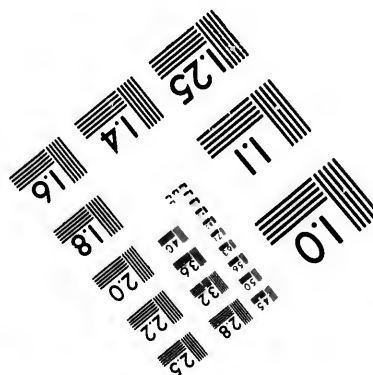
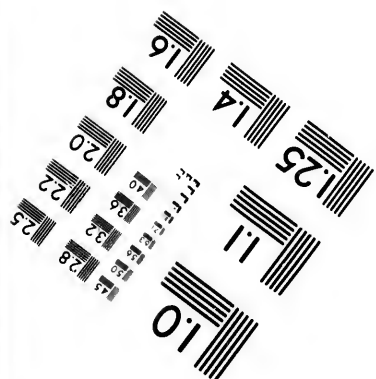
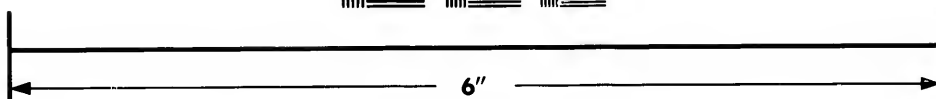
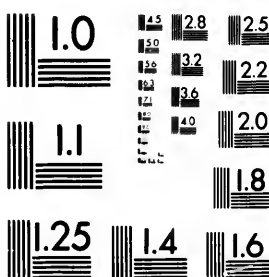


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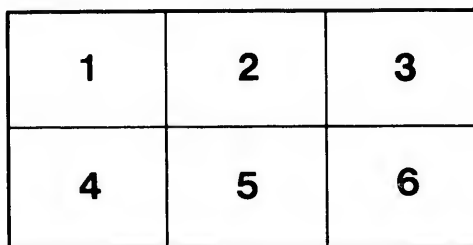
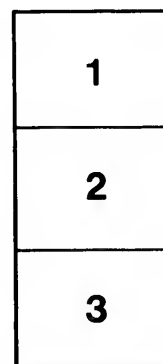
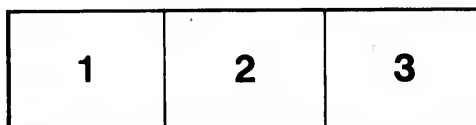
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LIFE OF COLONEL TALBOT,

AND THE

TALBOT SETTLEMENT,

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS, WITH

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLIC CHARACTERS,

AND CAREER OF SOME OF THE

MOST CONSPICUOUS MEN

IN UPPER CANADA,

WHO WERE EITHER FRIENDS OR ACQUAINTANCES

OF THE SUBJECT OF THESE MEMOIRS.

BY EDWARD ERMATINGER.

ST. THOMAS :

Printed at A. McLachlin's Home Journal Office.

1859.

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PREFACE.

In writing the Life of Colonel Talbot, I have had one object in view, namely, to transmit to posterity, whatever is praiseworthy in his conduct and character, for their imitation and example. The faults of such men as Colonel Talbot do not vary much from those of the bulk of mankind, and require no biography. But his life is so full of interest,

ERRATA:

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Page 111—read—George Elliot—Itinerants.

Page 123—for 90, read—60.

Page 127—5th line from the bottom, for Speculations, read—Stipulations.

Page 160—for Archdeacon Stuart read—Dr. Stewart

Page 227—sixth line from the bottom, for did, read
died.

Colonel Talbot's life in Canada, does not present to the biographer any of those striking incidents and startling events, which of themselves are sufficient to command the attention of the world, and excite universal interest. We have nothing but his personal character and a repetition of the same kind of transactions to dwell on; from which, however, much instruction may be derived. But to make this work more generally useful and interesting, I have incorporated the history of the Talbot Settlement, and sketches of the public career and characters, of some of the most prominent men of Upper Canada, friends and acquaintances of the Colonel, and others, whose positions expose them to public notice.

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PREFACE.

In writing the Life of Colonel Talbot, I have had one object in view, namely, to transmit to posterity, whatever is praiseworthy in his conduct and character, for their imitation and example. The faults of such men as Colonel Talbot do not vary much from those of the bulk of mankind, and require no biographer. But when evil, and not good, is the governing principle of men's lives, then the picture should be reversed. I have sketched instances of both, with impartial hand.

The Life of Colonel Talbot must prove highly interesting to a large population, which has grown up under his auspices, and whose history is identified with his own, in many respects. Such a life would attract attention, from its unusual character, simply as a pioneer of the forest. Added to this, Colonel Talbot's name was associated with some of those noble characters, who have contributed to the fame and glory of England.

The principal facts connected with Colonel Talbot's early life, were obtained through a friend, from himself at my request, and although he was very ill at the time, he was very particular, that nothing but the truth should be communicated. When the Colonel was supposed to be on his death bed at Mr. Harris' in London, I visited him, and he spoke in a very feeling manner of his past career, and of his desire and endeavors to do right. Before I left, I told him, I would endeavor to do justice to his memory, and this is my chief reason for publishing these memoirs.

Colonel Talbot's life in Canada, does not present to the biographer any of those striking incidents and startling events, which of themselves, are sufficient to command the attention of the world, and excite universal interest. We have nothing but his personal character and a repetition of the same kind of transactions to dwell on; from which, however, much instruction may be derived. But to make this work more generally useful and interesting, I have incorporated the history of the Talbot Settlement, and sketches of the public career and characters, of some of the most prominent men of Upper Canada, friends and acquaintances of the Colonel, and others, whose positions expose them to public notice.

Of the two first Bishops of the Church of England and

Ireland in Upper Canada, whose exalted stations invest them with so much power, for good, when properly exercised, for evil, when contrariwise, I have spoken truly, and with no desire to exaggerate or extenuate their faults. Not only are the members of that Church affected by the conduct of her Bishops, but indirectly it acts on the whole community, and in no part of Upper Canada has this been more prejudicially felt than within the limits of the Talbot Settlement. But whoever reflecting on the conduct of Bishops, or other prominent men, whose names have been introduced into this work, I have in no instance said all that could be said, with truth and justice, nor have I hazarded my own individual assertions or opinions; but I have carefully weighed every expression, and all that I have written goes forth with the sanction of many friends, whom I have consulted from time to time, during the progress of this work.

With respect to the closing years of Colonel Talbot's life, which were so embittered by the differences which grew up between him and his nephew, Sir Richard Airey, and terminated in such an unfortunate distribution of the Colonel's estate, I have related only as much as may convey to the reader an idea of the causes of those difficulties. But having had conversations separately with both Uncle and Nephew, what I have stated is a fair and impartial view of the whole matter.

I would further remark, that I have been reminded, while writing these memoirs, when speaking of persons, who have departed this life, whose characters or career I have sketched, to bear in mind the old Latin proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, which is interpreted, "Let nothing be said of the dead, but what is favorable,"—*to truth*. I would add; for in the same collection of proverbs there is another quite as consistent with sound morality. *Bonus nocet, quisquis pepererit malis*. "He injures the good, who spares the bad." To the latter doctrine, I subscribe, whether with reference to the dead or the living; for to record only the virtues of men, would certainly make a very perfect picture, pleasing no doubt to friends and family connections; but at the same time, a very false one; totally valueless to posterity; would falsify all history, and biographers would only set examples which nobody could follow.

S. T. THOMAS, NOVEMBER 1st, 1850.

R. E.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—Colonel Talbot's early life and Education—Enters the Army—Aide-de-Camp with Arthur Wellesly in Ireland—Comes to Canada, 1790—Becomes Secretary to General Simcoe, 1791—Returns to England, 1794, to join his Regiment—Rapid promotion.....	1-12.
CHAPTER II.—Colonel Talbot's return to Canada—Fleming's account of his first visit to the Talbot Settlement, with General Simcoe—Settles at Port Talbot 1803—Port Talbot—Colonel Talbot's disgust with the state of Society in England....	12-22.
CHAPTER III.—Plan of Settlement—Terms of grants of land from the British Government—Early Settlers—Anecdotes.....	22-32.
CHAPTER IV.—Progress of the Settlement—Colonel Burwell—Hardships—Extent of the Talbot Settlement—John Rolph—Captain Matthews....	32-47.
CHAPTER V.—American War of 1812, and war stories—Punctuality—Banking—J. K. Woodward.....	47-62.
CHAPTER VI.—The Scotch settlers at Aldborough—The Audience Window—Jeffry Hunter—Extent of land placed at the Colonel's disposal....	62-68.
CHAPTER VII.—Letter to Earl Bathurst—Remuneration for services—Jealousy of Officials at Little York.....	68-73.
CHAPTER VIII.—Yarmouth—Hickory Quakers—Dr. Dunlop.....	73-79.
CHAPTER IX.—Talbot Anniversary—St. Thomas—County of Elgin—London District Officials—The Harris family.....	79-89.
CHAPTER X.—London—Rogers' interview with Colonel Talbot.....	80-95.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XI.—The Buildings and Domestic economy of Port Talbot—How the wine dried out in summer—Visitors—Ex-Sheriff Parkins—The Colonel's Pest-- The Pedant.....	95-101.
CHAPTER XII.—Colonel Talbot at a political Meeting in St. Thomas—George Lawton.....	102-111.
CHAPTER XIII.—The Colonel's religious profession Reasons for not subscribing for a meeting house —George Elliott—Itinerants.....	111-121.
CHAPTER XIV.—Hon. Z. Burnham—A Wolf in Sheep's clothing—The indignant pretender—A knowing shot.....	121-131.
CHAPTER XV.—Colonel Talbot's reasons for not marrying-- Matrimony---A Loving couple.....	131-138.
CHAPTER XVI.—Sir A. McNab—Militia training—Colonel Postwick and the Volunteers.—Trip to Oakland—The Queen's Birthday—D. Rappleje—Bela Shaw.....	138-158.
CHAPTER XVII.—Sir J. B. Robinson—John Wilson and the Lawyers of the Settlement.....	159-170.
CHAPTER XVIII.—Bishop Strachan and Bishop Cronyn—The two first Bishops of Upper Canada.....	170-187.
CHAPTER XIX.—The Mullman— The Colonel's attention to his sick man—Long sermons—Westover's morality—Emigration and old Countrymen.....	187-199.
CHAPTER XX.—Original Documents relating to the Talbot Anniversary—Colonel Talbot's principles and habits—Temperance—The Colonel's declining years.....	199-209.
CHAPTER XXI.—Colonel Airey—Colonel Talbot goes to England—Differences between the Colonel and Airey.....	209-214.
CHAPTER XXII.—Final settlement with Colonel Airey —George McBeth.....	215-225
CONCLUSION.....	226.

CHAPTER I.

COLONEL TALBOT'S EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION—
ENTERS THE ARMY—AIDE-DE-CAMP WITH AR-
THUR WELLESLEY IN IRELAND—COMES TO CANADA
1790—BECOMES SECRETARY TO GENERAL SIMPSON
1791—RETURNS TO ENGLAND, 1794, TO JOIN HIS
REGIMENT—RAPID PROMOTION.

COLONEL THE HON. THOMAS TALBOT the son of
Richard Talbot Esq., and Margaret, Baroness Talbot,
was born 17th July, 1771, at Malahide, in the County
of Dublin. His ancestry are thus described in
Hodge's Genealogy of the British Peerage. "The
Talbots of Malahide, are of the same origin as the
Earl of Shrewsbury, whose progenitor, Richard de
Talbot, was a baron in the reign of William the con-
queror. His grandson, Richard, was father of Gilbert,
ancestor of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who settled in
Ireland in the reign of Henry the II. and was in-
vested with the ancient Baronial Castle of Malahide,
and the Estates belonging thereto. The time of
its erection is unknown, but supposed to be long
antecedent to the Conquest."

Young Talbot was educated at the Manchester
public free school, but his education must have been
slight, for we find that he obtained a Commission in
the army, in the year 1782, at the early age of eleven.

years, and was one of the Aide-de-camps to the Marquis of Buckingham, (a relative of the Talbot family,) then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the years 1786 and 88, when he was not more than 16 or 17 years of age. His brother Aide, was Arthur Wellesly, who subsequently became the renowned hero of a hundred fights, the conqueror of the Great Napoleon, on the field of Waterloo.

The two Aides, Arthur Wellesly, better known as the Duke of Wellington, and Thomas Talbot, were not destined to tread in the same fields of glory. While the Iron Duke was reaping honors and glory in the field of battle, Colonel Talbot was occupied in the forests of Canada, while the one was conquering the armies of Napoleon, and wading thro' fields of blood, amidst the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded, the other was combatting the trees of the forest, and marching in triumph over fallen timber. One was armed with the sword, while the other shouldered the axe! which was the most useful occupation and the most consonant to the dictates of humanity, may be left for others to decide.

The acquaintance formed between these two men, destined to become conspicuous in very different ways, continued, tho' not without long intervals of separation, through a long life. And the great Captain of the age, surrounded by everything that is

great and honorable in human life, was glad to see his early associate "Tom Talbot," and welcome him to the hospitalities of Apsley House.

It is not often that two such veterans meet in this world, to recount the adventures of their early youth, at the advanced age of fourscore years, after an acquaintance of more than 60 years! but such a meeting took place between these two distinguished men. The Duke of Wellington was the first of the two octogenarians, who fell under death's despotic sway,—his earthly career having terminated on the 14th September, in the year 1852. Colonel Talbot outlived him only a few months.

Those, who witnessed, or read of the magnificent obsequies of the illustrious hero of the Peninsula when people of all nations of the world beheld a great nation mourning over the departed conqueror, in all the pomp and circumstance of woe, and who may read these memoirs, will have an opportunity of contrasting the termination of the earthly career of these two distinguished men, whose beginning was so nearly equal. Colonel Talbot's prospects of military fame and glory, in his youth, were brighter than those of the Duke, but at the close of their lives the Preacher of England, pronouncing the funeral oration over the latter, said—"know ye not that a great man is fallen"—while a few friends only, at-

tended the remains of the founder of the Talbot Settlement, to their earthly resting place.

In the year 1790, Mr. Talbot joined the 24th Regiment, as Lieutenant, at Quebec. He received his Company and majority both in the year 1793; and in January 1796 was promoted to the Lieut. Colonelcy of the 5th Regiment of Foot, which Regiment he joined, and commanded two battalions, until the Peace of Amiens, doing service on the Continent and at Gibraltar. He was with his regiment in Holland, in the disastrous expedition of the Duke of York. Colonel Talbot appears to have been a favorite with the Duke, for altho' he had committed a breach of discipline, by marching his regiment a different road from that he had been ordered to do, in order as he considered, to avoid harassing his men, and exposing them to more danger, the Duke in a friendly note, found among the Colonel's papers alludes to the circumstance in a very good natured manner. This *freak*, however, as the Duke of York termed it, may have had something to do with Colonel Talbot's selling out of the army.

It was during the year 1791 that Mr. Talbot became attached to the suite of General Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, with whom he continued until the year 1794, when he returned to Europe and joined his regiment on the

Continent. To show the high opinion which Gen. Simcoe entertained of young Talbot's merits and ability, we cannot do better than to transcribe the letter, which the General wrote in his behalf, and addressed to Lord Hobart in the year 1803, detailing Colonel Talbot's services and recommending his application for a grant of land. Nothing can exceed the warmth of friendship, and the high estimate of Colonel Talbot's character, which Gen. Simcoe seems to have formed, and this is fully expressed in his letter:—

SOMERSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, }
11th Feby., 1803. }

MY LORD,—

In consequence of Mr. Talbot having acquainted me that Mr. Sullivan, on his presenting a request for a grant of land in the Province of Upper Canada, had intimated it would be proper I should inform your Lordship of Mr. Talbot's especial services, I took the earliest opportunity of waiting upon your Lordship, and in consequence of the interview which I had the honor to hold with you yesterday, I obey your Lordship's Commands in detailing Mr. Talbot's views, and the nature of his claims to the protection of his Majesty's government.

Upon my arrival in Canada, to carry the constitution which had been granted to that Colony into effect, Mr. Talbot accompanied me as my private

and confidential Secretary into Upper Canada. He remained in my family four years, when he was called home, as Major of the *5th Regiment, then ordered to Flanders. During that period he not only conducted many details and important duties, incidental to the original establishment of a Colony, in matters of internal regulation, to my entire satisfaction, but was employed in the most confidential measures necessary to preserve that country in peace, without violating on the one hand, the relations of amity with the United States; and on the other, alienating the affection of the Indian nations, at that period in open war with them.

In this very critical situation, I principally made use of Mr. Talbot for the most confidential intercourse with the several Indian Tribes; and occasionally with his Majesty's Minister at Philadelphia;—these duties, without any salary or emolument, he executed to my perfect satisfaction.

I consider these circumstances, my Lord, as authorizing me in general terms to recommend Mr. Talbot to your consideration and protection. Mr. Talbot's specific application, which I beg leave to support to the utmost of my power, consists of two

* When the 85th Regiment was stationed in St. Thomas Colonel Talbot said he had commanded that Regiment at 22 years of age—but before he died he told a friend that he was Lieutenant Colonel of the 5th Regiment as above. This must have been a mistake.

points. The first is the grant of five thousand acres of land as a field Officer, actually and *bona fide*, meaning to reside in the Province for the purpose of establishing himself therein. The King's bounty having been extended to the field Officers, who had served during the American war, in grants to a similar extent (exclusive of an allotment of land for every individual which their families might consist of,) it was judged expedient by myself, Mr Chief Justice Osgoode, and other confidential Officers of the Crown in that Colony, to extend the provision of five thousand acres to any Field Officer of character, who, *bona fide*, should become a settler therein, it being obvious that it was for his Majesty's interest that a loyal set of European gentlemen should, as speedily as possible, be obtained to take the lead in the several districts. This principle, my Lord, was acted upon at the time of my departure from the Country, and should I to this moment have remained in the government thereof, I could have seen no reason whatever for departing from it. In consequence, had Mr. Talbot been totally unknown to me, except by his character and the high rank he had borne in the King's Service, I should have thought him a most eligible acquisition to this Province, and on this public ground, without hesitation, have granted him 5000 acres on the same principles that

had been laid down and acted upon,—this is the first part of Mr. Talbot's request. The second request of Mr. Talbot is, that these 5000 acres may be granted in the Township of Yarmouth, in the County of Norfolk, on lake Erie, and that the remainder of that Township may be reserved for such a period as may appear advisable to government, for the purpose of his settling it, on the following specific plan, namely: that 200 acres shall be allotted to him for every family he shall establish thereon,—50 acres thereof to be granted to each family in perpetuity, and the remaining 150 acres of each lot to become his property, for the expense and trouble of collecting and locating them.

Mr. Sullivan, in a conversation, had suggested to Mr. Talbot the possibility of procuring settlers in this Country, but many reasons oppose themselves to that idea, in which I have the honor of perfectly agreeing with your Lordship; but should it be practicable to turn the tide of emigration, which government cannot prevent from taking place to the United States, *ultimately* to rest in this Province. I beg to consider it as an object of the greatest national importance, and that will speedily fulfil the idea with which I undertook the administration of that government, under my Lord Crenville's auspices of elevating this valuable part of His Majesty's dominions from the

degrading situation of a petty factory, to be a powerful support and protection to the British Empire; in some instances, such a plan in the infancy of the government had great success, as I had the honor, of pointing out to your Lordship, and Mr. Talbot from habit, observation and nature, in my judgment, is perfectly well suited to give it a wider extent.

His plan is to introduce himself amongst a large body of Welch and Scotch families, who arrived at New York in the Summer of 1801, and who have *temporarily* fixed themselves in the interior of that State, many of whom are already disgusted with the dissolute principles of the people there, and feel a strong inclination to return under the government of England, but do not possess the means of purchasing land; or paying the fees demanded by the Province on grants. It remains only for me to add, that Mr. Talbot having been very successful in the cultivation of Hemp, on proper principles and to a greater extent perhaps than any other settler in the Province, is induced to prefer the distant Township of Yarmouth, as the soil is, well adapted to the growth of this valuable commodity. It is his object to extend this cultivation thro' the whole Township, and by precept and example to enforce principles of loyalty, obedience and industry, amongst those with whom he will be surrounded. I cannot but hope.

that your Lordship will be struck with the manhood with which Mr. Talbot, whose situation in life, cannot be unknown to your Lordship, after having with great credit arrived at the rank of Lieut. Colonel has preferred the incessant and active employment which he has undertaken, and that under your Lordship's patronage may lead to the highest public advantage. On this public ground, abstracted from my personal affection and regard for him, I hope that your Lordship will give direction to the Lieut. Governor, or person administering the government of Upper Canada, that the prayer of his petition be immediately granted—(embraced in 4th paragraph of this letter,) and I further entreat from your Lordship's goodness and benevolence, that Mr. Talbot may have the honor of being the bearer of your despatches on this subject, as he has for some time taken his passage on board of a vessel that will sail without fail on Tuesday next, for New York.

I have the honor to be &c.,

(Signed)

J. G. SIMCOE.

To the Right Hon.

LORD HOBART, &c, &c, &c,

It will be seen from the sequel of this biography how far the high estimate of Colonel Talbot's character and ability formed by General Simcoe, has been realized, and whether or not Colonel Talbot has fulfilled the expectations of his exalted friend and ardent

admirer. General Simcoe was a man, from his exalted position and commanding talent fully capable of judging of the merits of a young officer.

It is pleasing at all times to record the opinion of good men, such as we believe General Simcoe to have been; and his ability and foresight as the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, we believe, is universally admitted.

The Hon. James Crooks, one of Canada's respected veterans, knew young Talbot well, at the time he was attached to General Simcoe's suite. He was then stationed at Niagara, where, with other officers, he kept house. Mr. Crooks speaks of the young Secretary's gentlemanly deportment and activity, as is elsewhere noted, and was well acquainted with him during the residence of a long life.

How young Talbot fulfilled the duties of private and confidential Secretary, we learn from General Simcoe's letter, but it is certain he was never much addicted to writing. But what he did write was laconic and to the point. His correspondence, however, must have been extensive, for he was on terms of intimacy with many of the nobility of England, with some of whom he kept up an epistolary correspondence, but nothing worthy of note seems to have been found among his papers.

With respect to the cultivation of hemp, spoken

of by General Simcoe, it appears Colonel Talbot did not reach his own expectations. He made the attempt in the early days of his settlement, but must have found it unprofitable; which is easily accounted for, when we consider that the cultivation of hemp requires considerable capital, and much labor. Both these means could be much more profitably employed in the clearing of lands, and in cultivating the soil. For these purposes his people were even too few, and the necessity of raising the means of subsistence would prevent their being otherwise employed. So the cultivation of hemp was abandoned.

CHAPTER II.

COLONEL TALBOT'S RETURN TO CANADA—FLEMING'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT WITH GENERAL SIMCOE—SETTLES AT PORT TALBOT 1803—PORT TALBOT—COLONEL TALBOT'S DISGUST WITH THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

It was at the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens Colonel Talbot retired from the Army, and came to Canada, with the intention of settling; which he did, and remained on his estate at Port Talbot for nearly 50 years.

We are told that the young Lieutenant first became smitten with the charms of Canada. (for it is not known that he was ever smitten, like

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ordinary men) from reading Charlevoix' history, which he did, with great delight. The idea of driving out the wild beasts, and of peopling the forest on the shores of Lake Erie, with hardy and industrious settlers, very probably may have originated in young Talbot's mind at this time.

During the time Colonel Talbot was Secretary to Governor Simcoe, it appears from various accounts, that he had visited the shores of Lake Erie, and had penetrated to the forks of the River Thames, where the city of London now stands. The following account of the expedition of General Simcoe and his Sec'y, has been furnished by a worthy Highlander, George Munro, Esq., who became a settler in the Township of Aldboro' many years ago, and who, from personal knowledge of Colonel Talbot, always held him in the greatest respect, and spoke of him in terms of the highest admiration.

The account given by Mr. Munro was communicated to him verbally, by a man of the name of Flemming, who acted as canoe, or boatman, to General Simcoe and his Sec'y. Talbot, from Fort Erie, on the exploring expedition, to the unbroken forests of the London and Western Districts, which at that time, when General Simcoe first assumed the Government of Upper Canada, had only been surveyed on paper. Flemming describes young Talbot as being both smart

in appearance, and prompt and active in manner. To use his own words, "The Colonel was the *'prettiest, the neatest and most active of the whole party,'* and as soon as they landed to encamp, he immediately set about collecting wood for fuel, assisting in pitching the tent; and in the morning was equally active in aiding the boatman across Long Point with the boat and canoe. On one occasion, His Excellency suggested that there were men enough, and the Colonel's laconic reply was, "there are none more manly than I am," which the General received with an approving smile, assenting to the truthfulness of the remark.

Colonel Talbot was always remarkable for his quaint wit and pithy replies, which will frequently appear in the history of his life.

Upon the party of Governor Simcoe landing at Catfish Creek, about twenty miles below Port Talbot, Talbot, as usual, was at the brunt end of every work, as Flemming related, such as tent-pitching, chopping and collecting fire-wood, and His Excellency thought proper once more to remonstrate, "Why, General," replied the Colonel, "I want to be inured to a bachelor's Hall life in the Forest." His Excellency asked him if he would like to nestle on the top of the Hill. (the Hill is high at the mouth of the Catfish,) "No, Sir," was the reply, "I am not ready to roost yet."

On landing at Kettle Creek, now Port Stanley, to breakfast dinner, the same question was asked and the same reply was given: but early in the evening, on arrival at the spot so deservedly called Port Talbot, the Colonel had a tent speedily erected on the top of the Hill, turned host at once, met the Governor at the tent door, and with the dignity so natural to him, invited His Excellency to the Castle of Malahide, saying, "Here, General Simcoe, will I roost, and will soon make the forest tremble under the wings of the flock I will invite by my warblings, around me."

"On the morning following, Indians who were encamped on the flats of the Creek, were hired to pilot the party across the wilderness, to Munsey Town, from whence they proceeded down the River to Lake St. Clair, meeting on their way, not even one opening in the dense forest, that then overshadowed the meandering course of the River Thames. On their return, and arrival at the Forks, where London now stands, General Simcoe told the Colonel, "this will be the chief military depot of the West, and the seat of a District. From this spot," pointing his sword to a tree that stood at or near the western angle of the present Court house, "I will have a line for a road run as straight as the crow can fly, to the head of the little lake," where Dundas stands, which

was done, and the Road, to this day, is called the Governor's Road.

"Flemming, the boatman, afterwards became a settler under Colonel Talbot, on a lot of land on the banks of the River, in the Township of Aldboro,' and lived thereon, from the year 1802 or 3 to the year 1845. He was there buried, leaving 6 or 7 industrious sons, who were all located by Colonel Talbot, in the Township of Mosa, directly across the river, in sight of their father's farm."

The foregoing account furnished by Fleming to Mr Munro, we have been told, is incorrect in several particulars—that the route pursued by General Simcoe, was by boat only to Long Point, and thence by land to the Forks of the River Thames. This we merely note, that we may not be charged with making an erroneous statement willingly.

It was after this time, that Colonel Talbot returned to Europe, and remained with his regiment till the Peace of Amiens, when it would appear, he determined to fulfil his intention of founding a settlement in the wilds of Canada. This intention no doubt was seriously entertained, while on the exploring expedition with General Simcoe, and we are informed that Colonel Talbot had learnt something of the eligibility of the site of Port Talbot, from Mr. Hamly, a gentleman who had surveyed the Town-

ships of Dunwich and Aldboro,' with whom the Colonel had become acquainted at Niagara. Mr. Hamly had described the beauties of Port Talbot in terms of just commendation, and Colonel Talbot has confirmed his judgment, by selecting it, as the site of the future home of a branch of the descendants of the Talbots of Malahide. Mr. Hamly brought up and educated John and Bostwick, the sons of a Clergyman of the Church of England, in New England, who emigrated to Canada, and were always conspicuous for their loyal attachment to the British Crown.

Colonel Talbot landed at Port Talbot, on the 21st of May, 1803, from a boat, accompanied by several men, (among whom was a Mr. Power,) and immediately set to work with his axe, and cut down the first tree, to commemorate his landing to take possession of his woodland estate. The settlement which now bears his name, was then an unbroken forest, and there were no traces of civilization, nearer than Long Point, 60 miles east, while to the west, the aborigines were still the Lords of the soil, and ruled with the tomahawk.

At the time of Colonel Talbot's landing, everything in nature was dressed in its best attire, and the swelling stream of Port Talbot creek, then swollen to the dimensions of a respectable river, overhung with

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the deep green boughs of the surrounding forest, and gliding through the valley, around the verdant hill of Port Talbot, poured its limpid stream into Lake Erie with a rapidous current. At this delightful season of the year, the forest teemed with life—the shady green of the trees, the chirping and singing of numerous birds, the solitary tapping of the woodpecker, the lofty hills, and placid waters spread out into an inland ocean; all wore a smiling aspect, and cheered the Pioneers of the Forest.

There are few, if any, more charming spots than the site of Port Talbot. The creek which gave rise to its being named a Port, winds round the hills, through rich flats on one side, noiselessly, without any apparent motion, (except, as before mentioned, in times of high water,) and its dark smooth waters creeping under and through clumps of woods, here and there, gives it a beautiful appearance. The approach to Port Talbot from the east, is through an avenue of between one and two miles, the road presenting every variety of woodland scenery, now running over level land, and then diving into the valleys between hills of various heights, and on each side of the road the numerous trees pointing their majestic heads to the skies, afford a grand and pleasing variety. After at length winding round the acclivity of the high land surrounding Port Talbot, the eye is

refreshed by a magnificent view of the waters of Lake Erie, bounded only by the distant horizon. Standing then on this high land, rising from the Lake to the height of 200 feet, the view on all sides is magnificent. To the west the scenery is woodland, broken here and there, by clearings formed into beautiful fields, of various dimensions; to the east the landscape is rich, in the highest degree; ranges of woods rising from the banks of the creek, one above another, until their summits are nearly lost in the clouds, clothed in the soft verdure of spring, or bedecked in the tinted foliage of autumn, afford a pleasing relief to the eye, turning from the vast expanse of waters of Lake Erie. On the bosom of the Lake, Steamers, or other craft, are continually appearing, generally wending their way to American ports, and add life to the scene. In the rear of Port Talbot, the eye passes over hill and dale, until the view is terminated by the primeval forest; composed of the maple, the beech, the stately oak, and a variety of other trees.

Colonel Talbot being permanently located in the wilds of Canada, to the great dismay of the four footed tribe, who had so long held undisturbed possession, his life in the woods may now be said to have commenced, and we may here pause, to reflect on the extraordinary and peculiar character of the

individual, who could detach himself from all the attractions of civilized life, and set himself down alone, with the exception of a few hired men, in the midst of a trackless forest, inhabited only by a few scattering Indians, and wild beasts. The resolution which Colonel Talbot had formed, and was now about to act upon, is the more extraordinary in an individual, elevated at so early an age, to a rank so high in the army; endowed as he was, with every qualification, apparently necessary to raise him to the very summit of military glory; surrounded by the pomp and splendor of military parade, so attractive to the votaries of fashionable life; moving amidst the fascinations of polished society, and the smiles and blandishments of youth and beauty—that a man so situated should abandon the luxuries and enchantment of such a coterie, and become the immediate neighbor of raccoons and howling wolves, to lead a dull monotonous life in the untamed forests of Canada, with the certain prospect of hard labor and continual privation, is proof that he was a man of great fortitude, and of no ordinary mind.

At the time Colonel Talbot exchanged the sword for the axe, he was young, active, and sufficiently accomplished, to adorn the society in which men of his rank usually mix. His rank in the army was unusually high for a man of his years, being a Lieut. Colonel at the age of twenty-two.

It is said, however, that young Talbot amidst all the allurements of high life, the attractions of beauty, and the pride of aristocracy, became thoroughly disgusted with the corruptions and fashionable vices, then so prevalent; which were ill concealed by the polish of education, and the conventional forms of society. At that time, about the close of the last century, it is well known that debauchery, dissipation and immorality of every kind, infected the lives of many of the aristocracy of England, having before their eyes, the example of the sons of Royalty, and the heir apparent to the Throne. On the vices of those days, we need not dwell, they are familiar to all who know anything of the early life of the late George the 4th, and his royal brothers. These sons of the good old King George the 3rd, particularly the eldest, the Prince of Wales, were distinguished for their handsome personal appearance, polished manners and elegant address, and were the theme of universal admiration; but unfortunately, the lustre of their rank, and the polish of their manners, were tarnished by the immorality of their lives; and the advantages of birth, education, and wealth, were made subservient to the indulgence of the meretricious enjoyments of vice, and to the gratification of licentiousness. That Colonel Talbot, whose high rank and family connexions gave him the entrance to the first society in England, should have looked

with aversion at the glazed eye of fashionable dissipation, and should have shrunk with disgust from the contamination of lewdness, nursed in the lap of wealth and luxury, was an early indication of that superiority of mind, which distinguished him through the greater portion of his life.

Few men of his rank and station, would ever have dreamt of undergoing such a change of life, and fewer still, would have persevered through every difficulty, like Colonel Talbot, had they undertaken it. It has been said, that the Colonel had been crossed in love, or otherwise dissatisfied, and that this led him to bury himself in the woods; but these surmises are not based on reliable information.

CHAPTER III.

PLAN OF SETTLEMENT—TERMS OF GRANTS OF LAND, FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—EARLY SET- TLERS—ANECDOTES.

Some years seem to have elapsed before the Colonel had attracted any number of settlers around him, and during this time he must, (as indeed he was, generally, during his residence at Port Talbot,) have been left to the solitude of his own reflections; and, where it was difficult to get good servants, and more so to retain them, he had not only frequently to cook, and serve his own table, but to do his own

chiores about the house. These menial offices he often had to perform when distinguished guests visited him.

The plan of settlement adopted by Col. Talbot, was a wise one. The Country has long enjoyed the benefit, which his foresight and good management effected. Every settler whom he located on a lot of land, was obliged to perform his settlement duties, by clearing a certain space in front of his lot, before he could be assured of his title. This space was uniform throughout the settlement, and by this means the sun gained access to the roads, which were sooner improved, than if each settler had been at liberty to commence clearing wherever he thought proper. By this judicious plan, several hundred miles of passable road were made, with good and uniform clearings on each side, and attested the soundness of the Colonel's judgment. Another advantage resulting from this plan was, that the idle and improvident were stimulated by the example of the industrious.

The Colonel had made an arrangement with the British Government, while in England, by which he obtained a grant of 5000 acres of land. To carry this arrangement into effect, he obtained an order from the Government of England, on application to Lord Hobart, son of the Earl of Buckingham to General Hunter, with whom he had an interview at Niagara. The arrangement then made with the

home government, was, that for every settler whom the Colonel located on 50 acres of land, he should himself be entitled to 200 acres, to the extent of 5000 acres.

He afterwards obtained, through his influence with the government, for such of his settlers as desired it, 100 acres of land each, upon condition of performing the settlement duties, i.e. clearing a certain portion of the land, building a house upon it, and paying fees on receiving patent £6 9 3. So poor were many of the settlers who availed themselves of this privilege, that they had not completed these moderate stipulations, some of them during a period of 30 years.

For the first twenty years of the Colonel's settlement, the hardships, he, as well as his settlers had to contend with, were of no ordinary kind, and such only as could be overcome by industry and patient endurance. All who were not exercised in these virtues, either sold their claims for little or nothing, or forfeited their land. Many of the settlers to this day, acknowledge themselves indebted to Colonel Talbot's means and foresight, for enabling them to overcome the difficulties which they had to encounter.

At the present moment, when the country smiles with verdant fields, blooming orchards, and produces the necessaries of life in abundances, it

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would appear that the Colonel had been amply repaid for all his labors, by the valuable estate he acquired, but it must be remembered that although this be true, the liberality of the British Government was not bestowed upon him in vain. In those early days, many favorites and hangers on of the Government, obtained grants of large tracts of land for a mere song, without requiring any duties from them at all, and some forfeited rich grants, from their inability to perform the stipulated duties. For instance, Mr. Charles Ingersol obtained a grant of the whole Township of Oxford; a person named Sales, the Township of Townsend; and another person named Daton, the Township of Burford, on conditions of settlement, which they were unable to fulfil, and therefore lost their grants: each of which would have produced a magnificent fortune, had those persons retained them. Colonel Talbot, on the contrary, voluntarily took the lands he acquired, on condition of fulfilling duties, which he performed faithfully, not only for his own benefit, but for that of a large number of poor settlers. Much has been said about the many thousand acres of land awarded to Colonel Talbot, but there is little doubt, that he might have purchased them for the amount he expended or lost in settling them.

The Township of Yarmouth, nearly the pick and choice of Canada, was either given away to the

Baby's or sold for a trifle to the Canada Company. This was Colonel Talbot's first selection, but he found that it had already been disposed of. The Canada Company too, it is well known, had acquired a million acres in the Huron tract, at a cost of little more than 1s per acre, so that the liberality of the British Government in disposing of the lands of the Crown, was extended to much less worthy objects than Colonel Talbot, who was instrumental in rendering a large number of poor settlers independent, as well as himself.

As has already been said, young Talbot was a very active man, and his bodily frame, and vigorous constitution, enabled him to undergo great fatigue and hardship. For several years there were no settlers or other inhabitants than his own hired men. In order to supply this deficiency, he distributed large placards to attract settlers, which had the effect of bringing a great many people into the settlement, but many of these turned out to be very worthless characters.

It was not until the year 1809 that settlers began to come in, and then but few in number. In that year two families of the name of Pearce and Pater-son, took up land from the Colonel, and settled near him in Dunwich, in which Township Port Talbot is situated. These early settlers are among the best, who have ever entered the settlement. Their nu-

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merous connexions now hold fine farms in different parts of the settlement; have always been conspicuous for their loyalty, and, after a lapse of more than 40 years, retained the same regard for their early benefactor, Colonel Talbot, which they had ever manifested.

Other settlers made their way into the Township of Dunwich, after the way had been cleared for them, who, as is frequently the case, became the ungrateful recipients of favors which they neither deserved nor appreciated. The head of these was an Irish weaver, named Coyne, a man not devoid of industry, but of an avaricious spirit, who toiled and prospered in discontent. These persons as far, as it was possible to annoy a man of Colonel Talbot's inflexible character, left no means, such as grovelling minds usually make use of, untried, to accomplish their own selfish ends.

Among other difficulties the early settlers had to encounter was, to get their corn ground, after it had been raised among the stumps. One of the means by which they used to render their corn fit for use, was, by hollowing out the stump of some large fallen tree, by means of fire, keeping the edge all the time wet, until the fire burned down and converted the stump, or trunk of the tree, into a mortar, and then with a wooden beetle, serving as a pestal, the corn was pounded sufficiently for use.

However, to obviate this difficulty, Colonel Talbot built a mill at Dunwich, in 1807 or 8, and to this the settlers were glad to resort, till some years after, when it was destroyed by the Americans during the war.

In the progress of this narrative, many anecdotes and transactions will appear, illustrative of Colonel Talbot's really benevolent disposition; and, although he has been accused of churlishness and austerity, yet his whole life shews, that he had the welfare of every deserving settler at heart. The solitary situation in which he had voluntarily placed himself, and the power he possessed of distributing lands, required him to act frequently with apparent harshness, in order to avoid being imposed upon by land jobbers, and to prevent artful men from over-reaching their weaker minded brethren.

Colonel Talbot was an uncompromising enemy to can't and humbug, whether in religion or politics, but even in his early days, he desired to hold religion in respect, and to set a proper example to his settlers; for we are told that he assembled his people on the Sabbath, and read Divine Service. After Service, wine being a scarce article in those days, the whiskey bottle was regularly produced to regale his congregation, which had the effect of ensuring punctual attendance.

The Colonel, too, was necessarily called upon to

officiate in other ways than in the performance of divine service. He had occasionally to unite parties in the bonds of matrimony, and even it is said, to go through the ceremony of baptism. One of the settler's children, Talbot St John Ward, christened by him, is now an old man. For this latter fact, we do not vouch, it is probable, Colonel Talbot merely named Mr. Ward, without going through the ceremony of Baptism.

The following anecdote furnished by Mr. Munro, of whom we have already made mention, depicts in simple language, the humble situation in which the pioneer of Port Talbot had placed himself, and the hardships and privations, he cheerfully underwent.

"In the fall of 1808 or '9, a rigid Presbyterian was located on 200 acres of land, within a few miles of Port Talbot, who observed, and strictly kept *as Sunday*, from sunset on Saturday to sunrise on Monday, and in the Colonel's log castle, spent his Sabbath, consistently reading his Bible. On the Monday morning, he carried on his back a week's provision of bread, the joint manufacture of Colonel Talbot and his settler Johnny, as the Colonel used familiarly to call him. One Saturday evening, as the Colonel himself humorously related, "Johnny did not arrive at Port Talbot, as usual, by sunset, and I began to fear all was not right with him. I prepared

me food, and carried it through the woods to Johnny's shanty of bass-wood bark, where I found him hale and sound. To my question, why he did not come home as usual, I received for reply, that he had worked till sunset on the Saturday, and of course, would not break the Sabbath, by walking to Port Talbot. I cursed him for his prejudice, threw down the provisions, entreated him not to overwork himself any more on the Saturday, as he was fool enough to starve, in preference to coming home as he ought to do." The person here designated Johnny, was Mr. Barber, who lived many years afterwards on a fine farm, opposite to Col. Burwell's, where he erected a substantial brick dwelling, and died, leaving several sons and a daughter, all well provided for. Mr. Barber's eldest son has recently confirmed this anecdote, and has told the writer that on another occasion, during the war, after marauders had pillaged his father's house, the family was indebted to the Colonel for blankets and other necessities, of which they were in the utmost need. This avowal is creditable to Mr. Barber; for it is well known, that he had disappointed Colonel Talbot, in the course he afterwards took in politics, by joining the liberal party, which took every opportunity of annoying Colonel Talbot, by aspersing his character, in order to lower him in the estimation of his settlers. Mr. Barber says, that the Colonel was full of wit and

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joke in his early days, and tells how, on one occasion, he frightened a man out of his name and money. To strangers, the Colonel was sometimes, certainly, an object of terror. On this occasion, the applicant for land, Jeremy Crandell, had wished Mr. Barber's father to accompany him, as he was in the habit of doing others, to smooth the way, but Crandell was impatient, and made his way alone. He was ushered in by Jeffery, when the Colonel turned round upon him, with a highly flushed countenance, and demanded his name. The man became so terrified, that he remained speechless, the Colonel then asked him if he had any money, to give it to him; the man immediately put his hand into his pocket and gave him what money he had. Crandell was then led off by Jeffery, to the kitchen, where he was comfortably entertained for the night. The next morning the Colonel settled his business, satisfactorily, returned him his money, telling him that he had taken it from him, to prevent his being robbed by some of his rascally servants,—such being the character of some of the persons he was obliged to employ. It was a standing joke, against Crandell, in the settlement ever afterwards, that he had lost his name at Port Talbot.

An Englishman, it is said, should always be approached *after dinner*, if you want to obtain a favor from him, but Colonel Talbot was an Irishman.

and could not bear to be disturbed at that time of day.

CHAPTER IV.

PROGRESS OF THE SETTLEMENT—COLONEL BURWELL
—HARDSHIPS—EXTENT OF THE TALBOT SETTLE-
MENT—JOHN ROLPH—CAPTAIN MATTHEWS.

The progress of the settlement was slow, till after the year 1810. About this time Colonel Burwell, who had been employed to survey the Townships of Malahide, Bayham, and part of the city of London, paid Colonel Talbot a visit, and afterwards became a settler on a tract of land adjoining Colonel Talbot's, where he resided to the day of his death. During the greater part of this time, Colonel Burwell was a privileged guest at Port Talbot, and from his practical business talents, and professional knowledge, rendered himself very useful to Colonel Talbot, who made reference to him in all matters requiring arithmetical calculation, beyond pencil figuring on the maps.

The maps made use of by Colonel Talbot, had all the lots in the different Townships laid down and numbered, and the bargain between the Colonel and any new settler was recorded, by noting the name of the settler on the lot in the map. The name once placed on the map, the settler was at liberty to take possession of the land, and wait for a more indelible

time of title, --till he had performed the settlement duties and paid the fees for the patent; when, as was sometimes the case, the grant was not entirely free. This mode of pencilling down men's titles, and the very retentive memory, which the Colonel possessed, enabled him to make transfers with the utmost facility. Instead of long written documents, with words repeated a hundred times, recapitulating the bargain of sale or transfer between A and B, the two parties had only to appear at Port Talbot, and state the nature of the transaction, when, if it appeared to be honest and fair, the Colonel approved of the change, and a piece of India rubber, displaced A to make room for B, but if the Colonel detected, which was often the case, that B was endeavoring to overreach A and to inveigle or cheat him out of his land, the bargain was at an end.

As long as the settlers had all the difficulties of new comers in the woods to contend with, the influence of Colonel Talbot was all powerful, and mainly contributed to place Colonel Burwell in the elevated position, he for many years occupied, as a member of the Provincial Parliament, but in the course of time political adventures got into the settlement, and succeeded in creating divisions and strife among the settlers, many of whom had outlived their poverty and their regard for their benefactor.

Colonel Burwell was first elected member for

the united Counties of Middlesex and Oxford, in opposition to the well known Mr. Mallory, who afterwards turned traitor. The contest was keen, and sustained with great spirit. All persons having, what were called Land Board promises, as well as Deeds, were entitled to vote; and it was a joke among the electors, to taunt their opponents with voting on birch bark certificates. This election was held at the Log House of David Secord, and the electors had to encamp in the woods, so few were the habitations in those days.

Colonel Burwell might be considered Colonel Talbot's ready reckoner, and a more obsequious friend it would have been difficult to find. Although of an imperious nature, and little disposed to submit to the raillery of others, Burwell bore with great equanimity, Colonel Talbot's cutting sallies and sarcastic remarks, which frequently appeared as if the Colonel held his judgment in contempt. Burwell was a native of New Jersey, and came at an early day to this Province. His first residence was at Fort Erie, whence he went to live at Long Point. Here he resided for sometime, with Daniel McQueen, the father of Major McQueen, an early settler under Colonel Talbot. He was very assiduous, and ambitious of becoming a scholar, and although self taught he was never very bright. By those who knew him, he was even considered dull. Old McQueen used to

say to him, as he poured over his books, "Burwell
 "you are a calf's head of a fellow, any way. You
 "have a calf's head, there is nothing in it, but what
 "is driven in." For many years, in the infancy of the
 settlement, and after it had grown to a considerable
 extent, Colonel Burwell was a very useful man; his
 knowledge as a surveyor, and other acquirements
 well fitted him to render services to the people
 among whom he was settled, as well as to Colonel
 Talbot, who had use for all his talents; but to what-
 ever degree of learning and usefulness he might have
 arisen, his vanity and egotism were equal to both.
 As he grew older, and when more intelligent people
 had found their way into the settlement, Burwell's
 useful qualities became less conspicuous, and were
 less called into requisition, but his foibles became
 more apparent. Perhaps we should be at a loss to
 shew his weakness more conspicuously than he has
 done himself, by the names he imposed on his sons.
 He commenced with the great hero of heathen my-
 thology, Hercules, (the name of his eldest son,) to
 whom succeeded Hannibal, the great Carthaginian
 General; and by regular descent Leonidas,

"The virtuous Spartan, who resigned his life,
 "To save his Country, at the Octean Straights,
 "Thermopylæ"—

but the son, who had the most pretensions to a name
 indicating magnanimity and bravery, was Brock;
 named after the modern hero of Queenstown Heights.

General Brock! However, children are not responsible for the weakness or vanity of their parents, nor are they bound to act up to the character of renowned heroes, after whom they may happen to be named. The most promising children too often disappoint the expectations of their parents.

Colonel Burwell's industry and perseverance long enabled him to hold a high place, in the minds of the people of the settlement; added to which, he enjoyed the reflection of Colonel Talbot's high and benevolent character. As a politician, he was consistent, and for many years, retained the confidence of the people; but his cold manner and apparent want of sympathy with the people, lost him their confidence. He was in a position to have attained to the highest rank as a statesman in Canada; but instead of rising, he sank, from being the representative of the County of Middlesex, to be the member for the then infant Town of London. Even this honor he lost. He was many years Chairman of the General Quarter Sessions; but was quietly allowed to resign, some years before his death. He was also Registrar of the County till the day of his death; to which situation, his eldest son, Hercules succeeded.

In the height of his popularity, it was with Burwell, *aut Cæsar aut nihil*, and he was neither. Truth demands this notice of a man, whom circumstances placed in a position to have played a con-

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spicuous part in the affairs of Canada, had he possessed the necessary qualifications of a great statesman, and had he respected the opinions of others as much as he did his own.

The foregoing is certainly, not a very flattering likeness of Colonel Mahlon Burwell, but his friends will admit it is a true one. He was tall in stature and dignified in appearance; and, as has been before intimated, exceedingly ambitious. He was a professed member of the Church of England, and, in various ways, extended his patronage to advance the temporal interests of the Church. At Port Burwell, he built a Church, and endowed it with 600 acres of land.

He also made a grant of land to the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, of 100 acres, to the town of London, he gave a plot of ground of considerable value, for a park or garden, besides making gifts of various kinds, for educational and other purposes.

Colonel Burwell, like most men who rise by their own merit and industry, determined to give Hercules, his first-born, a finished education, and sent him to York (Toronto) accordingly, where he might have the best instruction the Province afforded. There he acquired, along with scholastic education, the habits of fashionable dissipation, and became an inebriate. He was obliged to return home, and under

parental surveillance, became more steady. When his father resigned the Registrarship, Hercules was appointed Registrar of the County of Middlesex, which office he held for some years, but his evil propensities again got the better of him, he became a sot, and at last died in a melancholy state in Boston.

It is lamentable that young men with the best prospects before them, so frequently forfeit them, by yielding to the debasing habit of drinking, the consequence, too frequently—of parental fondness and partiality. Hercules Burwell had the best opportunity of acquiring distinction, had he been steady. His brother Leonidas, fortunately for himself, was not drawn into the same vortex of dissipation, but has maintained a steady and respectable character, and his capacity would never have been questioned, had he not, through the support of reformers on one side, and of conservatives on the other, and through the influence of his father's name, arrived at the distinction of an M. P. P., having been elected to the House of Assembly, as representative for the East Riding of the County of Elgin. Here he has only distinguished himself by taking an extreme course, and has succeeded in satisfying neither friends nor foes.

Here a few reflections suggest themselves on the advantages and disadvantages of scholastic education, for however paradoxical it may appear, a

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high state of mental cultivation, in innumerable instances, has proved a curse instead of a blessing. This is easily accounted for, when we reflect that education only develops, but does not create, the faculties of the mind. The more a weak mind is educated, the more its defects are exhibited, and the more a strong mind is polished by education, the more its strength is developed. Many young men, who would have made good ploughmen, and industrious laborers, had they been taught to work, instead of being sent to school or to college, till the age of maturity, have been totally ruined, through the ambition and desire of parents to elevate their children above the common level. It is not for us to say why it is so, but most assuredly the qualities of mind in children are as various as the qualities of minerals or metals; and the more you attempt to polish them, the more their native inferiority becomes manifest. Hence, thousands of highly educated men, who had been elevated to a standard, which the capacity of their minds were unequal to, have sunk to the level of the basest and most abject of mankind.

When children are born to fortunes or entailed estates, as is often the case in Europe, the evil consequences of too high a standard of scholastic education, to youths of inferior minds, are not so apparent, because these sprigs of fortune are not obliged

to exercise their wits, and their place in society is always kept for them; but the poor youth, with a dull or weak mind, who has been polished up by education, and who has to live by his talents, must sink below the state from which he has been forced up. Therefore, it behoves parents to afford their children just as much education, as their after pursuits in life are likely to require, whenever they can discover the qualities of their minds.

Mr. Secord was one of a few settlers who had arrived from the Niagara District, and who began to settle on Talbot road in the year 1811. Among these were Benjamin Wilson, Esq., Daniel Rappelle, Captain D. Secord, Moses Rice, and the Mandevilles, all of whom remained loyal to their Sovereign, and faithful to their benefactor, to the last. Others again, proved themselves less deserving, and as they grew independent, they became discontented and ungrateful. Such were the Teeples, some of the Davis', and many others, as will hereafter appear.

For a number of years, the settlement, we may very well believe, progressed slowly, as in those early days few could be induced to immure themselves in the forests of Canada, remote from all the comforts and advantages of civilization; and it was not till the year 1817, that anything like a regular store or shop, was established in the settlement. During the intermediate time, the wants of the set-

tlers were frequently supplied from the stores of Col. Talbot, who provided necessaries for his own use, and for the men whom he employed. From these stores the settlers were glad to supply themselves, at any price, but many of them were unable to pay.

Few persons, who have not experienced life in the backwoods, can form an adequate idea of the sufferings and hardships, which the early settlers had to endure. The roads newly made, were full of stumps and fallen timber, and to wind round and through these, with a yoke of oxen and a rude cart, frequently through morasses, over rudely constructed causeways, commonly called *corduroys*, with very broad stripes, could only be accomplished with much labor and patience. What was the work of a week then, with heavy labor, and much privation, can now be performed with ease in one day. Indeed for many years, with all the assiduity of Colonel Talbot and his system of improvement, it was with the greatest difficulty his settlers, could get their corn ground, after they had gone through the labor of clearing a patch of land, and the anxiety of raising a crop from it. Frequently they preferred going by water, a distance of 60 or 70 miles, in a boat, along the shores of Lake Erie to Long Point, to get a few bushels of wheat ground.

The inconveniences of trade, the mode of barter and the exorbitant prices paid for necessaries, were

among the difficulties the early settlers had to contend with. For instance, a settler, in those days has had to carry 18 bushels of wheat, in payment of a barrel of salt! and it cost him a bushel of wheat to pay for a yard of cotton. The same quantity of wheat, would now bring 8 barrels of salt at least, while the cotton may be had for 6d. On the other hand, sometimes, those who had to buy corn or provisions, were compelled to pay monstrous prices, and it was a favor to get any, even then. Wheat cost sometimes, \$2 per bushel, and other articles in proportion.

In tracing the early life of Colonel Talbot, in the woods of Port Talbot, the biographer finds little to interest the general reader, and few events worth recording. The cheerless toil of the backwoodsman affords little to attract our attention, or to divert the mind from the dull and dreary realities of life. But after some years of privation and patient endurance, we emerge from the solitude of the woods, a brighter prospect breaks upon the view, and we behold the once trackless forest, cut through in every direction by good roads, exhibiting long lines of beautiful farms, teeming with life, and diversified by scenery of the most charming description.

The tract of country settled under Colonel Talbot's superintendence, and of which he steadily watched for half a century the growth and improvement, comprises about 28 Townships, containing,

probably, not less at this time, than 150,000 inhabitants. The majority of the first settlers, or their descendants, are the proprietors of fine farms, well stocked and improved, and worth £500 to £5000 each. Many of these settlers had little more than the axe on their shoulders, when they commenced.

Mr. James Hamilton, one of the sons of R. Hamilton, and brother of the Hon John Hamilton in the year 1817, landed a few goods at the mouth of Kettle Creek, now Port Stanley, and for many years kept a store in connexion with Mr. John Warren, under the style and title of Hamilton & Warren, at St. Thomas, they afterwards built the Talbot Mills, near Port Stanley, which were unfortunately undermined by the current of the Creek, and went to destruction. Mr. Hamilton was the first person who established a regular store in the settlement. He afterwards retired from business, and became Sheriff of the London District.

From the year 1810 settlers increased annually and among others, who came to the settlement, was the well known John Rolph, an Englishman. Mr. Rolph located himself on a lot of land at Catfish Creek, in the year 1813. For some years, it would appear, Mr. Rolph was a frequent guest at Port Talbot, and enjoyed the good will and hospitality of the Colonel. Indeed, he was at that time so great an admirer of Colonel Talbot, or affected to be so, that

he was the originator in the year 1817, of the Talbot Anniversary, which was kept up for more than 20 years, to celebrate the day of Colonel Talbot's arrival at Port Talbot. Some further account of the Talbot Anniversary will be given hereafter.

Some years after, it would appear, Rolph commenced that career in politics, which hurried him into rebellion. While living in the Talbot settlement he had so ingratiated himself with the popular party, in opposition to Colonel Talbot and his nominee, Burwell, that he was returned member of the Provincial Parliament, in conjunction with Capt. Matthews, a retired officer, who became very dissipated, and courted popularity by bar-room or mob oratory.

The following anecdote will shew the estimation in which Matthews' character was held among gentlemen. "Having been fined 5s for swearing in Court, Captain Matthews objected that the fine ought not to be more than 1s. Mr. Tenbrook a facetious lawyer, immediately rose, and, addressing the Court, said, Captain Matthews is right, the fine of 5s is imposed on gentlemen, but, for blackguards, the fine is only 1s!

The secret of Rolph's real or affected veneration for Colonel Talbot, is said to have grown out of a desire to unite the names of Rolph and Talbot, by family connexion. Rolph had sisters, and Colonel Talbot had no wife. The silken net was supposed to

have been artfully spread, and it was vainly imagined that the Colonel would soon feel the loneliness of his situation, and become entangled in the meshes of love. The Colonel, however, it may well be imagined, was too old a bird to be caught in this sort of way. He had walked among the fair of England, in the heyday of life, bedecked in brilliant plumage, handsome in appearance, and polished in manners, and in every way adapted to attract the smiles and fascinations of youth and beauty; and he had come off unscathed. It was not likely that in after years, he would allow others to cater for him, or to approach near enough to put on the salt. He was too old a bird for that, and this, it is supposed, Rolph found out, and therefore drew off his forces. It is not here intended to insinuate that the Misses Rolph were any party to the schemes of their brother. In ordinary cases, the unpremeditated display of female charms, would have sufficed for the carrying out of Rolph's views.

Rolph was a smooth, oily-tongued politician, and with his knowledge of law and physic, was well skilled in the art of pleasing people, diseased either in mind or body. Some of the old ladies, and vain aspiring old men of the settlement, have a high opinion of Rolph to this day. As a physician, he must have excelled the famous Dr. Hornbook, immortalized by the poet Burns; and as a lawyer, he was no doubt

equally skillful; but as a politician, he sadly disappointed the expectations of his warmest friends. Even Wm. Lyon McKenzie, his brother in treason, lived to stigmatize him, for his treachery and cowardice, and spoke and wrote of him, in terms of the utmost contempt.

In the year 1837, Rolph, who lived in Toronto, was considered to be deeply implicated with McKenzie in the outbreak which then took place, and fled from the Province, in order to save his neck, but returned after a few years expatriation, with other pardoned traitors, and lived in peace, practising his profession.

After living several years in retirement, some of his former associates in treason, having taken a lead in public affairs, Rolph peeped out to look at the political atmosphere, and, seeing that all was safe, again made his appearance on the arena of public life, and being elected a member of the Provincial Parliament, became one of the ministers of the Canadian Cabinet; in which elevated position he (after having narrowly and undeservedly escaped the gallows,) continued for some years, to the reproach and everlasting disgrace of those who elected him. In the Provincial House of Assembly, Rolph was confronted with his old associate, W. L. McKenzie, who now met him in opposition, taunted him with his treason, and publicly held him up as one of the

meanest traitors, who had ever graced a gibbet. The elevation of such a man as John Rolph, to the Council of State, is a lamentable proof of the degrading depth to which democracy would sink a government when uncontrolled by proper constitutional checks. Rolph, it is said, gained much popularity by practising his profession, without charges, or at very low rates.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN WAR, 1812, AND WAR STORIES—PUNCTUALITY—BANKING AND J. K. WOODWARD.

During the war with the United States, in 1812, Colonel Talbot commanded the militia of the District, a force then not numerous; and this Western portion of Canada, was more indebted for safety to the difficulty of supporting an army in it, and of finding an enemy, than to the force, which could be brought together to repel an attack. Therefore, only marauding parties found their way into the settlement—more in search of plunder, than with any view of fighting. On one occasion, one of these marauding parties, commanded by a man named Walker, presented themselves at Port Talbot, and summoned the garrison to surrender. The garrison, it may be conceived, was not very formidable, there being no fortifications or troops, except a few of the yeomanry. The sudden appearance of these bri-

gands, left not much time for consultation, and Capt. Paterson, who commanded the yeomanry or militia, intimated to Colonel Talbot, that as defence was out of the question, *sauve qui peut* should be the order of the day, and that he, (the Colonel,) of all others, ought not to be found at home, to grace the triumph of a lawless horde. Accordingly, as Commander Walker and his party entered the Colonel's Log Mansion on one side, Colonel Talbot walked out at another door. Colonel Talbot, unlike the hero of Trafalgar, was unostentatious in his dress, and not particularly fond of military display; therefore he was not so easily distinguished from those about him, which facilitated his escape. Captain Paterson who lived to a good age, on a handsome farm, about five miles above Colonel Talbot's and in almost daily intercourse with the Colonel, gave to the writer the following account of the taking of Port Talbot. "The party consisted of Indians and scouts from the American army, after the battle of Moravian Town, where the gallant Tecumseh was killed, and where General Proctor so disgraced himself by retreating with his army, leaving only one Company to face the enemy, who were in consequence made prisoners. Captain Patterson said, the Colonel had conferred with him, when the approach of the marauders was announced, and that they both agreed, it was in vain to resist. The first of the enemy

who entered the premises, was an Indian, and the following colloquy took place, between him and the Captain:—"You one officer," "Yes," "what officer?" "Oh! big officer,—Captain." Other Indians came up, and rushed into the house, when they saw Colonel Talbot walking off. "Who that yonder," said the Indian, "he big officer too?" "No!" said Paterson, "he is only the man that tends the sheep." At the same moment, two Indians had levelled their rifles at the Colonel, when the other called to them, not to fire on the poor man that kept the sheep, and they dropt their rifles; but seeing the Colonel walking off at a brisk step, the two Indians were not satisfied, and raised their rifles, but they were again checked, and the Colonel in the meantime dropt into the ravine, and was out of sight. The premises were rifled, and everything that the Americans could lay their hands on, was carried off; some very fine horses formed part of their plunder. What they could not take with them, that was either valuable or serviceable, they committed to the flames or otherwise destroyed. The grist mill which Colonel Talbot had erected, and which had proved very serviceable to the infant settlement, was totally destroyed. His cattle were all driven off, but his gold, about *two quart pots full*, and some plate, that were concealed under the front wing of the house, escaped notice. Colonel Talbot, seeing the house

pursued his walk through the woods, leaving the *sheep* to take care of themselves, and thus he escaped.

Colonel Burwell was not so fortunate, for being confined to his house, with fever and ague, they gathered him up, and sent him off prisoner to Chlicothe, where he remained several months prisoner of war. Captain Wilson was also made prisoner, but escaped through the humanity of the chief of three Indians, under whose charge he had been placed, in consideration of his having a large family to provide for.

Colonel Talbot, with his militia, was at the battles of Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. At one of these places, Major Backhouse had ordered his men to retreat, which Colonel Talbot being made aware of, personally rode after them, and made them return. During the night of the same engagement, a droll incident occurred. A man named Watson, one of the Colonel's earliest settlers, happened to be without a gun, his own having been taken away from him or lost, which the Colonel observing, reproached him with being unarmed. Watson made the best excuse he could. "Take that man's gun," said the Colonel, pointing to a musket lying beside one who had been killed, and then you won't have to say that you have no gun. Watson, however, was in no way uneasy about being unarmed, and very naively

replied, "Well, Colonel, I guess I never robbed the living yet, and I'm sure I won't rob the dead."

As an incident of the war of 1812, we may mention that after the taking of Detroit by General Brock, in the summer of that year, General Proctor was left in command, while Brock returned to the Niagara frontier, and in 1813 Proctor went and fought a battle with the Americans, at the Raisin River, and defeated them; but afterwards, in consequence of the capture of the British fleet on Lake Erie, Detroit had to be evacuated, for want of supplies. The American General, Harrison, followed the British, and a battle was fought at Moravian Town, where the gallant Tecumseh was killed. It was on this occasion that General Proctor forfeited his reputation as a soldier, and for his disgraceful retreat before the enemy, leaving only one company of regulars, as before mentioned, with their Indian allies, headed by Tecumseh, to bear the brunt of the battle, he was tried by Court Martial,—Colonel Talbot was one of the officers summoned to Quebec, to try Proctor for his conduct.

General McArthur, also marched from Detroit, with 900 men, and 250 Indians, as far as Brantford, but without doing any other damage than killing cattle, and taking provisions wherever they found them. This body of men returned by way of the Talbot Road, and the unfortunate settlers were sub-

jected to their depredations, but suffered no other inconvenience, than that arising from the loss of their cattle, and everything else fit to undergo the process of mastication. Many of the old settlers, however, were as knowing as the Yankees themselves; for they had lived so long near them on the lines, in the Niagara District, that they were quite up to many of their tricks. Of these old Major Marlatt and John Miller, could recount quite a chapter. They knew well, that it was much easier to hide than to defend their cattle; therefore they granted them leave of absence, having driven them first out of the way, as far as they could, so that the half-starved, half-naked Yankees were not likely either to mend their clothes or to fill their bellies, by going through the tangled thickets in search of them. This was the ragamuffin army from which Walker's band of marauders was detached to visit Port Talbot.

Major McQueen, who was a Lieutenant during the war of 1812, relates a gallant achievement of a few militia men, near Chatham, at which he and Major Nevill were present, and took part. A company of American regulars, 52 in number, had taken possession of a building belonging to Mr. McGrea, 18 miles from Chatham, where the officer of the company of militia, to which McQueen belonged, conceived the idea of attacking the Americans by

night, in their quarters. The attacking party was only 26 in number, but, so cautiously and skilfully did they perform their exploit, that they took the whole company of regulars prisoners by surprise, **after** killing only two of their number, and wounding several others. This was done, too, in the face of a troop of American dragoons, stationed on the opposite side of the river; but who could not cross on account of the weakness of the ice. The Americans were greatly mortified when they discovered that they had been captured, and had to march prisoners of war, under an escort of militia half their number. But the Canadians were so formed into companies of 6 each, as to make themselves appear to the Americans as ten times their number. It appears a road to the river side from the building, was entered by a gateway, on opening which, a sentry challenged—the first militia man who approached, promptly seized his musket, and in true Yankee style told the fellow, who was beginning to give the alarm to his comrades, to *shut up*, or he would blow his brains out—the militia then fired into the building, and took the Americans before they could recover from their surprise. Colonel Talbot, as soon as he heard of this achievement, and that this gallant little body of militia were marching down a company of Americans soldiers, ordered up sleighs to convey the whole party to Long Point.

As every honorable man should be, Colonel Talbot was punctual in all his engagements, and scrupulously exact in all monetary transactions. The large sums he received for many years, from the settlers, were duly and properly accounted for to the Government, and this too, at a period in the history of Canada, it is worthy of record, when men entrusted with public monies, did not scruple to appropriate them to their own use. Men moving in the highest class of society, in every department of the Government, seemed to consider it no dishonor to maintain their standing and extravagance, by making use of the monies with which they were entrusted; and of this the records of the Province furnish numerous instances.

During a great part of the time of the Colonel's residence, at Port Talbot, the only notes in circulation, in this western portion of the Province, were those of the Bank of Upper Canada, and none others he would take. This was so well known to those who had payments to make, that they did not fail to provide themselves with Bank of Upper Canada notes. These were carefully preserved till the time of making his annual visit to Little York, (Toronto,) when he duly made his returns to the Government, and disburthened himself of all those promises to pay. On these occasions, the Colonel travelled in state, that is, in a good strong high-shouldered box

sleigh, wrapped up in the well known sheep skin coat, and covered with Buffalo Robes. These were usually the only occasions when he left home, once a year in the winter, and then but for a short period; so that parties need never be disappointed at not finding him at home.

While the Colonel is making his deposits, and ballancing his account with the Government, we will glance at the state of monetary affairs in the settlement. At that time, forty or fifty years ago, there could scarcely be said, to be any money in this part of the country, and all matters of business, and even bargaining for land between settlers, were consummated by barter, as is elsewhere shewn. But, to return to the subject of money.

Money, in its nature, is one of the simplest things or commodities ever invented or manufactured by the wit of man; in its use, it is the most complicated. It is either a piece of metal, a shell, or a piece of paper, improved by labor and sanctioned by law and custom. Its use is applied to every conceivable purpose under the sun. It cannot always remove pain, but it can alleviate suffering; it cannot make the wheat grow, but it can cause it to be cultivated, and pay for it when it is grown. In short, money is instrumental in giving pleasure to the mind, and in producing everything which can either adorn, nourish, or strengthen the body. But

the early settlers had to do without money. There was not a Bank or a Bank Office in the settlement--now, there are a dozen at least. So unaccustomed were the settlers, to the use of Bank notes in early times, that when Truscott & Green, started a bank note shop in St. Thomas, many of the farmers seemed to think that they got money by merely signing their names, and set little value on a bunch of bank notes, obtained for so slight a consideration; but a few months enlightened their understandings.

The first attempt at banking in this settlement was made in the year 1834 or 35, when Mr. Woodward, an Englishman, undertook to operate for Messrs Truscott & Green, who astonished the old foggies in Toronto, by the boldness of their adventure. Those sturdy old gentlemen, the Hon. Wm. Allan, old Chewvitt, and Thomas G. Ridout, understood very well how promises to pay in the shape of bank notes, could be made to represent everything else but themselves, and the public long accustomed to the cautious signatures of these three Bank of Upper Canada Officials, had full confidence in their dingy oblong bits of paper, but neither one nor the other, could discover the wisdom or safety of allowing bank notes to circulate, which really in first hands represented nothing; so they determined at once, to check the circulation of these paper strips, on the long tail of a flying kite. A

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kite won't fly without a tail made of strips of paper and string, and some weight to keep them down; nor can a bank, issuing notes, long exist without a healthy circulation. Now, to obtain this, Truscott & Green, or the Agricultural Bank, as it was entitled, employed Mr. J. K. Woodward, who, like the renowned Teetzel, the vender of the Pope's indulgences, in the days of Martin Luther, soon attracted a crowd of needy customers, in search of bank note indulgences, as little likely to relieve them, as Teetzel's paper wares; and many of the farmers, too, prided themselves on having a bank of their own, the Agricultural Bank; and some years after, the greatest political schemer, after Lord Sydenham, which Canada ever saw, Francis Hincks, improved the idea, and with the aid of some Toronto politicians, as patriotic as himself, established the Farmer's Joint Stock Bank. J. K. Woodward was the agent of these Agricultural concerns in St. Thomas, as some of the settlers well remember to this day, and if they do not, they have only to step into Centre Street, where they will see on Richard Nicoll's lot, a tenantless wooden frame, without doors or windows, and the words Agricultural Bank, painted in large characters over the main doorway of a skeleton building to refresh their memories—like the sightless skull, described by the great sentimentalist, *sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything*. The

Bank of Upper Canada, very properly, to prevent the Country from being flooded with their worthless paper, took it out of the way as fast as possible, and established an Agency in St. Thomas. This was the first regular establishment of a Bank Agency between Hamilton and Amherstburg.

But Mr. J. K. Woodward was too celebrated a character to be disposed of summarily. Mr. Woodward, in England, had moved among that middle class of society, who are generally esteemed wealthy, but who have acquired their riches by many long years' prudence, and the employment of skill and industry. To give an idea in whose hands wealth is frequently accumulated in England. A fellow Townsman, (C. B. Brown,) was on a visit there last year, and in company with his brother, met a number of tradespeople and others in a coffee room, in the city of London, where middle aged and elderly men usually resort, to smoke and talk over the affairs of the nation. One person was very conspicuous among the number, and when he left the room, the brother said to Brown, do you know who that is; he is Mr.—the cats meat man; he owns £3000 stock in the Great Western Railway of Canada! That makes him talk so much about Canada. Only fancy a great railway, built by soot and cats meat. Woodward's position was never well defined; he had followed something like the trade of Hatter

and Farrier, occasionally took a turn in the market, or threw himself on change, among the jobbers and stock-brokers. By these means he came to be considered a man of wealth; and he was even said to be the owner of a block, or row of buildings somewhere in the borough, but what I suspect, most helped him to fortune, was the facility with which he could apparently throw himself heart and soul, into the midst of a pious congregation. Woodward was said to have a good sonorous voice, and so flexible in its tones, that it would harmonize with any voice, male or female, of the congregation. At one time he belonged to the "Independants," a body peculiarly earnest in their devotions, whether in prayer or in psalm singing, and just the sort of people he could work on; too simple minded to detect in others, sins they were unconscious of, in themselves. Here it was, that Woodward attracted the attention of a lady, who afterwards became Mrs. Woodward, and having taken him for better or worse, it is believed she got the worst of the bargain. She was said to have brought him a considerable sum of money.

There are two earthly objects which men most covet and desire, women and money. The love of the former, cannot be too ardent, when it is pure, and the longer and stronger the passion becomes, the more does it enoble and elevate the man;

but the love of money has just the contrary effect, and when a mercenary wretch simulates the one passion, to gratify the other, baseness can descend no lower—lust and avarice operating together beget meanness and hypocrisy.

Woodward built an extensive range of houses in St. Thomas, which were rented for barracks, when troops were stationed here, and also purchased a very fine farm in the neighborhood. As long as the Agricultural interest supported the banking interest, Mr. Woodward, appeared to be a rich man, but as soon as the farmers' bank notes declined in value, his wealth disappeared, like the baseless fabric of a vision. But Woodward was ready for everything that offered; for he was as loyal as he was religious, and, therefore, when the outbreak occurred, he joined the St. Thomas cavalry troop, and became Lieutenant and Paymaster, in which rank he continued till the troop was disbanded. Nobody ever had an idea that Woodward seriously intended to fight, and he was the butt of the whole troop. But he made them pay for their jokes, whenever their necessities caused them to anticipate pay day.

After the close of his military career, Woodward took a grist mill near Port Stanley, and lived for some time on toll, and at length retired to England to resume his old trade, though nobody could exactly tell what it was. Some men are said to

have good, and some to have bad characters, but of Woodward, it may be said, he had no character at all.

When Woodward terminated his banking career for a time, bank notes were much scarcer in the settlement, but intrinsically more valuable, and many of the settlers had found out, that their own live stock, were much more useful than Agricultural Farmers' Joint Stock, or People's Bank Notes. They were now quite willing to renew their acquaintance with the old chartered bank notes; but Hincks and his friends did not abandon them, for finding banking less profitable than they had anticipated, they turned their wits and paper to better account, by furnishing cheap news, and food for agitation, and soon the *Examiner*—Newspaper, circulated among the farmers as freely as the Agricultural bank notes had done. From these small beginnings, we have large results. A magnificent line of Canals and Railways, and a Provincial Debt that will last longer than either of them!

The effect of these improvements has been to shorten the circulation of bank notes, by hastening the speed at which they travel; for a bank note paid in St. Thomas to day, may be in Montreal to-morrow. To reflecting minds, and men acquainted with banking, this will appear no disadvantage, but rather a protection to the public, as it must have a tendency

to keep the currency of the country in a healthy state.

Having allowed the Colonel ample time to transact his business at Little York, (Toronto) with the great officials of the government—among whom he walked as a sort of independent Sovereign,—we will return with him, to his usual routine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCOTCH SETTLERS IN ALDBORO'—THE AUDIENCE WINDOW—JEFFERY HUNTER—EXTENT OF LAND PLACED AT THE COLONEL'S DISPOSAL.

Somewhere about the year 1818, a number of Scotch emigrants found their way into the settlement. These had first settled in the United States, near the Genesee River, but hearing of the Talbot Settlement, applied to Colonel Talbot for land, and agreed to become settlers under him on 50 acres of land each. This was strictly in accordance, both with the engagement of Colonel Talbot with the British Government and with these settlers, and did not prevent them from acquiring other land, by grant, through Colonel Talbot, the same as other settlers, as though no such bargain for the 50 acres had been made. But, after sometime, a person named Black, artfully instilled into the minds of these people, that Colonel Talbot had been withholding from them 150 acres of land each,

which caused great excitement, at the ensuing election, this absurd story was turned to political account. All those Scotchmen, who were lead to believe that they had been defrauded, became inveterate opponents of Colonel Talbot and of those whom he was supposed to favor. With a piper at their head, they marched in a body to the poll, to display their independence, by voting against Burwell and Bostwick, who were friends of Colonel Talbot.

A more senseless clamor, it is not easy to conceive, than that which was raised against Colonel Talbot by these settlers, who had only themselves to blame if they had made a bad bargain. They might have had more land, if they had chosen to have gone further into the interior; but no, they chose to take 50 acres each, on the Lake Shore. The bargain was one only between the Colonel and themselves; he fulfilled his part of the agreement honorably, and these men, who were made the dupes of others more designing than themselves, had no just cause of complaint. To the honor of some of the Highlanders, be it said, they have lived long enough to acknowledge the injustice of the accusation against the Colonel, while others have always reprobated the conduct of their countrymen on that occasion. Among the most respectable portion of the Scotch settlers in Aldboro', are Angus McKay, George Gunn, Bannerman, and others, who had

been in earlier days tempted to emigrate from Scotland to the inhospitable regions of Hudsons' Bay, in order to form under, the auspices of Lord Selkirk, a Colony at Red River. The dreadful hardships and privations encountered and overcome by those poor people, during their stay at Hudsons' Bay, and on their journey to the Selkirk settlement, can scarcely be imagined. With their wives and children, they were frequently reduced to the greatest extremities for want of food, having at the same time, to brave the inclemency of the Arctic climate, and to travel through every kind of difficulty, 1000 miles at least, before reaching the settlement—and when there, their situation was very little better. Finally, after enduring every sort of misery for several years, they were enabled to find their way to the United States, and thence to Canada, and settled in Aldboro', where they live, in comfortable circumstances. The old people to this day, can scarcely refrain from shedding tears, when they are led to speak of the heart-rending scenes they passed through, in the North West Territory.

As an instance of the benevolent disposition of Colonel Talbot, and the ignorance of the people with whom he had to deal, Mr. Munro has furnished the following anecdote:—

“In the Autumn of 1818, two or three of the Highland emigrants arrived at the sixteen, (a creek) in

Aldboro', came to the Colonel for land, which he at once gave, and by way of sealing the contract, treated each of them to a good horn of real whiskey; and while at dinner, the Colonel paced the room, instructing his guests how to build houses, clear land, plant corn and potatoes, with other useful directions; beseeching them to be industrious, sober and peaceable. At bed time, the Colonel produced a pile of blankets, and requested his guests to make their own bed. One of the party said, 'We never made a bed!'—the Colonel took the mattress, placed it on the floor, before the fire, brought the back of three chairs, to the subservient position of pillows, spread one blanket, then turned round, and said, 'spread the rest of the blankets fairly on the top of that, and learn to help yourselves, in Canada.' The men commenced, but the Colonel getting out of patience with their awkwardness, took the rest of the blankets and spread them, at the same time, remarking, 'I have often made my bed of hemlock boughs, and considered it no hard work.' They slept soundly in the bed made for them; and after breakfast, left the noble descendant of the kings of Connaught with the impression that he was truly a good man, and that he ought to be the Governor of the whole of British America."

As the settlement increased in population, and as the Colonel advanced in years, he necessarily

became more strict in the rules he had laid down for his own convenience, in transacting business with the many strangers who beset him for grants of land, and by those who could, or would not appreciate the goodness of his motives, he was represented as harsh in his manners, and crabbed in temper—a bear in his garden, or a lion in his den. But the fact is, that Colonel Talbot was an excellent observer of mankind, and the persons who expected, or thought themselves the most entitled to attention and civility, were those whom he did not choose to indulge in their impertinences, or to honor in their craftiness. Neither was he disposed to listen to the abuse of those who resorted to rudeness and insolence, to extort from him grants or favors, which he considered them unworthy of.

In the course of his dealings with settlers, and emigrants, some of them were tempted from the loneliness of his situation, to browbeat and even to manifest violence, towards him. On one occasion, it is said, he was assaulted and thrown down by one of the land pirates, as he used to call them. To avoid these personal encounters, he adopted something like the post office system. He had one of the panes of glass in his window made to open and shut from within, and his interviews with strangers and customers for land, took place at the window. Here the Colonel confronted his visitors, and as each

party, had, like the Jews eating the passover, to stand on their feet, the conversation was usually short and to the purpose.

Of late years, the Colonel devoted the forenoon of each day, for the transaction of all business connected with land granting; which being generally understood, parties either made an early start for Port Talbot, or arrived there the evening before. Besides Colonel Burwell, Colonel Talbot had, for many years, a faithful domestic, Jeffery Hunter, in whom he had great confidence, and who was very useful in reaching down the maps. Jeffery was well known to all who visited Port Talbot, for he not only served in the capacity of house steward and butler, but waited at table, and was frequently the medium of communication between the Colonel and some late arrival in the kitchen, who took this method of breaking the matter he was upon, to the Colonel. The guest at table, for Colonel Talbot was seldom without one or more, was more amused than disturbed by those short interruptions at the festive board. A few brief sentences sufficed, and the business was closed.

In order to understand the extent and nature of Colonel Talbot's transactions with emigrants and settlers, we may refer to the correspondence and other documents; laid before the House of Assembly in the year 1836, and published in the Appendix to

the Journal of the House of Assembly, for that year.

The abstract from which we quote, is headed
“Statement of Lands in the London and Western
“Districts, which have been placed in the hands of
“the Hon. Thomas Talbot, under Orders in Council,
“and Orders from the Lieutenant Governor, for the
“time being.”

From this statement we learn that the total quantity of land placed at Colonel Talbot's disposal, amounted to no less than 518,000 acres, lying in 28 Townships, and the population settled in these Townships, was estimated by the Colonel in 1831, at nearly 40,000 souls. These settlers were not like many others, who found their way at that early date into various parts of the Province, generally having some means to begin with; on the contrary, the Talbot settlers were among the poorest of the poor, and many of them could not have struggled through, without his help and protection.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER TO EARL BATHURST—REMUNERATION FOR SERVICES—JEALOUSY OF OFFICIALS AT LITTLE YORK.

In the year 1826 we find that Colonel Talbot was reduced to great straits, through his exertions to forward the interests of his settlers, as the following

paragraph in a letter from him to Earl Bathurst will shew:—

“After twenty-three years entirely devoted to the improvement of the Western Districts of this Province, and establishing on their lands, about 20,000 souls, without any expense for superintendence to the government, or the persons immediately benefitted; but, on the contrary, at a sacrifice of £20,000, in rendering them comfortable, I find myself entirely straitened, and now wholly without capital.”

“I gratefully acknowledge a very considerable grant of land from the Crown,” the Colonel adds, but that his Agricultural labors had been unproductive; we can readily imagine, seeing how much he had otherwise to occupy his attention. In consequence of this appeal, Colonel Talbot obtained, by way of remuneration, for services, £400 per annum. This allowance be it remembered, was not altogether gratuitous, but was for services which he continued to render, in locating settlers on the waste lands of the Crown.

It may be here remarked, that there was never a man in Canada, entrusted with so large a power in the disposal of Crown lands, as Colonel Talbot, and certainly none, who could have used that power to a better purpose. If we inquire into the manner in which he executed the trust confided to him, we

shall find that he, on all occasions, acted as the friend of the poor, industrious settler, whom he protected from the fangs of men in office who looked only to the fees, and which they would have ground out of them, were it not for the interference of Colonel Talbot.

The independent position in which the Colonel was placed, by the authority of the King's Government, and the extensive power of granting land, which he had acquired thereby, were not very palatable to the officials of Little York, as Toronto was then called, and they began to manifest a distaste for his irresponsib'e (to them) proceedings, as soon, as by his exertions, the settlement was becoming known, and had advanced in improvement. The Surveyor General, and the Receiver General, and the organ of the Executive Council, Wm. Dummer Powell; appeared to be mortified to find that there were a class of settlers, who could get along without dancing attendance at Little York, for a week at a time, to obtain their patents, and who were shielded from the exactions of officials by a *stranger*, as this W. D. Powell, styled Colonel Talbot. Desperate efforts were made by these Officials to clip the Colonel's wings, but, having only one object in view, and, having fortunately obtained the means, beyond their control of carrying out that object, Colonel Talbot foiled Mr. William D. Powell, and all his

associates, in their attempts to curb his power.

In a long Minute of the Council, addressed to His Honor S. Smith, Administrator of the Government of the Province of Upper Canada, &c., &c., &c., and in a previous address to Governor Gore, we find detailed statements of Colonel Talbot's proceedings, and sufficient indications of the jealousy which existed at the Council Board in consequence. In the latter document, Mr. W. D. Powell says, "It is apparent under this latitude that the Province is at the disposal of Colonel Talbot—by being allowed to receive 150 acres for himself for every settler he placed on 50." But it is evident that Mr. Powell and the Council were out of their latitude, because Colonel Talbot acted all along under limited authority, and by the sanction of the Home Government—and by Orders in Council.

Undoubtedly, granting to an individual 150 acres of land for every 50 which he furnished with a settler, was a large allowance, but it will be seen by the following paragraph from the Minute above referred to, that settlers preferred these terms, to the more liberal grants of the Provincial Government.

"His Majesty's Government (says the report) had prohibited the inundation of settlers from the United States, and had authorized the Consul of New York to grant Certificates to emigrants from the United Kingdom for 100 acres of land in Upper

"Canada. When these people discovered that the soil
"and climate near to Colonel Talbot's settlement were
"favorable, many flocked there without ever pre-
"senting themselves to the Government—and there
"found either a location of 50 acres as Colonel Talbot's
"settler, for which, he in return, claimed a grant of
"200 acres: or they found a location of 100 acres in
"certain lands submitted to the superintendence of
"that gentleman, as will be presently explained, and
"in either case the interests of the Colonial Govern-
"ment are implicated. When the emigrant, pos-
"sessing an authority to receive one hundred acres of
"land, finds himself limited to the possession of fifty,
"and that the Government actually bestows on a
"*stranger* 200 acres on that account, no reasoning
"can remove the impression of something worse than
"mere absurdity."

The entire paragraph here quoted from Mr. W. D. Powell's report to His Honor Mr. Smith, intended at the time as a reflection on Colonel Talbot's proceedings, exhibits pretty clearly the *animus* by which the then Executive Council was governed. To designate Colonel Talbot, who we have seen had deservedly risen high in His Majesty's service, and had merited the warm eulogium of his representative General Simcoe, as a *stranger*, in contrast with the newly arrived emigrant, was an expression ill chosen, by the organ of the Executive Council, &c., and im-

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properly applied. What, after all, does the complaint amount to, why, merely that the emigrant preferred settling under Colonel Talbot, and the reason is given in the promised explanation of Mr. Powell, namely, because,—“The emigrant, applying to the Governor in Council, received it; is true, an order for “100 acres of land, but he could not take possession “until the *survey money*, if not the patent *fee* was “paid, when if he passed by the Talbot School township road, he found 100 acres to enter upon “without advance.” Here we perceive that envy and jealousy operated with the Executive Council, quite as much as a desire to benefit the emigrant, envy at Colonel Talbot’s acquiring 200 acres of land, for placing a settler on 50, and jealousy, because the emigrant preferred settling under him, beyond the reach of their control. The fact is, in Colonel Talbot the poor emigrant found a protector, who took an interest in his welfare, and who nourished him in his poverty.

CHAPTER VIII.

YALMOUTH—HICKORY QUAKERS—DR. DUNLOP.

With respect to the inundation of settlers from the United States, which is spoken of in the foregoing quoted paragraph, the loyalty of the settlement under Colonel Talbot’s superintendence, was not

impaired through his means. The greater part of those who found their way into Canada, and settled under him, did so, because they preferred living under the British Crown, and the inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement, have ever been as loyal, at least, as any portion of the Canadian community. It is worthy of remark, that the most of those who took any part in the outbreak of 1837, were settlers who had acquired their lands by purchase from those parties to whom the Crown had granted them before Colonel Talbot made his application; and these very lands, too, are those which he had selected for settlement, in the Township of Yarmouth.

The forerunner of these settlers was a man named Doan, who became agent for the sale of the Baby lands. The settlers, who followed Jonathan Doan into the Township of Yarmouth, emigrated from Pennsylvania and Jersey. They were a species of Foxites, in religion and craftiness, called *hickory* Quakers. As the religion of this sect is guided by the motions of the spirit, so their conduct is good or bad, just as the spirit of good or evil prevails. It would appear, that the name Hickory Quakers, was applied to the Yarmouth friends, as a term of reproach; not because they were Quakers, but because they were many of them counterfeits, or bastard Quakers. A portion of this quiet fraternity, were

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not recognized as such, by their more orthodox brethren but it is a notorious fact, that in the work of sedition and treason, the spirit moved them to pull together as one man.

In the year 1837, when McKenzie and Rolph in Upper Canada, and others, raised the standard of rebellion simultaneously with Papineau, Nelson and others in Lower Canada, a mysterious character, mounted on a large cream colored horse was seen peaceably riding through the south of Yarmouth, and wherever he appeared a silent commotion arose.* As the smooth stream glides noiselessly along in proportion to the depth of its waters, so the friends of peace, impelled each other forward, to intercept the rushing tide of loyalty. Trained to the doctrine of passive obedience, and non-resistance, they might be supposed as intending to throw themselves in the way, between two contending forces, to prevent collision. With this pious view, it may be further

* Although the owner made his escape afterwards, the cream colored horse did not, for he was seen frequently in the ranks of the loyalists and appeared quite as ready and forward to crush the rebellion as his rider! He was a noble looking animal and belonged formerly to the celebrated Spartan, Doctor Willson, who subsequently put in a claim for him before the Commissioner appointed to settle for rebellion losses and supplies furnished. Those who saw Colonel B—— mounted on the Doctor's charger, while they admired his improved martial appearance, did not care to scrutinize too closely, how he came by the horse! They merely looked upon it as one of those predatory acts, justifiable in times of war and rebellion.

supposed, that they equipped a party of their young men to march to Oakland, the rendezvous of Duncomb's rebel force, to act as a wall of partition between them and the fast approaching loyalists of the west. Their good intentions were misinterpreted. Their Commissaries, Elias and John, with beef for the supply of the sons of peace were seized and their young men scattered.

Among the young men, thus trained in the art of peace, were the sons of Jonathon Doan, the first settler in the Township of Yarmouth. Of these, one was hung as a traitor in London, and another lived a pardoned rebel, despised by all who knew him.

As an introduction to the scenes which occurred at Port Talbot, after the settlement was far advanced in prosperity, we will here quote a paragraph from the *Backwoodsman*, a small work replete with wit and sage remarks, written by the well known Dr. Dunlop, "a man gigantic both in mind and stature, to whom the words of the inimitable Sterne, now that the Doctor is dead and gone, are peculiarly applicable. "Alas, poor Yorick!"

*The Doctor was one of those ready wits, who may be said never to be at their wits end. His conversation was full of humorous anecdotes and droll witticisms, which never failed to excite laughter, and which lost nothing of its mirth from his joining in the laugh. His three reasons for not going to Church, savoured more of fun than religion—1st, said he, Because one man has all the talking. 2nd, Because they sing without drinking. 3rd, Because a man is late to meet his wife there.

"This country," says Dr. Dunlop, "owes its settlement to the persevering industry of my worthy and excellent friend, Colonel Talbot. Forty years ago, while exploring the about to be Province, on the staff of its Governor, General Simcoe, he was struck with the beauty and fertility of this tract; and afterwards observing that from the improvident grants of the Colonial Government, to friends and favorites, this fertile country, if left in their hands, would continue for ages a howling wilderness, he procured from the authorities at home, an exclusive power of settling it. For this purpose he set himself down in the very midst of the territory, without any other human habitation within 50 miles of him, and commenced his arduous undertaking by cutting out roads, amidst much headshaking from the sage and sneering from the ignorant." "I spent a fortnight with him, some 18 months ago, and certainly one of his levees with his settlers, would, if well reported, be quite as amusing as one of those mornings at Bow Street—that about the time I left London, were

The Doctor was a member of the House of Assembly. He had for his *jackal*, Jemmy Johnston, a humorous little Irishman, and the lion was John Prince. These formed a Committee of three appointed to test the qualities of malt and spirituous liquor. Dr. Dunlop and Jemmy Johnston decided in favor of the latter, Colonel Prince preferred Malt, as the most wholesome, which he has proved by outliving his two jolly companions.

styled by some wag, the leading articles of the *Morning Herald*."

"The whole of this tract is watered by beautiful streams and rivers, many of which are even majestic. Among these may be enumerated the Thames, which originating within 40 miles of Lake Ontario, runs parallel to Lake Erie, and discharges itself into Lake St. Clair."

According to Doctor Dunlop, the officials of Little York, to whom reference has already been made, seeing what a valuable tract of Country Colonel Talbot had got into, and had opened up, became desirous of acquiring a portion for themselves, their kith and kin, and gave him much trouble and annoyance; but the Colonel's influence and energy defeated all their projects, and the country is now filled with valuable settlers and industrious farmers, instead of its lying for many years a "howling wilderness," as the Doctor expresses it, kept in that state, in order that some day it might rise in value to feed the folly of upstart heirs of needy and grasping courtiers.

The independent situation in which Colonel Talbot was placed by the Home Government, was no doubt a source of annoyance, occasionally, to the Provincial Government, and it must be confessed, that his manner and bearing towards those officials who were in authority, was not always the most

conciliatory, or even courteous. Satisfied with the correctness of his proceedings, under the arrangement he had entered into with the British Government, Colonel Talbot was little disposed to submit to any interference on the part of Provincial Officials, who derived their authority, as it were, second hand, while his sprung from the Fountain Head, renewed from time to time as occasion required.

CHAPTER IX.

TALBOT ANNIVERSARY—ST. THOMAS—COUNTY OF
ELGIN—LONDON DISTRICT OFFICIALS—THE HAR-
RIS FAMILY.

While the settlement was peopled generally, only by those people, who might be termed the first settlers, belonging to the venerable corps of pioneers of the forest, and who had been witnesses of Colonel Talbot's valuable exertions, while participating in the labors and privations he had undergone, these settlers did not fail to commemorate the day of his first arrival, as a day of festivity, by dining together and by a ball. In the first years of this celebration, the Talbot anniversary was commemorated in a style of rustic conviviality, the company being composed almost exclusively of men, who had chopped out their own fortunes, and of women fit to rear and nurse their hardy sons and daughters. Among these the Colonel never failed to appear, to

share in the joy of the occasion, and invariably led off the first dance, even at the advanced age of three score and ten years.

On the 21st day of May in each year, the backwoodsman abandoned his toil, threw by his axe, and took his partner under his arm to the anniversary. The ample board groined under such substantial fare as the settlement could afford, and after the cloth was removed, a hundred rustic voices responded to the King's health. "The day and all who honor it," elicited a stentorian shout, which made the welkin ring, and the "Hon. Thomas Talbot, the founder of the Talbot Settlement," was drowned in bumpers amidst deafening cheers.

When the storm of voices had subsided, the honored guest, Colonel Talbot, rose amidst the rattle of the table, the glingling of bottles and glasses, startled by such vigorous thumps as men daily exercised in wielding the axe only could give, and with manly pride peering through his bright eyes, returned thanks in a neat short speech, always concluding in the most affectionate and emphatic manner "God bless you all."

After the dinner was concluded and all the loyal toasts had been gone through with, the ball commenced. Then it was, that the rustic youth bowed to the blooming lass whom he selected for his partner, and soon the lightsome reel, the country

dance or the cotillon, employed the legs, while the arms enjoyed a holiday; the lads amusing themselves ever and anon, clipping something in the style of the Spanish Fandango, to cheer up the dance. But in progress of time, as the population became less homogeneous, and strangers to the feelings of the early settlers became more numerous, the spirit of the anniversary was lost. The peasantry found themselves elbowed out of society, by their consumers, and homespun grey and blue stockings had to give place to silks, scarlet and gold, and every variety of fashion! Instead of shewing their partners how to cut the figure of eight, crossing hands without gloves, casting them off to dance outside, and then inside the row, down the middle and back again, catching a glance at each other through a long line of broad shoulders, and all this to the inspiring music of the "Soldiers Joy," "Greig's Pipes" or the "Triumph," now they had to look on with astonishment at the laborinth of quadrilles, and fill the corners of the Ball room, to avoid being run through by a gallopade, to stand round, as the phrase goes among farmers, for fear of a soft thump, from some charming dear creature, or of a poke from some moustached Son of Mars, who formed one pair of a long chain, rapidly whirling each other round to the music of Straus. This is no fancied picture. The anniversary was celebrated

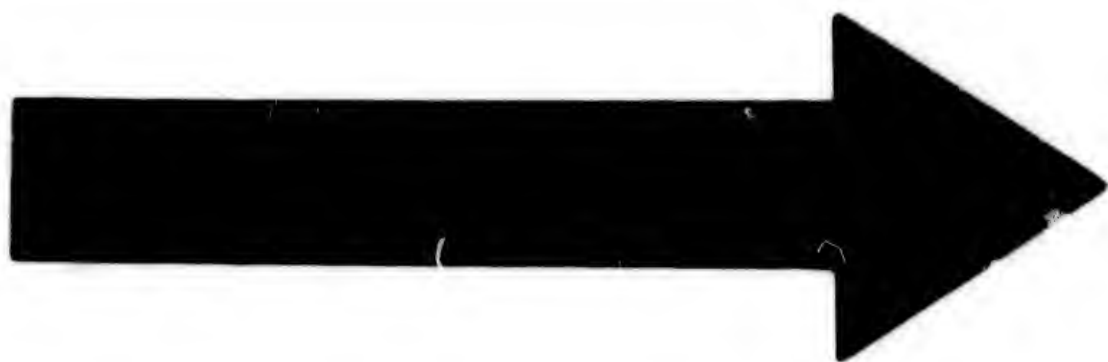
last, during the two years of the rebellion, when the military had been introduced into the woods, with a degree of splendour unknown to the *omnium gatherums* of former days. At first, the admixture of scarlet and gold, and blue and red, with a corresponding display in the dress of the *ladies* of the settlement, and a full military band, discoursing sweet music, dazzled the eye and delighted the ear. But it was observed that the old settlers dropt off, the anniversary had become too refined for them. The display of military uniforms interlaced and surrounded by all the votaries of fashion, which the settlement could produce, were indeed novel sights for them, but the gee and hawing of quadrilles, waltzing, &c., they had no taste for—and they were better pleased to see their wives and mothers, smoking a pipe than the fashionable belle sniffing a vinaigrette. The original purpose of the anniversary was in a measure lost sight of, it languished in consequence, and after being kept up for quarter of a century, was discontinued.

The gallant Colonel, now General Wetherall, and the other officers of the garrison at London, were among the guests, on one occasion; and, what was a strange coincidence, on another occasion, the officers of the 85th Regiment, whose Head Quarters were established in St. Thomas, in the year 1838, added brilliancy to the scene and festivities of the

anniversary. This Regiment Colonel Talbot had commanded at the early age of 22 years, when the spot on which they now joined, with his settlers to do him honor, was a dense forest.

The Talbot Anniversary was always held at St. Thomas, after the first few years, except one year when it was celebrated at London. London had now become a town of considerable importance, and the prediction of General Simcoe was verified. It had become the chief military depot of the west. Its garrison then being composed of two regiments of infantry, a company of artillery, and a well appointed troop of Provincial Cavalry; and the old settler had lived to witness the prediction realized.

The town of St Thomas, where the anniversary was celebrated for so many years, now the capital of the County of Elgia, was named after the Colonel; although he never appears to have aspired to the rank of a Saint in the Calender. The scenery around St. Thomas is lovely from every point of view, except where art has spoil't the face of nature. The Kettle Creek pursues its silent course through the deep valleys, which nearly surround the town, and from the highland, on which it is built, the eye is refreshed by rural landscapes, of the most pleasing description. For many years this delightful spot was thinly inhabited, and although nature had done so much for it, art had done little, and that little very



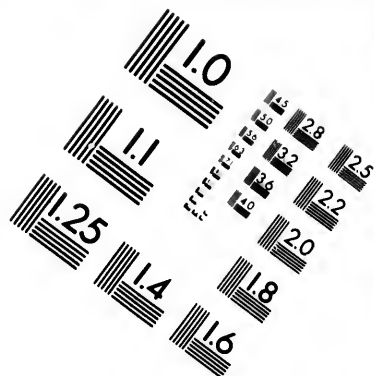
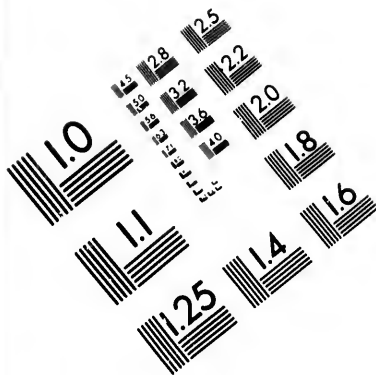
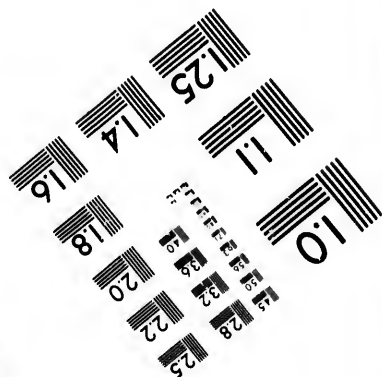
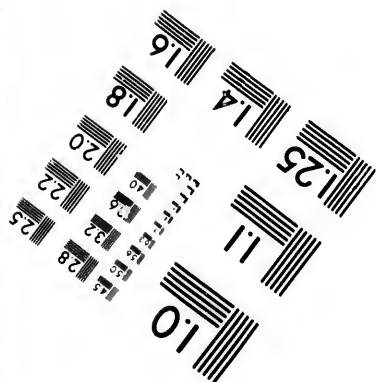
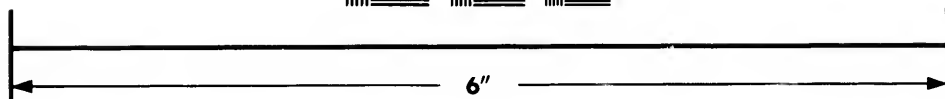
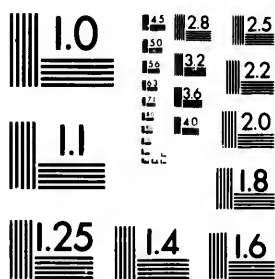


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awkwardly; the principle street being crooked, and wooden buildings perched endways and lengthways, on the brow of the steep banks of the creek, exhibiting all their posterior irregularities to one another, and to the traveller from London. But, since it has become the County Town it has improved rapidly. The courthouse lately erected is a very handsome building, and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Substantial brick stores and elegant dwellings have displaced or overshadowed many of the ricketty wooden frames, which are falling into disuse; and numerous sidewalks, now planked, enable the inhabitants to perambulate the town, without fear of having their boots wrenched off their feet, by the stiff mud, through which they had to pick their way, in times* prior to the last Talbot Anniversary.

At the present time a railroad, the London and Port Stanley Railway crosses the town, and passengers can travel in less than an hour, the distance from St. Thomas and London, about 17 miles which in early times it took them a day to accomplish. By means of this railroad, the Town of St. Thomae has rapid communication with every part of North Amerioa, and travellers can reach Quebec, New York in the East, and Detroit and Chicago in less time than it took them ten yeaaars ago, to stage through to Hamilton between 80 and 90 miles.

The County of Elgin comprises Seven Townships, forming the most compact portion of the Talbot settlement, namely, Aldborough, Dunwich, Southwold, Yarmouth, Malahide, South Dorchester and Bayham, and extends from east to west, about 60 miles, and from north to south about 15 miles, throughout its whole length fronting on Lake Erie. With the exception of some portions of the Townships of Bayham and Malahide, the lands in this County, as a whole, are scarcely equalled in any part of the Province, as tested by the superior quality of winter wheat raised on them. It has also the advantage in point of climate, over the interior part of the settlement, from its exposure to the refreshing breezes of Lake Erie. All the fruits indigenous to the northerly parts of America, and many of those of more southern climes, are grown in abundance. Even peaches were in abundance for some years, and no doubt will be so again; but the severity of the winter a few years ago, destroyed the trees, and none have since grown. In those parts of the Townships of Bayham and Malahide, where the soil is light and sandy, Pines, are the principal trees and afford a large quantity of the best qualities of square timber and lumber for market. The villages of Vienna and Port Burwell are chiefly engaged in the lumber trade, of which they supply large quanti-

ties for the United States market. The growth of timber throughout the County of Elgin, is generally of the very best quality, embracing beech, maple, oak, walnut and butternut, with other kinds indicating a rich soil.

The number of persons assessed in 1858 in this County was..... 5723
 Acres of land....do do do 436,830
 And the total value of assessed property \$4,683,544

St. Thomas had been originally intended for the County Town of the whole London District, now comprising the Counties of Middlesex and Elgin, and a beautiful plot of ground, now the residence of E. Ermatinger, Esq., had been designated and was long known as the Goal and Court-house Block, but it was supposed, Colonel Burwell, who was certainly of a vindictive disposition, frustrated this design, because he had been rejected as the representative of Middlesex; whose constituency, at that time, generally resided on the line of Talbot road, east and west of St. Thomas.

At the time of which we now speak, the Court-house was at Victoria, in the Long Point country, now the Talbot District, where all the officials of the District resided, that is the County or District Judge, James Mitchel, Esq., a veteran who had decided the case of many a bottle—the District Treasurer, John Harris, Esq., an old sailor, whose blunt and jolly

manner, was no barrier to his acquiring influence with the great, and Jack Harris was as familiarly known, as honest Enos Call, in St. Thomas, and J. B. Askin, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, whose bluff manners and abundant chop stuff, was a good accompaniment to Jack Harris' boatswain whistle. Besides these, there was old Sheriff Rappleje, and several lawyers, the present Judge Salmon among others. All these resided in the vicinity of Long Point, and when the court was established at London, travelled thence, generally, along the Talbot Road, to hold court, a distance of 70 miles. The first stage was to the widow Coltman's, thence to St. Thomas, and thence to London. At these different places all matters connected with the business of the State, were fully discussed, and rampant toryism was master of the ceremonies. These were the good old times, such as Dame Quickly spoke of, and however necessity and force of circumstances may have effected a change in mens' opinions, none will say that there was not as much real happiness in those days, as at present.

Of those personages above named, none were more conspicuous than Jack Harris. In the naval service he had learned to spin a yarn, and if a story required stretching, Harris would do it. He could draw a *long bow*, as the phrase goes, and on this

account acquired a fame which few men in the settlement could ever hope to attain to. By degrees, the officers of the court removed to London, and Mr. Harris was the first to build a house of considerable dimensions, on a handsome piece of ground, highly elevated above the banks of the river Thames. This house was long the resort of the first men in Canada, and in this house the venerable founder of the Talbot settlement lay, during his first serious illness, while on his way to England. Every man of rank or distinction, who visited this part of Canada became the guest of Mr. Harris. Mr. P. Thompson, the late Lord Sydenham, the various Lieutenant Governors and Governor Generals, and Mr. ——— now Lord Stanley, were among the number. To be admitted at Mr Harris,' was like gaining admission to the *salon* of one of the aristocracy, conspicuous in Europe. Mr. Harris, himself, was a plain, seafaring looking man, without much polish, either in manner or expression, but Mrs. Harris was both handsome and clever, and with her accomplished daughters rendered her house attractive to all lovers of good society and agreeable entertainment. During the time that London was occupied as a garrison town, and one or two Regiments of the Line, a Company of the Royal Artillery, and a troop of Cavalry, were stationed there, every officer considered it part of his

duty to pay his devoirs to the Harris,' and for some years their house was the resort of all the fashionable people of the neighborhood. It appears strange, but it is no less a fact, that men with their wives and daughters, who had or have become distinguished in every part of the world, have been entertained at the Harris.' Besides Lord Stanley, mentioned above, we may name Generals Wetherall, Markham, and Inglis, &c., &c., &c. It could not be expected, however, that all the gallant Sons of Mars, or votaries of fashion, would escape, unscathed, the fascinations of Mr. Harris' fair and accomplished daughters. Nor did they, for Cupid's darts were so true to the mark, in more than one instance, and made such a deep impression, that no hands could extract them, or heal the wound, but those of the lovely Miss Harris.' The rest may be imagined, they married in high life. Many were the sneers and envyings of persons, who thought themselves as good as the Harris'; (for such feelings will accompany people even into the woods,) but for my own part, having experienced kindness and enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Harris' family, in days when their sun shone bright, I do not forget that it has been overcast by the clouds of sorrow, for the loss of the head of the family, Mr. Harris having died some years ago.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON—ROGERS' INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL TALBOT.

The Town of London was surveyed and laid out in lots, in the year 1818, partly by Colonel Burwell, and the lots were mostly given out to actual settlers, by Colonel Talbot, on condition of settlement duties being performed, and a house, built thereon. The fulfillment of these conditions was closely watched by the Colonel, and as the town grew, he was continually pestered by persons desirous of speculating on the lots. Then it was that those levees, of which Dr. Dunlop speaks, were held at the reception window, and the following is a genuine anecdote of one of his *mornings*.

"A Palander who had heard of Colonel Talbot's reputed eccentricities, thought he would take him in his own humor, and accordingly made his way to the well known window, where the cackling and fluttering of poultry soon announced his arrival, and brought the Colonel to the spot. And, 'what do you want!' the first invariable salutation, convinced our adventurer that he was in the right place. 'I have come, Colonel, to see, as I have a large rising family, whether you could'nt give me 2 or 300 acres of land.' 'Devil a sod,' was the reply.

: Well, I was thinking Colonel, if I got a grant of land I could make some improvement in the settlement.' 'I dare say you could, but I have got no land for you.' 'Well, I always heard Colonel, that you were a good friend to the poor, and—' 'I want none of your blarney; you can have 100 acres in Tilberry West.' 'Faith, Colonel,' rejoined Pat, 'I think I've come far enough west already. Perhaps y'er honor could give me two or three lots in the town of London.' 'They are all given out already—I have none in it, to give'—'but stop, here Jeffry, hand me the map.' Jeffry, who was the Colonel's shadow on these occasions, soon spread the town out before him, and after conning over it for some time—'Yes,' said the colonel, 'here are two lots on Simcoe Street, you can have them.' 'Simcoe Street, where'll that be? may be it's in the woods yet! I'm a bit of an ould soldier, d'ye see Colonel, and always like to face the enemy,' said Rogers, with an arch look, 'and would thank you to give me the lots, as convenient as you can to the *Goal and Court-house*.' But the Colonel had no other lots to give, and Rogers was about to depart, when the thought struck him, he'd try the Colonel's patience a little further, come what might. So he turned as the audience window was about to close, and, 'what do you want again,' struck his ear.' 'I was think-

ing Colonel, that there are some settlement duties to be done on the lots in Simcoe Street, and some sort of houses to be put on them?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'If I may be so bold then, at whose expense will this be done? at yours or mine Colonel?' This was enough, the Colonel merely replied, 'at yours to be sure, and you may take yourself off.' The window closed, and the interview terminated. The lots were neglected till recently, but are now in an improving part of the town, and becoming daily more valuable. Rogers did not go farther west, but settled himself in St. Thomas, where he now owns real estate worth from £1000 to £2000.

As has been already stated, the town of London was laid out in 1818. At this time, the site of the town was generally known as the Forks, from its being situated between two arms or branches of the River Thames, which unite at the entrance of the town from the west. London is built on the table land, stretching several miles east from the Forks. The streets are laid out at right angles, and the principal ones are at least a mile long. Twenty years ago, there was scarcely a respectable house in the town. It now contains long ranges of handsome brick buildings, and a population of 10,000 souls. It is central to a large extent of well settled country, and all the leading roads, east, west, north

and south, are made to pass right through it.

For many years after London had been made the County town, the roads leading to it were travelled with difficulty. From Hamilton, the stage took frequently three days—the distance is now travelled in twelve hours, and from St. Thomas to London, 18 miles, was sometimes a hard days march—the livery stable hacks, are now forced through in two hours. From almost any part of the Talbot Settlement, the traveller may go in twenty four hours to Toronto, with ease, it was then four hard days' work. Such has been the progress of improvement and the facilities of travelling. The Great Western Railroad has its central Depot in the town of London, which will make it a place of great resort, and some of its more sanguine inhabitants fancy, that when the Thames is made navigable, so that steamboats can navigate its waters up to the town, it may rival its great namesake of old England. This is too much to expect, but its progress has been surprising, and a few feet of ground now, costs as much as would have purchased the whole town, at the time Colonel Talbot located it. Contrast London with the village of Port Stanley, the principal shipping Port of the whole settlement, and we see at once the effect of his wise plan of not allowing the lots to be bought up by one or more speculators. Those who drew lots in London had to improve and build houses on

them. Whereas the land at Port Stanley was all in the hands of one individual, and its long stagnant condition is the effect of monopoly. London is now a large flourishing town, and will soon be a city; while Port Stanley is yet only a village.

The foregoing was written some years ago, since which time the town of London has become a city; and, like many other places in Canada, it has overgrown itself. Not only has the Great Western Railway, a principal station there, with large ranges of buildings and workshops; but the Grand Trunk and London and Port Stanley Railway Companies have stations there, so that there is communication with every part of Canada and the United States by Railway. The part of the city, which was first built, and where the Court-house now stands, has gone greatly to decay within the last few years, and, in fact, it looks very much like a mortgaged estate, which the proprietors never intend to redeem. The principal part of the city is now to the eastward, and it is a curious fact, that Dr. Elijah Duncomb of St. Thomas, had his name entered for the lot on which this part of the city stands, when he first came to Canada, at \$2½ per acre, and gave it up on account of its inaccessibility, for want of a bridge across the Thames. A great part of this land may now be valued at \$100 per foot.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BUILDINGS AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF PORT
TALBOT—HOW THE WINE DRIED OUT IN SUMMER—
VISITORS—EX-SHERIFF PARKINS—THE COLONEL'S
PEST—THE PEDANT.

Difficult as were the roads twenty or thirty years ago, there were none better than those of the Talbot Settlement, even in the more densely populated and earlier settled part of the Country, where the influence of government patronage, was more felt; and neither the deep sunk ruts, nor the dislocating corduroys, prevented a constant stream of travellers and emigrants from finding their way to Port Talbot. Thither every new comer sped, not always like the dove in search of land, returning with oaken leaves in their mouths, but frequently, more like the ravens going to and fro. And the Colonel, unlike Noah, did not open the window of his ark, to take them in, but he usually shut it to keep them out.

Here for the information of the *virtuosi*, and all who take an interest in primitive architecture, and the domestic economy of a bachelor's life at Port Talbot, we will attempt a description of the exterior structure of the Colonel's domicile, and its internal arrangement. In the construction and furniture of his house, Colonel Talbot seemed to have adopted Lycurgus' ordinance, levelled, it is related in Plutarch,

against magnificence and expense. By this ordinance it was directed that the ceilings of the houses should be wrought with no tool but the axe, and the doors but the saw. This was, literally, the case at Port Talbot, for the Castle of Malahide, there erected, (frequently the resort of the first men of Canada, as well as of England,) was neither more nor less than a long range of low buildings, formed of logs and shingles. The main building consisting of three divisions or apartments, viz., the granary and store room, where hung the venerable yellow dyed sheep skin coat and cap, occupied the east end, through this you passed to the audience chamber and dining room, whence by an easy transition, Jeffry was wont to slip out and in from the kitchen. "Here will I roost," as said the Colonel to General Simcoe, and here it may be said he did roost, and he was not the only rooster, for the Dutch piazza in front of the building, formed an inviting lodging for numerous heads of poultry, and these, with the dogs, gave early notice of the approach of strangers.

In the centre room where the Colonel transacted all his business and received all admitted visitors, the furniture was of the plainest kind, consisting of a solid deal table, a few chairs with skin bottoms, chests and a cupboard. The ample fire place was the most comfortable looking thing in the room, in cold weather. This venerable apartment might

have excited the admiration of Cato the Censor, or the praise of Diogenes, but Colonel Talbot's economy was more in appearance than in reality, for he neither drank bad wine, nor starved his servants or cattle. Although his fare might be called homely, it was good, and his wine was always pronounced excellent. He was so very particular about his wine, that he always had it brought up in double casks. Having been recommended to a particular wine merchant in Montreal for a supply, that gentleman (Mr. Logan) on his first application, had told him that he had none good enough for him then, which so gained the Colonel's confidence, that he never applied to any other wine merchant for the remainder of his life in Canada.*

Besides the building we have spoken of, he had another contiguous, containing a range of bed-rooms, where his guests could be made comfortable for the night. In his latter years, he had added a suit of rooms of more lofty pretensions, but without disturbing the old tenements, and these sumptuous apart-

* After one of his trips to England, the Colonel was travelling with one of his brothers on his way to Port Talbot, through the United States, who like many other old countrymen found fault with everything he met with, particularly the wines, he pronounced to be execrable. "Never mind," said Colonel Talbot, "you shall have some good wine at Port Talbot." Accordingly, not long after their arrival, the person he had left in charge, was called upon to produce some of Logan's best port, in order that he might redeem his pledge, and cleanse his brother's mouth of the villanous stuff he had drank in the United States. The

ments were reserved for state occasions. Before this time numerous had been the guests of exalted rank who had visited Port Talbot. Indeed, it was only after the introduction of Responsible Government in Canada, that the Governors of Canada omitted to make a tour as far as Port Talbot. This change of system brought a different class of men to Canada, to preside over its destinies.

Prior to this time, every man of rank who had visited Canada, had visited Port Talbot also—and not gentlemen only, but ladies were sometimes attracted by the fame of the extraordinary individual, who could resist their charms. Among the former we may name the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Labouchere, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir J. Colborne, Lord Aylmer, Chief Justice Robinson, and many other distinguished men, besides a vast number of respectable emigrants, who paid their respects at Port Talbot. These all experienced the Colonel's hospitality; but, what was more to his credit, the poor deserving settlers were not sent empty away. These

man affected to go after some, but soon returned with the doleful intelligence that the cask was empty—that there was none. "None!" said the Colonel, who had never allowed himself to be without good wine—"None, why what has become of it?" The servant being an Irishman and having a fair share of that mother wit, for which his countrymen are famed, was no way at a loss for a reply. "What none!" said the Colonel, with evident surprise. "None, yer honor, it all dried up with the hot weather!"

were resigned to Jeffry's care, who knew how to administer to their wants, in a manner congenial to their rank in life.

Notwithstanding the many years, while the settlement was in its infancy, when he was confined to the society of the early settlers, who were neither polished in their manners, nor refined in their tastes, (being generally of the poor and laboring class of people,) Colonel Talbot maintained, in a peculiar degree, the dignity of his rank and station, and while he expected respect from all who approached him, from the Governor to the peasant, he treated his visitors in a manner suitable to their deserts. Even while he has been obliged to superintend the culinary department, to entertain distinguished visitors, he has been known to throw off the cook's apron, and preserve the same demeanor as if he were surrounded by all the elegancies and conveniences of life. The fact is, a well bred man is never at a loss to maintain his self-respect.

Occasionally, however, the Colonel has entertained persons, who ought not to have been admitted to his table. The notorious Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, of London, (England) was one of these. This person being one day at dinner with the Colonel, made use of language about a friend of Colonel Talbot's which was distasteful, and upon which the Colonel remarked that he did not permit such language to be

made use of at his table. The Ex-Sheriff immediately lifting the edge of the table cloth, which discovered only a pine board, impertinently rejoined; "Your table! do you call this a table?" "Jeffry, let Mr. Parkins' horse be brought to the door," was the ready reply.

Of the thousands, who called upon the Colonel at Port Talbot, a few measured their own merits by his condescension, while others made use of forcible arguments to obtain their ends. An old Scotch-woman we are told, the wife of one of the early settlers, was so impressed with the belief that the Colonel, and all he possessed, belonged to the settlers, that she made no difficulty about requiring one of his horses to go to mill. "Indeed," said the Colonel, "I will give you no horse." "You won't, won't you," said the heroine, seizing the carving fork, "we shall see whether you would rather give a horse, or be run through with this fork!" The Colonel retreated, calling out, "Jeffry, Jeffry, order a horse for this Scotch d——l." This was done, the Colonel's pest, as he termed her, went off satisfied, and in due time returned the horse.

A very different character once approached him, a Pedant, who lived in the Township of Howard, and spent much time in collecting long words from the Dictionary. Such characters; among an illiterate population, frequently pass themselves off for men

of learning, and of superior wisdom, and when this desire of distinction has root merely in vanity, there is not so much harm in it, but when the affectation of learning is only assumed to blind the eyes of the ignorant, or serves to conceal the vices of a sordid mind, it is pernicious in the extreme.

However, Colonel Talbot was not the man that would allow himself to be smothered with long sounding words, and while the Pedant was making a display of his carefully selected vocabulary, to detail a local grievance, or rather to lay a complaint against one of the settlers, he was cut short by the Colonel, who accosted him in a manner to dispel any expectation of his being imposed upon by pharasaical circumlocution. "What the hell do you mean, man! if you do not come down to the level of my poor understanding, I can do nothing for you." The man profitted by the rebuke, and commenced in plain words, but in rather an ambiguous manner, to state that his neighbor was unworthy of the grant of land he had obtained, as he was not working well. "Come out with it," said the Colonel, "for I see now what you would be at. You wish to oust your neighbor, and get the land for yourself, but I'll be d——d if you do." The man took himself off incontinently. The Colonel had discovered the truth hidden in a multitude of words. Many attempts of this kind were made at Port Talbot.

CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL TALBOT AT A POLITICAL MEETING IN ST.
THOMAS—GEORGE LAWTON.

Colonel Talbot, although he naturally took a lively interest in whatever affected the welfare of Canada, scarcely ever interfered in politics and personally took no part in election contests. It was, however, very evident to all who knew him, that his political sentiments harmonized with the principles of the tory school in this Province, and Jeffry, who was his *alter idem* at the Poll, always voted for the tory candidate. The Colonel, being a Legislative Councillor, never voted himself, although he seldom took his seat in the Council. The only occasion on which he appeared personally to identify himself with any political party, was during the time of Sir J. Colborne's administration in the year 183—, when the liberal party were agitating the Country by every means in their power. At this time it was clearly foreseen that the result of their proceedings would be rebellion. In every part of Canada, the Agitators, of whom McKenzie was deservedly considered the chief, had aroused a spirit of loyalty, which spontaneously burst forth and expressed itself in loyal addresses, to the Throne, adopted at public meetings throughout Upper Canada. At these meetings the proceedings of the Agitators were universally con-

denied, and the administration of Sir J. Colborne was highly approved of.

On this occasion, Colonel Talbot considered it his duty to come forward, and declare himself openly as opposed to the faction who were disturbing the peace of the country, and to sustain the administrator of the Government. He therefore called a meeting of his settlers, to take place at St. Thomas, on St. George's Day.

At this meeting which was the only one of a political nature, that he ever attended, that I am aware of, the settlers manifested by their appearance that they still considered Colonel Talbot as the Father of the Settlement, and worthy of their highest regard. Among those present, were the Nevilles, the Pearces, the Patersons, the Bobiers of Dunwich, the Manns, the Mandevilles, and a host of others, too numerous to mention. These men never swerved from their allegiance to the Crown, and were never wanting in respect to their benefactor. Many of them have since departed this life, but the same sentiments animate the breasts of their numerous offspring.

The black sheep to whom the Colonel alluded in his speech were the Teeples, some of the Davis', and others of the Schoharie line as he distinguished those persons who had emigrated into Canada, from a place called Schoharie, in the United States.

These settlers who had come into the settlement at a later day, did not appreciate the Colonel's exertions, and were too ready to join in the ranks of his opponents, and the opponents of the then existing Government. The men who at this time were so discontented, had in reality little cause to complain. They were generally the proprietors of fine farms, and all the taxes they had to pay were a mere bagattelle. Indeed they were among the most prosperous and independent class of the settlers; but unfortunately they were acted on by such political agitators as Rolph and McKenzie, who had commenced a political warfare with what was called the Family Compact, and who, to accomplish their objects, made use of every means to excite the prejudices of the people,

The Family Compact, were those who were in possession of the most lucrative offices under the Government, among whom there were some prominent names, such as the Boultons, Powells, Robinsons, Strachans, &c., &c., and these with their numerous family connexions, presented a formidable array of talent, as well as numbers. Like all men in similar circumstances, the Family Compact were not always as attentive to their duties as they should have been, and their elevated positions rendered them objects of dislike to the popular party, and excited the envy of men of grovelling minds, who can discover no merit

that does not centre in themselves, and who are ever ready to endeavor to bring down others to their own level. The McKenzie party, however, as if determined, that the predictions of the result of their agitation and seditious proceedings should be verified, did not relax their efforts, until they had gone through an unsuccessful attempt at rebellion.

Long before the time appointed for the meeting, a large party went out to meet the Colonel, on the top of Drake's hill, as it is called, from which a splendid view of St. Thomas, which it commands from the west, is afforded; and accompanied by a band of music, escorted him into the town, amidst the waving of flags and banners, encribed, The Hon. Thomas Talbot, Founder of the Talbot Settlement, &c., &c. The roads leading to St. Thomas, were alive with people from every part of the Settlement, many coming forty or fifty miles to respond to the call of the Founder of the Talbot Settlement. As the hour of meeting approached, one dense crowd surrounded the platform, which had been erected outside of the St. Thomas Hotel, and when the venerable Pioneer of Port Talbot, made his appearance, the joyous multitude greeted him with cheers, long and loud; but there were some who ranged themselves in knots at a distance, and looked upon these manifestations of respect with no favorable eye, and some of these individuals afterwards turned traitors

to their sovereign, and is fulfilled the predictions foretold at this time.

Colonel Talbot might well feel proud of the large assemblage of independent yeomanry, which greeted him on this occasion, and the address which he made to them, was replete with wit and sage remarks. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which animated the crowd of listeners. There were present old men, who had toiled by his side, from poverty to wealth, and their hardy sons were with them. Some of these veterans, clad in the manufactured produce of their own farms, with their hands stuck deep into their ample waistcoat pockets, stood looking up at their venerated friend, as if they would swallow his words; and when he referred to the pains he had taken to preserve sentiments of loyalty in the settlement, "that's true Colonel," was the response from many a manly voice. The writer was present, and therefore can speak from personal knowledge.

After he had ascended the platform, with several friends, the Colonel addressed the meeting in a speech which elicited a tumult of applause. He began by tracing briefly the history of the settlement, and adverted to the pains he had taken to people it with honest, industrious, and loyal settlers, such as then stood before him. "But," said he, "in spite of all my efforts, some black sheep have got into the flock—aye! and they have got the rot too!"

As an instance of the great respect in which he was held by the many hundred settlers, who responded to his call on this occasion, it may be stated that being aware of the Colonel's aversion to political discussion or altercation, no other person attempted to address the meeting. All felt satisfied with the sentiments he had expressed, and appreciated the advice he had offered. As he had arranged, a loyal address dictated by himself, was then read to the meeting, and submitted for their adoption. The following paragraphs from the address will afford a tolerable idea of the prevailing political sentiments of his settlers at that time.—at least all these who were not infected with the *rot*.

"Deeply impressed with a lively sense of the manifold blessings we enjoy under the protection of your Majesty's Government, established in this Province, we beg to assure Your Majesty, that the inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement, (with the exception of a few only,) in no wise participate in those feelings of discontent so recently manifested by a few disaffected individuals, who, making religion subservient to their political designs, have by the most insidious arts and flagrant misstatements, endeavored to eradicate every true British feeling from the hearts of Your Majesty's loyal subjects."

"Whilst the subjects of mighty Empires are borne down by the weight of heavy taxes, distracted

by internal commotions, and afflicted with many real grievances, the inhabitants of this Settlement, in common with their fellow subjects of Upper Canada, gratefully acknowledge that they enjoy, through the blessing of their Almighty Father, a greater portion of rational freedom, civil and religious liberty, and peaceful contentment, than, as they believe, any other people on earth. Their taxes are light, and applied to useful purposes; their Laws, constitutionally made, with the assent of the representatives of their own free choice, impartially administered, and their commerce encouraged and protected by the mighty arm of Britain."

Such were the fervent feelings of loyalty which animated the breasts of the great majority of the settlers at that time, but, the Colonel was right, the black sheep were infected *with the rot*, and they never recovered. The disease, too, spread till it broke out into overt acts of treason, and involved some of those who had found their way into the Settlement, without the Colonel's advice or assistance, in ruin and misery, even to death on the gallows. The beautiful Township of Yarmouth, which, as we have already made mention, was the land first selected by Colonel Talbot to found a Settlement in, had been granted to the Baby family, and others, and had been sold by the proprietors to a different class of settlers to those intended by the

Colonel, a society of Friends, who set up their own narrow views of religion, in opposition to the great bulk of all civilized nations, and set at nought the commandment of God, to keep holy the Lord's Day. Although they claimed the privilege of being exempt from war, they did not fail to encourage sedition, and in the meek garb of friends of peace, enrolled themselves in the ranks of faction, and quietly lent a willing hand to uproot the institutions of the country.

Among this band of meek brothers, an Englishman, named George Lawton, had purchased a lot of land, and although a hard working man, made it his business to sow discontent among his neighbors. Lawton was a man of strong mind with a voluble and boisterous tongue, and was well educated in the Manchester school of politics. At the meeting we have been speaking of, he was one who stood aloof, but the rancour of his tongue, after the proceedings were over, did not fail to create a row, and his life seemed in danger; his heels, however, saved him; and this was not the only time, for, like the deer in the fable, the member which he prided most, led him frequently into danger, while the limbs which he made no account of, (his legs) carried him out of it. In McKenzie's outbreak of 1836, Lawton became a leader among the Spartans, as the South Yarmouth troop of rebels were called, and marched

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to join General Dr. Duncomb's army, [assembled at Oakland. The troop reached the place of rendezvous in time to fly before McNab's forces, which were in pursuit, and Lawton escaped the gallows by running away. A curious anecdote is told of Lawton. Being implicated in the Bristol riots, while the officers were in search, he fell sick in the place of concealment, and it was reported that he had died. To put this beyond doubt, the funeral solemnities took place, and in the meantime Lawton escaped to America. After some time, he found his way to Port Stanley, where among the persons he first met was one of the mourners, who thought he had followed him to the grave! So the story was related to the writer.

True is the adage, a man that is born to be drowned, cannot be hanged. Lawton was neither—for after having remained in exile, for several years in the United States, he was allowed to return, to live in peace once more, under the Government he, with others, would have overturned, and died a natural death, the possessor of a valuable property which he left to his offspring.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COLONEL'S RELIGIOUS PROFESSION—REASONS
FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING FOR A MEETING HOUSE—
GEORGE ELLIOT'S ITINERANTS.

Various conjectures and surmises were entertained of Colonel Talbot's religious belief. By some he was considered to be a Roman Catholic; by others, not far from a free thinker; and some set him down, as a man of no religion at all. But, we have his own words and acts to shew that he was a professed member of the Church of England, and we know that he contributed liberally towards her support. He was the owner of two pews in the church of St. Thomas, and subscribed, and paid toward the support of the clergyman when called upon. That he was lax in the performance of his religious duties publicly, for many years of his life, cannot be denied, but this will less excite our surprise, when we consider the isolated situation in which he was placed, and the total absence of all example to influence his conduct, in a religious point of view. Besides this, there can be no doubt, that there was a peculiarity in the disposition of Colonel Talbot, which led him to eschew all appearance of being controlled by others, either in his religious or political sentiments.

In this respect, we have reason to believe, Colonel Talbot was no worse than many of his early associates, and that he was quite as religious as a

vast number, who make greater pretensions and who are at all times within reach of places of worship, where the very first order of talent is employed to conduct the services. In religious as well as civil society, there is a very marked distinction of classes, particularly in the Church of England; (although there is no positive necessity why it should be so) fashion governs the attendance of a great portion of the aristocracy, and all who follow in their wake. For instance, if you go to any of the churches in the most fashionable parts of the great city of London, (and it is a good deal so in the cities of Canada,) the attendance at Divine worship in the forenoon is highly respectable, the church is surrounded by carriages, so that there is scarcely room for the poor, but go to the same churches in the afternoon, and you find more than half the pews are empty, with a few servants scattered here and there; while the matin worshippers are disporting themselves in Rotten Row or Hyde Park, by thousands, on horseback or in carriages of the most elegant description, and of every conceivable form, to suit the taste, pride, or vanity of the owners. Such scenes are more attractive than half empty churches, therefore it is no wonder that thousands of pedestrians, who have nothing but their best clothes to exhibit, throng the Parks to walk and criticise their superiors in rank. When men of rank do condescend to attend Divine worship in the after-

noon they may be set down as truly evangelical worshippers, who are governed by religious motives rather than fashionable ones.

Colonel Talbot was an aristocrat, there can be no doubt, in the highest sense, or perhaps it would be more applicable and express the meaning better to say, he was an aristocrat of the Whig school—that is a school formed of younger sons of noblemen, and men of high connexions, who have to support a high rank with slender means. To do this they often quarrel with their fathers, and shew their independence by differing with them in politics. But whenever men of this stamp come to Canada, although they always profess to have been Whigs in the old country, they become Tories here, lest they should lose their identity altogether. For in England Whigs and Radicals, are distinct classes; but in Canada, there is no such distinction, and a man must be either Tory or Conservative, or Liberal and Radical, and in the latter case, he must avoid every appearance of aristocracy, if he wishes to succeed in politics.

Now, at Port Talbot, the same opportunity of attending religious service in the company of fashionable associates, and men of rank, did not occur, and there was nothing attractive enough as a mere matter of form, to draw him once every third Sunday, several miles from home, to hear only, perhaps, a

dull and drowsy sermon, or the service performed in the cold listless manner, so usual in remote country parishes. Here Colonel Talbot erred, for his attendance at church, (and so with every other man of rank in isolated positions,) would materially tend to stimulate the zeal of a clergyman, in the correct performance of his duties.

But, although Colonel Talbot did not habitually attend public worship, he was not altogether without the benefit of clergy, for the Rev. Mark Burnham, who officiated at the church in Dunwich, five miles above Port Talbot, every third Sunday, where dwelt a few families, the Patersons, Pearces, Bachus' and Bobiers,—some of the Colonel's most steady friends and ablest settlers—for many years never failed to visit Port Talbot on his return home, the Monday following, where he was always an expected and welcome guest. The Colonel was fond of company, when he could have visitors on his own terms, which were generally adapted to suit the quality of his guests, and like most great men, who have to bottle themselves up from ordinary visitors, the Colonel could relax, and lay his ears open for news from different parts of his extensive settlement. He could also indulge in jokes and witticisms, the unnatural offspring of vice and virtue—or a *double entendre*. It must have been rather a bold venture for a young clergyman to come in contact with a

man of Colonel Talbot's wit and racy humour, and a man who would startle at the very idea of being priest ridden; in fact, who would be much more likely to saddle the priest—but the reverend gentleman bore with him a long while, till at length finding that he was not making any progress with the old gentleman, in a religious point of view; on the contrary, that his sallies of wit became more frequent and cutting, he left him to get to heaven without his assistance.

Colonel Talbot was never pleased with himself for having said or done anything to provoke the displeasure of his reverend guest, but being in the habit at table, after dinner, of smacking his lips over a glass of good port, and cracking jokes, which extorted from his guest a half approving smile, he was tempted to exceed the bounds which religious or even chaste conversation would prescribe, and came so near proving *in vino veritas*, that the reverend gentleman would never revisit him, although I believe it was Colonel Talbot's earnest desire that he should.

Here a few remarks suggest themselves as to the evil effects, of placing young men to rusticate in remote parishes, almost as soon as they have entered into Holy Orders, and there leaving them with scarcely any earthly object to excite their ambition or stimulate their zeal, for ten or twenty years more or less, of that portion of their lives, when they

should be in daily contact with men of superior intelligence and religious experience, to correct and remove the prejudices of Sectarian education. Too often such young divines are set over congregations, with an over estimate of their own acquirements, and at a time of life when they require the wisdom of age and experience to mature their judgment, and when they are as incapable of receiving religious instruction as they are of imparting it.

But although Colonel Talbot made no outward shew of religion, he gave sufficient evidence that he was not void of religious feeling. His was the religion of the heart, and not of the lips. His religion taught him to perform the part of the good Samaritan, and few men have given better proof of their desire to do good. For many years he kept open house for his settlers, and fed and entertained them; even with his own hands performing the offices of a menial for them. To this fact, hundred of settlers can testify.

If Colonel Talbot did not merit the character of a devoted churchman, he could not be charged with encouraging dissent, as the following anecdote may serve to shew. The Rev. Mr. S—— a Congregational preacher, who could, like the Apostle Paul, say these hands have labored and ministered to my own wants, once called on the Colonel, when the following characteristic colloquy took place.

"Good morning Colonel," said the Reverend, and—

"What do you want?" was the reply.

"We want to make some improvement in our neighborhood?" said his Reverence, "and—"

"There's much need of it!" said the Colonel.

"We are going to build a house."

"A house for what?"

"A house for the worship of God; and I just came to solicit a subscription."

"I'll give you nothing."

"Why not, Colonel?"

"Because you gather a parcel of you together, sing a psalm, howl and yell like a band of wolves, then go and cheat your neighbor, and come back and sing a hymn over it."

The Rev. Mr. S—— who was really a good, well meaning man, and certainly more like a successor of the Apostle, than many of our Bishops and Clergy, took the Colonel's rebuff in good part, and was even constrained to admit the force of his remarks. Mr. S—— was one of the early settlers, and ever entertained a sincere respect for Colonel Talbot, who, he said was a good man; and this was the testimony of the most sensible and loyal men in the settlement.

While the Settlement was in its infancy, as was generally the case throughout Upper Canada, at that

time, the people were unable to support respectable religious teachers, and were exposed to the cant and hypocrisy of itinerants, who often assumed the garb of religion, to cover their nefarious designs. The career of one of these is worth recording, as an instance of wickedness and wordly prosperity, almost without parallel.

George Elliot, was among the first of these itinerants, and a more consummate rogue, can scarcely be imagined. He was one of those cool, calculating wretches, who could smile, and smile and be a villian, and who can commit frauds and extortion without the least compunction, He was shrewd and slow of speech, and committed the most nefarious acts in the most calm and deliberate manner.* Licentiousness and avarice, were the governing passions of his soul, and to gratify these, he could stoop to any baseness.

Elliot at one time belonged to the Methodist body, and was stationed at Long Point, whence his circuit extended to the Talbot Settlement. At Long Point, having been caught in an intrigue with another

* On one occasion being in debt to a man named Sutton on a note for \$50, the man pressed him for payment, but Elliot only wanted to pay him in trade—that is, sell him goods at a price without reference to value or original cost—but Sutton wanted money. "Well," said Elliot, let me see the note." Sutton handed him the note, and Elliot very deliberately tore it in bits. Then to appease the man, paid him in trade. On another, occasion Elliot, for a small

man's wife, he was degraded from the office of Minister, and he removed to Talbot Street, where he obtained land, and set up a store. Having already committed the crime of adultery, he added that of bigamy, by marrying a second wife, while the first was living in Ireland or the United States.

By parsimony, cunning, shaving and fraud, this worthless character, accumulated a large property, but the arm of the Lord overtook him in the midst of his sins, and he died, unregretted and unhonored, like the beasts that perish, a miserable example of the folly and wickedness of worshipping the mammon of unrighteousness.

After the settlement had got into a flourishing condition, another of these itinerant preachers came over from the United States, to enlighten the settlers, and the following account of his peregrinations appeared in one of the local papers, cautioning the inhabitants to look out for *a wolf in sheep's clothing*. 'The Rev. M——— a few days ago crossed over from Detroit, and wended his way into one of the

amount bought of a minor (the heir) a fourth of his interest in a 200 acre lot of land, a valuable farm. Made out the deed, but instead of the 60 acres, inserted the whole lot, and the lad signed it. Some years after it was found the father had made a will, and Elliot was baffled. He had the cool effrontery to prosecute his claim for the money advanced, in the Court of Queen's Bench, where his villany was fully exposed.

western Townships, where he preached, and was afterwards entertained by one of the settlers. Being in a very ragged and destitute state, the settler lent him a new suit of clothes, which he had by him, and in these he was to preach on a certain day; but instead of keeping his appointment, he proceeded to another Township, 50 or 60 miles distant, where he collected a congregation and, preached the word. Here he arranged to preach on a future day, and in the meantime desired to edify some more of the stray sheep at no great distance; but being wearied, one of his hearers, acting the part of the good Samaritan, set him on his beast, having only a halter and skin saddle. Being thus clad and mounted, his reverence proceeded a sufficient distance, and poured the waters of life freely on another congregation where meeting being concluded he made a fresh appointment, and borrowed a saddle and bridle. Thence he journeyed eastward. By this time, the first victim had started in search of his clothes, and tracked the preacher to the place where he had borrowed a horse, the owner of which joined in the pursuit, and the two were not very long before they discovered the man who had lent the saddle and bridle, and where a congregation had assembled, according to appointment. After a fruitless pursuit, application being made to a magistrate in St. Thomas, it was discovered that the reverend vaga-

bond had decamped, having first sold the horse and appointments

Such were some of the spiritual lights which dawned on the settlement in early days, but as has already been stated, when the settlers had overcome the difficulties of opening up the forest, and had acquired abundance of the creature comforts of life, and the wants of the body were well supplied, the welfare of the soul became a matter of more solicitude. Ministers of religion became more permanently located, and with them, dissension and sectarian strife entered into the settlement, and became the prolific source of political and religious warfare.

The poverty of the first settlers and the want of education, rendered them an easy prey to the canting hypocrites, who infested the settlement, and who found it much easier to excite their feelings and to work upon their prejudices, than to instruct them in the duties of practical piety.

CHAPTER XIV.

HON. Z. BURNHAM—A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING—
THE INDIGNANT PRETENDER—A KNOWING SHOT.

A character worthy of a place in these memoirs, and one of Colonel Talbot's numerous visitors, was the Hon. Z. Burnham.

The life of the Hon. Zaccheus Burnham, father
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of the Rev. Mark Burnham, affords an example of the successful career of one of the pioneers of the forest, unsurpassed, if equalled in Canada, and holds out an encouraging prospect to all who pursue the peaceful arts of husbandry, with industry and perseverance. He came first to Canada, from New Hampshire, in the United States, about the year 1797—having followed his brother, Asa Burnham, a land surveyor, who had preceded him. Several other brothers settled in Canada, about the same time, and in the same neighborhood,—Cobourg and Port Hope. Zaccheus Burnham, was a powerfully built man, more than six feet high, with a fine, manly countenance, and a clear head. His first essay in the woods of Canada, was distressingly unfortunate, for he nearly chopped his foot off the first winter, and was laid up most of the year. This misfortune, to a man who had only his axe to depend on, was very trying and particularly unfortunate for a new beginner in the woods. Mr. Burnham, however, nothing daunted, persevered in chopping out a clearing, and so far succeeded in settling himself in life, that in the year 1800 he went to his native country for a domestic partner, and returned the same winter, with a young wife, with whom he continued to live between 50 and 60 years, on the beautiful farm he owned, adjoining the court-house, at Cobourg. This farm consists of 600 acres, one half cleared, and in a high

state of cultivation. To have made such a property by dint of labour alone, would have been work sufficient for the life of an ordinary man, but this was a small portion of the property he died possessed of, after having expended very considerable sums of money on his children, and grandchildren.

Looking back through the vista of time, we may derive an instructive and interesting lesson, in contemplating the results of 90 years' industry and perseverance, in the discharge of every duty, whether of a private and social, or of a public nature. The difficulties to be encountered when Zaccheus Burnham settled in the woods at Cobourg, were just such as the early settlers had to overcome under Colonel Talbot, but Mr. Burnham had not the advantage which the Talbot settlers had, in having a powerful friend to guide them, and even to provide for their wants. When Mr. Burnham returned from New Hampshire in 1800, with his young wife and household stuff they travelled in sleighs as far as Kingston, but even in those early days, as at present, the treacherous snow in the month of February melted under their feet, and it took them 6 days, through mud and mire, to accomplish a journey which may now be done in half the number of hours instead of days.

The details of a life so useful and prosperous as that of Zaccheus Burnham, would fill a volume. To raise a flock of sheep and collect a few cattle, was the

labor of many years. It is interesting to note from what small beginnings such great results are produced. After several years' labor and privations, Mr. Burnham succeeded in purchasing two ewes. These were either lost or destroyed; then he travelled at least 100 miles, and brought home two more, one of these died, the other lived to produce lambs, but these were all destroyed by the pigs. At last he managed to purchase half a dozen sheep, and part of these he lost. At length he had raised wheat enough to buy a cow and a yoke of oxen, and from this time he began to prosper. When the war broke out with the United States in 1812, Mr. Burnham's was almost the only farm along the road where supplies could be obtained, and troops on the line of march quartered and provided for. This afforded him a good market for his spare cattle and surplus produce. A good foundation being thus laid, everything he touched seemed to prosper. His increasing wealth enabled him to assist others, and he loaned monies on mortgage on the most equitable terms. His investments were so judiciously made, that it was a settled opinion in the neighborhood, and gave rise to the constant remark, when any person became involved and ran away, that if he owed Mr. Burnham, he would be sure to come back and pay him.

Mr. Burnham's sterling character and wealth, as

the country became more settled, enabled him to be very useful. He was for many years Treasurer of the District of New Castle, and although his education was of the most limited kind, his accounts were always correctly kept, and all the monies placed in his hands, were faithfully paid over—which was seldom the case in those early times, when money was very scarce. Mr. Burnham was also honored with a seat in the Provincial House of Assembly for many years, and subsequently, was made a member of the Legislative Council, besides being a Justice of the Peace and Colonel of Militia. In all these capacities, the Hon. Zaccheus Burnham acquitted himself with great credit, and ranked with the first men of the Province. Besides four daughters, he had only one son, the reverend gentleman before mentioned. Having ample means, he determined to bestow upon this son the best education which the highest Institution in the world could impart, and therefore sent him to England, to matriculate in the University of Oxford, after he had gone through his studies in Canada, under Dr. Strachan. Having obtained his degree, he subsequently took Holy Orders and became a clergyman of the Church of England.

The instances are rare indeed, where one man, in the same line of life, accomplished as much as Mr. Burnham, and the same measure of success does

not always attend the labors of other men, however industrious and dilligent they may have been. But it is certain, that in the work of clearing the forest, and in the pursuit of agriculture, no success can be expected, where unremitting labor and dilligence are wanting. It was supposed that Mr. Burnham died worth \$1,000,000, this was, no doubt, an exaggeration, but even half that amount, considering that he had expended large sums in building mills and in other improvements for the benefit of his children and grand-children, makes him to have been one of the most wealthy, and certainly not one of the least useful, men in the Province.

From a funeral sermon, preached by the Archdeacon of York, A. N. Bethune, with whom Mr. Burnham communicated for several years, we extract the following testimony to his worth and usefulness. "He was one of those who might be said to have come as a pilgrim to this new land,—with all a pilgrim's risks and hardships. The struggles of early settlement, its trials and privations, he had full experience of,—of all that in a social, moral, and religious view, the tillers of the soil, just reclaimed from the wilderness, must necessarily endure.

"And his was an example of the effect of thrift and industry, and unbending rectitude. Where God vouchsafes health and strength, physical difficulties soon give way to energy and resolution; and where

there is the will, along with help and blessing from above, the solitude is soon made to be jocund, and the wilderness to rejoice and blossom. From little beginnings there was a large prosperity,—the sure result of well directed toil and steady uprightness. And this long ago brought him into places of honor and trust,—marks of public confidence which would not have been accorded, were there not the conviction of a strict integrity, as well as of clearness of judgment and general capacity."

Such was the Hon. Zaccheus Burnham, the wealthiest farmer in Canada, who died at Cobourg in the 80th year of his age, honored and respected by all who knew him.

Probably few men ever had better opportunities, or were placed in situations in which they could study human nature, better than Colonel Talbot. None was ever more disinterested in all his land transactions with settlers and emigrants. The large landed estate which he acquired, was in no instance the fruit of bargains between the Colonel and his settlers. All his land was obtained by grants from the Crown, on terms which he himself dictated, the speculations he entered into with the British Government, he strictly adhered to, and he acquired a very valuable property by so doing; but had he felt disposed to take advantage of his situation, and to increase his property by speculating among his set-

tlers he had ample opportunities of doing so, and he received daily lessons in the art from the land jobbers who infested his window. Many were the attempts made to outwit the Colonel, but his sagacity never failed to detect imposters, and to frustrate their designs, either upon himself or any of his settlers.

Colonel Talbot, although many of his settlers were native Americans, had an aversion to Yankees, or more properly speaking, those clever fellows, who are considered wide awake at a bargain or speculation. Of such fellows the Colonel used to say, that they acquired property by whittleing chips and barter—or in his own figurative language, they began by giving a shingle for a blind pup, which they swopped for a goose and then turned into a sheep.

One of these clever fellows once fell in with an imported Englishman, on his road to Port Talbot in search of land. The old countryman, as all from the British Isles were called, was English from top to bottom, or *cap a pie*, as the French would say. His low crowned hat, and thick soled half boots, well buttoned gaiters, and well worn short clothes, with a full breasted, worked smock frock outside of all, stamped him as one of England's own. The other was a half Yankee, half Canadian sort of looking fellow, neither pumpkin nor pine apple, as a Yankee would say,—dressed in blue grey short coat, swallow

tail, and pants to match. They agreed to journey together, and made a halt at old Waters' tavern, where they received full instructions as to their future proceedings. Here it was arranged that Amos, (the clever fellow) should try his luck first, while his companion John, remained at the tavern to wait his turn. As soon as Amos reached the well known window, he was accosted as usual by the Colonel, with—

“Well, what do you want?”

“I guess, Colonel, I should like to draw a lot of land?”

“Well, I guess, I have got none for you.”

So Amos returned to his companion, in no very amiable temper, swearing to be upsides with the old coon, who had taken him for a Yankee, and that he would try him again, and if he didn't give him a lot he might do as he darned please. “But I say, friend John,” he continued, “let us change coats, and old Beelzebub won't take me for a Yankee then, I guess.” The happy thought was soon carried into effect, and Amos stood up in the smock frock, while the swallow tail lodged on John's ample posteriors. Thus equipped, Amos made his approach to the window, feigning as well as he could, the manner of the burly Englishman, and without guessing at all, merely said. “I'ze com'd, Colonel, to axe yer honor, if your honor could give me a lot of land, cause Mrs. and the

family want to become settlers. The Colonel looked at him full in the face, then turned his head, and with his old husky voice, called out. "Jeffry, Jeffry, set on the dogs, here's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Not only did wolves in sheep's clothing often present themselves at Colonel Talbot's window, but others as frequently appeared without any such disguise. Some of these would put the rough side out and try what loud talk would do. On one occasion, an Irishman, proud of his origin, and whose patronimic told at once that he was a son of the Emerald Isle, finding that he could not prevail with the Colonel, on the score of being a fellow-countryman, resorted to rudeness, and with more warmth than discretion, stood upon his pedigree, and told the Colonel that his family was as honorable and the coat of arms as respectable and as ancient as the Talbot's of Malahide. Jeffry and the dogs were always the last resource on such occasions. "My dogs don't understand heraldry," was the laconic retort, and if you don't take yourself off, they will not leave a coat to your back."

At another time one of those shrewd, ready witted inhabitants, who had received his early education in the United States, but had made Canada his home, and preferred to live under the British Government, made his way to Port Talbot, in search of a lot of land, when the following characteristic dialogue

look place. The Colonel, be it observed, although at one time he rejected the equivocal testimony of certificates of character, on this occasion, asked the applicant, (Thurston) if he had got a recommend. The man promptly replied, that he had; "and from whom," rejoined the Colonel. "From the Almighty," was the reply. "And what does He say." "Why, he recommends me to take care of myself, and to get as much land as I can." "Very well," said the Colonel "that is a good recommendation, and you shall have a lot."

CHAPTER XV.

COLONEL TALBOT'S REASONS FOR NOT MARRYING— MATRIMONY—A LOVING COUPLE.

Colonel Talbot was never married, and by many persons he has been set down as a woman-hater, but this was by no means the case, for he often entertained ladies of the highest rank, and took pleasure in rendering their visits to Port Talbot, as agreeable as possible. The celebrated Mrs. Jameson was among the number of his fair visitors, and she has spoken of her sojourn there as being highly gratifying.

There were, as there always is, a class of females who were the Colonel's aversion—ladies, whose curiosity rises in proportion as the object which excites it, is concealed from their view, of

happens to be beyond their reach. Relying on the attraction of female charms, which they probably never possessed, or which time, the common enemy, had obliterated, some of these *ladies errant* would fain have explored the secrets of Port Talbot; where a man could live without the solace of female society, a being, apparently, callous to the dictates of love, and insensible to the finest feelings of the human heart. But the Colonel, considering discretion the better part of valour, seemed determined to run no risks, or to engage in unequal contests; therefore, whenever it was hinted that Miss So and So, proposed visiting Port Talbot, he lent a deaf ear to the proposal.

A good anecdote is told, however, relative to the Colonel's celibacy. A friend having bantered him on the subject of his remaining so long in a state of single blessedness, took an opportunity of questioning him about it, and in the course of a familiar chat, asked him why he remained so long single, when there was so much need of a help-mate. "Why," said the Colonel, "to tell you the truth, I never saw but one woman that I really cared anything about, and she would'nt have me, and to use an old joke, those who would have me, the devil would'nt have them. Miss Johnstone," continued the Colonel, "the daughter of Sir J. Johnstone, was the only girl I ever loved, and she would'nt have me. For the

truth of this story we will not vouch, although it was related by one of the early settlers.* The probability is, that Colonel Talbot, having placed himself beyond the reach of the society of his early youth, how much soever he might have desired it, could not with propriety have entered into the matrimonial state. It is no reflection on the early settlers to say, that there was not among them any lady qualified to support the dignity of Port Talbot. Such a person he must have sought in the neighborhood of more polished society, and had he found a lady willing to share the honors of Malahide Castle in Canada, he would have had to build a castle, and to have engaged a retinue of domestics to perform very different services, from those which the people employed by him had to perform.

* Charles Gustavus Adolphus Tozer, a farmer of Malahide, who related the above anecdote, was one of those unfortunate individuals whom parents encumber with long names. Tozer says that Colonel Talbot and himself were on very intimate terms at one time, so much so, that they addressed each other by the familiar names of Charles and Tom. That the Colonel was very anxious that Tozer should build a grist mill, and offered to advance him £1000 for that purpose; but that on consulting his mother, she dissuaded him from undertaking it. As a warning to parents who are fond of long names, it may be stated, that some years ago a Mr. Gilbert, on becoming father of a son, and heir, (to hard labor) was so charmed with Tozer's name, that he had it prefixed to his own in full. So the child was christened Charles Gustavus Adolphus Tozer Gilbert, a name long enough for a German Prince—but the child did not long survive the operation.

Besides, Colonel Talbot was addicted to a bachelor's life from his early youth, which would seem to have originated in a sense of superiority, (not the most amiable trait in his character,) and which could brook no equal. Many men entertain a very erroneous opinion that by marrying, they sacrifice their independence, and such a sentiment may have influenced the Colonel's conduct, but it is a great mistake for any man to imagine that he is safe in attempting to maintain a degree of independence incompatible with human nature, and contrary to the order of Divine Providence.

A man who continues a bachelor beyond a certain time of life, may be considered like the barren fig tree, of which it was said, "*cut it down why cumbereth it the ground.*" There may be cases in which it is prudent not to marry, and Colonel Talbot's may have been one, but, generally speaking, a man loses much more than he gains, by avoiding matrimony.

In the imperfect state of human nature, independence signifies an habitual desire to fulfill the design and end of our creation, in accordance with the will of God, and in the lawful enjoyment of what He has ordained. What bachelor ever did this?

It is true, in many instances, the married state is a very miserable one, and thousands would wil-

lingly sever the tie which binds man and wife together, but this does not argue that they would be better off by being disunited. In married life, the instances are rare indeed, where there are not faults on both sides, and there is no state where these faults are so sure of detection and of being constantly kept in view, as in the married state; bad indeed, must that man or woman be, who does not endeavor to correct the faults, which in all their hideousness, are daily exhibited to his or her view. Married people may hide their faults from everybody else, but they cannot hide them from one another; if they do not improve under such searching scrutiny, then it may be said that the last state of these is worse than the first. Therefore it is rational to conclude, that where marriage does not confer present happiness, it corrects evil habits, and prevents greater degrees of wickedness.

An amusing anecdote is told of a married pair who had become residents of the Talbot Settlement, and for some years occupied a respectable position. The male partner in the concern was a professional man, of respectable appearance and gentlemanly manners; the lady was handsome and attractive—ruby lips, a mouth not too small, pretty black eyes, a handsome countenance and glossy black hair—in short, Mrs. J———was the beau ideal of a pretty brunette, and the mother of several lovely children.

Everything combined in these parties to render the marriage state happy, as far as outward appearances went, until the occurrence of which we are about to speak.

It was remarkable, as it very frequently is in other cases, what manifestations of the tenderest affection Mr. and Mrs. J—— continually exhibited towards each other, on occasions of social intercourse with their neighbors. It seemed as if the honeymoon had never ended. "My dear Charles!" and "Julia my love!" were the honied words, with which they addressed each other. Such a constant warmth of affection, and the glowing heat of love, growing brighter the longer it burned, did not fail to attract the attention of the friends, whom they occasionally met, some of whom had experienced a decline in the ardour of their affections, and had tasted many drops of alloy, mingled with the felicity in the cup of conubial bliss. But with Mr. and Mrs. J—— there appeared to be no abatement in their affections. After a while, however, something like cross words, and even angry expressions were heard, accidentally, to pass between this pair of doves, but these, like drops of lemon syrup, were only considered as necessary to give flavor to the cooling draught, to allay the thirst of a love perhaps too fervid.

On one occasion this loving couple were travelling in the direction of Hamilton, along the Talbot

Road, and stopped at Mrs. McAllister's. Mrs. McAllister was a well known hostess to all who travelled along the Talbot Road to Brantford. Her house was at Mount Pleasant, near Brantford, and parties journeying from Simcoe and Long Point, as well as from the Talbot Settlement, made it convenient to stop at Mother McAllister's, as she was familiarly called. In those days, Sovereigns, was the last stopping place on the Talbot Road, east of St. Thomas, 40 miles, and from thence, after passing through long and dreary forests, travellers looked forward with pleasing anticipation to a comfortable night's rest at Mrs. McAllister's. The old lady, like Dame Partlet, was fond of seasoning the dishes with a little gossip, and the adventure of Mr. and Mrs. J—— who had made her acquaintance sometime previous, added a very interesting episode to her accumulating stock. Mr. and Mrs. J——she described as a most affectionate couple, "like love in a tub till the bottom fell out." When they arrived first at her house, it was "take care how you step, dear!" and "yes love!" and "dear love." and "love dear!" began or ended all their chat—till in the middle of the night, a violent altercation was heard in the passage, and soon after, Mr. J——rushed out of the house in a great rage, vowing an eternal separation, and leaving his dear Julia to the sympathies of Mrs. Mc

Allister, to mourn over her irreparable loss. The angry tone and violence of Mr. J——'s language left no doubt of his unchangeable determination. Two nights after, the old lady, in the middle of the night, heard somebody unfastening the outer door, and, before she had time to reach the passage, "my dear Julia" had rushed into the arms of her "dear Charles." And the scene which followed, the old woman was unequal to. Ever after, this loving pair found it necessary to their existence, to have such alternations of loving and quarrelling. And for the consolation of one half of the world, it may be said the other half live on in the same way.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR A. N. McNAB—MILITIA TRAINING—COLONEL BOSTWICK AND THE VOLUNTEERS—TRIP TO OAKLAND—THE QUEEN'S BIRTH DAY—D. RAPPLEJE—BELA SHAW.

Among the conspicuous characters of Canada, who were the early friends of Colonel Talbot, we may name Sir A. N. McNab, who has played so distinguished a part in the affairs of the Province. Sir Allan was the son of a British officer, who, to use his own words, "was so good a fellow, that he did not leave a great deal for his heirs to quarrel about." So he had to be the maker of his own fortune. And it would appear anomalous to say, that Sir Allan

spent it before he made it. How this was accomplished we must leave to some one well versed in the science of economy to explain, but certain it is, that Sir Allan has never been accused of living within his income; and the probability is, that like his good old father, his heirs will have little to quarrel about. At an early age he was first rated as a midshipman in the navy, but shortly afterwards joined the army, in which he became an ensign. Few men have the same advantages of personal appearance, to help them on through life. Above the middle size, well proportioned, sparkling eyes, with a handsome and intelligent countenance, and a brisk air, his *tout ensemble* was well calculated to attract attention—to this if we add a lively wit, a considerable share of good humour, and a devil may care manner, we need not be surprised that he pushed his way successfully through many scenes of public life.

After being engaged in active service during the American war, he turned his attention to the law, and practised for many years in Hamilton, where he built the McNab Castle, which he called Dundurn, a classic building covering a considerable extent of ground, and fronting on Burlington Bay—on what are known, as the Burlington Heights. Sir Allan was selected at an early day as one of the representatives of the Upper Canada House of Assembly, and

represented the County of Wentworth, and afterwards the City of Hamilton, for many years, both before and after the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. He became Speaker of the united Parliament, under the administration of Lord Metcalfe, and Premier of Canada, under that of Lord Elgin. Although a staunch conservative in principle he had a happy faculty of conciliating all parties, which arose from his frank manner and skilful tact.

In the year 1837, when the rebellion broke out in Lower Canada, followed by an outbreak in Upper Canada, Sir Allan was prompt in rendering service to the Government, and so rallied the militia forces of the Province around him, that he soon succeeded in scattering the rebels wherever he found them. A troop of volunteer cavalry and a considerable number of militia of the Talbot Settlement, started from St. Thomas on the first news of the outbreak, and joined Sir Allan at Oakland, where they expected to encounter a large body of the rebel forces under the command of Dr. or General Duncombe, as he was called, but the rebels decamped on the approach of the loyalists, and could not be overtaken. Afterwards, Sir Allan took up his position on the Niagara frontier, opposite to Navy Island, in that River, where the rebel-in-chief, McKenzie, was concentrating all his forces, chiefly sympathizers from Buffalo, in the United States, with a view to make a descent on

Canada. McKenzie, having been defeated near Toronto, had made his escape, and was now collecting all the forces he could muster to retrieve his fortunes; for this purpose, he had gathered a considerable amount of ammunition, some cannon, and a crowd of the most worthless of the free and enlightened portion of the United States. He had also obtained a steamer called the *Caroline*, for the transport of the munitions of war, from Buffalo to the Island. The Canadian Militia, with Sir Allan at their head, were encamped opposite the Island ready to give the rebels and sympathizers a warm reception, should they attempt to cross,—but after waiting several weeks, in expectation of their doing so, a plan was adopted of cutting out the steamer *Caroline*, and sending her over the falls of Niagara, and thus destroy their only means of communication with Buffalo. This service was gallantly performed by Captain Drew, and a party of volunteers, to the great dismay and consternation of McKenzie, and his band of rebels and sympathizers; who very soon after dispersed. At this time, Sir Allan commanded the whole Militia force of Upper Canada. For his distinguished services on this occasion, he received the thanks of her Majesty, the thanks of the Governor General of Canada, and of the respective Legislative bodies in Canada, as well as in the sister Provinces.

Her Majesty conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, and subsequently a Baronetcy.

It was in the year 1854, that Sir Allan McNab became prime Minister of Canada. Sir Allan, as has already been stated, is conservative, and has always been identified with that party in politics, but a great revolution in the state of parties had taken place, at and from the time of Lord Sydenham's advent to power in Canada. That clever but unprincipled statesman, who acted on the immoral aphorism, that every man has his price, so adroitly managed affairs, that he paved the way to a complete fusion of parties. This he did, by drawing over the leading men of the Province to worship the golden calf. The grand scheme of public works, which he either initiated or encouraged, afforded a bait to tempt every prominent man in the Province. To one, patronage was extended, to another an introduction to the Board of Works, and to everybody else something was proffered; some improvement or other was to pass their doors. The seeds of public immorality and corruption, were so skilfully planted by this astute statesman, and the fit tools which he employed to carry out his plans, that the whole Province was dazzled by the glare of his magnificent schemes, and the country feels to this day, the effects of the extravagance into which it was precipitated by Lord Sydenham and his minions. Tories,

Conservatives, Reformers and Radicals, commingled, "bowed the knee to Baal, and worshipped the golden image *which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.*" It is creditable, however, to Sir Allan McNab's consistency, that neither the temptations, which Lord Sydenham held out to him, nor the threats with which he menaced him, were powerful enough to make him swerve from the path of duty, which he was disposed to follow. That was at the time Lord Sydenham was effecting the union of the Provinces, and we have reason to know, that he plied Sir Allan by every means in his power, to come into his plans, but without effect. Sir Allan was too powerful, even for Lord Sydenham; and, after having worked his way in the Assembly of United Canada, to be the first Commoner; on the disruption of the Hinck's Ministry, he became Prime Minister, in the year above mentioned.

In some respects, the career of Sir Allan has been like that of the late Sir Robert Peel. Both had entered political life as Tories, and had adopted the subdued tone of Conservatives, and both were called to office, to complete those great reform measures, which Reformers themselves failed to accomplish. The Clergy Reserves question, which had agitated the minds of the people of Canada, for more than a quarter of a century, was only set at rest by the Ministry, of which Sir Allan McNab was the leader.

The secret of Sir Allan's success as a politician, lay in his tact. As a tactician in politics, he was unrivalled; and as has already been noted, his *bon-homme* manner, and frank address, gained him partizans, where others, with equally sterling principles, would have failed. As a speaker, he always commanded attention in debate, because he never exhausted his subject, and seldom occupied the floor of the House long at a time.

He was excessively fond of perpetrating practical jokes. In his early youth, he distinguished himself by a very ludicrous performance of this kind. The Colonel of his regiment's lady was at church, and wore a handsome plume of feathers in her bonnet; young McNab, while the lady was absorbed in her devotions, took the opportunity of stripping the feathers with a penknife, and allowed the lady, who was quite ignorant of what had happended, to walk out of church, amidst the whispering and tittering of the whole congregation, under "bare poles," with as much dignity as if the quill stalks were still pendant with feathers. He only got out of this scrape by confessing and begging pardon. Returning from the House of Assembly one night, in winter, I found a *Cartier*, with a candle groping in the snow about one o'clock in the morning, and asking him what he was searching for, he said he had dropped a *trent sous*, and he had knocked the people up, next door

to where Sir Allan lodged, and borrowed a light to look for it. Mentioning the circumstance next morning at breakfast, Sir Allan said, "he got that by grumbling. I gave him a shilling, but he wanted more, I took back the shilling, and held out my hand, and in a sharp tone said, here's a quarter for you—but there was nothing in my hand, *tiens*, says the fellow, *ces't perdu*." Sir Allan slammed to the door, and the Cartier searched in vain. But Sir Allan's fun seems now to be pretty near over, for he has been of late years a good deal afflicted with the gout, which caused him to resign his seat for Hamilton, and it is doubtful whether he will ever take part in public affairs again. He has had his day and often a jolly one too.

Any person who witnessed the militia training in various places in the Talbot Settlement, on the last Queen's Birth-day, can imagine what such gatherings were like in earlier days, bearing in mind, however, that the whole regiment mustered on one spot, whereas they now train by companies, at a given place, central to the men of each company. By this plan, convenience is consulted, more than appearance. For although the larger the body of well drilled troops, the more imposing the appearance, it can scarcely so be said of militia. For instance, a full regiment of regular soldiers, well equipped in uniform and appointments, wheeled into line.

with a splendid band at their head, has a much more imposing appearance than a single company, but it would be a misapplication of terms to say the same of irregular militia, dressed in every conceivable sort of garment, from the jacket to the swallow-tailed coat downward, particularly if the non-commissioned officers happen to be Irishmen, who inherited from their ancestors, long tail blue lapel coats, with flaming brass buttons.

We have already noted, it was not till the year 1809 that settlers began to come into the settlement, and therefore, anything like militia training could not have been practised before the war of 1812 with the United States. From the history of that war, it appears the renowned General Brock, could only muster 300 regulars, 600 militia and Indians, for the defence of the western frontier, and for the taking of Detroit. Among these, were a party of the Talbot settlers, commanded by Major Salmon, of the 1st and 2nd Norfolk—to which the Talbot militia were attached—and men from the Niagara District, Fort Erie, and the Long Point country. How the gallant General and the force under his command, walked into Detroit, to the everlasting disgrace of General Hull, need not here be repeated, but what could be expected of Generals or Colonels, who are more efficient in the duties of the bar of an hotel, or tavern, than in the science of military tactics.

After the war of 1812, the regular training day of the militia was the 4th of June, the King's Birthday, and then something like an attempt at military parade was practised. On these occasions, to a bystander, the training was ludicrous in the extreme; but not more so than the descriptions we have seen of similar gatherings in the United States, and it may be remarked, however ridiculous the militia might appear, the body was composed of real men; many of whom had bravely done their duty during the war, and were now giving others the benefit of their experience.

Foremost among these was Colonel John Bostwick, mentioned elsewhere, a man of child-like simplicity, but of sterling principles, and undoubted bravery. Colonel Bostwick was as prompt to obey as to command, and we contemplate his character after the lapse of many years, while his remains lie mouldering in the grave, with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration. Unlike his senior in command, Colonel Burwell, there was no ostentatious display of courage about Colonel Bostwick. Whenever the occasion required his services in the field or elsewhere, he appeared quiet but collected, docile but resolute, and of such an even temper, that the provocation must be strong indeed, to rouse his ire. There was, it is true, a degree, of hesitancy about Colonel Bostwick, which marred his usefulness, and

made him subservient to men of inferior merit, in everything which constitutes the character of a nobleman. This deference to others, arose from innate modesty, seldom met with in men. As an instance we will relate what took place in St. Thomas, at the time of the outbreak of 1837.

In the middle of a hard winter's night in December, the writer received an express, communicating intelligence of McKenzie's outbreak. The same express proceeded to Colonel Burwell's and Port Talbot. We sent to advertise Colonel Bostwick at Port Stanley, and Major Neville, at Yarmouth Heights, and requesting the Colonel to come to St. Thomas to advise what steps it were best to take—prompt and early in the morning he was in attendance. We urged him to call out the militia but he hesitated; he would wait for instructions from Port Talbot and for Colonel Burwell—no word or person came from that direction, and at length he yielded. The militia were called out, and old Isaac Riley was soon seen marching in under the shadow of his own musket! The militia-men came in freely from the surrounding Townships; for there was a feeling of insecurity prevalent, owing to the supposed number of disaffected men in the settlement, many of whom were from the United States, and only watched, it was thought, for an opportunity to shake off the yoke of British supremacy. The south of Yarmouth was considered

in a state of rebellion, and the Scotch in the north, it was said, under the delusive hope of escaping payment of arrears on their lands to the Canada Company, were equally unsound. Therefore, the loyalists rallied, and determined to be prepared to prevent the junction of rebels from without, from joining foes within. A considerable number of volunteers, horse and foot, and as many of the militia as could be mustered, were dispatched to join Sir A. McNab's forces, at Oakland, and disperse the rebels under Dr. Duncombe, who were concentrating at that place. Everything was put in requisition, teams were pressed and provisions provided to accompany the militia to the scene of apprehended danger. Mr Askin, who had come over from London, to seize the press of the Liberal Newspaper, in the interest of the disaffected party, and the Editor, John Talbot, (who made his escape) managed by some means, to supplant Colonel Bostwick, and headed the party at Oakland, where meeting with Sir A. McNab, he was placed in command of the militia of the London District. Colonel Bostwick was blamed by his friends for not commanding in person, but he was led to believe he could be of more service in St. Thomas, by directing affairs, and thereby lost the command he was entitled to, and which he was the most competent to hold. He afterwards, however, proceeded with the militia and cavalry troop to the west, when they had re-

turned from Oakland. Colonel Bostwick was a true soldier of the cross, as well as of the field, and the worst that can be said of him, is that he had no turn for speculation, and no faculty for money-making.

The militia who went to Oakland, were not exclusively of Colonel Bostwick's regiment, but volunteers from the 1st and 2nd battalions, and among the officers who accompanied them were Major Neville, Captain Shore, and others, equally active. Either of these, particularly Captain Shore, were quite as well qualified, and better entitled than Col. Askin, to have the command, but that gentlemen adroitly placed himself in the van, and reaped the reward due to their exertions.

When the Talbot Settlement had greatly increased in population, the militia force increased to a corresponding extent, and the field near McGregor's, in Westminster, was the parade ground of the crack regiment of Middlesex. By this time, some of the officers came out in uniform, and each company had at least more than one gun. Here the *subs* displayed their *politesse*; they had nothing of the drill sergeant tone about them, but when the openings in the ranks were too wide apart, Mr. So and So, was civilly requested to close up. *Won't you be kind enough to step nearer this way or to step farther back as the case might be. Now you men be good enough to keep your places, or halt, and let the others come*

up, can't you; were about the sharpest expressions made use of. But the wheeling into line, and dressing up of a regiment of militia in a field of rough stubble, is not so easily accomplished, as might be imagined, and the line would come up as zigzag as the fence round the field. And the marching in quick time with a bagpiper, a fiddler, or a single drum and fife at their head, made no very grand impression. But the *mess* at McGregor's or Corsons, made up for all deficiencies, and the heroes of Sebastopol could not display a more martial spirit, than did the officers of the 3rd West Middlesex, on these occasions. Who that remembers the Lieut. Colonel when he first appeared in his new blue frock, and white trousers shoved up from his boots, a round hat, himself growing fatter as he advanced in years, seated in unostentatious dignity, on the venerable white mare, her head and neck adorned with a rope halter, and her sides blown out with grass. Who that ever saw his good natured looking face on these occasions, when he would say, *now men, won't you fall in*—can avoid the smile of recognition—the quiet attitude of the mare was in keeping with the lumpy figure of her rider, and their venerable faces indicated that they had been companions in many a well trod field. The Colonel too was one of those who marched with General Brock into Detroit.

But the militia trainings of the Queen's Birth-

day, 24th May, are of a very different character from those of former years. Then the militia men, from recent experience, could not only appreciate the value of British connexion, but many of them being U. E. Loyalists, (United Empire Loyalists) who had made large sacrifices to maintain the connexion determined by every means to strengthen it. The militia trainings as of former days, have fallen into desuetude, and instead of the rough and ready sort of fellows, who then exclusively composed the militia force of Canada; we have in almost every village and town numerous bodies of volunteer corps, or companies, troops of cavalry, artillery, besides companies of every class of birds and beasts, from the Phoenix to the Beaver, whose ammunition is water, instead of powder and shot, all in uniform, with bands of music which serve better to keep up military parade, than to extinguish fires. These all made gorgeous displays on the last Queen's Birth-day, and the city of London, C. W. which thirty years ago, contained more stumps than people, could this year muster, artillery, cavalry, rifle and Highland companies, besides the regular militia, all anxious to testify their love for the Queen, without the least fear of provoking the jealousy of Prince Albert.

As we have remarked elsewhere, Colonel Talbot appeared to be averse to military parade, and in fact shunned it as much as he could; had he lived to the

present day, he might have been astonished at the displays made in the settlement. He always had the command of one regiment, the 1st battallion Middlesex, and although in his latter days, he took no active part in militia movements, he did not fail to do what his experience taught him was necessary. He held communication with his officers, either personally or by correspondence, and dictated what should be done.

Captain Daniel Rappleje, was one of the earliest settlers in Yarmouth, and at one time, owned the two hundred acres of land on which a great part of the town of St Thomas now stands. He commanded a company of militia, and had for his Lieutenant, Benjiman Wilson (the gallant Lieutenant Colonel before mentioned, who owned the white mare,) these officers, we are informed, appeared at general training with sword belts made of bass wood bark, and instead of the drum boy, who generally stands with his drum in the centre of the parade ground, Captain Rappleje stationed a keg of whiskey, which was frequently referred to during the progress of the training, and caused the company to break up in disorder. On these occasions, Captain Rappleje did not fail to call on his company to drink the King's health, and before they separated some of them gave proof of their courage, by engaging in pugilistic combat, when as one of the old settlers, quaintly

relates, Abe———would knock Jehial as straight as a loon's foot.

Captain Daniel Rappleje was much esteemed among the settlers, and was the first who built a grist mill in St. Thomas. He was like many others an easy-going sort of man, and was not very long in getting rid of the very valuable lot of land he owned as before mentioned. About this time, a knot of knowing persons had gathered round St. Thomas, and gambling and speculation occupied much of their vacant time. Chief among these was Justus Wilcox, a well known character, who might have aspired to the dignity of a black-leg, had his lot been cast in the midst of a more enlightened community. As it was, money being exceedingly scarce in those days, they could only play for land and its produce, and in this way Captain Rappleje got pretty well fleeced by Wilcox and his associates.

It was about this time, that old Bigelow, (the inventor of black salts and potash in the settlement) Mr. Goodhue, (now the Hon. J. G. Goodhue) Dr. Goodhue, and Dr. Chas. Duncombe, one of Mc Kenzie's Generals in 1837, commenced business in St. Thomas; subsequently Bela Shaw and Lucius Bigelow, occupied the place of the two former, in the business of barter of goods and physic, whether for land, black salts or wheat. Among such deservedly esteemed clever men, Rappleje could not

have been expected to hold his own long, and therefore he retreated to Yarmouth heights, where he died possessed of a good farm.

The name of Bela Shaw must long dwell in the remembrance of the inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement, for the old settlers while recounting to the young folks the scenes of their earlier days, will often repeat the name of Bela Shaw. He must have lived and carried on business in St Thomas at least for thirty years, either in conjunction with Bigelow, or George Goodhue, and during that time he acquired a very considerable and extended influence with a large number of the settlers. He was a thorough American, or rather Yankee, in all his ideas and tastes, but nevertheless, a man of an amicable disposition, and kind hearted. His affinities naturally inclined him to take the liberal side in politics, which in those latter days, was considered the same thing as being 'a rebel, and Mr. Shaw was looked on by the tory party with a good deal of suspicion. He attended some of the political meetings of the disaffected, and when McKenzie hatched his scheme of rebellion, Bela Shaw was pounced upon as one of his party. Poor man, he was too inoffensive to injure any one knowingly, but this did not shield him from the darkest suspicions of traitorous designs. When the volunteers and militia started from St Thomas to Oakland, Bela Shaw was invited to join the party,

an *invitation* he no more dared to decline, than a subject, when invited to dine with the Queen! on pain of incurring Her Majesty's displeasure. As a matter of personal safety, poor Shaw was but too glad to accept the invitation, and had thus an opportunity afforded him of witnessing the miserable effects of an unsuccessful rebellion. He saw his friends on every hand roughly handled, their houses pillaged and forays in the barn yards of peaceable farmers, who had not learned to belch toryism, and in fact, did not know the right from the wrong side in politics. Certainly, many of the peaceable inhabitants were shamefully robbed and abased by some of those who acted the part of ultra tories, and who had taken up the trade of politics on the tory side, without any regard to principle. During this forced march, Shaw had ample time for reflection, and there is no doubt he formed the resolution of extricating himself from the British Lion's paws as soon as he could. On his return from Oakland, however, more misery awaited him.

Colonel Mahlon Burwell, who had by this time recovered from the state of alarm into which the first report of McKenzie's outbreak had thrown him—it is even said Burwell gave up all for lost, when he first heard the astounding news, came down to St. Thomas, determined to incarcerate Bela Shaw, for his supposed connexion with the Liberal Newspaper,

which had weekly vomitted treason; but more likely for thwarting Burwell in some of his election contests, for Burwell was excessively vindictive,— Luckily for Shaw, there were magistrates in St. Thomas, who would not commit an act of cruelty, to gratify Burwell's morbid feelings of revenge. Among these Magistrates was Colonel John Bostwick, who deferred to Colonel Burwell in everything else. Even Bostwick would not gratify Burwell by sending Shaw to jail, on insufficient testimony. Although Burwell offered to make an affidavit, as strong as the nature of the case would admit of. So poor Shaw escaped—and having settled his affairs as soon as he could, he took his departure from Canada, and established himself in the western States, under a government more congenial to his feelings, than the knock-down, drag out sort of administration he had recently had some experience of.

In Shaw's time, the merchant or storekeeper, as he was generally called, was unquestionably the most influential member of civil society, as he was the only medium through which the settlers could barter to supply their wants, and with few exceptions the farmers were indebted to the storekeeper to a large amount. On the other hand, the storekeeper was largely indebted to the merchants of Montreal, for Montreal was the emporium of trade in those days,

if it be not so still. And the merchants of Montreal were no doubt equally liable to the merchants and manufacturers of England. But the farmers in the Talbot Settlement knew little of the ramifications of trade, beyond the knowledge they acquired through Hamilton and Warren, and Bela Shaw, or Bigelow and Shaw. These were the principal, and almost the only storekeepers in the settlement forty years ago, and as each of these firms took opposite sides in politics, they did not fail to influence their customers by every means in their power.

Shaw's manner was smooth and persuasive, and his store had become the rendezvous of all the disaffected and discontented spirits of the settlement. How far he would have gone, had McKenzie's attempt been successful, I cannot say, but there are not wanting those, who believe him to have been as guilty of treason as the ten men who forfeited their lives on the gallows at London; but as he did not commit himself by overt acts, it would not have been just to have hung him on suspicion! Instead of joining his friends outside the court-house at London, he has lived at Rock River to become a very old man, and to assist in working out those republican Institutions which he always cherished.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR J. B. ROBINSON—JOHN WILSON, AND THE LAWYERS OF THE SETTLEMENT.

Of the numerous guests, whom Colonel Talbot entertained at Port Talbot, Chief Justice Robinson, the learned and estimable premier of the Bench of Upper Canada, was the most welcome, and was frequently a visitor at Colonel Talbot's. This hospitality was reciprocated by the *Chief* as Sir J. B. Robinson is familiarly called by all who love to do him honor—and Colonel Talbot was always an honored guest of the Chief's whenever he visited Little York, (or Toronto). This fact speaks volumes in favor of Colonel Talbot's standing with gentlemen of high rank and unblemished reputation. The intimacy existing for many years between Colonel Talbot and Chief Justice Robinson, stood on the best footing,—mutual respect. It was not an ordinary acquaintance, or that of mere formal society, but it was the friendship of men of mind, and of refined manners.

Chief Justice Robinson is deservedly the pride and ornament of the Bench of Upper Canada; and he is one of the few, who have maintained the dignity of the Bench for many years, to the universal satisfaction of the public. In early life he was a keen politician of the tory school, as most gentlemen were in those days, and served in the Provincial

Parliament, until he was raised to the Bench, which happened more than a quarter of a century ago. He had been previously Solicitor and Attorney General of Upper Canada, and at so early an age, as to warrant the conclusion that he was a young man of precocious talents; without, however, implying that he has exhibited any of those signs of incapacity or decay in after life, which so frequently mark the career of young men who advance too rapidly. From his first entrance into public life Chief Justice Robinson has never lost ground.

Like the late Lord Erskine, who was so eloquent and distinguished a member of the English Bar, the Chief was indebted largely in his boyhood, to the fostering care of a good mother, for his success in after life, as well as to the kindness and protection of Arch-deacon Stuart of Kingston, the father of the present venerable Arch-deacon, but without his own persevering application and unwearied exertions he never could have arrived at the exalted position to which he has attained.

Not only has the Chief distinguished himself as a lawyer and judge, but as a subject, he has always been prominent in the field, whenever occasion seemed to require his services. He was with General Brock at the taking of Detroit, and drew up the articles of Capitulation, and at the outbreak in 1837 we well remember, he threw by the ermine, and

joined the militia, armed and equipped as a soldier ready to lay down his life in defence of the Crown.

It is rarely we meet with men in public life, whose characters are adorned with so many excellencies, as that of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and it is refreshing to contemplate a character, amid so many in the public service, stained with nearly every vice, which even the cynic cannot disfigure. As a Judge, his character stands as high as the dignity conferred on him by Her Majesty, has placed it; as a citizen his exemplary conduct, has won for him the respect and good opinion of all. In the performance of his public duty, the Chief's urbanity, and even the silvery tones of his voice, and a remarkably intelligent countenance never failed to command admiration. In this respect he has the advantage of his eloquent brother, Chief Justice Draper, of the Common Pleas—who, by his florid oratory, and powerful appeals can awaken the sensibilities of the most stolid and hardened culprits; but he cannot so easily soothe the ruffled passions by the beaming intelligence of such a countenance as Sir J. B. Robinson's. The Chief, however, can exhibit great severity of tone and language, whenever the occasion requires it; but his general deportment is mild and dignified.

But speaking in such commendatory terms of Chief Justice Robinson, which I do with some degree

of diffidence, considering my own inability to do justice to his legal character, and the indelicacy of praising a man to his face—as well as the suspicion of writing his biography out of season, I am animated not only by a desire of doing honor to the subject of these memoirs, in whose company I have had the pleasure of meeting the Chief, but, by what is of paramount consideration, a just regard for that good sense and high principle, which distinguish the man who fears God and honors the Queen.

No man, should in the performance of his religious duties, or to prove his loyalty, seek the praise of men, but when from purely religious and moral convictions, he endeavors to do his duty to God and to his country, he is entitled to the rewards which will inevitably follow from such a course of conduct. Such a character will never fail to command the respect and applause of his fellow-men. The value of such an example as Chief Justice Robinson's life presents, cannot be over-estimated, either by those who are ambitious of rising to distinction in their profession, or by these who desire to see their children grow up to be respectable and useful members of society. Such men as the Chief are a living testimony, that *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*, and that *the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree*.

I never ranked myself as an associate of either

Colonel Talbot or his friend, Chief Justice Robinson, (except, perhaps like one of those *figure heads*, who used formerly to adorn the Bench in the character of Associate Judges,) but while writing, I remember the occasion on which I met both together at Port Talbot. One of the young Gillespies had arrived in St Thomas, while on a western tour, and being anxious to show him some attention, I drove him to Port Talbot. This being late in the day, we arrived after dinner, and found the Chief and a select party with the Colonel taking their dessert. I was rather taken aback, at finding myself an uninvited visitor at such a time, and stammered out the best apology I could make; but was completely dumfounded on discovering that two more greater strangers than ourselves, were treading on our heels, and pushed themselves into the dining room as part of our company! However Colonel Talbot bore the intrusion with good humor, and Mr. Gillespie, finding himself among former acquaintances, our visit proved very agreeable, although it was an awkward *contre temps*.

At the time we are now speaking of, more than twenty years ago, Colonel Talbot was still in vigorous health, and was then at the age of between sixty and seventy, cheerful, and well able to entertain his select friends within, while he kept the land sharks at a distance without. Although Chief Justice Robinson was, undoubtedly a great favorite with the

Colonel, it was certainly not out of any particular regard he had for the profession; for the specimens of lawyers, who found their way into the settlement, as soon as the settlers had anything to quarrel about, were not likely to attract the favorable notice of a man with such a nice sense of honor as Colonel Talbot possessed. Conspicuous among these, was the somewhat celebrated Mr. John Wilson, of London. Mr. Wilson came to London between 20 and 30 years ago, when that town was thinly inhabited, and was for many years very successful. After the Coyues, no one seems to have excited Colonel Talbot's aversion, more than Mr. Wilson, and he spoke of him in terms too strong to repeat here. It is more than probable, the Coyues, George Elliot, and some other such troublesome customers, were Mr. Wilson's clients, and they certainly chose a representative, who could be as offensive as themselves. A man, whose bold effrontery has frequently extorted the smile of astonishment from the Bench, as well as the vulgar laughter of the crowd.

It must be admitted, that the lawyer even when he is a man of delicate feelings, and is only doing his duty to his clients, apart from a certain amount of prejudice, which exists against the profession, is very likely to incur the displeasure of those whom he is employed to proceed against, but, if in addition to this, he exhibits a callous and overbearing disposition,

which seems to delight in the miseries he is instrumental in creating, and seizes any opportunity that may offer, as an occasion for annoying the object of his dislike, then he justly merits the application of the opprobrious epithets so frequently bestowed on lawyers, and renders himself an object of aversion to all honest and honorable minded men.

Mr. Wilson came to London, at a time, when there was no lawyer of good standing there, to pre-occupy the ground, and he had the business nearly all to himself; otherwise, he could never have advanced to the position he now occupies; for his talents are certainly not uncommon, in fact, exactly fitted for Old Bailey practice, but here he would scarcely have attained the celebrity of Alderman Harmer, Edwin James, or the renowned ——— Bodkin. What was the particular occasion on which his conduct was so offensive to Colonel Talbot, I do not recollect. It was either because he was thwarted in some land purchase of town lots, or because he took up some vexatious case against the Colonel, at the instance of some undeserving settler—probably both.

Colonel Talbot, like every other honest man, had the utmost aversion to appearing in a Court of Justice, merely to give some unimportant testimony in a disreputable cause; or more likely to gratify an unfeeling lawyer's spleen and his clients malvolence.

For some such purpose the Colonel was dragged to Court on one occasion, and Mr. Wilson exercised his ingenuity to draw the Colonel out, and shew the power he had over him, that there, (in Court) he was the Colonel's equal at least, and that he could not screen himself from his vulgar gaze, behind the audience window. Wilson was never more mistaken in life; for although he repeated his cross questions two or three times, the Colonel with his back turned towards him, answered the court in his own peculiar quaint manner, without deigning to look at him.

I have been told a reconciliation took place between Colonel Talbot and Mr. Wilson, before the Colonel's death. Be this as it may, there is still a large margin left for improvement.

Nothing has more tended to temper Mr Wilson's conduct as a barrister, than his having continually to confront one of his own pupils, H. C. Beecher, Esq., whose gentlemanly manners and playful wit, often brings up his old master short, if it does not make him blush.

The lawyer has privileges in a Court of Justice, which no other man can exercise in public, and when he abuses these privileges, no opportunity should be lost of holding him up to public scorn and indignation. The lawyer frequently stands in the place of the murderer, the adulterer, the robber, the thief, and the adepts of every species of crime, yet it is not

necessary that he should transform himself into the likeness of the hideous monster, whose case he may happen to have in hand.

It is vain to say the Judge will stop over zealous, hot headed barristers, when they become intemperate or abusive, and carry their impertinences too far. Some Judges purposely close their ears, it is believed, to all the barristers may say which has not a direct bearing on the case, and will not trust themselves to follow learned gentlemen in their wanderings from the paths of truth; nor do they seem to pay attention to frequent violations of decorum, and that regard for propriety and proper feeling, which a heartless barrister discards, as soon as he throws the black gown over his shoulders, be it silk or stuff. It is really astonishing, the length to which some Judges will allow barristers to proceed in their inquiries, and which really appear to have no other object in view, but to torture a witness and to display their zeal. However this may be, certain it is, that the license allowed to barristers in a Court of Justice, is frequently the cause and occasion of the most brutal assaults on the feelings and characters of individuals, who may be unfortunate enough to be dragged into Court.

Mr. Wilson for sometime represented the town of London, in the Provincial House of Assembly, but was such an impracticable trimmer in politics, that

no party could trust him; and he has had to retire without even the compliment of a peerage. His excessive desire to distinguish himself, and to become a leading man, has led him to over act his part, and his fine speeches, and familiar expositions of the arts and sciences, husbandry and home manufactures, instead of attracting applause, and a wider extent of of fame, have had only the effect of settling upon him the soubriquet of "home spun John."*

It is proper here to remark, in reference to Mr. Wilson, that he has always maintained his character for integrity as a lawyer, and that he is indebted in some measure for his success to his promptitude in paying over the monies he receives on account of his

* When the question of dividing the County of Middlesex, was first brought up in the House of Assembly, Wilson endeavored to impress the House with the belief, that by constituting the Townships fronting on Lake Erie, (now the County of Elgin,) into a new County, the County of Middlesex, would be deprived of egress to the Lake, that the front of the County of Middlesex would be cut off, and that they (the inhabitants of the County of Middlesex) would only be able to get out through the back door—or words to that effect. This is a good specimen of Wilson's ability as a debater.

A discussion having arisen about Mr. Wilson's political consistency, one of the party called him a loose fish, on which old McQueen, who knew Wilson thoroughly, briskly rejoined. "No, he is a *sun-fish*, and being called on for an explanation. "A sun-fish," said he, "is a small fish we sometimes see on the sandy shore of Lake Erie, with one side always turned towards the sun; and when that side is well warmed, he *flaps* over to the other side—and so he keeps flopping over and over, from side to side, as long as the sun shines on him," Wilson's a sun-fish! McQueen still insists.

clients. This is a secret some lawyers do not appear to understand, and which it would be profitable for them to learn.

If in the early days of the settlement, lawyers were few, because briefs and fees were scarce, the *cornucopia* of prosperity, which brought on the late commercial and monetary crisis, has increased the number tenfold. Distress and sickness, breed lawyers and doctors, and if they continue to increase, as they have done within the last few years, farmers will have something as destructive to complain of, as the midge and weevil! Our towns and villages, are filled with law and medical students. The great complaint is now, that our legislative halls are crowded with lawyers, who live on politics, that every avenue to preferment or profit is choked with them; but what is to support the multitude of young men, who have abandoned the *wool bags*, in hopes of reaching the wool sack? nobody can tell; but they must feed on somebody! To maintain the number of lawyers and doctors now training, one half the community at least, must become sick or insolvent, and there may be no escape from the danger which threatens the country on this account, but by adopting the plan of the Captain of the *Tongin* as related by Washington Irving. That ship, while on the Pacific near Astoria, was boarded by an immense number of Indians, who took possession of

her, and would have put the whole of the crew and passengers to death; the Captain conceived the bold idea of blowing up the ship, which he did by setting fire to the magazine. By some such desperate act we might expect to rid ourselves of the lawyers, who most assuredly, if they go on increasing and multiplying as they are now doing, will in the end, ruin themselves and the country too! Our young gentlemen should begin to turn their attention to some other occupation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BISHOP STRACHAN AND BISHOP CRONYN—THE TWO FIRST BISHOPS OF UPPER CANADA.

A man of a very different stamp from Chief Justice Robinson, with whom Colonel Talbot occasionally came in contact, and to whom he paid every outward mark of respect, was Dr. Strachan, who may be considered the Cardinal Wolsey of Canada. From the Arch-deaconry of Little York, he emerged into the Bishopric of the Diocese of Toronto. Colonel Talbot always doubted his Apostolic descent. The life of this eminent, but self-willed prelate, should be the subject of a separate biography, whenever a more meek successor, may be permitted to occupy the episcopal chair; and whenever the glare of his exalted position, shall permit the still small voice of truth, to scrutinize the actions of a long and labor-

ious life, with the impartial voice of candour, unbiased by the obsequious mouth of flattery. If Colonel Talbot may be considered the pioneer of the forest in the Talbot Settlement, Dr. Strachan may justly be considered the pioneer of the Church in Upper Canada.

The circumstances of Dr. Strachan's life, in his earlier days, resemble those of the Cardinal, in many particulars, allowing for the difference of the times, and for the prejudices of education. Both from a humble condition in life, rose to the highest point of ascendancy in Church and State. Both lavished the means placed at their disposal by the favor of the Court, to carry out their own magnificent designs, and the one lived, as the other has lived, to feel the instability of human greatness. We do not desire to do Dr. Strachan injustice; we believe him to be the better man of the two. He has many sincere admirers and friends, and some of the first and most distinguished men in the Province were reared and educated under his hand, but this was before he assumed the staff and mitre; and before his powerful intellect and uncurbed ambition, had impelled him in Church and State, to usurp and exercise despotic sway.

Dr. Strachan came to Canada as tutor to the family of Mr. Cartright, of Kingston, one of the best families Canada has ever known, and he afterwards

became the instructor of the most eminent men in the Province; chief among whom, we may name Sir J. B. Robinson, the Hon. Robert Baldwin, and many others, all men of distinction, more or less. To have been the chosen instructor of such men, was in itself a great compliment to the Doctor's merit; but although they were educated by the same mind, and we may assume were indoctrinated in the same principles, the two leading men above named, became diametrically opposed in their views of Church and State polity, yet it is a fact, that they both cherished the highest regard for Dr. Strachan, and Mr. Baldwin has been heard in the Hall of the Legislative Assembly, when he was strenuously opposing the Bishop of Toronto's measures, to declare that he held the character of his venerable instructor in the highest esteem. This is a creditable fact, and may serve to soften some of the apparently harsh expressions we may have to employ in delineating his public character.

Dr. Strachan entered into Holy Orders, in the Church of England, at an early date, having, it is said, abandoned the religious faith of his forefathers, (Presbyterian) whether from conviction or from motives of worldly ambition, as has been alleged against him, we shall not presume to decide,* but

* We have seen the following anecdote quoted as applicable to Dr. Strachan. "When Cowper was made Bishop of Galway, an old woman who had been one of

from this time, he seems never to have lost sight of Paul's advice to Timothy, chap. iii, 1 ver.. "If a man desire the office of Bishop, he desireth a good Work." Zealously and energetically did Dr. Strachan strive for the office of a Bishop, the spirit of the Apostles' text carried him through every difficulty; his firm and onward step to the episcopate, never faltered, and he relaxed no efforts till he grasped the mitre! He was at one and the same time, a member of the Legis: Council and Arch-Deacon of York, and in the Church and Council, his determined will could brook no opposition: if he were opposed he manifested by his language great violence, and for a considerable time he had things all his own way; but while he succeeded in establishing his own power in the Church, and in enlarging her borders, he equally succeeded in raising a storm of opposition, and in engendering in the minds of the great majority of the people of Canada West, a strong determination

his parishoners, and a favorite, could not be persuaded that her minister had deserted the Presbyterian Cause, resolved to satisfy herself, she paid him a visit at the Canongate, where he had his residence, as Dean of the Chapel Royal. The retinue of servants, through which she had to pass, staggered the good woman's confidence, and being ushered into a room where the Bishop sat, she exclaimed. 'Oh! Sir! what's this--and ye ha' really left the guid cause, and turned prelate.' 'Janet,' said the Bishop, 'I have got a new light on this subject.' 'So I see,' replied Janet, 'for when ye was at Perth, ye had but ae candle, but noo ye hae got twa before ye. That's your new light!'

never to tolerate a dominant Church such as he would have established.

In instituting a comparison between Dr. Strachan and Cardinal Wolsey, his biographer, whoever he may be, will have to concede the palm of merit to the Cardinal's distant successor. If the latter has not exhibited the meekness of the dove,—he has displayed consummate skill, in averting his downfall; for seeing that the current of popular feeling was setting strongly against him in the Church, he has had the good sense, to recede from the lofty position he strove to maintain, and to concede to the members of the Church, clerical and layical, a voice in the administration of her affairs. This concession, although in a manner forced from him, while the storms of dissent raged without, and internal commotion was springing up within the Church, is nevertheless creditable to his sagacity and judgment; and in this respect, he has proved himself superior to his great prototype the Cardinal, and more yielding than his countryman James!

But by the establishment of the Synod, he has lost none of his power as Bishop, on the contrary he has rather strengthened it; for nothing in Synod can pass without his approval; consequently things must remain in *statu quo*, unless the bishop chooses.

The life of a man like Dr. Strachan, must attract notice, and should be held up to the public as a

pattern to be imitated, or an example to be avoided; or it may be said, his virtues should be commended, and his faults condemned. His faithfulness and perseverance in whatever concerned the interests of the Church, are entitled to praise; but his intemperate zeal for her temporalities, has frequently exhibited a warmth incompatible with the habitual exercise of christian humility. His hasty temperament has frequently betrayed his judgment, in his conduct towards his clergy. Some have been too harshly treated, while others have been too leniently dealt with, when their faults were inexcusable. In either case, the members of the Church have suffered. At the same time, his indomitable energy and perseverance have preserved for him a 'lasting monument in the establishment of Trinity College.

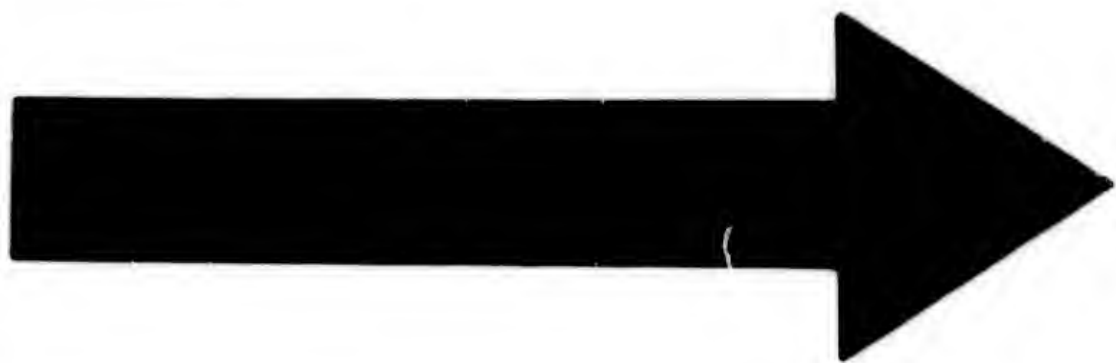
Here we have something to admire, if we do not approve of the exclusive spirit of its foundation. The Bishop of Toronto, was an old man when he undertook to raise this Institution, and he has certainly accomplished what no other man in the Province could have done. He went to England, and raised funds at a time of life when other men would have gone to rest, and what he raised has been applied to the purpose for which it was intended. How different in its object and results, was this from the mission of two distinguished clergymen of his Diocese, several years previous. They went

to England and Ireland, on a mission to raise funds in behalf of the Church, but what they realized or what become of the money, has always been a mystery. So we may conclude there are worse men in the Church than the Bishop of Toronto.

It is surprising what a strong Scottish accent Bishop Strachan has always retained, of which, probably he was never desirous of divesting himself—it has a droll effect, both in his preaching and conversation. At a late meeting of the Synod, one of the lay delegates, who was never suspected by those who knew him best, of troubling himself about the affairs of religion—took the opportunity of making what he considered, no doubt, a telling speech. He began by taking the most popular side of the question, and was for sometime listened to with marked approbation. As he proceeded, however, after a lengthened delivery, he diverged, and signs of impatience began to manifest themselves in no unmistakable forms. Still the delegate continued with as much imperturbability as a man walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours—the Bishop got out of patience too—and soon brought the orator up all standing. “Doctor,” said the Bishop, “you spak vera weel, when you began, but noo ye’re tawking nonsense.” This closed the doctor’s speech.

The Diocese of Huron embraces the whole of the Talbot Settlement, and a very extensive tract of country besides. This extensive Diocese, is at present, presided over by Dr. Cronyn, its first Bishop. At a late meeting of Synod, there were present— of the clergy, and a proportionate number of laymen. As Synods appear to be assembled more for the purpose of sanctioning and giving effect to the views of the Bishop and *his* clergy in each Diocese, than for independent deliberation, we may judge what the nature of their proceedings will be, from considering the character and ability of the Bishop, in whom all the power of the Church is centered.

Dr. Cronyn became a missionary of the Church of England and Ireland, in the town of London, more than a quarter of a century ago, and being a provident man, had not, like many of his poorer brethren, come into the wilderness empty handed. On the contrary, he brought with him, wherewith to purchase land, and to build a very comfortable house, near to the Church. Here he resided for 'some years, until he was enabled to build a more substantial house—a handsome stone building, still nearer to the Church. When, however, the rage of speculation had reached its height, the Doctor was tempted to part with this mansion and the grounds adjoining, for the handsome sum of £18,000, as we were informed, to two young gentlemen, who parcelled the



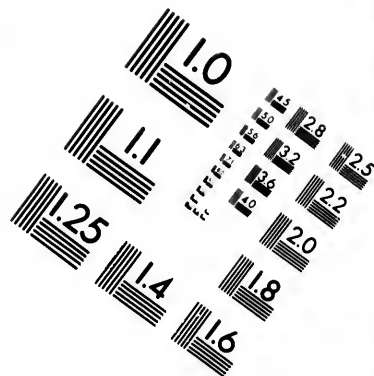
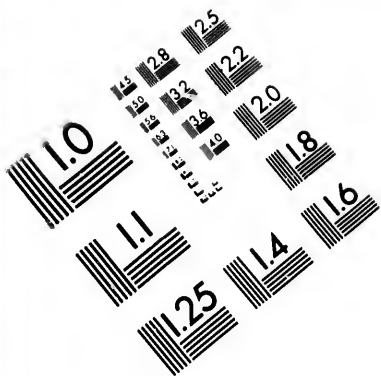
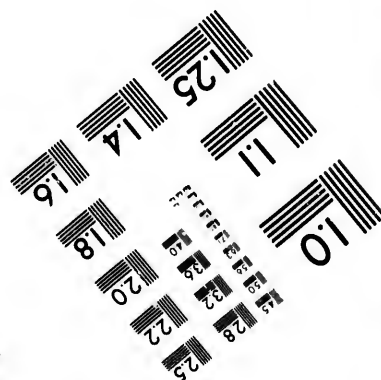
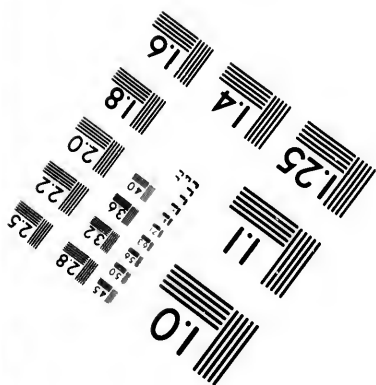
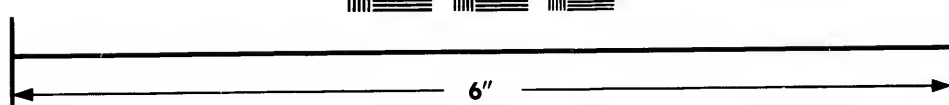
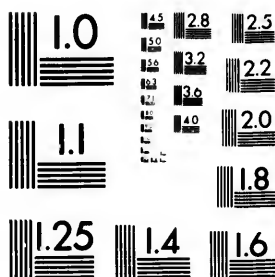
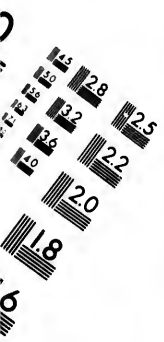


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property out—into lots, and made a lottery of them. How much they made by the speculation is not known, and we mention this matter of bargain and sale, to refute the slander so often repeated, that when a man enters the church, he is precluded from those sources of money-making, by which other men grow rich; and as an instance of the enormous value, to which property had risen in the exciting days of speculation.

The Church in London, of which Dr. Cronyn was, and is rector, had attached to it a glebe of 200 acres of land, in such a locality, of course exceedingly valuable; indeed, too valuable to be let alone, so the Church obtained an act of Parliament, authorizing the sale and conversion of this glebe into another glebe, by the purchase of another lot of land in a situation more remote. The transaction was something like this. By selling the lot in London, say for £10,000, and buying another for £5000—this sum would be obtained to pay off the debt of the Church—though evidently unfair, if not a dishonest act towards succeeding Rectors—for it must have the effect of shortening his income—but the object for which this conversion of property was made, was not accomplished, the Church is still in debt! This need not surprise members of the Church, for there are few Churches in Canada, that are not involved in debt, more or less; but the history of the Church in London, during

Dr. Cronyn's incumbency, presents a series of transactions in the management of Church property and glebe lands, displaying such consummate skill, and adroit *finesse*, as not only to defy exposure, but even to claim and obtain from unwilling members their approval. Did we live in the times of such men as George of Cappadocia, such transactions might pass unnoticed, but in the present enlightened age of the Church, to stigmatize them as disreputable, is employing the mildest terms, which such trafficking with Church property can admit of.*

I am not aware that Dr. Cronyn ever found his way to Port Talbot, or became acquainted with Colonel Talbot personally. The Colonel had such an instinctive horror of wordly-minded priests, that such an acquaintance could never have ripened into intimacy. Men arrive at distinction many ways, and often by the employment of infinite skill, and a vast amount of labour; but from an humble origin, (Bishop Cronyn's father was a successful shoemaker in the City of Kilkenny, in Ireland,) to have attained the staff and mitre, by the voice of a learned body of clergymen, and a still larger body of laymen, was the work of an astute mind, and an eloquent tongue,

* When thinking or writing of the affairs of the Church in London, Our Saviour's indignant rebuke of those who trafficked in the Temple of God, always presents itself to my mind. *Vide* xxi. Matt., 13 v.

besides much perseverance and vigilance. The essential qualifications to accomplish such a task, Dr. Cronyn possesses in an eminent degree. Doctor Cronyn is undoubtedly, considered to be a clever man, which is but an equivocal compliment, but no amount of talent can atone for the want of that singleness of purpose and unostentatious piety, which should distinguish a Bishop.

Doctor Cronyn is the first Bishop elected in Canada, and prior to the time of election, his character was publicly assailed by many of the clergy, as well as laity. His neglect of his parochial duties, and turn for speculation, were freely discussed; and his qualifications, as contrasted with those of the rival candidate for the episcopate, the Venerable Archdeacon of York, Dr. Bethume, were disparagingly spoken of; but as soon as the election was decided in his favor, the whole Synod, by a generous impulse acting in the spirit of Church Unity, congratulated him on his elevation to the episcopate, as warmly and with as much apparent satisfaction, as if by the process of election, they considered the man whom they had branded as an unfaithful steward, and worldly minded priest, could be converted into a heavenly-minded Bishop. Such want of consistency and principle, is indefensible.

A Bishop of the Church, is too important a personage to escape public notice, and his character,

ought to shine as a beacon light to the whole body of the Church, but the right man to put in the right place is not likely to present himself, to pass through the ordeal of Synodical election, constituted as our Synods are. At this first election of a bishop, for the Diocese of Huron, the evil effect of the popular election, was clearly manifest, for the man chosen, has been too notoriously suspected, and accused of being more governed by motives of wordly distinction than by spiritual considerations.

If we contrast the characters of the two first Bishops in Upper Canada, we must in fairness concede the superiority to Dr. Strachan; for although he has lived and enjoyed unbounded influence in the Councils of the State, as well as of the Church, and has had opportunities of enriching himself far beyond those of any other Bishop of the Church of England in Canada, he has never betrayed a disposition to mix up his purely temporal interests with those of the Church. His characteristics were of a higher order. His ambition was lofty, if his conduct were arbitrary; his love for wordly distinction did not outstrip his desire to extend the interests and usefulness of the Church. His great aim was to aggrandize the Church, and himself as the head of it, in his extensive Diocese. Dr. Strachan has not sought to make his own temporal concerns the first consideration; but the object of Dr. Cronyn's ambi-

tion appear to be of an inferior description, and we cannot convey our estimate of his character, in terms more applicable, than will be found in the following extract from Milner's History of the Church of Christ, as applied to Macedonius:—

“ At the same time died Alexander of Constantinople, aged 98 years. His clergy asked him in his dying moments, whom he would recommend as his successor. ‘ If you seek a man of exemplary life, and able to instruct you,’ says he, ‘ you have Paul; if you desire a man of secular skill, and one who knows how to maintain an interest among the great, and to preserve an appearance of religion, Macedonius is preferable.’”*

The Church of England in Upper Canada, is said to number one third of the population, but in the Talbot Settlement, and in the Rural Districts generally, one fifth would be an over estimate, and

* Bishop Stewart, of Quebec, was a perfect contrast to the Bishops I have been speaking of. He was the embodiment of simplicity itself. He visited the Settlement many years ago, on a tour of supervision. One day he came to me to inquire about the character of a man named Ebson. “ Poor fellow,” said his Lordship, “ he tells me he is very much in want of money, and that he could get some from Niagara, if I would *endorse* a bill for him. I should like to serve the poor man, if—” I told the Bishop that he might depend upon having to pay the money—if he endorsed the Bill, adding quite enough to deter the old gentleman from putting his name to the paper. Ebson would have asked the angel Gabriel to endorse, could he have met him.

this too, during a period when her wealth was more than equal to that of all other sects put together! How is this accounted for? Her doctrines are held to be more pure, her Liturgy unequalled, and her clergy more learned, and equally pious, to say the least. Then how is it that she does not gain ground with the rural population? The fault is in the aristocratic bearing, and worldly estate of her Hierarchy; and in the irresponsible character of her government; which, from the time of the Reformation, through the power vested in Bishops, has resisted all attempts to amend her constitution. This may be all right, but is the Church satisfied with the progress she is making among the people?

In the government of the State, every subject can indulge in the hope of having his complaints listened to, and the evils of which he complains rectified; not so in the Church, for there he must not only submit to the powers that be, but should he be rash enough to object, and say, that these powers are not as they *should be*, he will very likely be branded as a schismatic or pestilent fellow, and left to seek relief, by joining some other Church. Now, however, we may sympathize with weak members, who apostatize, because their grievances are not redressed at once, it is, nevertheless, the duty of the Church, and those who administer her affairs, to give as little cause of complaint as possible. Rather they should be forward to rectify existing abuses.

In the Church of England, Bishops as well as others, are held to be fallible, it is, therefore, not surprising that they should frequently err, supported as they generally are, in any course they may think proper to take, in the exercise of their episcopal functions, by prominent men of the Church in every Diocese. In the Diocese of Huron, it is difficult to say whether the Bishop is as much to blame for the scandalous state of things existing in the Church in London, as some of those laymen who have always rendered themselves conspicuous in supporting his views, or may be in carrying out their own. In either case, the *Augean stable* ought to be cleansed, but it requires an Hercules to do it.

In every Diocese, nay, in every parish, there are always particular individuals, who will consider that they are fulfilling their religious duties when they are carrying out the views of the incumbent, without seemingly exercising their own judgment, or stopping to consider whether he is right or wrong; but in London, for many years, there have been prominent men, who have distinguished themselves by their determination to maintain a corrupt administration of Church affairs, almost without parallel in the Church. These individuals, although men of standing, and some of them wealthy, have acted as if they considered, that so long as they keep up an appearance of religion, and second the views of the

Bishop, they are at liberty to indulge in every sort of iniquity, which scandalizes even the very name of religion. These unsound pillars of the Church stop the mouths of less pretending Churchmen, whenever they presume to raise their voices against the disreputable traffic and jobbing which have been going on there for so many years. These are strong expressions, but what language can be too strong, to apply to men who make religion a cloak for every sin. It is true in this world, the evil is ever mingled with the good, but it is nevertheless our duty, on all occasions when the opportunity serves, to reprobate vice and cultivate virtue. The progress of religion, however, will be very slow, while the heads of the Church act on the principle that the end justifies the means, and pay little attention to the moral conduct of individuals, so long as they do not oppose the schemes of the Bishop and his clergy. If this be the state of the Church, at the fountain head, what must it be in the remote parishes. However, in these, the money temptation is not so great.

It is in no captious spirit we make these remarks. The interests of religion are too important, to be trifled with, or to be dealt with as merchandize or real estate speculations! What is the consequence of all the contest for worldly estate in the Church? Bishops and clergy must live, and be respectably

supported; but do they so live, and are they so supported? Half the clergy, it is well known, only subsist on a miserably inadequate maintenance. Yet the revenues of the Church, from all sources would be ample, if her affairs were properly, I might say honestly, administered. More equalization of incomes, is one of the chief things required. But the full discussion of this subject would be out of place here.

I have elsewhere said, the Church of England members, in the Talbot Settlement, do not number over one fifth of the population, and I have estimated the population at 150,000. Now, if we deduct the *nominal*, that is those who contribute nothing, not even their prayers in Church, towards her support, from the real members, that is those who do contribute something, and who do support religion by their presence in church, one tenth would not be too low an estimate. With these remarks we may leave the subject to over zealous members of the Church, to consider where the fault lies.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of whatever deforms and disgraces the cause of religion, to review the characters of clergymen, who adorn their profession. Of such characters there are many in the Church. In the Talbot Settlement there are some, who have pursued the even tenor of their ways with exemplary fidelity and unostentatious piety.

The Rev. Richard Flood of Caradoc, has labored with unvarying zeal for thirty years, among the Indians at Munsey Town, and his parishoners in Caradoc and Delaware, without our even once hearing of such disgraceful squalls, as frequently occur in other parishes. And the Rev. Mr. Holland, (now at Fort Erie) for many years the incumbent of Dunwich, above Port Talbot, lived in peace and harmony among his parishoners, without creating any of those religious feuds in his congregation, which are elsewhere of such frequent occurrence. Such men do much towards fostering the true spirit of Christianity.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MULLMAN—THE COLONEL'S ATTENTION TO HIS SICK MAN—LONG SERMONS—WESTOVER'S MORALITY—EMIGRATION AND OLD COUNTRYEEN.

Colonel Talbot, like many other persons who are supposed to live out of the world, was never at a loss for news, and was not easily taken by surprise. Whenever any unwelcome visitor or *rough customer* meditated a descent on Port Talbot, the Colonel was made aware of it, and prepared accordingly. Many persons who had taken up lots of land, were slow to fulfil the conditions of the contract, and make the stipulated improvement; in such cases, after waiting

more than a reasonable time, the land was given out to others. The parties who thus lost their claims, were generally undeserving characters, and considered themselves hardly treated, when they were only justly served. One of these persons, hearing that he had been reported as a defaulter to the Colonel, anticipating what would follow, determined to save his land, if possible; and therefore proceeded at once to Port Talbot. On his way up he stopped at old Water's Inn, and having imbibed a doze of courage, in the shape of brandy, made it known to all then and there present, that he was on his way to scold Colonel Talbot for taking his land from him and giving it to an Irishman. On the following day, as the Colonel was sitting in his room, conversing with two of his acquaintance, he espied the Mullman (an Highlander from the Island of Mull) in the distance, and shortly after, as he accompanied his friends out to take leave, he saw him still approaching, and called out, "halt, you d——d rascal, did you not threaten yesterday, to break every bone in my skin," —then turned quickly, and walked back into his room. The cool effrontery of the Mullman was inimitable. He walked boldly into the kitchen, drew a chair to the table, where the servants were at dinner, and took a hearty meal. At night he poked himself very comfortably into one of the men-servants beds, with as little ceremony as a passenger in a steamb oat,

in want of a berth, and in the morning took his seat at the breakfast table, and helped himself bountifully. He then stretched himself out on a settee till dinner-time, when, having made his bow to the beef and greens, he was about to resume his couch, but Jeffry beginning to consider that the Mullman was an uninvited guest, reported progress to the Colonel. "Sir," says he, "here's a strange sort of man in the kitchen." "Well, what does he want?" says the Colonel. "Why, he helps himself, seemingly, to everything he wants. "I know what he don't want!" "What's that, Jeffry?" "A good appetite, Sir—he eats as if he had been used to it all his life." "Call him here," says the Colonel, who perceived that his old favorite Jeffry, had only just began at the first end of a long story. When the man appeared, the Colonel asked him what the deuce he meant by quartering himself upon him so unceremoniously. The Scotsman very composedly replied. "I will na gang awa the year, nor never, "until you gie me my land back again. "Take it!" said the Colonel, "and go to the deil with it, and if ever I see you back here, it will be my turn to break bones."

The Mullman went away satisfied, telling every one he met, that the only plan to get along with the Colonel, was to stick to him as a barnacle to the rock. This is one of many instances, where persons

measured the Colonel's benevolent disposition, by their own deserts, and represented him, like the noble-men in the gospel, as an *austere man*. Whereas the love of justice was the most predominant in his character.

In the year 1840, as related by Mr. Munro, an incident occurred at Port Talbot, which exhibits the goodness of the Colonel's heart. One of his hired men fell sick, but had a strong prejudice against Medical men, and their medicines. The Colonel knowing this, and being aware that the young man had no relations in the country, administered some medicine himself, and attended him in the capacity of nurse as well as doctor. By the Colonel's assiduous aid and attentions, the lad soon recovered his health and strength, and faithfully served his benefactor for a year after, when he received every fraction of his wages, without abatement for the time he had been sick, and left the Colonel with feelings of reverence and gratitude, amounting almost to idolization. To this day, the young man's estimation of the Colonel's goodness, is such, that he will permit nobody to say a disrespectful word of his master, doctor and friend, with impunity.

Many amusing anecdotes of the Colonel's ready wit and sarcastic humour, are related among the settlers. Among others, the proverbial penuriousness of Scotchmen, did not escape his observation. A young

clergymen was sent as a missionary into the Township where he lived, and like too many of the cloth, knew better how to begin his sermon than when to stop. Colonel Talbot being at dinner with the Bishop, himself a Scotchman, a friend remarked that the Rev.—, the young missionary, preached intolerably long sermons, which was a matter of complaint among his hearers. "Aye, my Lord," said the Colonel, "and I never knew anybody that could bear a long sermon, but a Scotchman when he pays for it."

It may very well be imagined, that in the early days of the Settlement, morality was at a very low ebb. As far as common honesty goes, the people, generally, were tolerably moral. That is to say, they would neither steal their neighbor's property, nor tell a direct lie; nor would they allow a stranger to starve at their doors; but the more enlarged virtues of christian morality, such as benevolence and honor, it was scarcely to be expected, under the instructions of the religious teachers we have described, that the early settlers should excel in. An instance of the lax state of morality which prevailed in those days, may be mentioned. A friend, who had been requested by a distant proprietor to have an eye to some land which he owned in the settlement, and on which trespassers were cutting off the timber to make staves, upbraided a neighbor who lived on

land adjoining, for allowing a man's land to be robbed in that sort of way, without doing anything to stop such glaring rascality. "Why, what can I do," said Westover, and why should I trouble myself about it? "At least," said his friend, "you can inform those who are more interested, so that they may detect the thieves." "Oh, it's none of my business," or some such reply followed. "But," says the other, "don't you know that you are bound by the golden rule, which requires that *you should do unto others, as you would they should do to you.*" That's true," naively retorted Westover, but I guess that rule works both ways, why, look here, neighbor, *If I was taking the timber, I should'nt want you to inform agin me.*"

During the early period of the Talbot Settlement when the country was but little improved, the most of those who found their way into it were emigrants from the United States, and a good many of the settlers from the Niagara District: but in process of time, old countrymen from England, Ireland and Scotland, came in considerable numbers. Among these emigrants, foremost were many Highland Scotchmen, who purchased their lands from the Canada Company, in the Township of Yarmouth, and others who took up lands in Ekfrid and Mosa. These were among the very poorest class of settlers, and for many years had to work very hard, not only in

clearing their land, and in raising crops and cattle, to subsist their families; but to obtain money to pay the instalments due on their lands. These poor people, were no doubt inured to hardships and privations in their own native country, and therefore were no strangers to misery. Of this, they had quite enough to contend with in Canada, but after many years, hard struggling, they have made themselves independent, having fine farms scattered throughout the Settlement, and on the occasion of either a wedding or a funeral, old and young, lads and lasses, display no inconsiderable amount of wealth, in horses, carriages, and personal adornments. The old folks speak little but the Gaelic, but the young people are quite as good in English as Gaelic.

The Irish emigrants have been of a more mixed class, and have not been altogether so prudent and prosperous as the Scotch. Still most of them have improved their condition by coming to Canada. Those of them who have had most to endure and suffer, were the educated class, with slender means and too much pride. Descriptive of this class, was a remark of John Harris'. Once Mr. Harris met with some gentlemen from various parts of the Province, in Toronto, and the conversation turned on the number and quality of the emigrants, who had become settlers within a few years. Each was contending that his part of the country had received the great-

est accession of respectable settlers, but Harris settled the point beyond dispute, by the following laconic retort. "Why, d——in me," said he, "in the London District, we have one Township all gentlemen." This was the Township of Adelaide, where a large number of old soldiers, who had commuted for their pensions, and had received land in exchange, had settled themselves, or rather tried to do so; and if they had not the education and manners of gentlemen, they did not want for independence of feeling, and thriftless habits. Among them were settled many respectable Irish families, whose members were well fitted to adorn a drawing room, and display their eloquence, garnished with the rich flavor of accent, for which Irish ladies and gentlemen are so conspicuous. A nephew of the great Curran, Captain Curran, was among the number. But the discipline of civilized life, was soon lost in the woods, and neither the Irish gentleman nor the old soldier afforded any quarter to the prostrate porker, who came under the operation of his knife. However, a number of these settlers have been *seeded down*, and the probability is, that a more industrious race, tho' less polished, will have arisen in their stead.

At one time, St. Thomas, which might very well be considered the capital of the settlement, was the head-quarters of a numerous party of English emi-

grants, who had been tenant farmers, small landed proprietors, and tradesmen. There could be no mistaking them, they were genuine Englishmen; for if their dialect did not convince you of this, their John bullism was sure to do it. They had grumbled themselves out of England, and the same spirit accompanied them to Canada. They blustered and swore in a manner, quite novel to the old settlers. These, it is true, could too frequently indulge in profanity much more wicked, than Englishmen are accustomed to, but their oaths did not seem to spring from such a full stomach. Then the hearty contempt which they appeared to entertain for everything outside of England, except themselves, would have been insufferable, had experience not taught the old settlers that all this Anglo-patriotism, would soon be subdued by the frosty and healthy climate of Canada.

Many of the English settlers, however, are among the best, and most wealthy farmers of this, and every other part of Canada. They soon become acclimated, and enjoy a degree of freedom and independence not exceeded, if attained, in any other part of the world. Thousands of them, who might have lived in the old country all their lives, without ever being the owners of horses and cattle, have them here in abundance, besides being the proprietors of valuable freehold estates. It is astonishing however,

till very recently, how ignorant people in England were, of everything relating to Canada.*

Other emigrants came into the settlement from Nova Scotia, and have, generally, done well. Accustomed in their own country, to poor soil and a hard climate, their industry and frugal habits, well fitted them to succeed in Canada. The Nova Scotians in the settlement, are the best maple sugar makers, and produce large quantities annually, of the finest quality, both powdered, and in the cake.

Much has been said and written on the subject of immigration, and various schemes have been proposed, with the view of attracting a large number of emigrants to Canada. It has been felt, that by far the larger number of those who leave Europe, find their way into the United States. But this is not to be wondered at, for that portion of North America, was first peopled by British settlers, whose relatives and connexions followed, till those states became more and more populous. Another reason why the United States does, and will continue to receive larger numbers of emigrants than Canada, is, that the climate of that portion of the continent of North

* As an instance of the ignorance which prevailed in England, not many years since, I may mention, that an Englishman who emigrated to Canada, and has been living in the settlement about 20 years, being much afflicted with tooth ache, and apprehensive that there were no dentists in Canada, took the precaution of having all his teeth drawn, before he left! and he has done without teeth ever since.

America, is more congenial to the feelings of the people of almost every other part of the world. The numerous harbors too, of the United States, accessible to ships from sea all the year round, is another great reason why immigration flows more in that direction. The climate of Canada, we know, is salubrious, and the soil fertile, but we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact, that the United States possess advantages, which nature has denied to Canada. For this, and other reasons, while we should encourage immigration all in our power, we ought not to expect that Canada can compete with the United States in this respect, so long as they have immense tracts of land to offer to emigrants, at nominal prices, and under climates suitable to people from every part of the globe.

Any strained efforts to tempt emigrants into Canada, will fail in their effect, because the emigrants will leave Canada as fast as they come into it, if they find the United States more attractive. Canada will, undoubtedly grow and prosper, and emigrants will continue to take up their abode in it, but they will be of that class, who prefer a monarchical to a republican government, and who like the climate. The best and most useful class of settlers will be those, who from choice, select Canada for their home. Twenty years ago, when Canada was much less known, than at present, three times as

many emigrants came in; and they will come, in as large numbers again, whenever Europe has the the same amount of redundant population, that it had then.

The Country embraced within the Talbot Settlement has received as large a proportion of the emigrants, who have found their way into Canada, as any District of similar extent, and the settlers more generally have been of the laboring class. These contribute more to the wealth of the country, than those who bring money without labor, and spend it on objects which do not stimulate production. This is the case when a gentlemen with a few hundreds or thousands of pounds, purchases land at a high price, near a town or city, and does not raise crops or revenue enough from it, to pay interest on the purchase money. The man he bought it from has most likely gone off to another country with the money, and the owner, through want of proper industry, has been impoverished, the land has to be sold for less than he gave for it, and to the same extent the wealth of the country has been diminished. Had the original owner continued to occupy it, he would have made it produce sufficient for all his wants, and something more, but the gentleman farmer has neither worked it himself, nor has he employed proper persons to do it for him. But he has eaten the value of it up, and becomes an incum-

brance of his own land. The fewer we have of such settlers, the more is the country likely to prosper

CHAPTER XX.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE TALBOT ANNIVERSARY—COLONEL TALBOT'S PRINCIPLES AND HABITS—TEMPERANCE—THE COLONEL'S DECLINING YEARS.

Since the foregoing portion of this biography came out of the Press, I have been fortunate enough to obtain, through the kindness of Samuel Price, Esq., of Port Stanley, the original correspondence which took place at the time of establishing the Talbot Anniversary. These original documents were preserved by Major Nevills, the Secretary of the Meeting, to which they refer, and of which Meeting the notorious John Rolph was a prominent member; and although he afterwards turned traitor to his country, the Secretary never did. On the contrary, Major Nevills, who is now a very old man, has always borne a high character in the settlement, for his loyalty and bravery, and always ranked high in Colonel Talbot's esteem; because the Colonel knew well he could always depend on him, in peace or in war. Major Nevills' sentiments and conduct well accorded with his personal appearance, which was manly and handsome. He was, in earlier life, the Captain of a loyal company of settlers,

always ready to take the field, whether in physical warfare, or in political contests. His name was a tower of strength in the settlement, and his beautiful farm on Yarmouth heights, was the resort of many of the best men of the Settlement.

The Address to Colonel Talbot, is just such as we might expect from the men who signed it, and the note of J. Rolph, appended, exhibits the zeal with which he favored the Talbot Anniversary. Colonel Burwell's pompous address to the People of Talbot Road, and the way they treated it, at a meeting held by them 21st May, 1817, as per Resolutions subjoined, affords pretty good evidence that we have not been mistaken in our estimate of his character, and that Colonel Talbot had some reason to suspect his judgment. It has been supposed that Burwell was jealous of Rolph's growing influence, and the result showed he had reason to be; for Rolph became his opponent, and defeated him at the polls. This was the secret of Burwell's affectation of conscientious scruples, about interfering with *solemn days appointed to be celebrated yearly, in commemoration of the death or martyrdom of Saints, or the days when men were wont to pray for the souls of their deceased friends!* 1 Ed., 6th chap. 14th. However, Colonel Talbot had no such feelings of false delicacy as Burwell imagined, and his frank and manly letter bore ample evidence of this. A gener-

ous mind, which has been devoted to the welfare of others, as well as that of self, has no reason to shrink from the well deserved compliments of those who have been benefitted; for the great incentive to all virtuous actions, is to deserve well of those whom we intend to serve, and the public acknowledgement of such services, where many have been benefitted, is the best reward a man can receive in this life. But no such generous impulse actuated Burwell, and, it is said, he found out that he had made a mistake in addressing the People, and afterwards recanted. Certainly, if he failed to prevent the institution of the Talbot Anniversary, it was strongly suspected that he succeeded in causing it to be discontinued, by forcing it over to London, where it was soon allowed to die a natural death.

(CORRESPONDENCE.)

YARMOUTH, 6th March, 1817.

SIR—

I am directed, as secretary, by a numerous meeting on the Talbot Anniversary, on the 8th March, to transmit the inclosed address to you. I am further directed to inform you, that a chair is to be left perpetually vacant in your name, which is to be filled by you only, or by your descendants in future ages.

In assuring you of the warmth and cordiality with which the above motions were approved, I individually express the very particular respect with which, I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient
and humble servant,

JAMES NEVILLS,
Secretary.

To the Hon. Colonel Talbot
Port Talbot.

I sent the above letter in your name, and Colonel Talbot's answer to you is inclosed.

J. ROLPH.

SIR—

Having assembled to commemorate the institution of this highly favored settlement, we beg leave to present you with the tribute of that high respect, which we collectively express, but which we individually feel. From the earliest commencement of this happy Patriarchy, we date all the blessings we now enjoy; and regarding you as its Founder, its Patron, and its Friend, we most respectfully beg leave to associate your name with our infant institution. To your first arrival at Port Talbot we refer, as the auspicious hour, which gave birth to the happiness and independence we all enjoy, and this day commemorate. In grateful remembrance of your unexampled hospitality and disinterested zeal in our behalf; and contemplating with interested feelings the astonishing progress of our increasing settlement, under your friendly patronage and Patriarchal care, we have unanimously appointed the 21st May, for the Talbot Anniversary. And this public expression of the happiness among ourselves, and of our gratitude to you, we transmit through our children to our latest posterity.

We beg you will accept this assurance of our regard and veneration, not as the voice of adulation, but as the language of conscious obligation and heartfelt sincerity.

Signed in the name of the meeting, by

J. WILSON, P.

L. Patterson, V. P.

The above address having been presented to the Hon. Colonel Talbot, he was pleased to return the following answer.

The answer accompanies the letter inclosed to you.

The Secretary to the Talbot Anniversary, Mr Adj. James Nevills, should prepare a statement to be published—and he should keep on record all the proceedings of the day. Should pen, ink and paper be scarce, the Adjutant knows where he can get as much as he wants by riding up for it.

J. ROLPH.

To Mr. Secretary James Nevills,
Adjutant 1st Regt. Middlesex Militia. &c., &c., Yarmouth

To the Inhabitants of the Talbot Settlement:—

Gentlemen.—

Accept my hearty thanks, in return for the flattering address which you have been pleased, so unexpectedly, to honor me with.

I am highly gratified to hear that you are not insensible of the exertions I have made to advance the welfare of this part of the Province, for which I am amply compensated by witnessing this day the assemblage of so Loyal and respectable a body of settlers; and I have not any doubt but that in a very few years, our country will exhibit in a conspicuous degree, the superiority of our soil and labors. The surest pledge we can give for its confirmation, is to preserve the continuance of the admirable industry and harmony which has hitherto so happily prevailed throughout the Talbot Settlement, and you may be assured that there shall not be any want of attention on my part to promote as far as lies in my power, your general interest.

You do me infinite honor, by associating my name with your infant institution, which, I most ardently trust may be productive of social and virtuous enjoyments, and never become the vehicle of calumny, and party intrigue.

I intreat you individually to receive my sincere wishes that you and your families may long partake of every comfort that this life affords.

I am, Gentlemen,

ever, your faithful friend.

THOMAS TALBOT.

PORT TALBOT,

10th March, 1817.

To the People of Talbot Road:—

Gentlemen.—

Having seen the Prospectus to an Anniversary lately instituted at Doctor Lee's Hotel; and the copy of an address to Colonel Talbot, on the subject; I think it my duty to inform the public that I am decidedly opposed to the Institution. It is certainly premature.

I am never inclined to make opposition to anything, without being capable of rendering reasons for so doing. At the same time, I beg to be understood as not meaning disrespect to the gentlemen who composed that Association. On the contrary, I have a high respect for most of them.

The Law of the Land, defines Anniversary days to be

"solemn days appointed to be celebrated yearly, in commemoration of the death or martyrdom of Saints, or the days whereon, at the return of every year men were wont to pray for the souls of their deceased friends." 1 Ed. 6. chap. 14th.

If the worthy personage to whom the Address was presented, had departed this life. If he was no more—I will not now inform the world, nor insult his sense of delicacy by saying what part I would take in the foundation of such an Institution. At present he is amongst us,—We know his exertions to get the fine tract of country we inhabit, settled. And he knows what our exertions have been to settle it. Without saying anything more respecting him,—we know him. And from the progress we have made, not in fine Anniversary addresses, but in meliorating the rude wilderness; the world may judge whether we have not such feelings and understandings as we ought to have. And whether we can appreciate its worth, without proclaiming it on the house tops—and making ourselves ridiculous.

However high and respectable any person may be, and whatever his exertions may have been for the public good—the industrious population ought not to permit an act, which by its fulsomeness, would be insulting to him, or beneath their own dignity. And whatever may be the object of designing persons, the Yeomanry of the country should never do anything that the observing world would be obliged to call prostitution to flattery.

The inhabitants of this new and extensive chain of settlement, are bearing the burden in the heat of the day. Most of us have increasing families, and must exert ourselves to support them. We can therefore but ill afford to pay our cash for attending far-fetched Anniversaries, public festivities, cordial unions, &c., as they are called in the Prospectus before alluded to; knowing, at the same time, that such Associations would have a tendency to lead us imperceptibly to scenes of dissipation, and must like the baseless fabric of a vision, fall to the ground.

I am, with sincere regard,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and humble serv't,

M. BURWELL.

SOUTHWOLD, Talbot Road, 18th April, 1817.

On the 21st May, was held at Doctor Lee's Hotel, in Yarmouth, the Talbot Anniversary, to commemorate the Institution of the Talbot Settlement, the President and Vice President, Capts Secord and Rappleje directed the Address from Lieut. Colonel Burwell to the People of the Talbot Settlement, in opposition to the Anniversary, as well as his letter to the Secretary, on the same subject, to be submitted to the meeting. The Anniversary was attended by seventy-five persons. The above papers being read, the resolutions were discussed, and unanimously adopted. 1st Resolution.--It is the opinion of this meeting, that it was highly unbecoming for Lieut. Colonel Burwell, in such a manner to obtrude his opinion on a subject respecting which, every man should think for himself; his individual voice is not to sway the public mind, or overrule the popular opinion. 2nd Resolution.--It is the opinion of this meeting, that Lieut. Colonel Burwell's remarks upon the address voted to Colonel Talbot, merely on account of his being the friend and founder of this Settlement, as most indelicate and obtrusive. From Colonel Talbot's address, it is very evident he was himself too liberal to insult us with such gross and illnatured animadversions, and it is again unanimously repeated, that Colonel Talbot is deserving of our respect, for his uniform zeal and exertions in behalf of this settlement. 3rd Resolution.--It is the opinion of this meeting, that Lieut. Colonel Burwell's letter to the Secretary, is written in the most disrespectful manner, but as it is the unanimous wish of this meeting to prevent the Anniversary from any further becoming the vehicle of calumny or party intrigue, the Secretary is directed to rigidly forbear entering into any future discussion with Lieut. Colonel Burwell, on the subject of his unbecoming interference, being most fully convinced that a reference, even to Johnson's Dictionary, will correct his strange and unaccountable mistake, as to the nature and design of Protestant Anniversaries. 4th Resolution. The thanks of the meeting are presented to the Committee for their highly honorable and independent conduct.

(A true copy.)

JAMES NEVILLS
Secretary.

In the progress of this narrative we have seen that Colonel Talbot was governed in all his transactions by the highest principles of honor, and by the unswerving rules of justice, tempered with benevo-

lence. His perseverance was indefatigable. No act of meanness could ever be laid to his charge. His ambition was that of a noble character, and of a useful kind. He sought, no doubt, to acquire an estate, to support the dignity of the Talbots de Malahide, but while doing so, he was never unmindful of the welfare of all who had settled under his auspices. Nothing affecting the welfare of his settlers escaped his notice, and, unlike many other men of exalted rank, his judgment was never swayed by flattery, nor his favor won by obsequiousness. His lofty pride was sustained solely by a consciousness of right. He acquired a large estate, it is true, but no man ever acquired one by fairer or more honorable means. Of this, we have the most incontestible proof, from the fact, that while Colonel Talbot expended a fortune in the acquisition of his property, the poorest of his settlers, who were even moderately prudent and industrious, became independent too, and have bequeathed to their offspring valuable estates surrounded with all the elements of prosperity.

If, in the sequel of this biography, we have occasion to narrate occurrences, which may seem to militate against the high estimate we have formed of Colonel Talbot's judgment and character, the cause will be found in the infirmities of old age, and in the fallibility of human nature. During the latter portion of his life, indeed for many years previous, the

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Colonel was not considered by some persons, abstemi-
ous, and there is little doubt, but that the loneliness of
his situation, induced him to partake more freely of
wine and ardent spirits, than he would otherwise
have done, but his iron frame and robust constitu-
tion, enabled him to bear more indulgence of this
kind, than most other men, without apparent injury.
The writer has frequently been a guest at his table,
and partaken of his hospitality, and never observed
that the Colonel indulged immoderately, or lost his
habitual presence of mind. Indeed his frequent
intercourse with men of the highest rank, during the
greater portion of his life, must go far to shew that
he was not the slave of so debasing a vice as intem-
perance. Admitting, however, for arguments' sake
that Colonel Talbot did indulge freely in the use of
ardent spirits, or of the common beverage of the
country, Canadian whiskey, what a contradiction
does his life present to the assertions of those stren-
uous advocates of teetotalism, who contend that all
fermented liquors are poison, and that all, who either
manufacture or vend them, except to be used as
medicines, are murderers. How few of the advocates
of total abstinence can measure their lives by that of
Colonel Talbot, who lived in full possession of his
mental faculties, fourscore years.

Temperance is commendable in all men, and at
all times, but it is questionable whether in the early

part of the Settlement of Canada, many of the settlers could have struggled through the difficulties and privations that they had to undergo, without something to stimulate and cheer them on, through the dreary road of life in the woods. It may be quite easy for men in a more civilized state of society, with every sort of luxury and comfort to pick and choose upon to forego even the moderate use of liquor, in exchange for some other sensual gratification; but place the same men in the backwoods of Canada, half a century ago, with a scanty supply of the coarsest kind of food, with years of toil and privation staring them in the face, and they would be glad to make use of whatever their Allwise Creator sets before them, for nourishment or enjoyment. He who told the Israelites by the voice of his servant Moses. (14 chap. Deut., 27 v.) "And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth, and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household," never intended that the course and order of his Wise Providence, should be altered by man. The Holy Scriptures teem with passages authorizing the use of the juice of the grape, and every year the earth produces grain and fruit, to be converted into fermented liquors; and yet men clothed with a little brief au-

thority—poor weak men, who are incapable of keeping the least of God's laws and commandments,—such weak fallible creatures as these, will attempt to make a law to deprive their fellow creatures of the proper use of those things which they possess, only through the bounty of His Divine Providence.

It is no argument against the moderate use of liquor, to prove that men get drunk, and commit every sort of crime, for it is equally true, that they commit every other sort of crime before they get drunk; this is only an argument against *intemperance*, which is condemned in every page of Scripture. Intemperance, unlike most other crimes, carries with it, its own punishment, and is most frequently resorted to, to drown the sense of guilt of most other crimes, which makes the picture more disgusting and horrid, but the cure for this evil must be the same as for all other vices, namely, Christian Morality. Any attempt to improve upon the Moral Laws of God, must argue a very defective sense of the duties of Christianity.

CHAPTER XXI.

COLONEL AIREY—COLONEL TALBOT GOES TO ENGLAND
—DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE COLONEL AND
COLONEL AIREY.

The Founder of the Talbot Settlement, as far as

he progress of the Settlement is considered, lived to see his work accomplished, and the prosperity of his settlement completely established; but as far as relates to the family estate, and his design to found one, he seems lamentably to have failed, through circumstances which arose in the last few years of his life. It is a source of regret, that the mantle of oblivion, should seem to have overshadowed his once powerful and sagacious mind, for sometime previous to his decease. These circumstances we shall endeavor to trace with as much regard to brevity, as truth and candour require.

For many years previous to his death, it appears to have been the desire of Colonel Talbot,—a desire consistent with his aristocratic descent,—to bequeath his large estate to one of the male descendants of the Talbot family, and with this view he had many years ago invited one of his sister's sons, Julius Airey, to reside with him at Port Talbot. This young gentleman accordingly came to reside there, but the dull monotonous life he was obliged to lead, and the Colonel's eccentricities, were ill calculated to engage the affections of a youth just verging on manhood; so after rustication, without companions or equals in either birth or education, for one or more years, he returned to England; and relinquished whatever claims he might consider he had on Port Talbot.

After some years, Colonel Airey, Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, succeeded to the expectations of his younger brother, and came with his family to reside at Port Talbot. Correspondence which had taken place between Colonel Talbot, and this, his nephew, seemed to justify Colonel Airey in the expectation, that he was to succeed to his Uncle's valuable estate, and the interests of a rising family, required some sacrifice on his part. These considerations it may be presumed, operated with Colonel Airey, and led him conditionally to relinquish his post at the Horse Guards.

Colonel Airey was no stranger to Port Talbot, for he had visited his Uncle there, while acting as secretary to the then Governor General, Lord Aylmer, and subsequently, during the outbreak of 1837, while commanding the 34th Regiment, he was quartered with his Regiment, for some weeks at St. Thomas, only 12 miles distant. He now came out, it was thought, to reside permanently at Port Talbot. From this time Colonel Talbot's bodily infirmities and disagreements of another kind, worked powerfully on his once vigorous constitution, and brought on the illness from which he never fully recovered.

Had Colonel Talbot's intentions, when Colonel Airey arrived in the country, been carried out, he would have lived and died at Port Talbot. He had intended that his nephew should occupy some part

of the estate at a convenient distance from his own residence, so that he might continue to live on in his own old fashioned way, and avoid those interferences and jarrings, which are so apt to occur between relations. But this intention was by some means overruled, and in a few months the rookery was converted into a more convenient and spacious mansion. Colonel Talbot and Colonel Airey, however, were not altogether birds of a feather, and it soon proved that they could not live together. The former had been accustomed for the greater portion of his life, to suit the convenience of his domestics, and in common with the inhabitants of the country, to dine at noon; the latter was accustomed to wait for the buglecall, till 7 o'clock in the evening. Colonel Talbot could, on special occasions, accommodate himself to the habits of his guests, but to be regularly harnessed up for the mess every day, was too much to expect from so old a man; no wonder he kicked in the traces. He soon came to the determination of keeping up a separate establishment, and another spacious mansion was erected adjoining Colonel Airey's, where he might, he thought, live as he pleased. But all would not do, *the old bird had been disturbed in his nest*, and he could not be reconciled. He therefore determined on leaving Canada, to spend the residue of his days in retirement, in England, or on the continent. With this intention he took his

departure from Port Talbot, but was seized with a severe attack of sickness at London, C. W., and there remained for several weeks in a dangerous state. Being now near eighty years of age, it was never imagined by those who saw him, that he would rise again from the bed on which he lay. While in this dangerous state, he had apartments in the house of the late John Harris, Esq., and the most marked and unremitting attentions were paid to him, by the members of that gentleman's amiable family. And it is a matter of regret to the Colonel's friends, that he failed before his death, to make some suitable acknowledgement, or to bequeath some memorable token, to mark his sense of the obligation he was under, for the great care taken of him by Mr. Harris' family. But from this time, all remembrance of former friends seems to have forsaken him, and he became as it were, a child in the hands of his active manager, George McBeth.

To the astonishment of all who knew him, and the state he was in, Colonel Talbot rallied, and at his advanced age, set out on his voyage for England. By easy stages he reached the Atlantic, accomplished the voyage to Europe, where he remained a year or so, and then retraced his steps to Canada.

If it were painful to witness the departure of so distinguished a settler, after a residence of nearly

half a century, from the shores of Canada, bowed down with age and infirmities; it was no less distressing to see him return, to seek a humble abode on the outskirts of the magnificent estate, which no longer belonged to him! Here those friends who had been in the habit of visiting him and partaking of his hospitality, while he remained the lordly proprietor of Port Talbot, found him after his return from England, cooped up in a small room, a lodger in the house of Mrs. Hunter, the widow of his old faithful servant Jeffry. This spot, with the house upon it, the Colonel had provided for Jeffry's family, and from this spot, he could, through the woods, just catch a glimpse of the valuable property he had parted with to satisfy a debt due to honor only! Port Talbot was now tenanted by strangers, and its former high minded proprietor, who had known no superior in rank, in Canada, and who had maintained his independence and dignity, till nearly the close of an unusually long and useful life, lay a pitiable object, as it were, on the very threshold of the splendid estate, which he had acquired through many years of privation and perseverance. The cause of this change of condition may be easily traced.

CHAPTER XXII.

FINAL SETTLEMENT WITH COLONEL AIREY—GEORGE
McBETH.

Prior to his departure for England, to reconcile differences, or to satisfy his own conscience, the Colonel had made over to Colonel Airey, the Port Talbot Estate, worth, it is considered, £10,000, and 13,000 acres of land, in the adjoining Township of Aldboro'. This was not a moiety of the estate which Colonel Talbot possessed, and which Colonel Airey had reason to expect would descend to him, but the disagreements which have been alluded to, seem to have altered Colonel Talbot's mind on this subject. After remaining some time at Port Talbot, Colonel Airey, seeing, it is presumed, that he had acquired as much of the estate as he was likely to get, while Colonel Talbot was last in England, had rented Port Talbot to Mr. Saunders, an English gentleman, and returned with his family to England, to resume his post at the Horse Guards.

We have no desire to narrate the particulars of those differences, which arose between Colonel Talbot and his nephew, did we possess all the necessary information. There is no doubt, Colonel Talbot was arbitrary and self-willed. At Port Talbot he had never acknowledged any equal, and his great age, considering the secluded and independent life he had

led, must have tended to confirm him in many prejudices. He denied positively that he had held out any inducements to Colonel Airey, to come to Canada, but had assented reluctantly to Colonel Airey's own proposition, signifying that if he did come and settle at Port Talbot, he would leave him his property.

To relieve himself from this pledge, would appear to have been the reason for his dividing the estate. Colonel Airey, on the other hand, maintained that the Colonel had invited him out, and promised that he would settle his estate upon him. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that from the time of his arrival, Colonel Airey began to consider himself as the proprietor of his Uncle's property, and under this impression, desired to assume the management, and regulate Colonel Talbot's affairs. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been all right, but with Colonel Talbot it was all wrong. One incident will convey a tolerable idea, how things went on at Port Talbot, under the new regulations. The Hon. James Crooks, an acquaintance of Colonel Talbot's of 50 years standing, was travelling in the direction of Port Talbot, and naturally made a halt to see his old friend. It was Sunday, and the family were at Church, 5 miles distant. Colonel Talbot, as was his wont, wished to offer some refreshment, but so completely was everything

secured, under lock and key, that he could touch nothing in the shape of beverage. Most travellers on a journey, where a good Inn cannot be found for many miles, are glad to meet with any friend, who can afford them refreshment, and the Hon. Mr. Crooks, was just in this situation; therefore he could the more readily feel for the restraint under which Colonel Talbot appeared to be placed. This was a trifling incident, and might have occurred accidentally, but the bulk of family disputes and disagreements grow out of such trifles, and the position in which Colonel Airey had placed himself—required him to act with extreme delicacy towards his Uncle, who had no doubt become peevish and impatient, of anything like surveillance or interference with his settled habits. These differences, whatever might have been their cause, had the effect of dividing the Colonel's estate, and of causing him to end his days in a position very different from what his friends could have wished.

George McBeth whose name has been mentioned, had succeeded to the situation of Jeffry Hunter, and lived with Colonel Talbot for many years, but being a young man of better education, than his predecessor, and being very assiduous, in his attentions to his master, he acquired great influence over him in his latter years. McBeth had so gained the Colonel's good opinion, that he stood in the relation of a companion as well as servant. He accompanied

the Colonel twice in his voyages to and from England, and was his nurse and attendant in all his sickness. In fact, the Colonel treated him more like a son than a servant. George became his idol, and he had been so long accustomed to call George, and refer to him about everything connected with his affairs, that it seemed he could neither live nor die without George. The hold which George had thus acquired on the Colonel's affections, placed him in a position to defy all competitors for his old master's favor. He had completely ingratiated himself with the Colonel, before Colonel Airey came out to reside on the estate, and as the latter, we may very well suppose, was not disposed to recognize a rival in his Uncle's servant, we need be at no loss to conjecture how differences arose, and how a breach, when once made, was kept open. McBeth's position was calculated, however unintentional it might have been on his part, to be very offensive to a man of Colonel Airey's rank and expectations; and on the score of interest, if actuated by no higher motive, it was natural for McBeth to humour his old master, in all his prejudices and dislikes. Thus, we have a key to what followed.

The last will and testament of Colonel Talbot was read by H. C. Beecher, Esq., joint Executor with Mr. McBeth, over his grave, and the whole remainder of his estate, supposed to be worth £50,000, without a single bequest to friend or relative,

except an annuity of £20 to Mrs. Hunter, the widow of Jeffry, was bequeathed to George McBeth. The will was executed 14th December, 1852, in presence of Messrs. Shanley, Hutchlnson and Stoneman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF COLONEL TALBOT—REFLECTIONS—FUNERAL.

Having traced the career of Colonel Talbot to the close of what might be considered his public life, the remaining portion of his earthly existence furnishes little that is worthy of recording. We saw him last a lodger in the humble abode of Mrs. Hunter, with his attendant, George McBeth. Here he had caused an addition to be made to the house, to afford him more room, but so completely dependent had he become on George for all his wants and comfort, that he had to follow wherever he led. Now it happened that the occupant of Port Talbot had an interesting family, among whom, were several daughters, and George, or Mr. McBeth, he may now be called, having long been intimate with the residence, soon became so with the present residents, and while his old master, the hero of Port Talbot reclined on a log in the woods, which surrounded Mrs. Hunter's, Mr. McBeth made his toilette, and presented himself to the ladies at the Canadian Castle de Malahide. During this state of things at Port Talbot, it may

easily be imagined the Colonel had ample time to indulge in solitude. That Mr. McBeth's visits to Port Talbot were neither few nor far between, may be judged from the fact, that after the ordinary term of courtship, he obtained the hand of one of Mr. Saunders fair daughters, and removed with his bride to a residence which he had purchased in the town of London.

These changes were no doubt agreeable to Colonel Talbot, for he also removed to London, and resided at Mr. McBeth's till the day of his death, which occurred on the 6th February, 1853. With the exception of Mr. Beecher, in whom the Colonel had great confidence, nobody appears to have been present for sometime previous to his death, and although he suffered great pain, he was calm and collected, and his countenance after death, was composed and placid.

In the course of this biography we have observed that Colonel Talbot was not devoid of religious feeling; on the contrary, he manifested a desire to cultivate it; but unfortunately not by those means which mankind generally consider it their duty to make use of. And it is to the neglect of this duty, we may attribute the failure of Colonel Talbot's chief design, as far as regards his own family interests, in founding the Talbot Settlement. Many men, like Colonel Talbot, substitute their own benevolent designs, for the practice of religion; they neglect the ordinances

of religion, under the fatal delusion, that they are above the rules, which regulate the conduct of ordinary men. They are their own priests, and can perform their devotions in private, and be as charitable as those who pay more attention to the outward forms of religion. However that may be, they have left the highroad to Heaven, to follow their own by-paths—which may lead to a fearful precipice. By such a course they do not only condemn the wisdom of men, but they reject the counsel of God!

Let us contrast the lives of the two distinguished men, who started together on a long race, with at least equal advantages, Arthur Wellesly and Thos. Talbot, and what do we behold? The one scrupulously exact in his observance of the ordinances of religion, and in paying deference to the established religion of different nations, while the other, under very different circumstances, it is true, in his latter years particularly, afforded neither evidence nor example, of his attachment to any form of religion. The Duke of Wellington, we have reason to conclude, after having strode over the greater portion of the globe, through death and slaughter the most terrific, died with his *house set in order*, bequeathing his wealth and name to his son and heir, his frame and glory to the British nation. Colonel Talbot died almost beyond the reach of family or friends, in the arms of a stranger to his race and name, leaving the greater portion of a large and valuable

estate to his hired servant. This was certainly not what he intended to have done, till within a few years of his demise, but he had unfortunately placed himself beyond the reach of counsel or advice, and was no longer animated by these proper feelings of pride, which are highly honorable when based on rectitude.

From what we know, and from what has been stated of the life of Colonel Talbot, we can have little doubt, but that he was animated by a desire to do good, and that his aspirations were of a benevolent nature; but he lacked one thing. He was deficient in humility. He set out in life with the best intentions, but he neglected the only safe course to carry them out. Like many other great men, he relied too much on the strength of his own mind. We have seen that in early life, he did not neglect the ordinances of religion; he did not at once abandon those forms of devotion, with which he had become familiarized in the society of the civilized world; but the habit of self-reliance in religion, led him astray, as it has frequently done other men. The mind of man is so wonderfully constituted, that no matter how powerful the intellect, or how exalted the genius, if he does not implicitly rely on strength superior to his own, and habitually make use of the means which religion places within his reach, his strength becomes weakness. Of this great fact, history furnishes innumerable instances, and we have examples daily

before our eyes. Men may acquire wealth, fame and earthly glory, in this life, but if they have not made religion, the first and chief consideration, the hour of death is a blank space in their existence, and they have toiled for worse than nothing.

These reflections are proper, at all times, but more particularly so, when we are considering the lives of distinguished or extraordinary men.

The mortal remains of the Founder of the Talbot Settlement, were removed from London the day previous to their interment, 9th February, and by some mal-arrangement were deposited for the night in the barn or granary of Mr. Lewis, Innkeeper at Fingal. Great was the indignation and horror of many of the old settlers, when they learnt that the remains of their old benefactor had been so unworthily disposed of, for the last night they were to remain above ground. One old settler, or rather a son of one of the old settlers, Mr. Samuel Burwell, a faithful adherent of Colonel Talbot's, with tears in his eyes, we are told, begged to have the body removed to his own house close by, and Mr. Partridge a worthy settler, would have cheerfully done the same; but this, it appears, would have disturbed the order of previous arrangement. It is even said that Mr. Lewis, the Innkeeper, would willingly have afforded the best room in his house; but no; the undertaker was inexorable, and answered to all remonstrances, that he had carried bigger men than

Colonel Talbot, and it was only after great excitement had arisen in the village, that the corpse was allowed to be removed from the hearse, and secured for the night, under lock and key in the granary. This scene was disgraceful to the parties whose negligence or heartlessness caused it. The recollection of this indignity, offered to the remains of the Founder of the Talbot Settlement, now, although a lifeless corpse, deposited in the abode of cattle, is revolting, and the whole community cry shame on those who committed such an outrage. The undertaker and his men, were no doubt to blame, for they are reported to have been in a state of intoxication; but that the remains of the venerable founder of the Talbot Settlement, should have been left in charge of so unworthy a keeper, for the whole night previous to their interment, was an act of great negligence, which scarcely admits of excuse, however much it may be palliated. We are willing to believe that no intentional disrespect was premeditated, but neither the annals of civilization, nor the traditions of barbarism, could probably furnish an instance of such lamentable inattention to the unburied remains of a departed friend! However, from the arrangements of the succeeding day, we may conclude no such outrage had been contemplated.

On the following day the corpse was removed from Fingal to Port Talbot, and rested for a short time within the walls of the mansion, where full of

life and vigor, the body had lived near half a century. Here the mourners assembled, and the funeral procession was formed in the following order:—

The Hearse containing the body, followed by sleighs conveying George McBeth, H. C. Beecher, Esq., Hon. G. Goodhue, L. Lawrason, Esq., James Hamilton, Esq., J. B. Askin, Esq., and some others of the most respectable men in London, and other gentlemen from different parts of the settlement. The funeral service of the Church of England, was performed by the Rev. Mr. Holland, in the Episcopal Church at Tyrconnel, and at the grave adjacent to the church, where the last mark of respect was paid by comparatively a few friends, who travelled many miles on an intensely cold day, to witness the obsequies of a man so long distinguished throughout the Settlement.

The body of the deceased was deposited in a leaden coffin, encased in one of oak, bearing the following inscription:—

THOMAS TALBOT.
FOUNDER OF THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT.
DIED 6TH FEBRUARY, 1859,

CONCLUSION.

Having followed Colonel Talbot to the grave, and paid our last tribute of respect to his honored remains, a brief retrospect of the rise and progress of the settlement founded by him, and a condensed view of its present state, may not prove uninteresting; particularly to those old settlers, who have lived and toiled in it, from youth to old age, and have participated in its prosperity. Although many other parts of Canada were easier of access, and much more favored by the influx of capital, than the Talbot Settlement, yet it exhibited more signs of improvement at an early date, almost beyond the reach of civilization, than most of the other tracts of rich and fertile country; as has been shewn in the body of this work.

Talbot Street, as it used to be called, extends in a direct line, over 160 miles, east and west, near the shores of Lake Erie, terminating at Amherstburg; and there are numerous, parallel and cross roads, all well settled, to the extent of many hundred miles, studded with towns and villages, and other appliances of civilized life; altogether presenting a landscape of rural beauty, seldom surpassed in Canada. The Talbot Settlement, which includes the whole of the County of Elgin, large portions of the counties of Kent and Essex, and some of the counties of Middlesex, and Norfolk, in all of which Colonel Talbot, located settlers for the Government, contains as I have before estimated, a population of 150,000, who are worth, in the aggregate, not less than \$20,000,000, in substantial wealth. This large amount of property, consists of almost everything, which can conduce to the social welfare of man. In this extent of settlement, there are now about 60 Post Offices, as many churches, large and small, and not less than 300 Common Schools, all of which

have sprung into existence during a period shorter than the life of the oldest settler. These statistics afford a pleasing index to the happy results of industry, guided by prudence, and may serve to teach all who may be disposed to settle in this, or any other part of Canada, yet in a state of nature, how much may be accomplished by labor and perseverance. When we consider, that this large and prosperous population, has grown out of penury, with no other capital but labor to start with, we may rest assured, that such results could only spring from well directed industry on a fruitful soil. Could the settlers under Colonel Talbot, have looked forward to a state of prosperity such as now surrounds them, the anticipation would have cheered many a weary day's toil, and have softened many a hard day's privation. All who may follow their example, will have this cheering prospect.

The line of the Niagara and Detroit Rivers, Railroad, runs through the whole length of the Talbot Settlement; whether the road itself will ever cover the line, remains yet to be seen. The scheme of this great enterprise has been before the public for nearly thirty years; like a floating body betwixt life and death, it has sunk and risen, exciting alternate hopes and fears, and to this moment its fate is uncertain. Colonel Talbot with many others, subscribed a small sum to set the ball in motion, at the time that the Honorables W. H. Merritt and J. Prince became its godfathers, but the Colonel never entered warmly into the project. The competition in the Legislature, between the two rival associations, the Great Western and the Niagara and Detroit, chiefly through the adroit management of Sir A. N. McNabb, terminated in favor of the Great Western, which knocked the Great Southern flat for many years.

A few years ago, however, the late Mr. Zim-

merman, having very successfully placed the Cobourg and Peterborough, and the Woodstock and Lake Erie Railway Companies, in a state of insolvency, whereby he was enabled to establish a Bank, and to adorn and beautify his grounds at Clifton, in sight of the Niagara Falls—where he entertained in the most sumptuous style of magnificence, a large crowd of political magnates and railway celebrities, from every part of Canada, to do honor to his worthy patron, the Hon. Francis Hincks,—conceived the extraordinary idea of making a sufficient fortune out of the *dead carcass* of the Woodstock and Lake Erie Railway Company, by means of the Great Southern, to support his princely establishment at the Falls. If ever a man deserved to make a fortune by bold unscrupulous enterprise, Mr. Zimmerman certainly did. From being a mere *shanty* laborer on canals and railways, he became the Croesus,—the Railway King of Canada. His munificence was as unbounded as the resources of his fertile genius. These resources were brought effectually to bear on many of the most distinguished men in every part of Canada. His talismanic wand so operated on the minds of men, whether members of the Legislature, speculating engineers, or railway contractors, that they could only revel in golden dreams, or swim in champagne; and in this mesmerized state, Zimmerman did what he pleased with them.

The Niagara and Detroit Rivers' Railway Company, had found it necessary to obtain a new Charter, and had applied to the Legislature for one, but this, not suiting Mr. Zimmerman's views, by the means above mentioned, he got the Charter of the used up Woodstock and Lake Erie Railway Company, so amended as to make a *crooked* line *straight*, and prevented the renewal of the original Charter for the Great Southern. By this *twist*, there can be no doubt, he expected to make \$1,000,000. This

would have been a clear gain of 900 per cent or \$10,000 for every \$1000 he expended in feasting Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, and nearly all the leading politicians and other celebrities of Canada, in honor of Francis Hincks,—a political adventurer, who has so safely moored the debt of Canada, that it can never break from its anchorage!

But about this time, Mr. Isaac Buchanan, at the instance of the Great Western Railway Company, it was understood, threw himself into the project of the Great Southern, having through Mr. Wallace, a Buffalo Engineer, acquired a controlling interest. As this was an Engineering process, I shall not attempt to explain it. No sooner, however, did Mr. Buchanan appear as a competitor on the line, with Mr. Zimmerman, than an excitement was raised by the friends of each party, and was wafted to England as fast as steam could carry it. Zimmerman being an adept, in the art of cooking up railway schemes, and of bribing and feasting that indescribable class of speculators, expectant contractors and sub-contractors, who hang on the line of a projected railway, was more than a match for any honest man, particularly Isaac Buchanan, a man of wealth, honestly acquired, and who could not calculate on 900 per cent. Moreover, the Great Western Railway Company, acted on by Mr. Zimmerman and his friends, repudiated the action of Mr. Buchanan in their behalf; although Mr. Radcliffe, their Vice President, had seconded all Mr. Buchanan's efforts to obtain control of the line! In this state of things, Mr. Buchanan and Zimmerman came to an arrangement to carry on the enterprise jointly. So matters were progressing, when Mr. Zimmerman was killed in the dreadful catastrophe, which happened to the cars of the Great Western at the Dundas Canal,

It is unfortunate for the interests of the Niagara and Detroit River's Railway, that the understanding which took place in the end, was not made in the beginning; but this did not accord with Mr. Zimmerman's views at the time, and a host of cormorants, like the insatiate vultures who hover over the bodies of two contending armies, took care to keep up the opposition; and so the opportunity offered by Mr. Buchanan was lost.

No man could have entered into a project with more zeal and enthusiasm than Mr. Buchanan, and no man in Canada, has ever risked so much of his personal means (£36,000) to forward such an enterprise. A more enterprising merchant, or a more generous man than Mr. Buchanan, I believe, does not exist in Canada, and he had done much to forward the interests of the Great Western; but evil counsels prevailed at Head Quarters, and he was abandoned to the tender mercies of unprincipled men, who can appreciate no talent or enterprise, which does not promise to fill their pockets. If ever the Great Southern runs through the Talbot Settlement, it will be owing to the energy and liberality of Isaac Buchanan.

FINIS.

TALBOT.

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