

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
SETTLEMENT IN CANADA
OF
ROBERT BALDWIN
"THE EMIGRANT"

By a Granddaughter



Printed for Private Circulation

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My Grandfather, Robert Baldwin of Summer Hill, emigrated to America in 1794. He left Ireland with six children, two sons and four daughters, in 1797. They sailed from the Cove of Cork first,—but after being three weeks out the vessel sustained very severe weather, and they were driven into Passage. The family remained during that time at Mr. Baldwin's elder Brother's,—Mr. John Baldwin's. The family set sail the second time, but bad weather still pursued them, and a furious gale set in. After some days the Captain let fall that he was a Bonaparte man,—and fearing that when he landed in England the passengers would complain of him he wished to take the ship into Lisbon; this was stoutly resisted by my grandfather, and the sailors rose "en masse" and declared if he did not carry them into Falmouth they would put

him under hatches. So for Falmouth they steered,—the weather being so frightful that my Aunts were lashed on deck while every man on board was ordered by turn to the pumps. After a narrow escape from the Scilly Rocks, they reached Falmouth and had scarcely reached the Docks ere she sank. The Custom House Officers seized everything seizable, such as wine, porter, &c., which added to the losses already sustained of provisions and stores for settlers which were thrown overboard during the gale.

Captain Fanner induced my grandfather to emigrate.

I must now go back to say that my grandfather had been living on his estate very comfortably—but having lost his wife on the birth of her 16th child (my mother) and finding his expenses becoming rather heavy with so large a family—and being promised a Township if he would go out to Canada, he determined to do so—and consequently set sail in the ill-fated “Lavinia.”

The Willcocks family came out by his advice before the Baldwins, their ship which they had chartered and laden with everything for settlers taken prisoner into Bordeaux.

My mother being only seven years old when she left Ireland can only remember a few anecdotes of the family history. She has a vivid recollection of her nurse, (Nurse Crowley) whose cabin she often visited and who told her innumerable tales. She remembers

hearing of a brother Tom who died of yellow fever in Jamaica and of her brothers Henry and Augustus,—one of whom went into the Merchant Service—and was engaged in the Slave Trade for many years—and the latter, now Admiral Baldwin, of Russell Hill, Toronto, who was taken by the Press gang and made a midshipman of. The next day upon declaring who he was (he happened to be taken on board the flag ship) the Admiral said to him “Well, Sir, and what objection have you to serve His Majesty?” “I have none, Sir, but my father does not wish it.” “Your father is a fool, Sir.” So he sent him home to get permission and the next day as I said before got his commission. Mrs. Sullivan, mother of the late Judge Sullivan, had been married some time before the family came out.

The Admiral being a friend of the family made my uncle enter as a common sailor—and gave him the bounty £6—and then next day his commission.

It is amusing to hear my Mother’s account of the terror Bonaparte inspired in those days. She remembers well when the French were expected to land in Bantry Bay—and how my grandfather used to barricade the house at night and arm their servants.

My Grandfather and his family remained seven months in Cornwall and by that means lost the promised Township—an Order in

Council having been meantime issued prohibiting so much land being given to one person, being determined on no account to undertake the horrors of a winter voyage a second time.

My mother remembers but little of England—chiefly the kindness of a family called Trisidor of Great Wood near Truro (she thinks)—a friend of her own called Harriet Penlawrick and the fish pies and other queer pies which seem to have been her horror.

The passage money of the whole family had been paid to America in the “Lavinia” —all that was of course lost. Now about June '98 my Grandfather heard of a *King's Ship*, the “Grantham” Packet, Captain

about to sail from Falmouth—so he sent all his luggage on board and paid his money fifty guineas for himself,—fifty for Uncle William, (the late Dr. Baldwin of Toronto) and fifty for Uncle John,—late of Toronto,—and how much for my three Aunts and my mother I cannot say. But he was not aware of the suddenness with which these Government ships got their sailing orders. The “Grantham” was a twenty Gun Ship and sailed with a convoy of many others—but as

her guns were only for protection and she carried the Mails and money—she was ordered to run from everything.

Well the “Grantham” sailed at such short notice that she carried off my grandfather’s luggage before he and his family could get on Board,—much to their consternation and to the regret of the Captain who lingered as long as he could—and actually lay to under the Cliff where he was out of sight of the authorities. When the passengers becoming impatient—they determined to put it to the vote whether they would wait any longer. The vote was carried in their favour, and soon they came on board, my mother remembering well the mode of being got on board, which was being seated in a chair and hoisted up to the yard arm first and then let down on deck. I must here insert an incident which goes to prove that marriages are made in heaven. Among the persons who voted for waiting for the Baldwins was a young American gentleman,—he had come to Falmouth from Lisbon, where he had been for the recovery of his health after yellow fever. He had waited in vain at Lisbon for a ship going to New York—and at length found it

best to come to Falmouth and embark in the Grantham. He had been waiting like all the other passengers for the ship's orders and they came to him so suddenly at four o'clock one morning that he was perfectly unprepared—and had no money out of the Bank. He was in great distress and knew not what to do,—when the landlord said to him “Well, here are so many guineas”—the housekeeper lent him five guineas and among the household they made up his fifty guineas in time for him to go on board and took his note,—which of course was cashed for them at ten o'clock when the Bank opened. This was an act of generosity to a perfect stranger never forgotten by him, to the honour of the English people. Well, this young American passenger voted to wait for the Baldwin party when he heard there were ladies among them,—and little did he think then that one of those ladies was to be his wife,—but so it was,—he became attached to my Aunt Eliza on board ship—and she afterwards became Mrs. Morgan.

This voyage in the “Grantham” appears to have been a calm and pleasant one, only diversified by incidents peculiar to war time,

such as the following. One day a cry came that the French fleet was to be seen on the horizon. Great was the consternation on board. The deck was soon covered with guns, swords and ammunition. The ladies retreated below—and the gentlemen brought to them their watches, money, &c., for concealment. When lo on a nearer approach—what looked like sails proved to be a shoal of whales spouting in the sun. My mother and her brother John who were the children of the party, used to amuse themselves by making little ships and boats of paper. They made quantities,—and pretended to fight with them. Both of course abhorred the French—but the boy—tyrant like—would always make his sister's ships represent the French fleet—while his were the conquering British. When these ships got shabby they threw them overboard, and the grown up people amused themselves in watching the fate of the tiny craft.

As the "Grantham" neared Halifax she was pursued for three days by the "Ros-ton" a British frigate—on board which Augustus Baldwin was Lieutenant—supposing her to be French—but of course when she

came near enough to discern her colours the chase was ended. The vessel landed at Halifax and remained several days in harbour, and there my mother saw for the first time Indians and squaws—paddling about in their canoes.

The Captain here took on board a quantity of money in bags—chiefly in Rix dollars—for what, or whom, my mother does not know—but she remembers seeing it in heaps on the table and the bags marked each with the number of dollars it contained. This money after being counted was put into a locker in a little cabin.

A Frenchwoman at Halifax came on board. She complained of being very delicate and said she must have a cabin. There was none to give her, the ladies of the Baldwin family having taken the only one. After much entreaty on her part she was allowed to sleep in this cabin. When the ship arrived in New York my grandfather kept his family on board, while he looked about for means of transporting them into Canada. The evening after they got into port my grandfather and Mr. Morgan took two of the young ladies to the play,—while an invalid sister was left to take care of the little ones. The Captain and most

of the sailors went ashore,—and the mate was left in charge. Strange to say the Frenchwoman remained on board, too, and my Aunt observed with consternation that she frequently went into the inner cabin where the money was. On watching closely she observed that the Captain had left the locker where the money was, unlocked—and she felt sure from the stealthy movements of the woman that she had stolen one of the bags and was trying to secure it. When the woman saw she was observed she tried to get to the side of the ship to throw the money overboard—but my Aunt contrived to prevent her, and to call to the mate, and tell him her suspicions. He sent for the Captain and the gentlemen—they seized the wretched woman who stoutly resisted, and declared her innocence, but upon proceeding to search her they almost immediately found a 1,000 dollar bag with a great deal in it. My grandfather feeling furious with the woman for having placed his daughter in such an unpleasant position, took the woman by the shoulders and gave her a good shake—whereupon the dollars fell from her in a shower and rolled all over the floor. Upon being collected they were found to be

the correct sum of \$20.—she still denied even that,—when my Uncle took off her cap and down fell the money—and the \$1,000 were all complete. Instead of putting the woman in prison as she should have been—the Captain merely put her in a boat and sent her ashore, saying if ever he saw her again he would have her hung. But I do not doubt his clemency was partly owing to a feeling of consciousness that he deserved great blame for leaving money to such an amount in so unguarded a state.

(Sgd.) MARIA MURNEY,
Belleville, C. Q.

Written from her mother's own words—somewhere about the year 1859.

My Grandfather and his family reached New York in June 1798, about a fortnight was taken up in going up the Hudson in a sloop, the weather was very hot and they frequently stopped to buy milk, bread, &c., suffering very much from the heat,—they took fully another fortnight coming up the Mohawk where they found the mosquitoes a terrible infliction. From Oswego they crossed Lake Ontario to the (Island) then the Peninsula, opposite Toronto, which was then a “Carrying place of the Indians” and at night they crossed the Bay of (Toronto) then York arriving at that celebrated town and finding it composed of about a dozen or so of houses—a dreary dismal place—not even possessing the characteristics of a village. There was no *church*,—school house, or in fact any of the ordinary signs of civilization, but being in fact a mere settlement. There was not even a Methodist Chapel—nor does my mother remember more than one shop. There was no Inn—and those travellers who had no friend to go to, pitched a tent and lived in that so long as they remained. My grandfather and his family had done so during their journey. The Government House and the Garrison lay

about a mile from York with a thick wood between,—General Simcoe had gone home at this time,—After remaining a few days in York the family proceeded to take possession of a farm my grandfather purchased in the Township of Clarke about fifty miles below York. They travelled in open bateaux,—when night came on pitching their tent on the shore of Lake Ontario. The journey generally occupied two days sometimes much longer. They found on the land a small log hut with a bark roof and a chimney made of stocks and clay. The chinks between the logs stuffed with moss—and only a ladder to go to the loft above—and only 10 acres cleared. To this home my Grandfather brought his four daughters and three sons. The oldest son Dr. Baldwin was at this time about twenty-four and the youngest John about twelve years. My mother, the youngest of the family, was only seven—and my three Aunts young women. There was an Aunt, Mrs. Sullivan, married in Ireland—and two uncles—one Augustus in the R. Navy—and the other Henry in the Merchant Service.

From the perfect want of experience and ignorance of the country, my Grandfather had brought his family into the wilderness with-

out properly arranging for their comfort—consequently the winter found them very miserable with an unfinished log hut—no stove,—only a great open fireplace with a blazing log heap on it—and one corner of the room boarded off for the four sisters—where they had to sleep in beds laid on the floor. After being eighteen months at Clarke—Mr. Morgan wrote to beg my Uncle would bring my Aunt Eliza down to New York that they might be married—as his health would not admit of his taking so long a journey. He also asked him to bring my mother down too, who could have the advantages of education not to be had in Canada.

About October '99 the trio set out, they crossed the Lake Ontario to Niagara—which took a day and a half, they had been detained three weeks at York before they found a schooner crossing the Lake—and they were detained three weeks more at Niagara before they found a party going on,—for people had to wait then for a party to go through the forest—as a caravan does over a desert. While detained at Niagara a dark day occurred which was very extraordinary.—and during which strange noises like cannon were

heard which alarmed them very much. They visited the Falls—which one came upon then, through the dense forest, and which was infinitely grander then in its primeval state than it is now when laid bare by Yankee civilization. They proceeded after returning to Canadaigua where they found they had not sufficient money to get on—and they had to wait a whole month until a remittance came to them—meanwhile suffering great privations and even hardships.

Another party being formed and money having come they set out once more. They crossed Cayuga Lake over a long bridge two miles long—and after that by some means they lost their way. Their sleigh first being over-set, and their money being nearly lost in the snow. It was of course in those days gold and silver and carried in a bag. After wandering about and quite losing their path, they at length by the moonlight saw a smoke, and proceeding towards it—dogs began to bark, and presently an Indian came towards them, to whom they explained their distress. He proved to be a chief and very politely invited them into his wigwam. They gladly accepted the invitation—and my mother often speaks

of that to her delightful night—in the bark wigwam with the blazing logs on one side, and the hole at the top where as she lay on her bed of hemlock boughs and bearskins she saw the stars twinkling down upon them. The Indians were very hospitable giving up with great politeness the half their wigwam to the strangers. My mother does not remember any of the incidents of their sleigh journey for the rest of the way—down the Hudson, &c.,—except my Aunt getting a dress made at Albany—where to her amazement the dressmaker told her that the open gown with the long train that was in vogue when she left Ireland was done away with, and *round gowns* were now the fashion. They arrived safely at Mr. Delancy's in Cherry Street—Mr. Morgan's mother had married a Mr. Delancy—and Mr. Morgan and Aunt Eliza were married on the 12th of February 1800, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore. (Eclipse total of sun in 1806).

In 1807 Uncle and Aunt Morgan brought my mother back to Canada. The country had of course improved somewhat during the seven years since they went down, still where cities now stand there was then only woods,

woods, woods, with here and there a few scattered houses. For instance at Buffalo where they passed a night was a solitary road side Inn with a swinging sign—no other house, and the beautiful Lake Erie spread out before it.

Uncle Morgan drove his own carriage all the way from Albany—ten miles he and my mother had to walk through the woods where the road was very bad. My mother found York vastly changed in those seven years—there was a Church, a jail, a lighthouse building, and many nice houses and the woods, between the Garrison and Town fast disappearing. Gov. Gore was there—and Uncle William married to Miss Willcocks—and had two sons.

Aunt and Uncle Morgan went down in open boats to Clarke—taking with them Aunt Anne. They paid a month's visit and then all three went to New York again. Uncle John had been laid up with rheumatism, from rushing into the water when overheated to get the letters which were brought down always in a boat, and as the boat could not get in he waded out to meet it. The consequence was he had to go on crutches for a long time, —and was not strong enough to go back to

the farm,—so my mother found him a place as a clerk in Mr. St. George's shop in York. This Mr. St. George was really a Mr. Lawrence—who having lost all with Louis XVIII—had emigrated during Napoleon's reign, and began by expending his last \$10. in buying a pedlar's pack. This in time enabled him to set up a shop—and after taking my Uncle into partnership they made a large fortune between them which their descendants are now enjoying.

My mother went down to the farm after her sisters had returned to New York and then her experience in "Roughing it in the Bush" began. The hardships were bearable until the winter came on,—which proved to be on one of the most severe ever known in Canada.

In the end of the summer and the fall, the field mice were a perfect plague. They were found in myriads and destroyed everything they could find,—every stump that was turned up proved to be a homestead destroyed,—and the cat loathed mice—as the Israelites did quails.

The winter made an end of the mice which lay dead by hundreds of thousands on the ground. But a new trouble arose very trying

to the women—and those unable to work. White oak staves were found to be marketable and to bring a large price,—therefore a mania arose for cutting and preparing these staves. Consequently every man in the country set to work at this new employment, leaving the women and old people to get on as they could on their wild lands. My Grandfather's man followed the universal example, and they could get no other man for the highest wages that could be offered. My Mother, a young and delicate girl of sixteen, was obliged to drag hay up a hill to feed all the cattle and a flock of sheep,—though terrified of the animals,—as my grandfather was too infirm to do it himself. There was also a pack of nineteen hounds to feed, and water to draw, and logs to draw into the outhouse,—and three worked at that, that is, Aunt Alice, my grandfather and mother, and my grandfather chopped the logs in the house to supply the great fire-place which held what we could call a *load* of wood almost now. For a time, nearly half the winter, my Aunt went on a visit to York leaving my mother *alone* to do all the work with her father and a little French Canadian servant girl. My grandfather

was obliged to go to Newcastle to attend the Court. A mad woman came one day just as he was leaving—and my mother was left in this shocking manner, being at the same time suffering from whooping cough,—when as night drew on her alarm became so dreadful at hearing the poor creature talking about the “Prince of darkness” in her prayers that she and the French girl determined to run to Ebenezer Heartwell’s who lived about three-quarters of a mile across the frozen creek,—and beg some one to come and stay with them. So old Mrs. Lovekin came and Mr. Heartwell too and on their return they saw the woman running to the barn with a lighted candle in her hand, searching for my mother. She was in a great fury—and rated my mother soundly for her desertion—but was by degrees calmed down. Mr. Heartwell was obliged to return to his little family—but his mother in law, Mrs. L.—stayed until my grandfather returned. He was terribly shocked to find that the person he had left at home was a madwoman—as he only thought her an oddity for the few minutes he saw her before leaving.

It was a whole week before they could find any one going down in a sleigh who

would take this poor creature on, and thus rid the family of this awful visitor. My Mother says this is one of her most terrible recollections. Aunt Alice returned home when the Members were running from Parliament at York. Col. Breakenridge the member for Leeds (uncle to my father) was the person who drove her down. He was a pleasant jovial man known by the soubriquet of the "Luke of Leeds." It was through the first Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Stewart, the Rector of York, that my Aunt was introduced to Col. Breakenridge who was an intimate friend of theirs. At the end of this sad winter they lost six fine cows, and nearly all the pigs and sheep, also all the geese were smothered in the snow or ice hills on the Lake.

During the following summer the flights of pigeons were remarkable. My mother says they used actually to darken the air. Still the stave mania going on and no farming to be done—things consequently going to the bad. During the summer Uncle William, Dr. Baldwin, and his wife and sons came down to visit the family in an open boat and stayed about a month. During this visit my Uncle made my Grandfather promise to go up and

live in York the following winter as he was too old to work a farm and the hardships were too great for him and his daughters. In prospect of this leaving the farm my grandfather wished to buy a quantity of furs. An Indian encampment was near, and he had bought some very fine ones. One Sunday he had gone to see his neighbour Mr. Cozens—when soon after he was gone, several Indians came bringing furs and asking for whiskey. My Mother and Aunt refused then they became so urgent and insolent and so constantly increasing in number, that they became terrified and sent the French girl to beg my grandfather to return. She came back in a few moments more frightened than ever,—saying that as she passed the camp she saw the squaws hiding away all the knives as they always do when the Indians are drunk, and that they had chased her back. Some of the Indians were intoxicated before they came to the house and their threats were awful. They had collected to the number of forty and these poor girls still held out stoutly in refusing the whiskey,—which was kept beneath a trap door in the kitchen in a little sort of cellar. At length my Aunt thought of the large hand-

some family Bible in two volumes which they had been reading in,—and opened them, and pointed out the pictures to try and attract their attention,—while my mother knelt down at the other end of the table and prayed to God loudly and earnestly. In this position my grandfather found them and fearful was the shock to him. He brought Mr. Cozens with him—no sooner did the Indians see him than one man drew his knife and showed it to my mother saying “Cozens kill my brother, I kill Cozens” then my Grandfather to divert that idea was obliged to get them the whiskey—nothing else probably saved their lives. Cozens slipped away and called the Lovekins and some other neighbours and my Aunt and Mother went into a little room inside my Grandfather’s while he and his friends kept watch and those horrid creatures set to for a regular orgie. There was a great kettle of food for the hounds on the fire made of bran and potato peelings and all sorts of refuse,—this they ate up clean and clever, they drank, danced and sang all night long—and in the morning off they went; to the relief and joy of the family.

A. I ought to have mentioned before that

in the spring or rather on the 4th of June my Grandfather took it into his head to give a dinner to all his men—he being Col. of the Militia and Lieutenant of the County. This was a fearful business two or three hundred men to be fed and all to be done by three young girls—they had great sugar kettles full of venison soup—roast meat and pies—and all sorts of things—and these boors drank terribly and stayed all night, and about twenty of them stayed to breakfast.

B. One great misery of life at Clarke was the unpleasantness of being obliged to sit at table with ones servants—a black one, sometimes being among them—my Grandfather used to sit at the upper end of the table with his family on each side of him—while lower down sat the servants and laborers, something in the old feudal style,—the *nearness* of the view, decidedly divesting the arrangement of all “enchantment.” Another was the being obliged to receive every passer up and down who wished to stay—sometimes of course there would be an agreeable guest or party of guests—but as there was no sort of Inn it was not quite so agreeable to have fifteen or twenty boatmen come and take possession of your

kitchen, and perhaps be storm bound and have to remain several days. Then too there were parties constantly coming to Squire Baldwin to be married,—in fact—as the Lake was then the highway,—the locality was rather too public—though most beautiful and healthy in summer.

The mode of travelling was wonderful to hear of. There was a great stopping place called Pikes—somewhere about Whitby. Here men, women and children had to occupy one room, all lying on the floor with their feet towards the fire and some bundles under their heads. On one occasion Uncle William, his wife, sister, children and my Mother crossed the bay of York on their way to Clarke. On arriving at a house called *Aspinwalls* on the carrying place a storm came up and they had to wait three days there before they could get on.

In December 1810 the family all moved up in sleighs to Dr. Baldwin's at York, here they all lived together, also old Mr. Willcocks and Aunt Willcocks—Aunt Baldwin's father and sister,—on the spot where Ellahs Hotel now stands—Mr. (The Hon. Peter Russell) and Miss Russell lived in the house known as Russell

Abbey. They were most intimate friends and my mother spent the most of her time there. They seem to have had some very pleasant and happy times, until at length the dreadful war which had been smouldering for several years, broke out in 1812. My mother says the reluctance was so great among the people to go to war that the Americans were obliged to withdraw the troops who had been a good while at Fort Niagara (because they were so friendly with our people) and put strangers there who were not averse to striking the first blow. Uncle John who had a shop at this time at Niagara was taken prisoner and taken down to New York. Here his sister and Mr. Morgan were very kind, got leave for him to visit them—until his liberty caused people to say he was a spy and the Government sent him back to Greenbush.

1813 On 27th April 1812 the American Fleet came sailing into York Harbour. The Baldwins and Miss Russell, Mr. St. George, Mr. Large and a number of friends assembled together to take measures for the flight of the ladies all the gentlemen went off to the fight. My mother says nothing could equal the beauty of the fleet coming in—it preserved the

form of a crescent while the sails were as white as snow.

They settled to go out to Baron de Haines ^{Hoen} farm. He was a great friend of the family—a German whose real name was Von Hoon—and he had come out about the same time as Mr. St. George and had been in the British Army. He at this time had a farm about four miles up Yonge Street and on a Lot called No. 1. This *Street* was then a corduroy road immediately after leaving King Street—and passing through this forest. Miss Russell loaded her phaeton with all sorts of necessaries so that the whole party had to walk. My poor old grandfather by hard persuasion at last consented to give up fighting and accompany the ladies. Aunt Baldwin and her four sons—Major Fuller who was an invalid under Dr. Baldwin's care, Miss Russell, Miss Willcocks, &c., sallied forth, the youngest boy, St. George, a mere baby my mother carried on her back nearly all the way. When they had reached about half way out they heard a frightful concussion—and all sat down on logs and stumps frightened out of their wits. They learned afterwards this was the blowing up of the Magazine when 500 Americans were

killed and at which time my Uncle Dr. Baldwin, was dressing a wounded soldier. He was conscious of a sensation,—it was too great to be called a *sound*—and found a shower of stones falling all round him—and he was quite unhurt. The family at length reached Baron de Haines log house consisting of two rooms, one above and one below. The gentlemen lodged above, the ladies below. Poor Major Fuller who was very odd playing some remarkable pranks among them all. After three days Miss Russell and Mamma walked into town—just in time to save the house from being ransacked by the soldiers. All now returned to their homes and occupations except Uncle William who I believe continued dressing wounds and acting as surgeon until the arrival of Dr. Hackett, the surgeon of the 8th Rgt. Uncle said it was a most touching sight to see the joy of the poor wounded fellows when told that their own doctor was coming back to them. My mother saw the poor 8th Grenadiers come into Town on the Saturday—in Church on Sunday with the handsome Captain O'Neil at their head and the next day they were cut to pieces to a man!!! My father Mr. Breakenridge was a student at law

with Uncle William (who had been practising law) and had been with him about three months when he went off like all the rest to the battle of York. The family all lived with Miss Russell after this, she not liking to be left alone, until the second attack of the Americans—about a month later—when the gentlemen all ran away into concealment fearing to be taken prisoners like those at Niagara. The ladies received the American Officers and they were entertained hospitality. Two of them were at Miss Russell's—one of them was Mrs. Archdeacon Stewart's brother—Mr. Brookes—General Shean had gone off long before taking every surgeon with him—by which means my Uncle was forced out of humanity to take up his old profession and take care of them.

? General Brock was now Governor and was very popular. I have heard my mother speak of pleasant balls given by him. Before the war broke out the ladies all met to make a flag for the 3rd Regt. of York Militia. My mother drew the design a wreath of laurel—with the royal colours in the corner and a motto given by Mr. Strachan (now Bishop) "Deeds speak." My mother showed the ladies how to do the flag and worked a good deal

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herself. Mr. Robinson (now Chief Justice) used to read the "Battle of Talavera" and other poems to the ladies while they worked. Judge McLean, S. Jarvis, the Boultons and others used to come and inspect the work and General Brock himself came once or twice and approved of the work. There was much distress from scarcity of provisions at various times. Embargo was laid upon salt and various articles—salt being at one time \$18. a bushell, tea and coffee not to be had. An officer came to dine at Miss Russell's,—a cousin of the Baldwin's,—Edward Warren, son of Sir Robert Warren of Warren Court, near ~~York~~ *look*. There was literally *nothing* for dinner—and poor Miss Russell began to cry. Mamma tried to cheer her saying "Providence will provide." Presently a knock came to the door and a boy brought a string of small fish to sell—which dinner was called "Mary's Providence."

I forgot to mention the great comet of 1811 which was more beautiful my mother says than any that has appeared during her lifetime.

Recollections of Mary Warren Breakenridge written by her daughter Maria Murney from her Mother's own words in 1859.