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**HOW THE CROZIERS CAME TO
CANADA.**

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LIFE," &c.

Dada was one of the long-legged Crozi-ers of Balnadoodle. Raised on the Fermanagh limestone, like his father and grandfather before him, he was, on that account, perhaps, one of the tallest men in the north of Ireland, and one of the heaviest, too, for though never a fleshy man, he hardly ever weighed less than twenty stone. There was lime enough in Dada's enormous bones to have built an ordinary steeple. And yet he was far from being one of those masses of ossification, limited to uneasy motion in the hip joints, such as may often be seen on the tenth of the month stalking to Enniskillen Fair, in the rear of a mutinous pig.

I have often heard him say, that the year before he joined the police he walked from Enniskillen to Strabane and back in one day, and every day, for a week after, mowed an Irish acre of as heavy meadow as ever grew on the fattest holms of Fermanagh; and it was a frequent brag of Jinny McMullen, his old nurse, that she helped to roll a thirty stone sack full of wet malt from the barn floor "on to his broad back," which it was no trouble to him to carry outside and load a horse cart withal.

Dada was the fourth of seven sons nearly all of the same gigantic mould. Uncle Tom went to Canada when he was turned of thirty, but was one of those who did not succeed in that country—his "larnin," strange to say, was his undoing in Canada. "I'd been worth thousands and thousands, Jim, if I had never known the A. B. C." Uncle Tom often came to see us; indeed, when I tell you that he has crossed the Atlantic *fourteen* times, and fooled away years of his life "school teaching," you will be at no loss to account for his want of success in Canada. So for the paradox of learning being his undoing, it must be explained on the supposition, that having once got into the harness of common school teaching he wanted the energy to get out of it again. Poor old Tom! He has lived to see not a few of his relatives attain to plenty and even affluence in Canada; he lives a month with one and six weeks with another, but every two or three years the fit returns, and away home he goes to Balnadoodle to tell his old friends there that he would have been worth thousands and thousands if he had never known the A. B. C.

Uncle Kit was next to uncle Tom. In the golden days of old Bonny, when Irish farmers were growing rich, feeding cattle on illicit malt draff, Kit had the misfortune to quarrel with his father, and ran away to Canada. He was the first of the Croziers that crossed the Atlantic,