

Notes by the Way

An example of the sterling trustworthiness of the pioneers. The following has reference to the father of Rodrick and Murdoch MacKenzie.

BELLE VUE, May 26th, 1838.

The bearer, Alexander MacKenzie, served me on the farm for three years and conducted himself during that time to my entire satisfaction.

DUNCAN SIMPSON.

Bell-Vue, Ross-shire, Scotland.

TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT HONORED.

During one of the early harvests when help was scarce the minister volunteered to help reap a field of barley. After working for some hours he stopped work suddenly and asked the owner of the field what he intended doing with the barley. The good Presbyterian would not tell a lie, and to tell the truth he was ashamed. The minister took the non-committal attitude of his parishioner as a good omen. The owner, when the day's work was done, resolved that none of the good man's work would go into whiskey that year, and in the future none of his barley would go into spirits.

THEN MARRIAGES WERE NEITHER SECRET OR SOLEMN.

It was not uncommon in the early days for a young couple to walk to Goderich to be married, and not fall out by the way. Afterwards, when the roads became less difficult to travel over, the minister would meet the marriage party half way. On such occasions the bride and groom would be accompanied by many of the neighbors, making the journey by easy stages, to and from the place of marriage; all the while the sound of music and dancing made the woods ring and log cabins groan with the overflow of the spirit of good fellowship and merry-making. Water was not thought much of in those days.

JUST A LITTLE PARDONABLE PRIDE.

Before a wedding or some great social gathering, the gallants of Ashfield have been known to walk to Goderich for hair-oil.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Bicycles had just been introduced into the community. One bold youth dared to ride his wheel to church on the Sabbath Day. When attempting to pass by a stern Calvinistic standard-bearer, without a word of warning he thrust his walking staff into the spokes of the wheel and sent the bicycle rider somewhere to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.

RADICAL STILL.

When the rural mail delivery was first introduced a Conservative daily published in a near city sent two canvassers to introduce their literature to the good and true men of Lochalsh. Needless to say, they met with poor success. They, apparently, thought that the name Lochalsh was a bad omen for them at least, for they could neither spell nor pronounce the baffling name. On their way home from the fruitless canvass they met one of the yeomen of the burg. Stopping him, they asked him to spell the name of his post office. With a twinkle in his eye the gallant answered slowly, G-l-o-b-e. Needless to say they have not returned.