

James Sangster - My father was  
a shoemaker and we came out in  
1830. In 1832 my father cut the lot  
I live on from an Irishman called  
Mason, who had cut out the road  
and felled some of the bush for \$12;  
tho' the work done was worth  
more, but nobody ed live on the  
lot it bein' swampy, and covered  
with ~~and~~ hemlocks and the like.  
My father kept us up by his trade  
and soon after I got a lot in the  
St Louis, which bein' ridgy we did  
well, makin' 7 or 8 bbls of potash and  
goin' for cups. In course of time  
the roots had rotted on the succession  
lot, which we were able to clear  
then to plow, but it was sore with  
ditchin', for our only outlet was

was the Chateaugay. The lots were  
all taken up when we went in  
haps 2 or 3 years, but as all the  
others had more or less ridge  
could make a living off them  
while clearing. Our only road  
was a track along the side  
of the creek, that comes out  
below Durham. The Saturday  
right the Co rose in Beauharnois  
a neighbor, a farmer on the  
Lorris, McKay, was there and  
managed to escape, and fled  
the edge of the bush. He came  
hausted, and told his news,  
astonished us, for we did not  
of any kind. He was all  
by so few. In the afternoon  
couple of hundred Co from  
village and vicinity marched

214  
to the homes of the Old Countrymen  
to demand the muskets, which  
they knew had been served out  
to us the winter before. Repres  
ours, I was taken prisoner, and  
when on shore away, my mother  
made so much ado, that the  
muskets, which had been  
hid in a hollow log, were given  
up. The Co were civil and  
did no injury. A day or so after  
I went to the post, and joined  
Nicols' company, and went down  
to Baker's, where we lived well  
in the Co poultry. In the barn  
of the house where we were  
found a lot of preserves. The  
afternoon of the skirmish I  
was sent with a horse and  
cart to bring away a quintal

a flour they had left in a house abandoned, and 3 bts or so below Reeves. Never thinking but the Ws were there still, I went and was surprised to find no me. I got the flour and came back. Saw no signs of Co. When I returned I had to enter Reeves' by a window over the cellar door; all the entrances being closed by logs piece of timber. Col Campbell was a coward.

215

John Sadler - My father James came from Co. Caran in 1879. He was a blacksmith, and took up land along Chat. abt 1823 I think. There was a clearance at point, made by Amey Cars. He worked as blacksmith for several years after settling there.