Early Days of Col. Talbot Who Landed at Pt. Talbot Just 133 Years Ago Today

It is rather fitting that this article, dealing as it does in part with Colonel Thomas Talbot and the Talbot Settlement, should appear today, because it was exactly 133 years ago today (May 21, 1803) that the Colonel landed at Port Talbot to begin his task of parcelling out the land granted him by the British Crown. The article, with an accompanying letter, came from Dr. C. M. Keillor, a native of the Wallacetown district and at present a member of the Canadian Pension Commission. The letter and article follow:

Editor, The Times-Journal: Sir,—It was recently my good fortune while in Regina, to have the privilege of browsing in the library of the late Lieutenant-Governor Miller of the Province of Saskatchewan, and I here subjoin an excerpt from "Picturesque Canada" which was edited by George Monro Grant, D.D., of Queen's University shortly after Confederation.

Born and reared in Dunwich township and having spent many happy hours as a youth at Port Talbot, this enclosure has a strong appeal and interest for me.

Perhaps many of your readers will derive not only the same sense of enjoyment in the delightful description of the Talbot country, but pride in having domiciled or even having lived at one time in the settlement where Colonel Talbot labored.

Sincerely,
C. M. KEILLOR, M.D.,
Commissioner.

293 MacLaren street, Ottawa, May 17, 1946.

Of the many railways which bring rich tribute to London, that arriving from the shore of Lake Erie by way of St. Thomas taps a district of much interest as well as resource. Leaving London, and holding our way along the gentle rise which forms the water-shed of the right townships of Westminster and Yarmouth, we find on reaching St. Thomas that we are looking down from an escarpment of considerable elevation. From the western edge the city commends a magnificent outlook. As far as the eye can reach, country villas and trim farmsteads stand out in relief against graceful bits of wildwood, or are only half concealed by plantations of deep green spruce and arbor vitae. Intervening are broad stretches of meadow, or long rolling billows of harvest land. Down in the deep ravine at our feet winds a beautiful stream, which has all the essentials of romance, except the name. When, half a century ago, Mrs. Jameson warmly remonstrated against "Kettle Creek," old Colonel Talbot pleaded that some of his first settlers had christened the stream from finding an Indian camp kettle on the bank, and that really he had not thought it worth while to change the name. The Canada Southern Railway is carried across the creek and its dizzy ravine by a long wooden viaduct which contains a very forest of spars. The growth of St. Thomas has been much promoted by this Southern Railway, which, originally projected by W. A. Thompson, received, after weary years of solicitation, support from Courtright and Daniel Drew, and finally reached a permanent basis under the mightier dynasty of the Vanderbilts. Its alliance with the Credit Valley road gives St. Thomas the advantage of a double through route east and west. The company's car shops have created a [illegible] of industry at the eastern end [illegible] street. The adjoining station is one of the finest in the Dominion, and reminds one of the large structures in Chicago and New York. Competition for the American through freight brought a branch of the Great Western from Glencoe to St. Thomas. This Loop or "Air" line passes onward by Aylmer, Tillsonburg, Simcoe and Jarvis; then, as we have already seen, converges to the Canada Southern at Cayuga; whence the two rivals start on a forty-mile race for the International Bridge at Buffalo, blowing steam into each other's faces almost all the way. The Loop Line gives St. Thomas the rare advantage of a third through route east and west. Then by the railway on which we have just traveled there is easy access to Port Stanley which, only eight miles distant, is the chief harbor on the north shore of Lake Erie.

The development of St. Thomas into a railway centre has carried with it great material prosperity: The haunts and homes of commerce and industry are fast overgrowing the city's limits. The religious edifices have kept abreast of this material advance. Higher education, as well as elementary, has received careful consideration. An excellent Collegiate Institute furnishes an academic and professional training. Alma College, a fine pile of buildings in modern Gothic, occupies a commanding site of six acres in the middle of the city. The college is designed to give young ladies a training, artistic and musical, as well as literary. It is conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At St. Thomas we are in the heart of the "Talbot Country." The city's main artery is the same Talbot street which seventy miles eastward we found crossing the Grand River at Cayuga; and which, westward, we should find reversing the counties of Kent and Essex, finally running out on the Detroit River at Sandwich. Both the "street" and St. Thomas itself take their name from the young lieutenant whom we saw with Governor Simcoe exploring a site for London in the winter of 1793. As in St. Catharines and some other places locally canonized "The Saint" has been thrown in for euphony. Perhaps, too, the voluntary hardships to which Colonel Talbot devoted himself may have suggested a comparison with his famous namesake of Canterbury.

From the lookout at Port Stanley we can discern, seven or eight miles westward, Talbot Creek and the spot where this military hermit renounced the world of rank and fashion and entered the wilderness, there to abide with brief intermission for nearly fifty years; the spot also, where after a stormy life he now peacefully lies listening to the laughing of the lake waves upon the shore. Talbot was two years younger than Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington, and, while still in their 'teens, the young officers were thrown much together as aides to the Talbot relatives, the Marquis of Buckingham, then Viceroy of Ireland. The warm friendship thus formed was kept up until the end of their lives by correspondence, and by Colonel Talbot's secular visits to Apsley House, where he always found Wellington ready to back him against the intrigues of the Canadian executive. Through Simcoe's influence Talbot obtained in 1803 a township on the shore of Lake Erie. The original demesne grew in half a century to a principality of about 700,000 acres with a population of 75,000 souls. There was an arcadian simplicity about the life of these pioneers. The title deeds of the farms were mere pencil entries by the Colonel in his township maps; transfers were accomplished by a piece of rubber and more pencil entries. His word of honor was sufficient; and their confidence was certainly never abused. The anniversary of his landing at Port Talbot, the 21st of May, was erected by Dr. Rolph into a great festival, which was long kept up in St. Thomas with all honor. Immediately after brief respite the hermit would return to his isolation, in which there was an odd mixture of aristocratic hauteur and salvaged wildness. The acquaintances of early life fell away one by one, and there were none others to fill the vacancies. While creating thousands of happy firesides around him, his own hearth remained desolate. Compassion was often felt for his loneliness; his nephews, one of them afterwards, General Lord Airey of Crimean fame, attempted to share his solitude; but in vain. Then his one faithful servant Jeffry, died. The recluse had succeeded in creating around him an absolute void; for we take no account of the birds of prey that hovered about. Wellington, his first companion and the last of his friends, was borne to his tomb in the crypt of St. Paul's amid all the magnificent woe of a state funeral, and with the profoundest respect of a great Empire. Three months later, Lord Talbot also died. It was the depth of winter and bitterly cold. In the progress of the remains from London, where he died, to the quiet nook by the lake shore, the deceased lay all night neglected and forsaken in the barn of a roadside inn. The only voice of mourning near his coffin was the wailing of the night wind. But, in that solemn darkness, the pealing organ of the forest played more touching cadences than may be found in a requiem of Mozart or Cherubini.

Early History of Elgin

Dr. Bogue added variety to the evening speaking not on Holsteins, but on some of the early history of Elgin County, as brought to light through the life of Col. Thomas Talbot, in a centennial year address. Dr. Bogue said that in his mind, three points in the years -852 and 1853 featured the passing of pioneer days—incorporation of Elgin County; death of Col. Talbot and the granting of a charter for the London-Port Stanley railway.

Col. Talbot was a man who wasn't afraid to start over, a fact from which we might take a good lesson today, said Dr. Bogue. He stamped his name and personality on this area more than anyone else has ever done before or since, mentioning such places as Malahide Township, Court House in London, Talbot Road, St. Thomas, and so on as marks of Col. Talbot. "The Colonel is still with us," he said, proceeding to sketch Col. Talbot's story.

In the 1790's Robert Graves Simcoe was Governor of Upper Canada and a young lieutenant, Thomas Talbot, was under his command. Upper Canada was nothing but forest and Indians, the speaker said.

In 1793 Simcoe walked to Amherstburg from what is now Toronto and with him on the journey was Lt. Talbot. They camped near Port Stanley later returning to York with Lt. Talbot sailing back to England where he took part in the Napoleonic wars. In 1801 Talbot once more returned to Canada with the hopes of building up a settlement in Upper Canada, the speaker continued. His main thought was to grow hemp for export back to England where it was badly needed.

He also hoped to build up an estate for himself in Canada, throwing up a sure place in society for himself in England. He had no hopes of inheritance, being a younger son, further building up his decision to come to Canada permanently.

Land was being given to settlers for small fees. Talbot obtained two grants, one of 1,200 acres as he was a retired officer and 5,000 acres for service he was expected to offer his country.

He was also alloted 200 acres in the townships of Dunwich and Aldborough for every settler that he brought in and persuaded to settle, deducting 50 acres for the settler. This latter point, it turned out, was to be deducted from his first 5,000 acres. In theory, he could have built his estate to 21,000 acres.

Col. Talbot landed near Port Talbot in 1803, cleared land, built a grist mill and saw mill, and called for settlers. In 1805 his first settlers arrived and settled near Tryconnell. Talbot believed that titles should not be granted these settlers until the land was settled, homes built and also that work should be done by each towards building of roads. His ideas found support of Colonial officials, said Dr. Bogue, and in 1811 Talbot was given further charges until he had 28 townships under his control. In 1809 the Talbot Road was built from Port Talbot to Delhi on the east and to Sandwich on the west, two years later the North Talbot branch being built.

After the war of 1812, settlers flooded in, said the speaker, including Highland Scots, Quakers, Englishmen, settlers from Long Point and Niagara and many others. They settled in their own little settlements.

Officials at York began to become jealous of Talbot and his power and brought many controversaries objecting to Talbot's power and way of land handling. Talbot took the case to England and won. He then went on to secure an estate

Colonel Talbot's Word Law in Elgin County

By Fred Landon

COLONEL TOM TALBOT'S body has been "mould'rin' in the grave" these 96 years, but it can truly be said of him, as of old John Brown, that "his soul goes marching on." Enough mythology has grown up around his name to provide material for a dozen novels and if all the anecdotes ascribed to him were true he would furnish a character for grand opera, tragedy or comedy.

Visitors to the little graveyard at Tyrconnell where he lies buried look down at the massive stone slab whereon is inscribed the name of "The Honourable Thomas Talbot, Founder of the Talbot Settlement" and then turn their glance to a little stone immediately adjoining which records the burial place of a little girl, his grand-niece, the daughter of Colonel Airey, who for a time lived with him. Youth and age lie together.

From the graveyard at Tyrconnell, or from the old homestead at Port Talbot, for miles east and west, and to the north as well, one may see the country of which he reigned in feudal fashion in his own day. Here are the farms which he assigned in such curious fashion to the immigrants from the Old Land who came to his door, his "land pirates." These lands in that early day were covered for the most part with dense forest, but today they present a picture of cleared fields, capacious homesteads, great stables and barns, and all other evidences of a rural prosperity and well-being.

Disposed of Land

Yet, despite all the tributes that have been paid to Talbot as the founder of the settlement, it might be questioned whether he himself ever brought one settler to the area. He had in his hands the disposal of the land, and settlers came much as they would have come had any other official of government been there. It might, indeed, be questioned whether Talbot was primarily interested in the settlement of the country except in so far as such settlement in its early stages automatically increased his own land holdings and at a later date increased the value of these holdings.

His original grant of 5,000 acres in Dunwich Township was made conditional upon its division into 50-acre farms for incoming settlers. For each 50 acres thus granted, Talbot was to receive 200 acres elsewhere. But Talbot surrendered little of this grant, with the result that in Dunwich and Aldborough, the two townships where his personal interests chiefly lay, progress was much slower than in the other townships. Judge Ermatinger is authority for the statement that as late as 1845 these two townships had each only about 700 inhabitants, whereas Southwold, to the east, had a population of 2,300 and cultivated land to the amount of 16,000 acres. The two Talbot townships combined had less than half this amount of land under cultivation.

There was, however, something substantial on the other side of the ledger and it must not be overlooked. This was the program of surveying and road-building which Talbot pursued with energy and in which he associated with himself Mahlon Burwell, a native of New Jersey. Burwell appears on the scene in road construction activities as early as 1809.

Without surveys no settler could know the location or bounds of his property; without roads he had neither access to his property nor from his farm to a market of any kind. There was hard common sense in this constructive activity and the traveler over No. 3 highway, for example, running from Talbotville west towards the Detroit River can in imagination project himself back to the men who blazed the first trails through the forested region and laid down the beginnings of this modern highway. Colonel Talbot's lands being separated from the Long Point area by a large tract of forest land, a road was first laid out between these two and this became known as the Talbot road. Later Westminster was connected with the Talbot road and a second road running parallel to the original road through Southwold and often known as "the Back Street" was surveyed and opened.

Settlement and road building, which had made only slight progress before the War of 1812, were completely stopped during that struggle; indeed, the work of those earlier years was largely undone by the depredations of raiding parties from the American border. In May, and again in July, 1814, raids were made upon Port Talbot, houses being plundered and crops destroyed. In September, Port Talbot again suffered, mills and dwellings being burned. There was animosity in these attacks and it was evidently the hope of the raiders to capture Colonel Talbot. In this they failed but Colonel Mahlon Burwell was taken by the enemy and remained in their hands for some time.

With the revival of emigration to Canada after the Napoleonic wars the settlers in the Talbot area greatly increased in number and the Colonel himself prospered by the settlement plan which regularly gave Talbot an additional 150 acres. But such a plan of settlement could not but arouse dissatisfaction and it largely explains the unrest that developed in the townships and which culminated in the Duncombe uprising of 1837.

Sinister Figure

By the early "Thirties" a large number of the inhabitants of the County of Middlesex (which then included most of present Elgin County) had come to associate their various grievances with the policies of Colonel Talbot. His extensive acquisition of land, his truculent manners and the large measure of control which he could exercise over the individual farmers' welfare combined to make him a rather sinister figure. The St. Thomas Liberal during the summer of 1833 could say:

"The County of Middlesex, from its first settlement up to this moment, has been controlled by two distinguished individuals, as absolutely and despotically as is the petty sovereignty of a German despot. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that the Hon. Colonel Talbot rules with a more absolute sway, and his power is infinitely more to be dreaded than that of the King of Great Britain."

Political organization against the Government was existing in the Talbot settlement as early as 1832 and spread during the next four years. Poverty, hardship and the drabness of life were contributing factors to the unrest of 1837 but the policies and actions of Col. Talbot were something upon which the ordinary man's mind could be centred. Considering the risks of life, property and reputation that were involved, it is surprising to find that several hundred men in the Talbot settlement were in actual armed rebellion when 1837 came around. Since the number of those in rebellion in that year was greatest in the Home and London Districts, it is safe to conclude that the number of those who were potential rebels must also have been greatest in those sections.

The "Forties" was a period of reconstruction for the whole province, politically, socially, educationally and in other ways. Changes of a municipal character came also, one of these being the disappearance of the old districts and the definite organization of county units of government. As early as 1846 there was agitation for the separation of the townships along Lake Erie from Middlesex and the organization of a new county. It took a dozen years for this to be worked out, but in 1851 legislative authority was obtained and this became an accomplished fact in the next year with the meeting on April 15 of a provisional council which elected as Warden Elisha S. Ganson, reeve of Yarmouth. He gave place to Thomas Locker, reeve of Malahide, when the regular council met for the first time in November, 1853.

We are very apt to think of the Talbot settlement as an area confined to the present County of Elgin. While Colonel Talbot's own properties were all within the present Elgin he exercised jurisdiction in the matter of locating applicants for land in parts of both Middlesex and Kent counties as we know them today.

There are many families in Middlesex and Kent whose ancestors obtained their land through the Talbot agency. Dunwich and Aldborough, Southwold and Yarmouth, Malahide and Bayham were the townships which formed the oldest part of the Talbot settlement. Fronting on the lake and traversed throughout by the Talbot road, they were the most accessible to the outside world. Middleton and Houghton, now in the County of Norfolk, were also part of the Talbot settlement but in the forties had a small population and little land cleared.

The range of townships in which Colonel Talbot exercised his powers and duties included several in present day Middlesex. He seems to have had no part in the settlement of Delaware and north of the Thames River London Township was the only one in which he exercised anything like an exclusive jurisdiction as to locations. In Mosa, Ekfrid, Caradoc and Lobo his control was only in the southern parts, chiefly along the Longwoods road. In Kent County his activities appear only in Orford, Howard and Zone townships.

Rich Area

When we look at this area today we see it as one of the richest and most productive agricultural sections of Ontario. Within it lie the cities of London and St. Thomas, though with the origin and development of these communities he had nothing to do. On the other hand these cities have grown up largely because of their situation in the midst of this rich agricultural area.

From 1815 to 1837 Talbot was the most important figure in Western Ontario. He was never of much importance after 1837. We have interesting glimpses of him from that date on but they are those of an old man, courtly to his own circle of friends, indeed beloved by some of them. But these later years were clouded by quarrels with relatives, worry over his great holdings of land, and by the state of his health, the latter due in parts to his rather besotted habits. In his last days he came into London to live with his friend, George Macbeth, and he died in the Macbeth home on February 6, 1853. The Lord Roberts Public School stands on the site today.

Division of Talbot's vast properties began as early as 1850 when he turned over to his nephew, Colonel Airey, 13,000 acres of land in Aldborough. At his death the remainder of his estate, which at one time was between sixty and seventy thousand acres, was bequeathed to George Macbeth. In 1925 the old Talbot home and several hundred acres of land were sold to Detroit interests who proposed to develop it as a high class summer resort. The depression after 1929 put an end to this scheme.

In the years since efforts have been made to have the property preserved as a provincial or Federal historic park but these plans came to nought. In the fall of 1946 public advertisements appeared offering the property once again for sale, and in January of this year it was sold, again to a Detroit citizen, whose plans with regard to its future use and development remain to be seen.

Elgin County Native Finds Interest, Charm at Birthplace of Colonel Thomas Talbot

The following interesting account of a visit to Malahide Castle in Ireland, nine miles north of Dublin, the birthplace of Colonel Thomas Talbot, founder of the Talbot Settlement, has been received by The Times-Journal from John Hall Stewart. Mr. Stewart, who is a native of Springfield, Ont., a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, well-known residents of that village, is associate professor of history at Adelbert College, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio and at the present time is in Dublin, where he is doing research work for the Social Science Research Council.

By JOHN HALL STEWART

To residents of Elgin County (especially the older generation), the development of the Talbot Settlement, the somewhat stormy career of eccentric Colonel Thomas Talbot, and the story, however apocryphal, of the naming of the city of St. Thomas, are familiar historical items. Some have even read the charming account of the Colonel's distant relative, Edwin Allen Talbot, who left two delightful volumes describing his tour, mostly afoot, through the wilderness of Upper Canada in the early years of the nineteenth century. East Elgin folk, however, have a special interest in Colonel Talbot, for one of their townships, the one where my great-grandparents settled, was named after the Colonel's ancestral home, "Malahide." Last Saturday I had the privilege of visiting both the village and the castle of that name.

Thanks to the happy university custom of "sabbatical" leaves of absence (as well as to the generosity of the Social Science Research Council) I am enjoying a sort of scholarly holiday, most of which I am spending in Dublin, reading the Irish newspapers of the late eighteenth century to ascertain the effect of the French Revolution on Ireland. When I was finally assured of my "leave," I decided that one of the Irish sights that I should see at all costs was Malahide. Guide-books afforded adequate information concerning the castle and the Talbot family, but concluded with the disappointing advice that, although the grounds might be visited on certain days of the week, the castle itself was not open to the public.

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Nevertheless, solely on the strength of family experience and my historical journey to Ireland, I pursued the matter further. I learned that the present "owner" of the castle and the estate was one Lord Talbot de Malahide. Accordingly, after duly investigating necessary matters of protocol, I wrote "My Lord Baron," stating my case, and expressing the hope that, during my sojourn in Dublin, I might enjoy the special privilege of visiting the castle and taking some pictures of it.

Almost at once I received a reply, very courteous and very informal. His Lordship informed me that his work at the Foreign Office kept him in London most of the time, but that his mother and sister, who lived in the castle, would welcome me at any time. When I acknowledged his kind letter, I said that I should be going to Ireland by way of London, and that I might call on him there. The second day in London I received an invitation to telephone him, and was invited to call at the Foreign Office. There, across from historic numbers 10 and 11 Downing Street, I was passed from one official to another, and finally arrived at the high-ceilinged (and, I must admit, rather gloomy) office of Lord Talbot de Malahide. A most personable young man, perhaps in his late thirties, His Lordship proved to be a charming conversationist. As I was about to take my leave, he informed me that he was making one of his infrequent visits to Malahide on the following week-end, that he was giving a party, and that if I should like to attend he would have his mother send an invitation to my hotel in Dublin. Naturally I accepted the offer with appreciation and enthusiasm, and went my way.

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Upon arriving in Dublin several days later, I found the promised invitation awaiting me. And late Saturday afternoon, I betook myself to Eden Quay, near the famous O'Connell Street bridge, to take a bus to Malahide. Most of the buses here are "double-deckers," even those on rural service; and it was my pleasure to obtain a seat on the upper level where I could view the countryside. Unhappily the sky was cloudy, and the rain pelted down during most of the nine-mile ride to Malahide. The village is small, not particularly attractive at this time of year, but "in season" is popular with Dublinites as a seaside resort. The countryside—as much of it as I could see—was pleasing, but not particularly impressive, except that

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'I Visited Malahide Castle'

(Continued from page eleven)

everything green (and most of it was) was greener than I had imagined anything could be. In view of the amount of water that has fallen during the past few days, I can understand why this is so. The farms are small and fairly neat, with hedgerows and stone walls instead of fences. Apart from a cottage and a few outbuildings there are few of what we would call farm buildings. The soil, more brown than rich black, left much to be desired on the part of one who is familiar with the soil of Southern Ontario.

My bus brought me to the village considerably before the time that I was due to reach the castle. So, for a half-hour or so, I warmed myself beside a tiny fire in the back room of the local "pub," and listened to the "palaver" of a couple of interesting elderly "natives." Then, having obtained directions, I set out for the castle.

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The estate of Malahide lies on the edge of the village—"sure and its just beyand the railroad bridge," I had been told. Some 360 acres in all, much of the estate appears to be in forest and parkland. Two gates, one at either end of the frontage, admit from the main highway. I entered the gate nearer the village, passed the cosy "gate lodge," and followed a winding, semi-paved road some quarter of a mile to the castle itself. Part of the road was open, part was bordered by hedges, and part was shut off by a high stone wall. Through gaps in the wall I could see the stone buildings which apparently house the livestock, and young people were coming out with pails of milk.

Finally, just at dusk, I reached the castle. It was one of the most picturesque sights I have seen. Not large as such buildings go, nevertheless it loomed large against the darkening sky. Its lone, circular tower with its battlements rose formidably at one corner, and away in front, almost as far as the eye could see in the rapidly gathering dusk, swept a vast green expanse of lawn.

The main entrance proved, as one might expect, chill and gloomy. I was directed upstairs to a dark panelled hall, where a maid relieved me of hat, topcoat, and overshoes, and a butler took my invitation and ushered me into the REAL "hall," the oldest part of the castle. There I was greeted by His Lordship, who introduced me to his charming, white-haired mother and his attractive young sister. More people arrived—there must have been more than a hundred before the party broke up by 8 o'clock (dinner hour here)—food and drink were passed in abundance and great variety. I met many delightful people, three of whom gave me a lift back to the city in their little car.

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On this visit I saw only two rooms of the castle, and on that limited basis I must say that the building is probably a gloomy place by day. Lighted, however, it was most impressive. The room in which the party was held was the upper part of the original "Great Hall," with a high beamed ceiling, massive fireplaces and dark, heavy woodwork. The walls were covered with huge paintings, many of them portraits of members of the Talbot family. And everywhere there was a profusion of lovely antique oriental rugs. The other room (the hall through which I had entered) was likewise heavily panelled with dark wood, elaborately carved, and contained, among other interesting things, a colorful mantelpiece, obviously seventeenth century Flemish workmanship, and the desk of James Boswell, famed biographer of Dr. Johnson. Lord Talbot said that when I came out again he would open it for me I believe that the wife of the second-last holder of the title was a Boswell. At any rate, until recently, when they were spirited away by a wealthy American, the Boswell "papers" reposed there.

The castle is supposed to date from the late twelfth century, but little of the original building remains. Much was added by later Talbots, and I was told that even the tower, which looks most medieval, is partly nineteenth century! From what little I have gleaned of the history of the family (in a manner, I must admit, most cursory for a professional historian) the Talbots came over with Henry II, and, except for a short period during the Cromwellian regime, they have held the property ever since. To this day the title carries with it the sub-title of Admiral of Malahide and the adjacent seas, or something of the sort which obviously dates from the time when the feudal barons were required to provide ships as well as men for their sovereign lord.

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As I took my leave I thought of the irascible old Irishman doling out land in the Talbot Settlement, and of his cultivated relative, Edwin, wandering through the trackless forests of Upper Canada—each connected with this feudal domain, each in a remote wilderness, and one of them never to return to the home of his ancestors. What a contrast, what a difference between the pioneer backwoods settlements which they encountered and the gentility of their Malahide home! (I thought also of the time, when I was but a small boy, that T. M. Moore returned from having visited Malahide, and regaled all of us with one of his characteristically eloquent accounts of what he had seen). When the good weather comes (if it ever does), I shall have the pleasure of seeing Malahide Castle in greater detail and by daylight. If conditions permit, I shall take some photographs, one of the best of which will certainly go to The Times-Journal, along with whatever further comments I may have to make at that time.