

Having divided a large part of his farm into lots it could not be farmed with advantage, and not being a miller, the mill could not be run with profit, so he sold his share of the mill and his farm and purchased lot No 11. South of Talbot road on Yarmouth heights. Here he spent the remainder of his days and here he died on the first of October, 1878, aged 54 years. Daniel Rapelje possessed in a great measure the characteristics of his Huguenot ancestors; he was honest, industrious and hospitable; he shunned notoriety and would not accept public office except a Captaincy in the Middlesex Militia, which he held many years. Mr. Edward Umstinger, in his life of Col. Talbot, says of Captain Daniel Rapelje, who commanded a company of militia, and had his lieutenant Benjamin Wilson & These officers

we are informed, appeared at General training with sword-belts made of basswood bark, and instead of the drummer boy who generally stands with his drum in the centre of the parade ground, Captain Rapelje stationed a Key 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 Capt. Rapelje did not fail to call on his Company to drink to King's health, and before they departed some of them gave proof of their courage by engaging in pugilistic combat, when, as one of the old soldiers quaintly said - "Abe would knock Jehiel as straight as a lion's foot."

His wife survived him, and lived to a good old age of eighty-eight. She died Feb 27, 1865. He gave the site on which is erected the old Episcopal Church, and

the land for the burying grounds
Jerominus, the eldest brother, never
married; he died the 30th of June
1846, aged 80 years. James, the eldest
son of Daniel, was educated for the
law and graduated at Little York
(Toronto) in 1817 and died in 1819, aged
43 yrs. Elsie, the eldest daughter, was
married by Marlow Burwell, Esq. to
R. H. Lee in 1816. He located on a
farm afterwards occupied for many
years by the late John Smith. They
finally moved to the Niagara District
thence to Stratford, where Lee died
in 1851. Mrs Lee survived him till
1873, when she died, and was interred
in the old burying ground in St. Thomas.

Aletta, the second daughter, was
married to Marlow Burwell Esq. to
Horace Foster in 1818. She was a
spirited girl & when the American
raiders destroyed her father's crops
& carried away his movable property

in 1814, it was she who protested and informed the commander that he was the worst kind of a thief and scoundrel, and if the rest of the family had not interfered she would have fought the raiders to the death.

Aletta Rapelje went to the Spring at the edge of the bank to get a pail of water on the same day, and was followed by an Indian, who acted too familiarly; she grappled with him, and much to his surprise threw him over the bank with such force that he tumbled down to the bottom of the hill. The Savage was very angry and if an American officer had not come to her rescue the Savage would have taken her scalp. The Spring still bubbles out of the bank near Centre Street, on the top of the hill, but one probably remains who was present on that occasion, that one being Geronimus Rapelje. On a subsequent occasion Rapelje's cabin was again

Plundered, when everything useful
or ornamental was taken except the
scenty clothing which the family
wore. There was a silk dress which
Mrs. Rapelje, had brought from
Hong Island, that she had given
to Alitta, and which was highly
prized by her. She secreted the dress,
but an Indian found it and
carried it to the camp, no doubt
with the intention of surprising
the natives by appearing dressed in
this gorgeous suit, when he returned
to his tribe. Alitta saw the dusky
warrior from a distance take her dress
and going straight to the American
commander, she demanded that he
have it returned to her. She took him
to the Indian who had it, but in
answer to questions put by officer,
the Savage only gave a grunt. The
girl seeing that the villain would
not give it up, went peacefully to a
boon which he kept his plunder

and took out the dress. This act would have proved fatal for her if the young Americans, who admired her person, had not kept the savage away.

Horace Foster, her husband, demands more than passing notice. He was born in the town of Leyden, Mass., on the 7th of April 1797. He emigrated to Canada in 1815, settling in Waterford where he remained two years. On May 13 1817 he arrived in St. Thomas with a small stock of general goods & started the first store and became St. Thomas first merchant. He was a man of enterprise and soon formed a partnership with Rapelje to build the first frame mill in the settlement. He afterwards removed to the county of Norfolk where he died March 1881. His wife died in 1879 Catherine the third daughter, married

Henry Best in Buffalo and afterwards resided in Chepewa.
Jeromius, the third son was married in 1846 to Jennetta Best, on him devolved the duty of taking care of his fathers estate and the charge of several younger brothers and sisters. He did his duty faithfully to these & raised a large family of his own. He still lives on the old homestead on Yarmouth Heights, enjoying the fruits of a well spent life, and although he is 85 yrs old, he still retains to a considerable degree his mental faculties.

GRANDPA STOKES BIRTHDAY PARTY

This story is told by Melissa Stokes of New Sarum later Mrs. Thomas Elliott (better known as "Aunt Liss".) The family settled here in 1810. It combines humor with reality and discloses much of Pioneer life in New Sarum as she tells the story in her own words to A.S. Paragus of Aylmer Express February 26th, 1921.

"Grandpa Stokes moved here in 1810. He and Garrett Oakes each took up two hundred acres of land and each had to chop a road two rods wide, across his two hundred acre claim. So this made a road four rods wide.

Grandpa and Mr. Oakes and their wives came up in a little sailing boat from Long Point to Port Bruce. Then up Catfish Creek in a row boat or canoe or anything they could navigate in water. Thats how our parents got all the way into New Sarum and now their all dead, every one dead. We were a long lived family too Aunt Marian lived to be 94. The last one was Uncle James Stokes he lived to be 84 years old.

Grandfather came originally from England but his mother was a Huckins a Scotch woman. My father David Stokes was the eldest of his family and I of mine, born down here on Grandpa Stokes farm. It almost broke my heart to see that land pass out of the family. But when I was ten months old my father and mother moved out to the wilderness to a place two

miles west of Lyons. Our land joined the Randell Cline place.

I hear them say the cabin had neither windows or doors and

my mother stayed there alone with me the first night. But

the Uncle who was to have taken care of Grandpa died, so father

sold out to go back home to take his place.

My mother's father was a Karns, you have heard of

the Karns organ people, well she came from that stock. They

lived down near Hamilton, we used to drive down with the oxen

and then take their team on down to the City. Nowadays folks

would think they were killed if they hauled hogs ten miles.

Pork was worth fifty cents a hundred dressed with the head and

feet in St. Thomas, then, only a little hamlet under the hill

around Blackwood's store. But in Hamilton we got \$1.50 a

hundred.

Uncle Bill Wilcox told us the story, how the Indians

captured my Uncle Justice and tried to burn him but they left

the squaws on guard and Uncle Bill got him away and cared for

him until he was well.

The Indians stole Uncle Billy's brass kettle and a

brass kettle was really something to the pioneers so every

time the Indians came around the Catfish to hunt he would fire

at them. One day they returned the kettle and asked "Can

Indian hunt now?"

father and mother moved out to the wilderness to a place two

WELCOMED BY A PAIL OF COALS

"But there was one thing, if the pioneer did have a hard time moving in and settling up the land, it made them more sympathetic and neighborly than people are now."

When old Mrs. Francis was young and moved in Grandma sent her girl Charity over with a pail of coals for her to start her first fire in the cabin. Even the means for making a fire was hard come by in those days.

Grandma was there in 1812 when the Yankee soldiers went through pillaging and burning everything. The officers were some of them human. Grandma was alone with two little children for all the men folks were off defending the Country. An officer came and said "have you got any food." She pointed to a loaf in the iron kettle (that - kettle is in the family yet.) and to some sugar cakes upon the beam. He said to Grandma "Cut me 2 slices and take the rest and hide it, I'll hold the baby." She hid it in the long grass outside, she ran back and he gave her the baby. In a few minutes the army swarmed in like angry flies. "There's no food here shouted the Captain, we'll have to look elsewhere."

When I asked Grandma if she was afraid she said "why no," I'm glad there was some brave people in our family. Everyone didn't fare so well, the Army went up to the Rapalje

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