

His gallant seamanship and the uniform urbanity of his manners won for him golden opinions both from his employers and the passengers under his charge. From both he received many substantial tokens of their esteem. To the travelling public Captain McLean was extensively known and as widely respected. During his prolonged illness he never uttered a complaining word, and at last breathed out his life without a groan. An immense concourse of sorrowing friends followed his mortal remains to their final resting place, in the Kincardine cemetery. Being himself a Master Mason his brethren buried him in accordance with the ritual of the Craft. He was a member of Manitou Lodge, Collingwood, but owing to the distance his brethren there were unable to perform for him the rites of sepulture, but they were well represented by the Northern Light Lodge of this Village, under the direction of the Worshipful Master Brother T. C. Rooklidge, assisted by Brother Freer, Chaplain. We heartily endorse the following from the Collingwood *Enterprise* :

"Captain Duncan McLean has at last gone to his rest, after long and painful suffering. A better seaman never trod a plank. His memory will dwell as an

### The Late Captain Duncan McLean

The deeply lamented subject of this notice was born near St. Thomas, in the township of Southwold, Co. of Elgin, on the 29th March, 1840. He was the youngest son of Mr. Duncan McLean, who died when the deceased was only a month old, and to this misfortune was added a still greater—the loss of his mother—when Duncan was but 9 years of age. At twelve he found a hospitable home with his sister and his brother-in-law Captain Duncan Rowan, of Stoney Island. In 1854 he attended the public school in this village, then taught by Malcolm McLennan, Esq., the present clerk of Huron township. Among his schoolmates he was a general favorite. He early evinced a liking for the perilous life of a mariner and sailed with his uncle till 1858 when he went with his brother, the late Captain Donald McLean, as mate on board the *Ploughboy*. It will be remembered that in the fall of 1861 that steamer's machinery broke while she was in the channel between Bruce Mines and Manitoulin, near Clapperton island, and that the deceased with four others put out in a yawl boat in search of an American Detour, and that in crossing the Channel between Manitoulin and Drummond island they encountered a squall in which the boat was capsized, all the crew perishing except himself. During the gale, which lasted all day, he clung tenaciously to the boat, and at sundown was washed ashore on the Grand Manitoulin, after having been in the water eleven hours. Following the shore for 35 miles he reached an Indian settlement, completely exhausted. By them he was conveyed back to the *Ploughboy* in a canoe. From that exposure he never recovered. Subsequently he became master of the propeller *Rescue*, and more recently of the *Algoma*, and lastly of the *Chicora*. In September last he left the *Chicora* by reason of declining health, and remained with Captain Rowan till "the weary wheels of life stood still," expiring on the 26th ult., at the early age of 31 years.