

its tail feathers on the ground. It must be remembered that Thomas Mitchell was not a large man. Five feet, eight or nine inches would be his approximate height.

Years later Ephraim C. Mitchell gave his son Thomas a portion of the home farm and here Thomas and Catharine lived with their son Alexander Mitchell for the remainder of their days.

At the age of sixty-eight Thomas Mitchell lost his eyesight. It is now believed that his affliction was a simple case of cataract, which in these days might have been remedied, but which seventy or so years ago did not seem possible. The once active, energetic and independent Tom Mitchell was chained like an eagle with clipped wings. He spent twenty-two sitting in his chair by the fireside, ^{OR} sometimes by tapping his way along the paths about the place.

It was said that Thomas Mitchell had a mind like a ~~lawyer~~ lawyer and people often came to ask his advice in points of law.

Sitting in his favorite, warm corner, he often broke into song. The mournful strains of Burns' "Highland Mary", or "Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon" were often his theme or yet at his grandchildren's request the rollicking song of "Betsy Baker". He had a clear, pleasing tenor voice that a delight to hear.

Thomas and Catharine Mitchell had three children:

Alexander Mitchell	married	Elizabeth Davis,
Emily	"	" Isaac Isaac Atkinson,
Hannah Mary	"	" Peter Vincent.

There were nineteen grandchildren.

Thomas Walsh Mitchell died December 22nd. 1901, aged ninety years.

Catharine Eichenberg Mitchell died January 20th. 1898

in a fire that destroyed her home, aged seventy-nine years.

Alexander Mitchell and his wife Elizabeth Davis were very quiet liveing people and left a record, not of riches and affluance but of kindness and good neighborliness. A man with thinning grey hair once said to the writer, "I never knew a woman like Mrs. Alex Mitchell. She was always on the lookout for us children going or coming from school and if it was raining she had umbrellas and coats for those who needed them. Sometimes she came out with a pan of cookies or apples. She was always interested in us and gave us many a bit of good advice. If we were crying with the cold as we sometimes were, she took us in and warmed us and dried our feet."

Alexander and Elizabeth Mitchell had seven children:

Louise Mitchell married Cyrus Dean,

Maud " " Leamon Bowes,

Kitty " died at the age of four and one half years.

Alberta " did not marry,

Ida " married Edward C. Mitchell,

Ephraim Davis Mitchell died in France in World War I,

Stanley Beresford Mitchell married Ada Pollock.

Simpson Mitchell, second son of Ephraim and Mary, was the faithful son to his parents and perhaps the favorite. However that may be, he was the son who stayed by his father and shared with him the toils and perils of frontier life, took care of his parents in their old age and inherited the bulk of Ephraim and Mary Mitchell's property, a just reward for his loyalty.

Simpson Mitchell married Fanny Maria Eichenberg in 1836 and took his bride home to his father's home, where she took her place as a daughter. Babies came to her arms to the number of

seven, but she never shirked her duties to the older generation, for whom she cared with kindness and consideration.

Simpson Mitchell was a good living man and a good neighbor. Though quiet and unassuming he had a spice of the quick temper and determination that has ever been a characteristic of the Mitchell nature. A story is told of him which illustrates how faithfully he adhered to the Puritanism of that early day.

One of his sons loved the music of a fiddle and had the temerity to bring the vile thing home to his father's house. He could even scrape a ~~xxx~~ few bars of some favorite tune on it. His happiness in the prized possession was brought to an untimely end when he ventured to bring the thing out in the open, for Simpson snatched this instrument of the devil out of the boy's hand and smashed it to bits on the stones of the fireplace.

This is not to say that Simpson Mitchell was a narrow minded man, but is illustrative of the restricted religious beliefs that obtained in church circles seventy or so years ago. One of his good neighbors and boyhood friends, David Hatch, was terribly upset some years later, when a small organ was introduced into the community Methodist church, at Maple Grove. Mr. Hatch thought, with all sincerity that this small organ was an offense to the Deity.

Simpson and Maria Mitchell had seven children, two girls and five boys:

Elsie Mitchell married Lewis Wilson Sphor,
Miranda " " Joseph Hatch,
Albert " " Emily Chamberlain,
Edward Mitchell, a volunteer in the Militia, died, aged 18,
Simpson " married Martha Ketchabaw,
Walter " " Clara Grant,

Arthur Mitchell Married Laurena Ribble.

George Mitchell, third son of Ephraim and Mary Mitchell married Eleanor Harvey, a lady from Nova Scotia, who was very much of a lady in the best sense of the word. A fine, beautiful character, who carried beauty and grace, with kindness wherever she went. George and Eleanor Mitchell settled in Houghton, Norfolk, Co. George Mitchell was a grave, dignified man, who held various offices in his community. They had no children of their own, but adopted two daughters, Elizabeth and Annie.

Elsie Mitchell, eldest daughter of Ephraim and Mary married Lawrence Riley Stansell and was the mother of seven children.

Mary Ann Mitchell, married Thomas Maguire and bore nine children, seven sons and two daughters.

As this article is primarily a story of the two Mitchell families of Bayham, descended from Ephraim Cole and Mary McCall Mitchell, the descendants of the Stansell and Maguire branches will be found in "The Genealogy and Descendants of The Norfolk McCall Clan" recently published by the "McCall Society of Norfolk" and edited by Mr. D. T. McCall, of Simcoe.

At Simpson Mitchell's passing, his younger son, Walter A. Mitchell and his wife Clara Grant Mitchell, became the next heirs to the E. C. Mitchell home and carried on the tradition of genial hospitality, an open handed welcome to friends and neighbors and a thrifty prosperity. It was Walter Mitchell who built the handsome red brick residence and improved the premises. Clara Grant Mitchell, a gracious woman, now in her eighties, still occupies her spacious home.

If her readers will pardon the digression, the writer

of this historical sketch would like to incorporate a little first person story of the long ago about Four Big Chestnut Trees.

A soft, high wind in autumn always reminds me of "A chestnut morning" as my grandmother, Catharine Mitchell used to say. On such a morning the ripe chestnuts would come tumbling down out of their spiny, satin lined burrs and we children would race to the trees to see which of us would find the first chestnut.

There were four big chestnut trees in Uncle Simpson's woods, just over the line from our home farm. Rather, the trees were in the woods lot, for they stood out by themselves, away from the sugar bush of maples. To the west and also to the east, some young pines had shot up in clumps, but the chestnut trees had a fine, almost parklike space to themselves in which to display their grandeur. They were relics of the old forest, with long, clear boles, with branches far up reaching perhaps eighty or a hundred feet from the ground. At the stump they measure from four to five feet. No one but an experienced climber could have reached their tops, but the wind sent the plump, brown nuts drifting down.

As there were no children in the Simpson Mitchell family at that time and no one ever gathered the nuts but the squirrels, my grandmother sometimes took me with her to hunt the chestnuts out of the grass. We might possibly get from a pint to a quart of nuts for our endeavors, but it was always a grand and exhilarating outing on a windy morning, just such an outing as my grandmother as well as I loved, indeed, it was more the fun of the tramp than the value of the nuts, that took us on these expeditions.

One of the trees had large, very plump, dark brown nuts and we called it the Black chestnut tree. The other trees had nice nuts too, but these were not so large as the black chestnuts.

One such morning there was a higher wind than usual blowing. We had only hunted for the nuts for a short while, when my grandmother, gazing up into the treetops, rather anxiously remarked, "I believe we had better get out of here, the wind might bring some limbs down upon us".

We hurried away and had gone but a few rods, when a huge limb was wrenched from the black chestnut tree and fell almost squarely in the spot where we had been gathering nuts. It would have killed us without question if but a small branch had hit us. We gazed at the fallen limb with awe, then, with the cheerful philosophy which was so often a characteristic of my grandmother, she laughingly said, "A miss is as good as a mile". A woman who had faced wolves and bears in her lifetime of pioneering, was not easily fazed by a possible accident that had left her unscathed.

The four big chestnut trees have now been gone these fifty years and chestnutting is itself only a memory, for blight has killed our beautiful native sweet chestnut trees, and future generations will only know of the delights of gathering the nuts from history. Like the pines, the ^{passenger} pigeons and wild turkeys, time and fate have relegated them to the limbo of the past.

The lumber from the four big chestnut trees was used for the inside trim of Walter Mitchell's home. It was beautiful lumber, sound as a drum and with a strong, bold grain which was very effective. It was a matter of great pride with Walter Mitchell that his own farm produced so much of the fine timber used in his the construction of his home.

Through the kindness of Clara Grant Mitchell, widow of the late Walter Mitchell, the Crown Deed to the Ephraim Cole Mitchell farm, Lot No. 118, Bayham, was made available for inspection by the writer.

This Crown Deed is probably similar to other Crown Deeds of the period, but in viewing it after more than a century after issue it seems an unique document. It is written on very heavy old parchment paper with a great seal measuring three and a half inches across and says, in part:

"William the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith: To all whom these Presents shall come,-----Greeting:

The ending paragraph reads thus:

"Given under the Great Seal of our said Province of Upper Canada: Witness our trusty and well-beloved Sir Francis Bond Head, K.C.H. Lieutenant, Governor of Our said Province,----- this twentieth day of June---- in the year of our Lord, One Thousand and Thirty Six and in the Sixth year of our Reign.

"By Command of His Excellency in Council.

{ O.C. 13 June 1836--Administration of
{ Sir F.B. Head. Reg. 6 July 1804.
{ Patent fee and survey p--- Sett--t duty performed.

D. Cameron.