

been absent from the old Todd homestead, those five years being spent in Kansas where another branch of this scottish family settled and prospered. He went there in his youth and it was then that he added the second "d" to the family surname, the Kansas relatives having adopted the double "d".

James Todd's mother was a sturdy Scotch lassie, a native of Perthshire, Elizabeth Hepburn being her maiden name. She was a sister of the first Mitchell Hepburn, Premier M.F.Hepburn's respected grand-father. Her grand-father owned two hundred acres on the west side of the London and Port Stanley Highway between the 5th and the 6th Concessions of Yarmouth directly opposite the two hundred acres that John Todd purchased on his more or less chance visit to St.Thomas. The Todd homestead was acquired about the year 1834, being largely a wooded area at that time. There was only a clearing in the forest primeval, bear and deer still ranging the deeply wooded area when Sym Todd took possession, and so, on the finest section of that two hundred acres of land that John Todd acquired in South Yarmouth in the early days when the post horn of the stage coach, that operated daily between Port Stanley, St.Thomas and London, set the loud echoes ringing through the giant trees of the forest, on the gently rising knoll about six hundred yards off the paved highway, an imposing building of native limestone is soon to rise. The selection of that site for the new government hospital is a testimonial to John Todd's discernment, for government engineers and architects declare it to be the finest site for such an institution, that they have seen in this entire district.

(This article contributed by Mrs.Samuel Heidt
of Union)

THE TODD FAMILY

REF - FAMILY BIBLE

John Tod m AGNES
1732-1796 | 1737-1807

THOMAS GREENSHIELDS m MARY MANSON
1730 - 1812 | 1743 - 1823

JAMES Tod m
Glasgow Scotland
21 Dec. 1790

Jane Green shields

THOMAS GREENSHIELDS
d 23 Aug 1811 - 33 years

MARGARET GREENSHIELDS
d 20 Dec 1853 age 72 years
at Montreal

John Allan Thomas Agnes MARY MARGET JANE Clementine JAMES Sym ELIZABETH
1794-1882 1796-1820 1798- 1800-1873 1802- 1805-1883 1807- 1809-1889 1811-1874 1813-1891 1815-
d Vancouver Isl d P.E.I. ST. THOMAS ONT. ST. THOMAS ONT. ST THOMAS ONT. J ST THOMAS ONT.
m JENNET Killed by R.R. Cars

Sym Tod m ELIZABETH HEPBURN
1813-1891 | 31 Dec 1852 1830 -

Jennie
b 1855
m John Tod
ARCOLLEV, Illinois

William
b 1860

JAMES Todd
b 1865
m Jeannie Livingston
d/o IRVINE Livingston
Pt. Stanley
no children

ELIZABETH
b 1868 d 1928
m 3 Jan. 1894
Robert Hepburn
s/o William and Ann (Dick) Hepburn

William Hepburn
never married

James Todd Hepburn
d 8 June 1906 age 7

Ross Hepburn
m Ann (Glenis) Ferguson

William and Ross owned Hepburn Transport Company

THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
JAMES AND ELIZABETH DODD
AND
THEIR FAMILY.

By a Descendent.

Great flocks of passenger pigeons rose before him as he walked. From time to time he caught sight of flocks of wild turkeys, and several times, among the trees, shy and wary deer, as they came to drink of the clear waters of the creek. Farther up the verdant valley, at an encampment, Indians dressed the carcasses of deer, and, over a fire, tried out the thick fat from the ribs of a black bear.

He need quest no further. This was it, the promised land. Here in this unspoiled Eden, where Nature with a bountiful hand, provided in abundance, wild life of every kind merely for the taking, would he settle. Years later, when an old man, James Dodd related to his grand-son, the story of that first walk along the banks of the creek that now bears his name.

As he returned from his walk, his footsteps led him over the farm he was later to buy. His eyes must have noted the fertile acres of river flats, already cleared of trees, through which the clear waters of the creek wound it's way. He would also note the snug log cabin nestled at the foot of the hill, well-constructed and roomy enough for a large family. His mind full of plans, he returned late in the afternoon to the inn at the foot of "Blackwood's", now "St. Thomas", Hill where he, with his wife and two children, had put up on their arrival from Port Stanley. Shortly afterwards, he entered into negotiations with Samuel Smith, the owner of the farm, and on the 25th of September, 1830, purchased it, handing it down in perpetuity to his heirs to the present day.

James Dodd was born in the Village of Chagford, near Moretonhamstead, Devon, in the south of England, on April 3rd, 1803. By trade he was a stonemason. He married and became the father of two

children. There, but for two factors, in that quiet English village he might have tarried all his life. The first was his love of hunting and the curtailments placed upon it in England. He chafed under the restrictions imposed where hunting was a privilege allowed only to the landed gentry, and all others were considered to be poachers. The second factor was an inheritance, a windfall of \$5,000. coming to him as the eldest son.

With this sum of money converted into hard cash in the form of gold and silver coins, and carefully guarded in a deer-skin covered chest, he and his little family, his wife Elizabeth, his son John, not yet four years of age, and his infant daughter Elizabeth, faced westward, towards Canada. After a stormy five-weeks crossing, they travelled up the St. Lawrence and into the great inland lakes of Ontario and Erie, navigating the newly constructed Welland Canal. When a sudden storm arose on Erie, their little vessel was forced to put in at Port Stanley. Fate having decreed that they stop here, James and his family, weary of the long sea voyage, decided to leave the ship and go inland. By ox-team they travelled the rutted nine-mile road, little better than a trail, till they found welcome haven at an inn at the foot of the old St. Thomas hill.

Thus, in the year 1830, James Dodd came to St. Thomas, and with his English guineas, purchased the land wherein he put down his roots. The home into which James now moved his family, was a good house and, by log-cabin standards, large. It had an upstairs, and, to judge by the ruins of it as remembered by his grand-son, it's dimensions must have been about forty feet square. It became the birthplace of all the rest of the children of James and Elizabeth. Nestled in a curve of the hillside, it was sheltered from the full force of the north wind.

Close behind it, rose a never-failing spring of clear, cold water. October, the month of falling leaves, with it's warning of the dreaded Canadian Winter to come, was almost upon them as they moved into their new home. There was much work for their hands to do. The cabin must be rechinked and banked, and great piles of firewood piled close at hand. Wheat must be purchased and carried to the mill to be ground into flour.

Before their annual migration took them southward, numbers of passenger pigeons fell to James' gun, the breasts of which, Elizabeth put down in brine. Later, as the weather grew colder, fat haunches of venison swung from upstairs rafters. With the onset of Winter, cold, such as they had never experienced in England, gripped the valley. It imprisoned the noisy waters of the creek in strong fetters of ice, and piled snow drifts high against the cabin walls.

Young John and baby Elizabeth stirred uneasily in their trundle-beds as the howl of the timber wolf sounded over the frosty night air. James took long walks, gun under arm, following the course of the frozen creek. As he sat by the blazing hearth in the candle-lit cabin, during the long Winter evenings, he laid his plans for the forthcoming seed-time and harvest. Springtime came at last, and with it, such a burgeoning of Nature as is never seen in gentler climes. The snow melted from the hillsides and the creek burst it's fetter, running bank-high, laden with thick blocks of ice. Ere long the plaintive voice of the Killdeer was heard along the creek meadows as the wild things of Nature returned to their accustomed haunts. Soon, behind the plodding ox-team, James was turning his first furrow, straight and true, of the soil he came to know so well. Planting followed, and as the green shoots pushed up, grew and ripened in the dark earth, so different from the red soil of his native Devon, he knew that he had chosen wisely and well.

A bountiful harvest filled the log barns as he laboured with cradle and flail. In the garden, Elizabeth tended vegetables and kitchen-herbs. With skilful fingers she plied the spinning wheel to produce the yarn for gray homespun cloth.

As the busy months rolled into years, James brought his plans to fruition. On the sunny south slope of the hillside, he planted apple trees, grafting them with twigs of the Quarander and other English strains shipped over from his native Devon. Secure, at that early date, from the ravages of enemy parasites, the trees flourished to provide fruit and that Devon specialty, cider. It was beneath one of these same trees that James, warned of it's presence by his hilltop neighbor Silas Toles, shot and wounded a great black bear, gaunt and ferocious from it's long Winter's hibernation. The pursuit that followed, with the bear at one time invading the old Mansion House in St.Thomas, wearing the sash from one of it's windows around it's neck like a ruff, has become one of the legends of the early days of St.Thomas. In the orchard he also planted cherry and peach trees, and grape-vines in orderly rows. From England also, he had sent a pair of fox-hounds to aid him in the pursuit of that wily animal during the long Canadian Winters.

Nine more children were born to James and his wife Elizabeth, to join them around the great pine table. Only one, Maria, died, in infancy. At each one's coming, James entered it's name on the flyleaf of the great Bible he and Elizabeth had brought with them from England. When they were old enough, the children attended a school which was situated beneath the present site of the Michigan Central Bridge. Here, presided over by a dolorous individual by the name of Mr.Salmon, with a copy of the Bible as their only text-book, they learned their A.B.C.'s.

This Mr. Salmon appears to have been quite an eccentric individual. One of his foibles included the wearing of a tall black hat at all times during school hours as well as out. Silas Toles, a Trustee at the time, took exception to this custom. Mr. Salmon defended it just as heatedly. To the great delight of the scholars, the argument culminated in Silas Toles striking the hat from the teacher's head with a big black cane he always carried. Mr. Salmon retaliated with his hickory pointer, and the result of the whole affair, was a charge of assault against Silas Toles. In the trial that followed, several of the children were called as witnesses, Silas Toles was convicted and forced to languish 7 days in jail. As the sons grew older, they joined with their father in the tilling of the farm, in hunting and trapping. There was John, James Jr., William, George, Jasper and Noah. With axe and saw they attacked the hardwood forest atop the hill, clearing off the great maples to provide more land to serve their increasing needs. Soon the boys were doing the bulk of the farm work.

James found time to devote to other pursuits, in particular, the science of taxidermy. In his mind must have been the thought that some day all that prolific life of land and forest that he saw in such abundance all around him, would be no more. With clever hand and practiced eye, he could mount a bird or animal in such a manner as to appear amazingly life-like, just the right tilt of the wing, or turn of the head. Whole cases of birds and animals did he mount, having erected a small building especially to house them. People came with specimens for him to "stuff" from near and far. The myriads of passenger pigeons have vanished from the face of the earth, yet retained by his descendents is a perfect specimen, it's beautiful plumage still bright and fresh, mounted by him with the careful touch of the artist.

To his third son, William, he imparted the secret of his magic touch and William went on to equal, if not exceed, his father in the art.

Elizabeth, too, was no longer unassisted in her duties. Four daughters were fast growing into womanhood. The eldest, Elizabeth, had been only a few months old on their arrival in Canada. Mary Ann, the first of the children to be born in Canada, arrived in August, 1831. Then followed James, came Anna, born in 1834. Less than a week before the twentieth birthday of John, the eldest son, Harriet, the youngest and last of the children of James and Elizabeth, was born.

In 1848 James had erected from timbers grown on his own farm, a fine new house. For it's site he chose a shelf of the hillside overlooking the valley and creek, seemingly fashioned by Nature for the purpose. The new house was big- fifty by thirty feet- on a basement built of huge granite boulders. An enormous brick fireplace, that must have burned up whole forests of logs, ran along it's east end. He had it covered with clapboard siding, and surrounded by a picket fence. When it was completed, people came from miles around to admire it. Inside the picket enclosure, James was able to indulge in his love of flower-gardening, perhaps a nostalgic heritage from his homeland. At any rate, he transformed it into a bit of Old England with roses, peonies, lilacs and other flowers in profusion. Beneath the two spruce trees in front of the house, grew thick beds of lilies-of-the-valley. One of the spruce trees still stands, a towering giant, but it's mate was struck by lightning, and perished years ago.

James builded well. The house, modernized by his grand-son, William, it's present owner and occupant, still stands as firm and strong against the elements as when it's roof-tree was laid, over one hundred years ago.

Still visible in it's upper siding is the aperture through which bees came and went, as they stored honey in a room designed for the purpose in the upstairs. How proud James and Elizabeth must have been with their new house, with it's bright spacious rooms. What a noisy crew must have been the children, as the ten of them clattered down the wide staircase in the morning and retired at night.

Outside the home, too, James and Elizabeth were taking an active part in the community life of St. Thomas. As recorded in Ermatinger's "The Talbot Regime", James Dodd was one of the builders of the first Methodist church ever to be constructed in St. Thomas. James also built, at the back of his farm, a small private church. Here services and prayer-meetings were held. Itinerant ministers, local lay-men and, on occasion, even one of the boys would take turns at preaching.

It should not be supposed from the foregoing, that the boys were unduly pious. They were vigorous, fond of hunting and fishing, with a natural penchant for playing practical jokes when occasions arose. ✓ The family was fast growing up. John, the eldest, after an adventurous trip overland to the California goldfields in 1849, married Anne Royal and settled down on a farm three miles north of St. Thomas on the Southwold-Yarmouth townline, purchased for him by his father. Assisted by his brothers, he cleared the virgin acres and planted the first crops. Two children, a son, John, and a daughter, Alice, were born to them. Elizabeth, the eldest girl, married Thomas Wesby, who owned a woodyard in London. They had three children, Walter, Anna and Georgina. Mary Ann wedded Neil Carswell, Lt. Colonel in the Canadian Militia. After the Riel Rebellion, they built a house on an acre of land given them by James. Three children were born to them, Tillie, Lizzie and Pannie (Little Mary Ann).