was cancelled and the Rowes, again keeping their West Flamboro' farm as a basis for supplies, moved a second time to Toronto Township.

Then followed ten years full of the hardships known only to the pioneer settler. Gradually, however, Mr. Rowe's hopes were realized. Well cultivated fields replaced the dense woods. A saw mill was built; later on, a grist mill and another saw mill were erected upon the opposite side of the river. These were

named "Alpha Mills." A large forwarding business was established, and the Rowes soon found themselves wealthy.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

Among the privations of the new home was the lack of religious and educational advantages, especially for the children. Several years passed before an Irishman named John Nealand opened a private school at Meadowvale, where he initiated the youth of the district into the mysteries of Webster's Reader, Murray's Spelling Book, and the use of goose-quill pens. About the same time a Mr. Beatty—also an Irishman—sent to England for a supply of Bibles and commenced a Sabbath school in his own house.

In those practical days childhood early merged into womanhood, and as the eldest girl in a large family, the little Lucretia—whose finest doll was a rag one made by herself, and which the squirrels finally demolished; whose only play-house was

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

the hollowed-out stump of a tree ; whose greatest treat was a ride upon " Dick," the little black French pony—soon took her place as the assistant and companion of her mother.

The women are always the tradition-keepers of a people, and Mrs. Rowe beguiled many a weary task for her little daughter with reminiscences of the long journey from Cherry Valley to Niagara; or of the triumphs of 1812; or of the more peaceable victories of those pioneer soldiers of the Cross: Lorenzo Dow, Nathan Bangs, Darius Dunham, Peter Vannest, and other Methodist preachers, who, veritable angels of light, followed the lonely
refugee into his
wilderness
home.

A mighty factor for good in the early life of this country was the Methodist camp-meeting, not only as a time of great spiritual awakening and uplifting, but of much happy social intercourse among the people, who came from far and near to worship in the sylvan temple. At one of these meetings—at which Egerton and William Ryerson preached—held in a grove on the "Credit Flats," near Meadowvale, in the year 1829-30, Lucretia Rowe, then a thoughtful girl of fifteen, was converted. The Rev. Robert Corson, minister in charge of the Toronto circuit, afterwards received her into the Church. The sacred influences of that old-time camp-meeting, with its sunrise prayer meetings, its hour-long sermons, its exhortations, its closing (when the entire congregation filed past the "preachers' stand" for a final "shake-hands" with the ministers), made

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

Lucretia R. Folwell. impressions upon the heart of the young
girl which dominated her active
years and after almost three-
quarters of a century
illumine her
even-tide.

Lucretia R.
Folwell.

Record of Marriages solemnized by the Rev. James Harris,
of the City of Toronto, Presbyterian minister, from March 26,
1835, to March 26, 1836, inclusive :

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Names of Parties.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>	<i>Where Married.</i>	<i>License.</i>	<i>Pub. of Banns.</i>	<i>Witnesses.</i>
1836. Feb. 23	ROBERT SIMPSON CAROLINE FOLWELL	Township of Toronto	Toronto	License	. . .	CHARLES FOLWELL LUCRETIA FOLWELL
Feb. 23	CHARLES FOLWELL LUCRETIA ROWE	Township of Toronto	Toronto	License	. . .	ROBERT SIMPSON CAROLINE SIMPSON

*I certify that these marriages were solemnized by me, Rev. James Harris, of the
City of Toronto, Presbyterian minister, from March 26, 1835, to March 26, 1836.*

Received, 30th March ; Registered, April, 1836.

(Copied from the original.)

S. WASHBURN.

**Lucretia R.
Folwell.**

If it be true that "all the world loves a lover," how much more a wedding, especially a double wedding. The young people hoped to escape the inevitable conjecture and curiosity by driving into Toronto and being married quietly there.

Starting out in the gray of the morning, accompanied by Hamilton and Eunice Rowe, they reached the muddy little capital about eleven o'clock, put up at the "Black Horse" Inn, which still stands on Front Street East, and were married by the Rev. James Harris, minister of Knox Presbyterian Church, each bride signing her new name as a witness for the other. When they returned home the "little bird," who is ever on the alert for news, whispered that Mr. Simpson and Miss Folwell were married and quite unsuspecting of the double wedding, came for verification to Mr. Folwell, who truthfully answered,

“They are no more married than I am.” **Lucretia R. Folwell.**

This went unchallenged until it was known that Mr. Folwell was living with Hamilton Rowe, whose housekeeper Mrs. Folwell had been.

In June Mr. Rowe married. Mr. and Mrs. Folwell were then free to go to their own home on the opposite side of the river, where, however, they lived but three or four months as Mr. Folwell sold that part of his land and bought his father-in-law's saw mill with the thirty acres adjoining his own property.

The following year, 1837, is memorable in the history of Canada as “the year of the Rebellion,” also as the date of the accession to the throne of our late beloved Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria. Scarcely had the joy-bells for the girl-Queen ceased ringing when the demands for “responsible government,”

Lucretia R. Folwell. which for months had agitated the Provinces, culminated in open revolt.

Sir Francis Bond Head, who scouted the idea of trouble in Upper Canada, sent the regulars stationed at Toronto to quell the insurrection in the Lower Province. The loyal militia alone were left to defend the city against the rebels and a possible invasion from the neighbouring Republic.

Although Mr. Folwell was a native of the United States and of Revolutionary stock—his maternal grandfather, Dr. Philip Dey, having been one of General Washington's aides-de-camp, while his father's father, Joseph Folwell, served during the war as a captain in the Philadelphia Troopers—he warmly championed the Loyalist side. Leaving his young wife—as her mother before her had been left—to manage their affairs, he marched with his company into

Toronto, when he and his brother-in-law, **Lucretia R. Hamilton Rowe**, were "told off" to guard the Gooderham Windmill, then one of the prominent land-marks (and where was hidden Mr. William Cawthra's gold). Little did Mr. Folwell think that in future years the son of the owner of the mill would be a suitor for the hand of his own fair daughter.

Folwell.

After the rebels' defeat at Montgomery's tavern on Yonge Street, they congregated on Navy Island, in the Niagara River—under William Lyon Mackenzie and Gen. Van Rensselaer of the United States' army—with the intention of invading Canada from that point. To prevent this the militia were sent from Toronto to Chippewa. Although a vigorous cannonading was kept up between the two armies day after day, but little damage was done, and when early in January, 1838, Van Rensselaer evacuated the

Lucretia R. Folwell. island the militia returned to their homes, to the great relief of the anxious ones there, none the worse for the five or six weeks' experience of soldiering.

As years brought wealth the modest home at "the mill" was exchanged for a commodious brick one, surrounded by a fine orchard and gardens, situated on a pretty rise of ground overlooking the sparkling river below.

Like Solomon's "wise woman," Mrs. Folwell was essentially a home-maker; the heart of her husband did safely trust in her.

For more than thirty years their home stood for all that is best; its hospitable door was ever ajar; but the minister and his family received an especially cordial welcome.

After Mr. Folwell's death in February, 1871, Mrs. Folwell remained in the homestead until her youngest son attained

his majority, when the property was sold and she removed to Meadowvale. **Lucretia R. Folwell.**

Her surviving children are :

Mrs. James H. Todd, Owen Sound, Ont.

Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Toronto, Ont.

Joseph Hamilton Folwell, Norwalk, Ohio.

Philip Charles Folwell, Parkdale, Ont.

Edgar David Folwell, Alberni, B.C.

Although Mrs. Folwell's active years had passed before the establishment of women's societies as we now have them, her life-work lay to an unusual degree in faithful, quiet, efficient service within her domestic circle. In addition to her own, she assumed the care of a sister's two motherless children. Amid the countless duties of a large and well-ordered household, she never forgot to spend a part of each day with her mother, while to her husband's parents she was ever a devoted daughter.

Mrs. Folwell has long since passed her

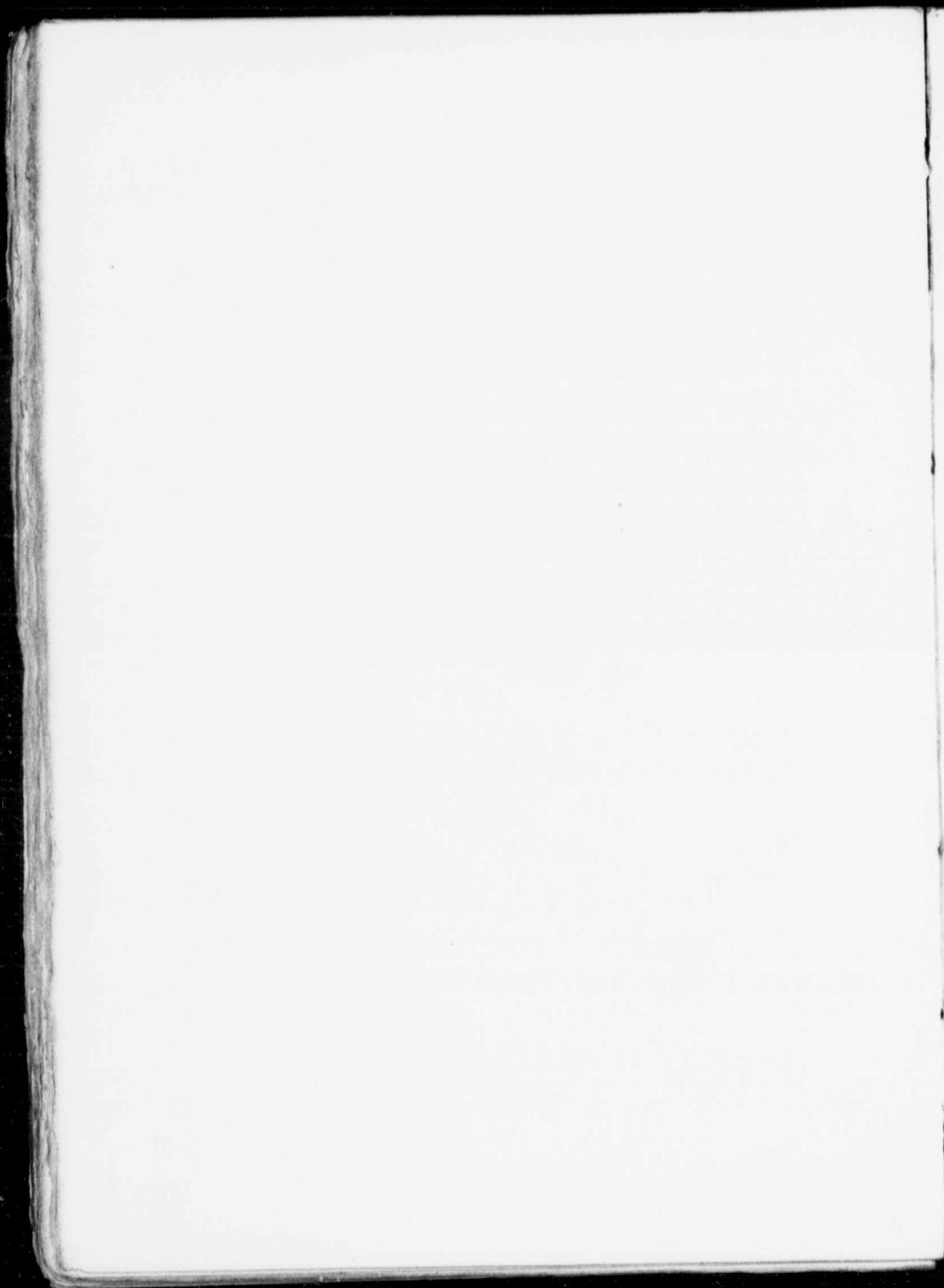
Lucretia R. three-score years and ten and has lived
Folwell. under five sovereigns, but she still retains
much of her former brightness and vigour. With pride she tells that at Queenston Heights her father was one of those who guarded the body of the beloved General Brock; or recounts "Uncle Peter's" description of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and how the tired troops "ploughed back and forth" through the mud which the rain of the previous night had made. With quiet humour she recalls the drilling of "the boys" for the annual training day; the elections, which lasted a week and were like "a civil war." With deeper feeling she speaks of the ministers of her early years: David Culp, Elder Ryan; of driving to the "Quarterly Meeting" at the Credit, to hear Elder Case preach; of seeing John Carroll, "the boy preacher," walking along the road to his "appointment," skipping stones as he went;

and of the days generally when Methodists were indeed a peculiar people. **Lucretia R. Folwell.**

Many old people live in the past, to the exclusion of to-day—not so here. Mrs. Folwell's interest in the present is both intelligent and keen.

For twenty years or more Mrs. Folwell has made her home with her son-in-law, Mr. C. H. Gooderham, whose thoughtfulness for this member of his household never varies.

Secure in the love of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, Lucretia Rowe Folwell—having had her share of shadow as of sunshine—enjoys the aftermath of a useful life.



SO HERE ENDETH THE SKETCH OF THE
LIFE OF LUCRETIA ROWE FOLWELL,
WHICH WAS WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST
OF HER SON-IN-LAW, CHARLES HORACE
GOODERHAM. THE SAME WAS DONE
INTO A BOOKLET BY WILLIAM BRIGGS,
PUBLISHER, AT THE SHOP KNOWN AS THE
METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE,
WHICH IS AT TORONTO, ONTARIO, IN THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER, IN THE YEAR MCM I.