

My Ancestors: James Joseph Thomas and Hannah Mannall

James Joseph Thomas and Basil Aird Partridge

My grandfather James Joseph Thomas was born on Golden Lake in July of 1893 and baptized at the Mission church on the reserve also in July of 1893. His father was John Mannall Thomas also born at Golden Lake. His father was named after his grandmother Hannah Mannall. When I was young my grandfather often talked about Basil Partridge, his old friend at Golden Lake. Basil and my grandfather spent many hours visting, fishing and he helped Basil in his canoe making. Basil Partridge was well known as a birch bark canoe maker.

As time went by and WW1 separated my grandfather from the area as he served in WW1, Basil and him drifted apart but every year when the CNE was on in Toronto at the end of August (Canadian National Exhibition) my grandfather would take the streetcar from his home in Toronto to the CNE where he would visit with Basil in the Department of Lands and Forests booth at the CNE. Basil was brought down to talk to the tourists and visitors and demonstrate his canoe making skills. My grandfather travelled there on all 3 weekends of the CNE and he and Basil would talk and reminisce about life at Golden Lake.

Hannah Mannall

Hannah Mannall spent the better part of her life at Golden Lake running a small stopping place on the lake from 1832 to her death in 1868. She lived and kept friend with Algonquin people and the women from the South shore even before Pikwakanagan became a reserve in 1873. Her husband kept a journal of life at Golden Lake and Hannah was well known for her fishing skills and often it was journaled that women from the South part of the lake in what was still not a reserve including the mother of Chief Stoqua came up the lake to fish and visit with Hannah. Some summers she and her husband visited the Algonquin summer camps at Lake of Two Mountains Quebec before she finally journeyed up the Ottawa river and onto Golden Lake in 1832 where she spent some 36 years of her life. She died at Golden Lake in 1868 and from family records we know she is buried by the Lake. She spoke the Algonquin language and her friendships with these women lasted her lifetime. Indeed her fishing skills were such that she sent fish to the South end and fed many of the ancestors of what is now the Pikwakanagan reserve. Not only were these stories recorded in her husbands journals but they were handed down to my grandfather who told me of his great grandmothers love for fishing and my grandfather loved fishing and this was passed onto myself, my son and now my grandchildren. We often refer to our fishing trips as Hannah Days.

Submitted by Lynn Hanley October 26, 2022.