

Sketches  
of the Early Days of  
Fergus and Vicinity

by  
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## Bon Accord

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(The following chapters in form and substance are, for the most part, from an interesting sketch written by Miss Tytler, and from notes made by her sister, Mrs. Kirkman, then (1900) teaching in the Seaforth Collegiate Institute. Both ladies died a number of years ago.)

### I.

#### How Bon Accord Was Settled

Some seventy years ago in a city of bonnie Scotland a small party of friends were in the way of meeting occasionally to read and discuss any information that they could obtain in the far off land of promise, America. They were well-educated, intelligent, respectable people, with sufficient means to enable them to emigrate comfortably and to purchase land. They were led to think by the glowing accounts sent home by those whose interest it was to sell land that if they once owned a few hundred acres of land in Canada they must needs be independent, and they finally resolved to send one of their number to see, judge and purchase a block of land, one direction being that there must be church and school within reasonable distance.

The gentleman sent out by these good citizens of Aberdeen was Mr. Geo. Elmslie, who came out in the year 1834. After his arrival in western Canada he met in with another Scotchman, Mr. Alexander Watt, on a similar quest, and they travelled in company, by way of Brantford, through Zorra and North Easthope. In some places they could have got the requisite block of land, but they deemed it not so well watered as they wished. At last after long wandering, they were led to decide on the part of the Township of Nichol lying on the banks of the Irvine, then a fine large woodland stream, even in the drought of summer, very different from the tiny streamlet which, in

the present day, at that season, trickles along among the stones as if weeping for the grand old times, when its abundant waters were teeming with speckled trout, which for number and size and beauty made the angler's heart leap for joy, and furnished for the new settlers many a tasty meal, when they could get little else, even though they had plenty of money.

Mr. Elmslie and Mr. Watt bought their land from Wm. Gilkinson, who about 1832 had purchased about half of the Township of Nichol, and who, originally a Glasgow merchant, had come up from Brantford and settled at Elora, to which he gave the name. Mr. Elmslie bought 1200 acres and Mr. Watt 800, making 2000 in all. Another thousand acres was bought by other Scotchmen who came in shortly after.

Having chosen the locality for their little colony, having secured the land and sent word to their friends to come on, these two pioneers decided on the sites of their own homes, and at once set about getting a little chopping and clearing done, both for themselves and for some of those who were to follow them. Shanties, too, had to be built for shelter until more pretentious log houses could be erected. This was no easy matter, for even to go to and from their work cost no little toil, for in those days there were no roads, no bridges: a blaze through the dense forest served for the one, and a tall tree felled across the river for the other. All was unbroken forest from Elora to the shores of Lake Huron.

When news reached the folks at home that land was purchased, preparations were set about for a start in the following spring. As Mr. Elmslie foolishly, so it seems to us now, advised the bringing out of all kinds of iron implements, some of the party encumbered themselves with a vast quantity of baggage, causing a great outlay for the carriage of useless tools, such as the clumsy old country axes which a Canadian chopper would scoff at as instruments fit for felling trees.

However, baggage and all, a party of twenty or more embarked in a sailing vessel (for there were no steamers in those days) coming for a cargo of timber, but which had been fitted up to carry passengers out. After a seven weeks' voyage, during which many of them suffered from sea sickness, and homesickness, too, doubtless, if all were known, these adventurous people landed in New York.

After passing the Custom House, the officials not being at all troublesome, thanks to the good wine and brandy of the captain with whom they came over, the tedious, though not unpleasant journey in canal boats and such like slow conveyances was begun, and in process of times the party reached Hamilton, Upper Canada. Here they met an old country acquaintance, who earnestly tried to dissuade them from going so far back into the woods, advising them to keep the land bought for them till the country became settled, when it would be much more valuable. But he could not persuade them to abandon

their plans. They had thought of increasing the value of their property by their own toil, and determined that at least they would have a good look at it.

They engaged men and teams to take them, paying a dollar a hundred for their luggage. The women and children found seats on top of the loads, and the men walked. They crept slowly along beneath a broiling June sun, sometimes sticking fast on a hill, and needing the friendly aid of some settler's oxen, in one instance owned and driven by an old friend who had preceded them. At last they reached the village of the falls' and caves, which then consisted of one house and a tavern minus a roof.

The landlord said he could keep the horses, but had no place for the folks to sleep. Mr. Elmslie, who met them here, said that his house was roofed and floored, and if they could get out to it with a load of bedding they would be more comfortable. Accordingly they loaded one team with bundles of bedding and other necessities, and plodded on for a couple of weary miles. At length they reached their destination, and after a well earned supper, thoroughly tired out, they lay down to pass the first night in the new settlement, their future home.

The preceding day, the 10th of June, 1835, had been excessively hot, so judge of their surprise on awakening the next morning, stiff and cold, to find everything in the way of crops cut down by a severe summer frost, then and for many years afterwards but too common in the higher parts of Ontario. Weary, sad, and discouraged at the gloomy prospect, some proposed returning to Hamilton with the teams that had brought them up; but, as often occurs, a small thing turned the balance the other way. A farm hand named Dawson, brought out by Mr. Melvin, one of the party, had gone out to examine the quality of the soil, and came back saying they would surely never turn their back upon "sic gran' lan'."

## II.

### The First Settlers

The first settlers in Bon Accord were George Elmslie, Alexander Watt and John Keith. It was stated in the preceding chapter that Mr. Elmslie fell in with Mr. Watt in Western Canada. Another informant says that these two and Mr. Keith came out in the same vessel and travelled together from New York as far as Toronto, then York—Muddy Little York—where Mr. Keith remained working at his trade of carpentry while his friends went in search of an eligible location for the new settlement. In the block of land that was purchased

Mr. Keith and Mr. Watt chose the farms on the eleventh concession of Nichol upon which they so long resided: Mr. Keith's was east of the Irvine and is now partly included in the village of Salem; Mr Watt's was west of the river, and immediately north of the present bounds of Salem. Mr. Elmslie's farm lay along the west bank of the Irvine adjoining Mr. Watt's, but in the twelfth concession. All the farms are beautifully situated, and in the days when dense woods crowned the hills and filled the vales, and when the flow of the Irvine was full and steady, the surroundings were picturesque and romantic indeed.

Of those that made up the first party in 1835 we have not got a full and authentic list. These, however, were among the number: Mr. James Moir and family; Mr. Peter Brown and family; and Mr. Robert Melvine and family. Mr. James Moir, son of the James Moir mentioned, and now living in Elora, is the only surviving member of the party. The Browns returned to Scotland after a comparatively short residence here. In the family last mentioned there were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Melvine and family; George Cromar, Mrs. Melvine's eldest son by her first husband, and James Melvine, then a baby, who died in 1855. There was besides the man Dawson whom Mr. Melvine seems to have engaged on the voyage out, and who, notwithstanding his sage and effective counsel to the others, did not himself long remain in the settlement. Mr. Melvine, who was ill with consumption and had come out in hope of relief, for there was said to be no consumptives in Canada, died a year or two after his arrival. His widow afterwards married Mr. Alex. Tytler, a neighbor.

Among those who came in the same ship as the persons just mentioned, or shortly after them, were Wm. and John Gibbon, brothers of Mrs. Elmslie, both of whom married sisters of Mr. Elmslie, also the Mairs, Mackies, Middletons, Pries, Wedderburns, Calders, Cummings, and Brockies. Mr. John A. Davidson, who afterwards moved to Eden Mills where he died, came in about the same time.

Mrs. John Watt, of Salem, is the fortunate possessor of an old hand-made map of Nichol, the work of her mother, a sister of Mr. Andrew Grant and afterwards Mrs. Hugh Roberts, of Pilkington. The map was outlined in 1845 by "a nephew of Brucklay's" (the younger Fordyce) but seems to have been filled up as to details by Miss Mary Grant in 1848 and sent home to a brother in Scotland after whose death it was sent back as being of interest to friends here. The map or plan is the result of much patient and loving toil, "all done when I should have slept" as Miss Grant touchingly says in a letter written on the back of it. It shows not only the bounds of the various concessions and lots in the township; but also the course of the streams; the amount of clearing, woodland and swamp on every lot; the names of the owners, who were also for the most part occupants, of almost every lot; and even the location of houses and other buildings that had been erected.

According to this map there were in 1848 the following settlers in Upper Nichol, reading northwards from the Grand River :

Concession XI.—James Allan, John Keith, John (Sen) Wissler, Alex. Watt, George Frazer, George Barron, James Moir, Thos. Young, John Marriot, James Young, Edward Thomas Day.

Concession XII.—John Mennie, David Foote, Robert Gerrie, Thos. McQuaker, James Middleton, Wm. Hay, Alex. (Wm.) Tytler, John Gibbon, — Sanger (?), Geo. Elmslie (rented by Mr. Allardice), Wm. Gibbon, Joseph Wedderburn, Chas. Michie, Alex. Rennie, Thos. Burton (Ogston), Wm. Mackie, John Brooks (Brockie), Wm. Branders, Joseph Geddes.

Concession XIII.—Alex. Harvey (rented by James Wilson), Andrew Grant, John Mason, James Skinner, Wm. Gerrie, John Gerrie, Wm. Gibson, George Pirie, Samuel Trenholm, (a correspondent says all the lots from Trenholm's up to the Irvine River, 150 acres along the Bon Accord Road, belonged to Melvine, while Gall and Stephen's lots were in behind that), Alex. Gauld (Gall), John Stephen, Peter Brown, John Brockie, Thos. Muir, Archibald Cumming.

Concession XIV.—A. Harvey (rented by John McNaught), James Gill, Thomas Curzon Allardice, George Skene, James Duguid, Francis Anderson, Robert Low, James Young, George McHardy, Wm. Clark, David Smith, David Henderson, Alexander Dingwall Fordyce, (Alex. Lillie), George Chambers ? (John Davie).

Concession XV.—Hon. Adam Ferguson, D. B. Ferguson, James Perry, Wm. Hay, Andrew Burns, Wm. Moorhead, Robert Gavin, David Allan, John McPhail, Geo. C. Hamilton. A. D. Fordyce, jr., Thos. W. Valentine, John Valentine, George Muir, Edward (Edwin) (Henry Hatcher's lot was front half of this lot) Hateber, Wm. Robertson (no clearing).

Concession XVI.—Wm. Buist, Charles Allan, James (Davidson), Wm. (Reid), Edward Ford, Robert Powrie, Francis Anderson, Arthur Walker, Alex. Walker, Alex. (James Lamond) Smith, Arthur Ross, James Ross, Alex. (John and Brebner) Cadenhead, James Courtney Hatcher.

How few of these surnames would be found on the same farms in a modern map !

### III.

#### Notes and Reminiscences

From the names on the map of 1848 described in the previous chapter, it would appear that Bon Accord comprised an oblong block of about 3000 acres, being lots 7 to 16 of concessions XI, XII. and XIII. A few farms adjoining this block may have been properly included. The term is now often loosely applied to the whole western two-thirds of Upper Nichol, but strictly it should be used only of that section settled by those who came out under the leadership of Mr. Elmslie, chiefly from the neighborhood of Aberdeen.

The name Bon Accord was given to the settlement by the pioneers because that is the motto of Aberdeen. It is found on the armorial bearings of the city. It was an appropriate name of good omen, too, for such a new community, for it signifies, "agreement" "harmony," "good accord." As a French term adopted in Scotland, it is an interesting reminder of the historic fact that France and Scotland were for centuries on very friendly terms, drawn together by hatred of England, their common foe. Many broad Scotch expressions derived from the French remain to us as souvenirs of that long continued intimacy, for example: 'braw,' 'certy,' 'douce,' 'dour,' 'fasb,' 'haggis,' 'pough,' 'tassie,' 'kimmer.'

It was not long before a log school-house was built on Mr Elmslie's land, and he installed as teacher. The task of teaching a few young children was not a congenial one to a man better fitted by temper and attainments for the work of instructing more advanced pupils. Accordingly after a short time he became master successively of Ancaster, Hamilton and Guelph Grammar Schools. While teaching in the Bon Accord School it was not unusual for him to fall asleep, and to slumber on till some of the scholars would rouse him with the request that he would hear their lessons and let them go home.

A circulating library was early formed with gifts of books from those who had brought a good supply with them, a few new ones being added yearly to the extent that the funds permitted. It is safe to say that the proportion of books of fiction was very small. This library was a great boon to the young people, and a debating club, kept up for many years, was an incentive to study. As some of the members were college bred men, the others had to read diligently in order to be able to hold up the side of the argument they happened to be upon. As a result the community had a reputation for intelligence far above that of most similar settlements, a reputation that was well deserved.

One winter much amusement was caused by a series of clever

pen and ink sketches of some of the "characters" which are always to be found in a neighborhood. At one time the satire would assume the form of a play bill with a full list of members of a theatrical company; at another it would be a clever piece of verse. These efforts of genius were posted on the bridge, which by this time spanned the Irvine, and were found in the morning by the first passer-by. We may be sure that they were scanned with interest and would cause much amusement, often even in the persons at whose expense they were written.

In the early days the short summers were always busy; but in the winter there was little to do but "chopping," and the evenings were often spent in mirth and feasting as long as the money brought from the old country lasted. Even the moneyless in such new settlements were much more sociable than people in general are now.

The early settlers were not without a sense of the romantic, which sometimes showed itself. One of the very early settlers had wood and won and wed a woodland maid, who alas! had a wooden leg. After suitable festivities in the home of the bride, she, attended by the groom and with her head adorned with balsam sprays, was drawn home on a sleigh by eager swains.

One of the oldest settlers had a sister who had made some money at baking in the old country, and when she came out she, too, bought a Bon Accord farm, but a man was needed to help, at least to clear it. Two "old bachelors" at that time had a shanty near the Irvine River. The fair one, without beating about the bush very much, a directness which she had probably got accustomed to in business, offered herself and the farm to whichever of the two would take her. One of them flatly refused the offer. The other did not at once accept it, but with true Scotch caution, wrote home to his father for advice. The reply came, laconic, emphatic and sensible: "Tak' her, Geordie, tak' her." Accordingly he took her and long they lived on the old farm thereafter.

Mr. Wm. Gilkinson, the founder of Elora, died before the business enterprises which he projected were fairly in operation, and the place was at a standstill for several years. Fergus in the meantime took the lead as a place of business. A mill was completed in the autumn of 1835, and formally opened in mid-winter by a great supper and ball. This mill and a store were conducted by Mr. James Webster and his man Buist, who had a great deal to say about what "me and Mr. Webster" would do. The burning of the mill shortly afterwards was a great misfortune, not only to Mr. Webster, who had no insurance on it, but also to the settlers generally, especially to several who had wheat in it at the time. Mr. Mair, for example, lost his whole season's crop, bags and all. However, owing to Mr. Webster's energy the mill was soon in operation again, and Fergus did not lose its trade. The Post Office for the district was in Fergus, too, and



brought people to the village occasionally, for letters and newspapers did not come with any great frequency. Postage was high in those days and not prepaid. Often it took all the available money in Bon Accord to pay the postage on a letter from Scotland.

The Scotch settlers of North Nichol, like many of the better class of English speaking emigrants elsewhere, kept up the good old country custom of giving names to their farms. Thus Tbos. Mair's place was called Bellfield, Wm. Mackie's Beech Hill, John Brockie's Irvine-side, A. D. Fordyce's Leseraigie, David Henderson's Delacher, Chas. Michie's Curry Howell, Alex. Smith's, Glenlammond, Chas. Allan's Strathallan, Wm. Buist's Beechwood, Wm. Clark's Woodcot, James Perry's Woodside, and so on. Wherever such names have been bestowed they should be preserved: they give or help to give, individuality and local color to the homes of the people, much more so than do numbered lots and concessions, though these may be more convenient from a business standpoint.

## Fergus and Vicinity

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### I.

#### Survey of Wellington

(An interesting sketch of the County Base Line by Col. David McRae, of Guelph.)

Wellington is a strangely shaped county—with some rectangular and some irregular townships. The story of the making of our county is one yet to be told, but the special intention of this article is to give the reader a general idea of the way the townships came to be in their present shape and the reasons annexed thereto. The Indians were the original owners, and the bargains the Indians made with our Canadian people determined the angle at which most of our farms and fences run. Parkman tells that this peninsula between the great Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario was occupied by two distinct peoples; the Hurons or Wyandots, including the Dionondadies or Tobacco Nation and the Neutral Nation who occupied the northern shores of Lake Erie and the Niagara peninsula. The Hurons were the allies of the French and the enemies of the Iroquois or Six Nations, who lived

over the Niagara peninsula in what is now New York State. In 1649 the Iroquois invaded the Huron country and almost exterminated the Hurons. The survivors fled in a panic and the whole nation was dispersed and broken. A few years later the Neutrals fell under the wrath of the Iroquois, who thus were conquerors of the whole of western Canada. They did not attempt to settle in it and used it but rarely as a hunting field. The Mississaugas, who had lived north of and adjacent to Lakes Huron and Superior, and who appear to have been allies of the Iroquois, gradually took possession of the country. In 1764 they are said to have numbered 2,000. Then came the war of independence in the United States, in which the Iroquois, and especially the Mohawks under Chief Joseph Brant, took an active part. When the war was over they decided to follow the British flag, and moved into Canada, living a few miles out of Montreal till they should have a permanent allotment in Canada. The chiefs of the Mohawks visited the governor, and their descendants today speak with pride of the grand reception they received and the generous offer made by the governor to choose any portion of the country that suited them. The whole land lay before them—they could select any part they wished. Two chiefs were named to make the selection—Joseph Brant and John Deseronto. The latter chose the Bay of Quinte, then abounding with game, but the former chose the Grand River valley. Neither would yield, so both were allotted. At Niagara, May 22nd, Sir John Johnson purchased the Grand River reserve from the Mississaugas. This purchase from “the sachems, war chiefs and principal women of the Mississaugas Indian Nation” was bounded on the north by a line drawn from the creek that falls from a small lake into Lake Ontario, known by the name of Waghquata, and thence northwest till it strikes the River La Trauche. Waghquata was afterwards known as Wellington Square and is now Burlington. The point where this line strikes the river is now Arthur. The straight line between runs N. 45 deg. W., and is the eastern boundary of the townships of East Flamboro, Puslinch, Guelph, Nichol and Peel, and the western boundary of Nelson, Nassagaweya, Eramosa and Garafraxa. A glance at the map will show other townships in which the lines have been run parallel with this base line. In this purchase of the Indian title it was supposed that the area included the whole of the Grand River valley and that the source of that river was west of the line. This was not the case, as the line crosses the Grand river in Ferris. The river passing through Arthur is not the La Trauche or Thames, but the Conestogo, itself a tributary of the Grand River. At Quebec, 25th October, 1784, Governor Haldimand, in the name of the Crown, granted to the Mohawks and others of the Six Nations the tract of land “upon the River Ouse, commonly called the Grand River, running into Lake Erie, of six miles’ breadth from each side of the river, beginning at Lake Erie and extending in that proportion to the head of the said river, which the Mohawks and others of the Six Nations who had either lost their possessions in the war, or wished to retire

from them to the British, with their posterity, were to enjoy forever." When the survey of this grant came to be made it was found to be a difficult task, on account of the windings of the river, to carry it out exactly as worded, and a compromise was agreed upon by which a block twelve miles wide was laid out, keeping the Grand river as nearly as possible in the centre of the survey. This splendid tract of country comprised about 675,000 acres, and included the land now forming townships in the counties of Haldimand, Brant, Waterloo and Wellington. In the latter county Nichol township came up against the base line, and at least three sides of Nichol were surveyed before any other part of the county, the other townships being built around her. The bend of the Grand River in Woolwich leaves that township almost in the shape of a fan and clips a corner from Guelph township. Some years after, when the valuable character of the grant was better appreciated, Chief Brant endeavored to have the reserve pushed up the Grand River to its source. This was refused by the Government, as they claimed they could not in 1784 grant to the Indians more than they then owned, and neither the officers of the Crown nor the Indians suspected the Grand River extended beyond the base line. The greater part of this reserve was long since surrendered to the Government, and now contains in the townships of Tuscarora and Oneida, 52,133 acres, on which there are some 3,700 Indians. The line from Burlington to Arthur and the twelve mile reserve on the Grand river was the start of the survey of Wellington, being both directly due to the settling of Chief Joseph Brant and the Mohawk Nation in Upper Canada.

## II.

### The People Whom We Have Supplanted

An Indian is now a rare sight in Wellington County, but within the memory of many who are not yet considered old, visits from travelling bands of red men were quite common. They would come with their wives and children, with their guns, their knives, and their hatchets; and would take up their abode for days, or weeks or even occasionally for months in some wood or swamp, where they would erect their wigwams, and hunt and fish and trap and drink fire-water to the extent that the locality afforded them opportunity. They would pound the black-ash log, till it yielded its thin smooth pliant layers of fibre, and these they work up into baskets of many shapes and sizes, sometimes of the natural color, but oftenest ornamented with striped work of red or yellow or blue. They would make bows and arrows and axe handles and stable-brooms. These wares they

would paddle in the country and villages about, getting in return sometimes cash, sometimes food or clothing. Though they would at times get rather wild with whiskey, they were on the whole inoffensive, and seldom, if ever, dishonest. White people frequently visited their encampments, often with propitiatory gifts, and were never received with worse than stolid indifference, or better than a quiet smile or a gurgle of delight. They were regarded with considerable awe by the younger portion of the community, who had heard or read of the bloody deeds their race had done. They were treated with good natured indulgence by the older people, as being, after all, the rightful, or at any rate, the original owners of the land.

But what if the white man had not crossed the great water? In all probability the name and memory of the Indian tribes, whose descendants we have with us still, comparatively civilized, on their reserves, would long ere now have vanished from the continent. As Parkman tersely phrases it, the Indian in his tribal relations and local haunts, was "mutable as the wind." One tribe destroyed or absorbed or displaced another with bewildering facility. Had it not been for contact with the Europeans the process of annihilation would have been kept up for an indefinite length of time. If the aborigines of this continent are a moribund race, and if they are to become one day extinct, they are at least dying a slower death than the tribes that at present exist would have done if the white man had not appeared on the scene. There is some solace in that thought.

Two families of tribes as far as we know had to do with this part of the country. These were the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois. These were radically different in language, their tongues differing from each other as much, say, as the Gaelic does from the English. Within, the tribes differed in dialect as, for example, Cockney does from lowland Scotch. The latter family had much the larger brains, larger, in fact, than any other aboriginal race of America, and by dint of their intelligence and energy of character would possibly have established their ascendancy over the whole northern continent if the whites had not arrested them.

To the Algonquin family belonged the Mobicans, the Abenakis, the Delawares, the Crees, the Ojibwas, and many other well known tribes, of some of which the memory and the name alone remain. They were spread over a great part of the Atlantic slope from Labrador to Virginia, and reached as far westward as the Rocky Mountains. The Ojibwa tribe was the branch that had most to do with Ontario. The name assumed several different forms, Chippewa being the one now most met with it. Mississaugas were a sub-tribe of the Ojibwas. Nearly three hundred years ago Jesuit missionaries found the Mississaugas near the mouth of the river which now bears their name.

The chief divisions of the Huron-Iroquois family, though closely allied in race, were deadly enemies, as kinsmen sometimes are. The Hurons or Wyandots lived in villages (there were as many as thirty-

two at one time) between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. They were really a confederacy of four distinct nations, afterward increased to five when the Tobacco Nation entered the league. This latter nation was so called because they raised tobacco which they sold to other tribes. They were also called Tionnontates or Dionondadies, and they lived in ten villages in the wooded valley of the Blue mountains, south of the Nottawasaga Bay. About 1640 they joined fortunes with their neighbors, the Hurons, and of all the tribes of that league, they are the only one that preserved its tribal form, and they are almost the only Indians that still bear the Huron or Wyandot name. The league was friendly to the French, and hostile to their cousins, the Iroquois, of whom they lived in constant fear.

The Iroquois had their homes in New York State, south of Lake Ontario in the vicinity of the small lakes there, most of which bear Iroquois names. Originally they were an undivided people, but they separated into five distinct nations, known as the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. These were afterwards confederated under the collective title of the Five Nations. In 1715 they were joined by a related tribe, the Tuscaroras, and were henceforth known as the Six Nations. They gradually extended their influence over most of what is now the north-east fourth of the United States, and were friendly to the Dutch and English, but bitter enemies of the French.

On either side of the Niagara river and extending along the north of Lake Erie dwelt the Attiwandarms or Neutral Nation, so called because they took no part in the Huron-Iroquois Wars. They were noted for their cruelty and licentiousness.

The Iroquois invaded the Huron country in 1649, burnt the towns, and killed, captured or drove away the inhabitants. A band escaped to the French, and of these a small and fading remnant exists at Jeune Lorette, near Quebec. The most of the Tobacco Nation, with other Hurons, who had taken refuge with them, fled to Michigan and under the name of Wyandots had a chequered and famous career in the border wars, but after many removals, found in 1855 an abiding place in Indian territory, where a few may still be found. In 1650 the Six Nations made war on the Attiwandarms, and the Neutral Nation was speedily destroyed, not even a trace remaining. Four years afterwards the Eries, supposed to be allied to the Hurons, and living south of the lake that bears their name, were attacked and annihilated. The supremacy of the Iroquois was thus established, and their power extended beyond the Ohio and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. For fifty years they were the terror of the French and their Algonquin allies, but after 1700 they were not so much feared north of the great lakes, and before Wolfe's capture of Quebec the Chippewas had undisputed rights in the Peninsula.

Such, in brief outline, are a few of the facts relating to the tribes whose hunting grounds we now possess.

### III.

#### The General Title to Lands in Nichol

Britain won Canada by conquest. The capture of Quebec in 1759, and four years later the Peace of Paris, established the rights of the English over those lands east of the Mississippi that had from the time of their discovery been claimed by the French. The rights of the Indians were extinguished piecemeal by treaty, the English paying what was agreed upon as a fair price for the lands that were gained.

During the war of the American Revolution the Iroquois Indians, especially the Mohawks under Joseph Brant, gave signal help to the British, and at the close of the war in 1773, many of them accepted the invitation of the English to come into Canada and settle there. One of the districts selected as hunting grounds for the Six Nations was the valley of the Ouse or Grand River. The Chippewas or that branch of them known as the Mississaugas, in 1784 surrendered their claim to a large tract of land bounded on the northeast by line running exactly northeast from a point near what is now Burlington to the Conestogo River, at what is now Arthur Village. Further particulars were given in Col. McCrea's article. This purchase was made by Sir John Johnson at Niagara, on May 22nd, 1784, and on Oct. 25th of the same year Sir Frederick Haldimand, then Governor of Canada, by an instrument under his hand and seal, declared that the Six Nations Indians and their posterity should be allowed to possess and enjoy a tract of land six miles in depth on each side of the Grand River, running into Lake Erie, being part of the land lately purchased. When surveyed, the grant consisted of a strip of land 12 miles in width along the Grand River, comprising the townships of Dunn, Moulton, Canborough, South Cayuga, Seneca, Oneida, Tuscarora, Onondaga, Brantford (East and West), Dumfries (South and North), Waterloo, Woolwich, Pilkington and Nichol. These lands were extensive and well situated, and were soon encroached upon by white settlers. The Iroquois hunted upon the grounds of the Chippewas, who were now friendly. In 1796, the Six Nations, being partly civilized wished to sell their lands on the basis of an annuity. This course was probably suggested by the whites, who wished to get possession of such valuable lands. Brant was appointed agent of the Six Nation Indians in Council, and was given power of Attorney to act for them on the 2nd of Nov., 1796. The tract to be sold contained 310391 acres, and was to be regranted by the Crown to such person or persons as Brant might think proper, adequate security for the payment of the annuity being given.

On Feb. 5th, 1798, Chief Brant, in behalf of the Six Nations, sold several blocks of land to different parties. Block No. 4, consist-

ing of 28,512 acres, is the only one in connection with which no purchase or price is named in the records at present available. The purchaser, however, seems to have been the Hon. Thos. Clark, of Stamford, near Niagara Falls, and the price to have been £4564. Some time elapsed, however, before the deal could be completed. The Indians had claimed the right of selling or leasing their lands, but this claim was refused by the Government, who maintained that the fee simple had always been vested in the Crown, the Indians having only the right of occupancy in the lands granted them. After a good deal of disputing the Indians finally surrendered their claims and petitioned George III. to issue letters patent to the purchasers of the lands. Whether or not Col. Clarke was the purchaser in 1798, at any rate on April 17th, 1807, a patent was granted him by the Crown to Block 4, consisting of 28512 acres, a mortgage being given by Clarke to Wm. Claus, Trustee for the Six Nations, to the amount of £4564. On Oct. 1st of the previous year Col. Clarke had given his bond to Wm. Claus and Alexander Stewart for this amount, payable in a thousand years, the interest to be paid annually. Claus was a son-in-law of Sir William Johnson. The Crown gave Col. Clarke the land on the conditions mentioned, in recognition of his military services, and the new township was named after Col. Nichol, who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. All lands in the township were bought of the Hon. Thomas Clarke, or of his heirs and executors, principally the latter, for his will was probated in 1829. Several large blocks were sold. In 1832 Wm. Gilkinson bought 13816 acres, being the south half of the township. In 1834 Adam Fergusson and James Webster bought 7367 acres, comprising lands on both banks of the Grand river, at Fergus and for some distance down, and the lands northeast of those, roughly speaking, the northeast quarter of the township. Alex. Watt and George Elmslie also bought blocks of land for the Bon Accord settlement; but they bought from Mr. Gilkinson. Among those concerned with the Clarke estate as heirs, trustees or agents were Rev. Robert Addison, Rebecca Addison, Hon. James Hamilton, Samuel Street, Robert Grant and Thomas C. Street, names that frequently appear on deeds and other documents. It would be interesting to know more about those that bore them.

## IV.

### North Nichol in 1838

Reference has already been made in these articles to a map of Nichol made in 1848, now in possession of Mrs. John Watt, of Salem. Old and curious as that map undoubtedly is, there exists a map with a somewhat similar history, but ten years older, and on that account even more valuable and interesting. It is entitled, "Northwest Half of the Township of West Garafraxa, Gore District, Upper Canada, 1838." It was drawn by Mr. John Cadenhead, then a young man recently out from Scotland, and at present (1900, Mr. Cadenhead died not long afterwards) living at an advanced age in Manitoba. When finished it was sent by Mr. Cadenhead to his brother George, afterwards Procurator Fiscal of Aberdeen. In 1895, through Miss Glen, who visited Scotland in that year, it was sent to Mr. Robert Glen, of Fergus, with instructions to keep it or present it to some public institution in Fergus. Naturally Mr. Glen prefers to keep it. It is very neatly done, the work of a skilful draughtsman, and it is excellently mounted on cloth with silk binding and walnut roller and headpiece, the latter concaved to fit the roller. With care it should last for years, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Glen will see that it never again leaves the locality where it is of most interest and value. (Note, 1913. Mr. Glen also died not long after. The map, we believe, is in the possession of Mrs. Glen, who is in Alberta.)

On this map North Nichol is marked as bounded on the southwest by the township of Woolwich, on the northwest by the "Reserve for the Six Nations," the result, probably, of a misapprehension, for the Six Nations never had any rights in what is now the township of Peel, and on the northeast by "Garafraxa." Three concessions of Garafraxa are shown, from lot 5 to lot 21. In all that tract only two clearings are marked, one of about 35 acres on lot 7 on the 1st concession, belonging to Mr. Thomas Webster, and now part of Fergus, and the other on lot 6 on the 2nd concession, "Jessyfield," belonging to Alexander Drysdale. On Mr. Webster's clearing two buildings appear to have been erected. On Mr. Drysdale's none are marked. Five other names appear on this section of Garafraxa, of persons who are set down as owners, but who had not as yet made a breach in the primeval forest. In the first concession, lot 5, Geo. Anderson, and lot 6, west half, Dr. Wm. Mutch; in the 2nd concession, west half of lots 5 and 7, Warden Shand; east half, John Wilkie; and lot 6 and west half of lot 7, Alex. D. Fordyce. The rest of the district covered was wilderness, over 8000 acres in all, so was all to the north of it, and much to the east.

In Nichol, south of the Grand River, the Broken Front and the first concession are shown. John Macleod owned the farm just east



of Elora, with no clearing. David Chalmers owned several hundred acres east of that, with ten or twelve acres of clearing but no house. At the bend of the river Wm. Renny, Hugh Black and James McQueen are the other names that appear on this strip.

The village plots of Fergus and Elora, as far as laid out with streets, comprised less than a hundred acres each. Elora had a baker's dozen of houses, all south of the river; Fergus had just twice as many, all north.

Upper Nichol is divided into two equal parts: the Bon Accord Settlement, comprising concessions XI, XII and XIII, and the Fergus Settlement, comprising concessions XIV, XV and XVI. The first seven lots on concessions XI, XII, XIII and XIV had no settlers, a stretch of nearly 3,000 acres of unbroken forest.

On concession XI the name farthest up is that of Thomas Gray, on lot 9; but there is neither clearing nor house. South of that we have James Moir, on "The Meadows" ("Meadowside?"); George Barron, on "Springfield"; George Frazer, on "Frazerfield"; Alex. Watts, on "Auchreddie"; John Keith, in "Irvine Cottage"; and J. Findlay, on "Tillery"; with clearings on each farm of from six to sixty acres. On lots 16, 18 and 19 no names appear.

John Brockie's name appears farthest north on lot 8 of concession XII, his land extending over into the thirteenth concession. Going south we have Wm. Mackie, Thomas Ogston, Alex. Webster, James Wedderburn, George Elmslie "Irvine Bank," John Singer (probably meant for Dr. Sanger), John A. Davidson, "Woodburn," Wm. Middleton, Robert Gerrie west half, and Wm. Gerrie "New Mains," east half of lot 18 with the west half of the same number on the thirteenth concession. Lots 17 and 19 are blank.

On concession XIII, after John Brockie's name, appear the following: Archibald Cumming, Thomas Mair on "Belleville"; Peter Brown, "Lower Irvineside," (west portions), George Brown (east portions); James Melvine, "Bobarm," (west), Wm. Tytler and Alex. Gall (east); Alexander Tytler, Samuel Trenholm, John Gerrie "Newton-garry," (east half of lot 18); Jno. Mason (west half); Chas. Milne (east half); Alex. Hendry (east portion of lot 20), and Geo. Wilson, "Harvey Cottage." Lot 15 is blank.

The foregoing comprised the Bon Accord Settlement. With concession XIV we enter on the Fergus Settlement. Farthest north on that concession was Alexander D. Fordyce on lots 8 and 9, "Lesraigie." The next two lots were owned by David Henderson, who called his farm "Delachar." Then came David Smith on "Kingscausie"; "Alexander (William?) Clark on "Woodcot," George McHardy, Robert Low (west half of 15), James Young (east half), Francis Anderson on "Blackford," James Duguid, "Carreston"; George Skene, "Tifty." The names of the last two farms should change places. The next

farm (lots 19 and 20), the Allardice farm, had a clearing of 40 or 50 acres, and three buildings, but no names appear. From there to the river is marked as belonging to James Webster.

The first three lots on concession 15 are assigned to James Ross, with a ten acre clearing on the southwest corner. The next two are still vacant. Then comes "Glenburnie" belonging to John Valentine. "Irvineside" to Thomas Wm. Valentine, "Milburn" to Alex. D. Fordyce, jr., and "Bardouie" to George C. Hamilton, each farm consisting of two hundred acres. The next two lots are vacant. Then follow John McPhail, David Allan, David Morice on "Beechhill," Alexander Moore, Alex. Burns, and David B. Fergusson on "Craigielea."

On concession XVI. the outmost clearing is on "Glenesk," belonging to John and Brebner Cadenhead, though their names are not set down. Then comes Jas. Ross on 200 acres; next is "Glenirvine," three hundred acres, but with no owner marked; then come Alexander Walker on "Mains," the west half, and Arthur Walker on the east half of lot 11. The next four lots are blank. After them come George Wilson, Wm. Reid, James Davidson (west half of 18), Ed. Ford (east half), Charles Allan on "Strathballan," and Wm. Buist on "Beechwood."

It will be interesting to many to compare this list with the one formerly given. Discrepancies occur, but we shall not discuss them at present. There may be a few errors common to both maps. Miss Grant's map was, as she says in a letter to her brother, based on a map drawn in 1845 by a nephew of Brucklay's, by whom is meant probably the younger Fordyce, who, however, in reality was a first cousin of Alex. Dingwall Fordyce, R. N. and M. R., the Laird of Brucklay Castle at that time. If Mr. Fordyce's map is extant and available it would be interesting to compare it with Mr. Cadenhead's.

## V.

### The Pioneers of Lower Nichol

Reference has already been made to the earliest settlers in Upper Nichol, but these were by no means the first to come into the township. Lower Nichol had a considerable population before anybody settled in the Bon Accord or Fergus Settlements.

The first settlers came into what is now Central Wellington mainly by three routes. First by the old Indian trail along the Grand River from the German Settlement in Waterloo; second from Dundas Street, by way of Erin and Eramosa; and third, from Guelph, after its founding in 1827, by way of Eramosa or Elora.

The first actual settler in Lower Nichol was Roswell Matthews. He was an American who had a farm near St. Catharines before 1812 and helped to build fortifications at Niagara. Influenced by Col. Clarke he went to Elora to build a mill. Another account is that he came from Buffalo to Galt with Absolem Shade in 1816, worked for Mr. Shade for a couple of years, and then went up the Grand River in search of a site for a mill of his own. He settled at the Falls of Elora in Dec. 1817, and made the first clearing there. His nearest neighbor was Captain Thomas Smith, eleven miles away, near the Woolwich and Waterloo town line. The nearest mill was Erb's, at Waterloo, twenty-two miles distant. In the town of Waterloo, in an old part of the basement wall of Snider's large mill may still be seen a stone with the inscription: "A. E. Erb, 1816." Roads have been straightened and distances considerably shortened since that day. Matthews was a farmer at Elora, but he had been a carpenter, and he helped the first settlers in Fergus to put up their buildings. He cleared 35 acres on his own farm. After Guelph was founded he went there and died soon after. Abraham Matthews, the second son, settled in Pilkington, where he lived for several years and then removed to Acton. Here he was living in 1866.

In 1830 John Gilleland and a colored man by the name of Johnson settled on Matthews' place. Mr. Gilleland went to St. Catharines after a year or so and the farm was occupied for about a year by Wm. Wintermute and John Richfield as tenants. A. Wintermute, possibly the same, is referred to by Mr. Ferrier in his "Reminiscences" as a squatter at Fergus.

Mr. Dunwoodie lived in this country only seven years. He sold his farm on which there was a sawmill, to Robert and William Scott, and removed with his family to Wellington Square. For two years he occupied the house built there by Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant) on the estate 12 miles square that had been granted him in recognition of his services to the British Crown. At the expiry of the time mentioned Mr. Dunwoodie returned to the Old Country. His daughter, in the meantime, had married Mr. Gilbert Hunter, the first schoolmaster in Nichol township, and afterwards for a time manager of the store for Messrs. Fergusson & Webster.

Thomas Dow was a mason by trade, and was the first to do work as such in Fergus. He came out with his wife and family of four sons: James, William, Thomas and Peter; and one daughter, Margaret, afterwards Mrs. John McDonald. Another daughter, now Mrs. George Sutherland, of Salem, was born in Canada. The mere mention of these names will suggest to the minds of very many the sterling worth of the pioneers, which, in this case, has not only left a strong impression on the community with which the family has been so long identified, but which through descendants worthy of their sires, is being felt in various sections of Ontario, and even in "the regions beyond."

The Dows came by sailing vessel to Montreal, then by Durham boats up the St. Lawrence as far as Prescott, and then by steamboat to Hamilton.

The Durham boats were a slow means of conveyance. It took a fortnight to make the trip from Montreal to Hamilton. At the various rapids all the passengers except the infirm or sick had to get out and walk up the shore, the men carrying the smaller children. The boats were then drawn by ropes or pushed with poles against the stream.

On leaving Hamilton the party reached Freelon the first day. Here they got lodging in the tavern, but no breakfast was to be had in the morning, for love or money. So they packed up and went on a couple of miles, when they came to Mrs. Kelly's, who, with characteristic Irish generosity, supplied the hungry children with bread and milk. This act of kindness was never forgotten. The good woman refused to take any remuneration for the food, which, moreover, she could not likely very well spare. The older members of the party got their breakfast farther on, and, pursuing their way, the adventurers made their way up through Guelph to Nichol.

The only settlers in Nichol in 1827 were Roswell Matthews, Silas Burlingame, Wm. Singer, Abraham Jewel Flewelling, a native of the Maritime Provinces, the second to make a clearing and the first to plant an orchard in Nichol; and two men named Allan and McGregor. In 1827 two names were added to the list of settlers: Philip Jones and Felix McGinn. During the next few years a number of settlers came into Lower Nichol, though it is often difficult to give precise dates. Among them were: John Cruden, John Gunn, Thomas Boyce, James Elmslie, John Cunningbham, Robert Scott, Patrick Clifford, Peter Butchart, John Robertson, Robert Peters, A. F. Sheratt, Thomas Wilson, James Creighton or Craighton, James Davidson, Daniel O'Connor, James and John Millar; Henry Metcalf, Eugene and Patrick Scanlon, Geo. Elgie, Robert and John (?) Cook, James Craig, John Munro, and John Mutrie.

Among those who came in in 1833 were: Samuel Broadfoot, Thomas Dow, Mr. Dunwoodie, the family of Mr. John Munro, he having come out the year before; Alex. Clark, "Yankee" Cummins and Samuel Owens. In 1834 there arrived: Alex. McNie, Alex. McNie, Alex. McDonald, James Horne and James Cattanach.

Mr. Thomas Wilson was the father of Mrs. John Beattie of Fergus. Mr. Duswoodie was the father of Mrs. Gilbert Hunter, mother of the late Mrs. S. Marshall, now, 1900, living in Fergus, with faculties still alert and strong. She is yet fond of conversing about the old days. A son of a Dumfriesshire baronet, Mr. Dunwoodie came out to Canada in the spring of 1833, when Mrs. Hunter was a lass of twelve. He bought 400 acres near the east corner of Nichol. In the fall of the same year Messrs. Adam Fergusson and James Webster passed Mr. Dunwoodie's place on their way up to the projected settle-

ment at Fergus, and stayed for dinner. Mrs. Hunter has a distinct recollection of the visit and of the main articles of the menu: sheep's head broth, roast beef and toddy. Mr. Fergusson in his notes refers to the incident thus: "By this good family we were welcomed in a spirit of genuine hospitality, and sat down to a comfortable dinner, where excellent sheep's head broth formed an acceptable item. After a glass of good whiskey toddy, and being furnished with the assistance of Mr. Bryden, a Scottish settler in the neighborhood, as our guide through the forest to Elora Falls, a distance of about 12 miles, we left Mr. Dunwoodie, and were soon immersed in the woods."

## VI.

### The Pioneers of Lower Nichol

The map of Nichol in 1848 now in possession of Mrs. John Watt of Salem, has already been referred to more than once. According to it the first four concessions of the township had clearings only here and there. The next three concessions were nearly half cleared, and the next three (at the south end of Nichol) were about two thirds cleared. It may be interesting to many to give the names of the settlers as they appear. The names Gilkinson and Clark, which appear on many lots, are omitted. A few other names which appear twice or more are given only once.

Concession I. and the Broken Front: John McLeod, George Black, John Holman, Jos. Carder, Wm. Carter, John Milne, George Leslie, Fairley Milne, Wm. Wilson, David Morrice, Wm. Black, Alex. Taylor, Hugh Black, James McQueen, Hon. Adam Fergusson, James Webster, Alex. D. Ferrier.

Concession II.: Alexander Cowie, John Ewen, Wm. Kirkpatrick, Alex. Moir, George Dickison, James Gordon, Wm. Alexander.

Concession III.: Wm. Reynolds, Gregor MacGregor, James Foster, Donald Gillies, A. Gillies, John McCluskie, Robert, Peter and Archibald Patterson, David Wilkie.

Concession IV.: James Cowie, — Chatwell, James McIsaac, William Broadfoot, Peter Stewart, Wm. Gibbon, John Munroe, — McInnes, — Shaw, Alex. Clark, John Cormie.

Concession V.: — Cunningham, Oliver Lasby, John Robertson, John Wilson, Bartholomew O'Connor, Maurice Chasing, Peter Daly, Michael Cox, Peter Butchart, James Davidson, James Reid, Samuel Jamieson, Edward Kesson, Patrick Seanlon, Nicholas Murphy, Eugene Seanlon, John McSweeney.

Concession VI. : Francis Maitland, — Smith, John McGreder, Henry Hudson, Wm. Dow, — Driscoll, — McQueen (?), Hugh McInny (?), Archibald Sherratt, Jas. Elmslie, Alex. McDonald, James Buik, James Donaghue, Burt and Cull.

Concession VII. : John Fasken. — Moore, Dennis Clifford, Robert Cook, James Flewelling, John Cook, David Scott, John Cunningham, Daniel Cunningham, Kennedy Orr, Hugh Orr, John Orr.

Concession VIII. : Timothy Duggan, Bernard McCarroll, T. Royale, — Finnigan, Alex. Masson, James Cattnach, George Beattie, William Beattie, Edward Robinson, George Elgie, Abraham Jewel Flewelling, W. Flewelling, R. Milligan, Patrick Clifford, Daniel O'Connor, Robert Scott, sr.

Concession IX. : — Peter Grassick, Felix McGinn, James Craig, — Beattie, John Elmslie, John Mutrie, Wm. Metcalf, Samuel Campbell, Alex. McNeer, Robt. Taylor, John Gunn, Wm. Scott.

Concession X. : — Glendenning, — Hawkins, — Heffernan, Joseph Jackson, Sam'l Owens, Jas. Millar, Jno. Millar, Samuel Broadfoot, Thomas Dow, Thomas Boyce, Thomas Logbrin.

The population of Lower Nichol was, and is still, of a very mixed character. The very names of the early settlers will suggest quite a variety of origin: English, Welsh, Lowland Scotch, Irish Protestant and Irish Catholics, and even a Frenchman and a cousin from over the line can be detected. There are no Germans, however, though there was in close proximity a prosperous German colony that had been in existence for nearly half a century. The majority of the South Nichol pioneers were Scotch and Presbyterian with a very considerable number of Irish Catholics.

In North Nichol, on the other hand, the settlers, almost without exception, were Scotch Presbyterians, for the most part from Perthshire and Aberdeenshire. One probable exception was Alex. Moore, whose name appears on the map of 1838. He is said to have been an Irish Catholic, but he must have found the locality uncongenial, for he soon sold out, and in the map of 1848 the name of Wm. Muirhead appears in place of his.

Even the people of North Nichol, though fairly homogeneous, were not quite congenial. There was a distinction broader than a concession road between the people of the Bon Accord Settlement and those of the Fergus Settlement. The former were very respectable, highly educated and intelligent; but they could not boast of the high Old Country connections that a number of the latter had. Each community kept pretty much to itself socially, though they fraternized in business and in religion. In Bon Accord itself there was a sharp distinction drawn religiously between those who adhered to the "Auld Kirk," and who before the church in Fergus was built, worshipped with the Fergus people in a large room in Mr. Elmslie's

house, and the "Seceders," who erected and for many years worshipped in "The Old Log Church." Social, religious and race prejudices are not dissipated in a day, even in the free and levelling air of Canada, but some of them at least have virtually disappeared.

## VII.

### Nichol : Notes and Corrections

Mrs. James H. Black, of the Owen Sound Road, Nichol, is the possessor of an old map of Nichol, which she has kindly volunteered for the purposes of these sketches. It belonged originally to her late father, Mr. David Allan, of Allanbank, the well-known farm on the Owen Sound Road, and was drawn by Alexander Dingwall Fordyce, jr., in 1845, and lithographed by F. Sebenck, Edinburg. No doubt a considerable number were printed and distributed, and several other copies are probably extant. On one side is the map of Nichol from which Miss Grant drew her manuscript one in 1848; outline plans on a small scale of the villages of Fergus and Elora; a view of each of these villages; a sketch showing the western peninsula; and a printed description of the township. On the other side is a detailed plan of part of the village of Fergus. This map is the earliest yet procured of the whole of Nichol. There is reason for conjecture, however, that Mr. Fordyce drew one as early as 1838. Mr. John Cadenhead's map of North Nichol is dated 1838, whereas Mr. Cadenhead appears not to have come to Canada till 1839. Hence it would seem that he either based his map on one drawn by somebody else in the previous year, or on the assessment roll of that year. It seems more likely that he had another map to draw from, and if such a map is still in existence it would be a satisfaction to know what it contains, more especially if it gives details of South Nichol.

The map of 1845 furnishes material for two or three articles on matters which it is now advisable to refer to, and first, the time is opportune to make certain corrections and additions to previous articles, to some of which errors and omissions correspondents have kindly called attention.

David Chalmers, "of Westburn, Aberdeenshire, Scotland," as the map of 1845 has it, seems to have purchased nearly a thousand acres of Nichol in 1835. He had land on both banks of the River at Aboyne mostly on the south bank, however, on the Broken Front. He also at one time owned the whole of lots 5 to 10 on the first concession. Lot 5 was deeded to John Watt and George Fergusson in 1857; lot 6 to John Moore in 1852; lot 7 to David Morice; and lots 8, 9 and 10 to Robert Shortreed in 1849.

Wm. Alexander is another obscure name in the early records. Whoever he was he seems to have bought several hundred acres of the Clark Estate in 1832. In the first concession he sold lots 11 and 12 to Fergusson and Webster in 1837, and lots 12 and 13 to A. D. Ferrier in 1835. Portions of lots 11 and 12 were afterwards sold to Hugh Black, sr., and to James McQueen.

James Gordon's farm on the 2nd concession was called "Letterfourie." Alexander, not David, Wilkie, owned lot 14 on the second and third concessions in 1845. On part of lot 1 of the fourth concession the name printed "Chatwell" in a former article appears in the map of 1842 as "Chalwell." On the 6th concession the name given as "Hugh McLanny" seems to be Hugh McLenny. On the seventh concession "Daniel Cummins" appears instead of David Cunningham. On the 9th concession "Peter Grassick" becomes "Peter Grasslek." On the 10th concession we have the variations of "Boys" and "Boyce," and "Loghran" and "Logbreen" for Loghrin.

Coming to Upper Nichol in the eleventh concession "Sam Wissler" should be substituted for John Wissler, though the latter appears both in the map of 1845 and in the copy of 1848. In the 12th concession "Thomas Ogston" should be put in place of Thomas Burton, and "John Brockie" instead of John Brooks. In the thirteenth concession all the land from Trenholm's to the Irvine River, 150 acres, belonged to Melvine, and Gall's and Stephen's lots were in behind that. Mrs. Melvine married William, not Alexander, Tytler. Across the Irvine River, in the map of 1815, the name of Peter McLaren is on the Brown farm, afterwards Thomas Piercy's. Peter Brown, his wife and two or three little ones, came out in the "Brilliant," in the spring of 1835, with the Moirs, the Melvines, the Davidsons and the Argos. He soon left the farm to act as salesman in Webster's store, and in two or three years went back to Scotland. The Mairs came out in the autumn of 1835 in the "Arkwright" with the Smiths (George Smith of Winterbourne), and others. The Findlays, the Brockies, the Cummings, came out in 1836. These data are furnished by Mr. James Moir, of Elora, (since deceased). Mr. Moir regards the story of the fair owner of the farm and the two bachelors as apocryphal. He says the man who wedded her came, saw (the farm), and conquered in the usual way. The other version however, was given on good authority, and the story was at least current.

Passing over the Fergus settlement, a valued Fergus correspondent says that Alexander Lillie's lot "Logie" came in next to "Les-craige." In the map of 1815 the name of George C. Hamilton is on this lot. I fancy Mr. Lillie did not buy till some time afterwards. The same correspondent says that the name on the next lot should be John Davie and not George Chambers. There is no name on Mr. Fordyce's map. On the 15th concession Henry Hatcher had the front half, and Edwin, not Edward, Hatcher had the back half of lot



3. In the May of 1845 John Valentine's farm, as well as the Cadenhead farm, has the name of "Glenburnie." On concession XVI, James Davidson and William Reid had the front half of Edward Ford's lots. In the Map of 1845, as well as in Miss Grant's, the name of Alex. Smith, of Glenmillan, Aberdeen, Scotland, appears on the Glen Irvine Farm. He was probably the father of James Lamond Smith, who occupied the farm. In the same way the name of Alex. Cadenhead, "Advocate in Aberdeen, Scotland," appears on the Glenesk Farm. He was the father of John and Brebner Cadenhead, for whom he bought the farm, and the latter brother would only be of age in 1845.

## VIII.

### Nichol : Fergus and Elora in 1845

The small sketch in the map of 1845, showing the situation of the township of Nichol, is interesting as bringing graphically before the eye the fact that Nichol is almost central in the Western peninsula, being nearly equidistant from Lake Ontario, the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and not much farther from Lake Erie. As such, its founders evidently considered that it had an advantageous position, for the map was primarily intended, probably, for the enlightenment of parties in Britain who were thinking of emigrating. Maps made for such a purpose are often misleading, but this one is as accurate as it can well be made, and is a striking memento of the conscientiousness of its author. Following is a copy of the letterpress description on the map:

"The township of Nichol is situated in the county of Waterloo and district of Wellington, Canada west, and has the township of Peel to the North west, the townships of Garafraxa and Eramosa to the north east, the township of Guelph to the south-east, and the township of Woolwich to the south west. It contains 28,000 acres, of which, (by the assessment of 1844) 6028 acres are in cultivation, and, by the same, the total amount of ratable property in the township appears to be £16,351, 6 s.

After its first settlement this township made little progress till the year 1834, when Mr. (now the Honorable) Adam Fergusson, of Woodhill, and Jas. Webster, Esq., purchased the northerly quarter, founded the village of Fergus, erected mills, etc., on the Grand River there, and were the means of bringing a considerable number of emigrants from Scotland to settle on their purchase; and in the year 1841 an additional impetus was given by the purchase of the mill site at Elora, (a village that had been commenced a good many years before

by Mr. Gilkinson) by Messrs. Ross and Co, who erected a Carding and Felling Mill, and afterwards a grist mill and other premises necessary for carrying on their business.

The population of the township now (1845) amounts to 1358, composed as follows: Males over 16 years, 367, under 16 years, 356, total, 723; females over 16 years, 291, under 16 years, 345, total, 636; grand total, 1358, of which there are in Fergus 148, and in Elora 84.

The majority of the houses in the township are log buildings, but there are thirty frame ones, and two of stone. In the village of Fergus there are thirty houses, and in the village of Elora, eighteen.

There are two grist mills, both wrought by water, situated at Fergus and Elora respectively, and manufacturing flour, both for exportation and home consumption, as well as oatmeal and pot barley.

At the former place there is a distillery in operation, and a tannery (nearly completed) and at the latter a Carding and Felling mill. There are also four saw mills in the township; those at Fergus and Elora being on the Grand River, while there is one on the Speed in the east end of the township, and one on a tributary of the Irvine in the north-west end. There are five stores or merchants' shops, three of them in Fergus, one in Elora, and one in the centre of the township.

Of stock there are 152 horses of three years old and upwards, 424 oxen of four years old, and 304 young cattle of from two to four years.

The crop sown in the township in the spring of 1845, was about 2303 acres of wheat, 177 of barley, 941 of oats, 157 of peas, and 200 acres of potatoes.

The ground in some places is flat, in others undulating. The banks of the Grand River are in general rocky, and towards the junction of the Irvine below Elora rather picturesque. There are no swamps of any extent in the township, although there are patches here and there through it, and the soil raises excellent grain crops, as well as potatoes and other vegetables in abundance.

A church was erected in the year 1834 at Fergus, for the accommodation of those of the settlers who belonged to the Established Church of Scotland, and, a few years after, some who in Scotland had been Seceders from the Established Church, put up for themselves a meeting-house in the north-west end of the township; and, still later, an Episcopal Church was erected at Elora, which, though situated in the village clearance, is in reality in the Township of Woolwich. The greater portion of the inhabitants are Presbyterians, but in the south-east end of the township there are a good many Roman Catholic Irish.

There are several schools in the township, and some of the teachers have been long engaged in the task, whose abilities in their depart-

ment are not small. Valuable medical assistance is also to be obtained within a short distance, although, from the healthiness of the situation, it is generally casualties that call for its exercise.

There are two post offices in the township, one at Fergus, the other at Elora, to which the post is brought three times a week, and letters despatched an hour after their arrival; and from the leading road from Dundas (on Lake Ontario) to the Government Settlement on Owen's Sound (Lake Huron) passing through it, the township seems likely in a few years to become of some importance."

## IX.

### Fergus in 1845

In one corner of the map of Nichol drawn in 1845 by Mr. Fordyce, referred to in the last two articles, is a plan of the village of Fergus, or rather of that part of the village that was then occupied. Of the streets running parallel to the river only St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's and St. George's streets and of those running at right angles to the river only St. David street, Provost's Lane and Tower street are named. James' Square is also marked, but it is cruciform in shape and about twice the area of the present square. Its size and shape would seem to have been changed soon after this, for on another plan drawn by Mr. Fordyce and dated 1847, the property of Mr. Jas. Ross of Fergus, the square has its present form and dimensions.

Four of the above mentioned streets were of course named after the patron saints of Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales respectively. Provost's Lane was so called in honor of Mr. Wm. Buist, who was familiarly known as the Provost, a word that in the sense of head of a royal burgh is distinctly Scotch, and owes its vogue in Scotch, to French influence. James' Square in the absence, at the moment, of any authority for the statement, may be surmised to have been similarly named by his friends in honor of Mr. James Webster. Tower St. received its name as a tribute to a worthy lady, Jessie Tower, the Hon. Adam Fergusson's second wife, who married Mr. Fergusson in 1833, and came out to Canada with her husband the same year.

St. David's street is marked with an arrow pointing "To Owen Sound," and Tower street with one pointing "To Dundas."

The former was regarded as a promising lake port, and the latter was then the important market and manufacturing town of a large tract of country, being about or before this time ranked third in importance of the towns within the province of Upper Canada. It overshadowed Hamilton altogether. What changes half a century has wrought!

The block of land on both sides of the river from Tower St. to St. David St. is marked as belonging to Webster and Fordyce (A. Dingwall Fordyce, sen.) with the exception of two lots: one on the east side of the river, having on it a tannery belonging to Robert Johnstone; and the other just opposite, then as now occupied with stabling appertaining to the hotel across St. Andrew's street. On the Webster and Fordyce property are indicated the saw mill and grist mill just below the dam, the distillery and pig sheds a little farther down; on St. Andrew St., a store, granary and two other buildings, the purpose of which is not indicated; and between the street and grist mill, a kiln (for drying oats) all on the west side of the river.

In the west side of St. Andrew's St., where the North American Hotel now stands, was St. Andrew's Tavern, belonging to Hugh Black. On the opposite corner of Tower St. was Watt and McGladry's store. The next two lots were occupied by John Mills' Tavern; the next two belonged to John Martin and Peter McLaren, with two buildings on the rear part of each. The next two are assigned to John Watt with a building on Provost's Lane. The next lot is marked "Blacksmith, Jas. Ross, (J. Perry, T.); the next belonged to Jas. McQueen, with the post office in front and some other buildings on the opposite corner in the rear; and the last one next St. David St. is inscribed with the name of Thos. Black and has an edifice on the corner.

On St. Patrick's St. east side Hugh Black had the lot in front of his tavern, and Jas. Wood had the lot across the way with a building on Tower street. The next lot has no name on it, the next two have the names Robert Dryden and Francis ———, (illegible, possibly Anderson) with no buildings indicated. The next lot adjoining Provost's Lane belonged to Jas. Robertson, with a building on the corner. On the next two lots the name of Jas. Watt appears but there are no buildings, while the remaining lots on St. David's street are blank.

On the west side of St. Patrick street, a hundred yards or so south of Tower street, was a lot belonging to Ann Inglis with a house in front; then across Tower street James Morrison's, with some buildings. Between that and Provost's Lane were Thos. Dryden's and Samuel Small's lots, with a building on each. Across the lane was the famous bakery of James Walker. The next two were George Stewart's with a house on each.

On the east side of St. George street, back of Ann Inglis' lot were the house and lot of Hugh Black, jr.; next was John Watt's property with quite an area occupied with buildings. Across Tower street Andrew Grant, David Munro and John Mennie had in succession a lot and a house each. James Edward's lot and building were over the lane. Charles Allan's name is on the next lot, but no building. James Martin had the next property with a small building, probably a shanty. The two lots next St. David street are blank.

West of St. George street the only names that appear are St.

Andrew's School, where the present High School is, also St. Andrew's Church and burying ground; and Peter Brown, who owned the second lot from St. David street, and the lot on the rear of it on a corner, on which was a small building where Mr. Brown and his family probably lived when he was manager in Webster's store. Across St. David street the St. Andrew's manse property is indicated. The position of manse and barn is quite close to the street.

To many it may not be known that there are still in existence interesting relics of the old manse. The doors and windows in the Conley house, Irvinside, (O. S. R.) were once the same sort of useful appendages of the above historic edifice. When the latter was demolished, these, being of some monetary value, were sold to the highest bidder and were given a second term of usefulness. Shall they not have a third, in some local museum, yet to be established, among other tangible reminders of a fast receding past? (Note, 1913. Alas! the Conley house is also no more.)

## X.

### An 'Oor or Twa wi' Sandy Munro

In a former article (No. 5) on the pioneers of Lower Nichol, mention was made of John Munro, who came to Canada in 1832, and was followed by his family the next year. Two members of that family still survive, and reside in Fergus, Mr. Alexander Munro and Miss Margaret Munro. During a brief visit to Fergus during the Christmas vacation the writer called upon the aged pair, and a record of what fell from their lips will be interesting to their acquaintances and many others.

Sandy Munro, as he prefers to be called, was 87 years of age last July, (1900), and with the exception of Mr. Wm. Aiken, who is more than a year older, is the oldest person now living in Fergus. He and his sister are, so far as we know, the earliest surviving pioneers of Nichol, and among the earliest—if not the very earliest—in the whole county. Both are in possession of fair health, considering their years. But Mr. Munro, especially, is not so "active as he once was." He is also pretty hard of hearing and has lost the sight of one eye, but with the other he can still read the newspaper without glasses—he made mention of the Globe which, from old association, is evidently his favorite. He reads the daily Globe regularly, spending his afternoon at it, for he hesitated about granting the writer an afternoon interview because he "would be bezy wi' the Globe." One of his most treasured keepsakes is a receipt in the clear round handwriting of Geo. Brown, for 17s 6d., a year's subscription to The Banner.

It is dated 1846, and was given personally by Mr. Brown to Mr. Munro, when the former, in the day of small things, was on a canvassing tour for his paper, the name of which was soon after changed. Mr. Munro has been a regular reader of the journal ever since the first subscription, sometimes he and sometimes his father subscribing for it.

John Munro was a native of Banffshire, Scotland, and was by trade a carpenter. He taught that trade to the father of the present Lord Mountstephen, a cousin of whom married David, son of John Munro. The latter was an earnest and consistent Christian worker, even before he left the old country. One of the heirlooms his surviving children still show is a silver medal presented to their father on the eve of his departure for America, which on one side bears the following inscription: "John Munro, from his fellow teachers of the Northach Sabbath School, as a mark of esteem for his unwearied exertions as a teacher for six years." And on the other: Given at Dufftown, 27th March, 1832, by Al'r. Ragg, postmaster; Wm. Shand, joiner; Wm. Gordon, watchmaker; John Grant, auctioneer; James Dey, jr., joiner, with a sincere wish for his prosperity." Is not a token such as this of more real worth than many a trophy won on field of fame? Having bidden his family farewell for a time, John Munro arrived in the year of the cholera. Seeing people die all around him in Quebec and Montreal he pushed on to Upper Canada. He and John Malcolm (father of Mrs. A. Duncan, of Belwood, and grandfather of Mrs. James Lindsay, of Nichol, came up to Nichol and took up 200 acres apiece. Mr. Munro then returned to Toronto and worked at his trade there till his family came out, after which he was identified with the early history and progress, not only of Nichol, but largely of Fergus. He was one of the original Kirk Session of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, which was opened in August, 1835, the other members being Messrs. Geo. Skene, Francis Anderson, Chas. Allan and Dr. P. B. Henderson, whose place was soon taken by A. Dingwall Fordyce, sr. He, with the rest of the Session, except Mr. Fordyce, went out with Mr. Smeilie at the disruption in 1844, and assisted in founding Melville church. He was one of the first carpenters in Fergus. He and Mr. Andrew Burns had the contract for building the first Melville church. He died on his farm on the Fergus and Guelph road on July 23rd, 1866, aged 82 years. His widow, "who never missed a Communion since there was a Kirk in Fergus," died four years later at the age of 86 years.

The Munro family came out on "The Molson of Dundee," with the Dows and others. The voyage to Montreal lasted seven weeks, and it took a fortnight more to reach Hamilton. In the party were the mother, two sons, David and Alexander; three daughters: Ann, afterwards Mrs. David Black; Jean, afterwards Mrs. John Martin, of Mount Forest, and Margaret; and two aged relatives, David Dunbar, who was then 89 years old, and who lived six years in the bush; and

an aunt who was 70 years of age. At Little York the father joined his family, his son David remained there in his place as carpenter.

The steanboat arrived at Hamilton on Saturday evening, and the immigrants lay on the wharf all night. In the morning, on awaking, Margaret found her feet dangling over the water. The party spent the Sabbath and the following night in the bush near by. On Monday they went up into the city—not much of a city then—and spent the night in a house there. The next day the Munros started for Nichol. The Brock road had just been opened, but the new comers had not yet heard of it, and took the established roundabout way of reaching their new home, via Galt and Guelph. All walked except the two old people, who rode in a light wagon with the baggage, consisting mainly of clothing. The first night was comfortably spent in a stable among clean straw. The second day they got into Waterloo, and all night they lay down in their wraps at a creek's side. On the third day at noon they reached Guelph, "just done." A wagon being procured here on Friday they drove out as far as Flewelling's, a distance of eight miles, which was as far as there was a road fit for horses. Mr. Flewelling took his oxen and cart and drove the old folks to Mr. Jas. Elmslie's for the night. The others slept in the woods. The next day Robt. Peters put oxen to his wooden-wheeled cart and took the party on through the bush. When they came to a certain swamp a barrel of flour had to be wheeled through it. Thus on the Saturday, a week after the arrival in Hamilton, the Munros reached their future home, between which and the Georgian Bay, on the present line of the Owen Sound road, there was then not a settler's hut. With what mingled feelings they must have spent the succeeding day of rest!

The Dows came into Nichol a couple of weeks later. In the interval they had heard of the opening of the Brock road, and they had a comparatively short and easy journey of it.

Mr. Munro remembers the first death that occurred in Fergus, that of a young man who was drowned while bathing in the Grand River. He got beyond his depth in a deep hole at the distillery. Mr. Munro assisted in recovering the body, and was at the funeral afterwards. There was no church in Fergus then, nor burying ground either, nor yet at Elora, and the remains were taken to what was called "The Rectory" on the farm of Mr. Geo. Reeve, afterwards the Arthur Ross farm, a mile or more below Elora, where a graveyard had been started.

This Rectory was one of fifty-seven rectories of the Church of England, the founding of which throughout the province had been decided on by the powers that were in those days. Sir John Colborne, the Governor, and his Executive Council, in 1836 endowed them with part of the clergy reserves lands. But this Rectory was never built, though stones, which Mr. Munro remembers seeing, had been drawn for it; for the rebellion of 1837 put an end to the scheme.

Mr. Munro was one of the loyalist contingent that went from Nichol to suppress the rebels. A company went from Fergus and another from Lower Nichol. It was a muddy time before Christmas when they marched away. A few failed to stand the fatigue, and dropped out of the ranks. In one of the newspapers of the time an item appeared which stated that a company of able bodied volunteers had left Nichol and were on their way to the front. Soon afterwards the news spread that Mackenzie had fled. The Fergus boys jokingly referred to the two events as cause and effect. The Nichol volunteers after some time reached Niagara and put in duty there opposite Navy Island. On their return they were tendered a grand supper at Fergus at which Sandy Munro sang a song which is given as sung to the writer over sixty years later by the same lips, and still with ardor and vigor. It goes to the air of "Yankee Doodle."

When Mackenzie's rebel band was beat  
Awa' frae Gallows Hill  
To Buffalo they did retreat,  
And said we'd used them ill.

Yankee doodle doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy.

The Buffalo men did sympathise,  
And soon began to roar ;  
They kick'd up such confounded noise  
It reached our British shore.

The Yankees said they did invent  
The steamboat first of all, sir.  
But Britain taught their Yankee boat  
To navigate the Falls, sir.

A party left the British shore,  
Led on by gallant Drew,  
Which set their Yankee boat on fire  
And bate their gallant crew.

The spirit of our Wolfe and Brock  
Doth still about us hover ;  
And still we stand on Queenston's Heights  
To drive the rebels over.

Our flag has braved a thousand years  
The breeze and battle too, sir,  
It conquered on Culloden's plain  
And field of Waterloo, sir.



No slave shall ever breath our air,  
Nor lynch laws e're shall bind us ;  
So keep your Yankee mobs at home,  
For Britons still you'll find us.

## XI.

### Still wi' Sandy Munro

One of the felt wants of those early days on the part of many young men was that of the companionship of the gentler sex. This is humorously brought out in a song sung and afterwards dictated to the writer by Sandy Munro, and thus perhaps rescued from oblivion. It was composed by James Crichton, one of the very early settlers of Lower Nichol, who may be described as the Robbie Burns of the new settlement, but who after a few years of life in the bush, returned to Scotland and prospered there.

#### THE LAIRDS Q' THE BUSH

The lairds o' the bush may be prood o' their lot ;  
We're as happy as kings in oor long-shingled cot ;  
We sow oor ain field, and chop oor ain tree,  
And glide on through life independent and free.

We can mak' oor ain sugar and boil oor ain tea,  
Mak' oor ain maut, brew oor ale and oor ain barley bree,  
But we're badly ill off for a cargie o' wives  
Tae mak' hairsome oor hairts an' enliven oor lives.

It's hard when a laird has tae bile his ain pot,  
Mak' his breed, mend his breeks, or what not,  
His dishes be scrapes ance or twice i' the week,  
He would fain hae the maid he's afraid for to seek.

Ay, we're badly ill off for a cargie o' wives  
Tae mak' hairsome oor hairts an' enliven oor lives ;  
We want the sweet music o' by lally hush,  
The mild mithor sings to ter babe i' the bush.

Noo lets drink a gude health tae the bachelor squad,  
And may they hae wives while there's wives tae be had !  
And may each Nichol laird hae his baby tae bush,  
Though loards o' creation an' lairds o' the bush.

In the early thirties, however, there were not the facilities for marriage that we have nowadays. "There were nae meenisters tae marry folk, nae kirks tae cry them in, an' nae leeshensse. A nottis had tae be pit up on the maist public tree o' the deestrick, an' the magistrates did the marryin'.

I mind fine seein' ane o' thae nottis," said Mr. Munro, "and it was tae this effec': 'Mary McTavish and Oliver Lasby will be mairried on sic a day at sic a place; onyane that has ony objections maun apply tae Squire Reynolds or Squire Smith.' It wis tackit on a tree by the side o' the r'od. This is the first weddin' that I mind hearn' o' in the neeborhood. I think the pairties leaved in Pilkington. The first weddin' I was at, I think it wis the first o' Lower Nichol fook, wis the mairrage o' a man o' saxty wi' a lass o' twenty. Mair than a dizzen young foux, ilka lad wi a lassie on his airm an' a flask o' whuskey in his pooch, walkit tae Guelph wi' the bride and groom, and there they were yokit by the Praisbyterian meenister, the Raiverend Mr. Smith. After giein' the meenister a gude trate o' the contents a' cor pocket peestols, we stairte! back tae Nichol again in verra gude spererits. I mind, though, that the bridesmaid an' the best man had a quarrel, an' we left the groom on the ro'd. Hoo wis that? ye say. Man, he got that drunk he couldna' walk! Sae we just gaed on without him. When we got tae the hoose we stairted the dancin' an' we danced maist a' nicht. After a while the bridegroom made his appearance, having got o'er his spree enough tae wend his way hame. When we were tired oot we went into a barn, where each took an airmfu' o' clean straw and lay doon and slep' aff the effec' o' the day and nicht."

Those were rollicking days, whiskey was cheap though money was scarce; total abstinence was a principle as yet hardly dreamed of; and nearly everybody drank more or less. Away from the restraints of home, many a promising young man went hopelessly to the bad. Concerning the sad end of these let us practice the charity of silence, especially where pain would be caused to the living.

There were many, however, to whom "a glass too much" was merely an occasional incident, and who, in the main, lived industrious, useful, moral lives. The writer's grandfather, it is said, when he went to the village would sometimes get hilarious, and kneeling bareheaded in the bottom of his wagon or sleigh to which a team of which he was proud was attached, would overtake and pass vehicle after vehicle on the way home. James Creighton, mentioned above, emulated Burns in more ways than one. One Sunday morning he arrived early at the house of John Munro. He had been under the influence of the Muse and something even more intoxicating, and his experiences are suggested by the following lines which he sang there and then, "though maybe no just the thing for an elder's hoose on a Sawbath mornin'."

### THE LOST LAIRD

(Air—"There's nae luck about the hoose.")

Ye'll tak' a glass tae gar ye speak,  
And then tak' ither three,  
And then tak' ither foor or five,  
And then get on the sprec.

#### CHORUS

There's nae luck i' the woods at nicht,  
There's nae luck ava,  
There's little pleasure in the swamp,  
When ance day licht's awa'.

And then ye'll daunner ower a hicht  
Sink doon until a howe,  
And then fa' ower a rotten log,  
An' brack yer puzzled pow.

Then on a scrog yer trowsers rive,  
Then ower a log ye'll fa',  
An' then the muckle bear'll come,  
And he'll cloutch ye in his pa'.

The wolves'll holler roon aboot,  
Ye'll think they're seekin' you,  
And then ye'll curse that verra oor  
Ye filled yersel' sae fu'.

Then ye'll tak' a glass tae gar ye speak,  
And then tak' ither three,  
And then ye'll gae tae the woods a' nicht,  
An' lie below a tree.

We shall conclude with another song of Mr. Creighton's as it expresses the longing that doubtless often came over those who were far away from friends and native land.

#### ST. ANDREWS

(Air—Auld Lang Syne.)

O Scotland ! mony is the song,  
Here sung in praise o' thee,  
And mony a ane thinks unco long  
Thy hills again tae see.

For we've nae beather on oor hills  
Or fields, for months in snaw,  
An' naething seen but muckle trees,  
Nor heard but gee-whoa-haw !

But we will a' see better days,  
When we oor braiths can draw,  
An' then we'll a' gang back an' see  
The land that's far awa'.

And then we'll a' be Nichol lairds,  
When we oor deeds can shaw ;  
And then we'll a' gang back an' see  
The land that reared us a'.

Sae fill us a' a bumper up,  
And roon a toast we'll ca' ;  
May Scotland's children ne'er forget  
The land that reared them a'.

#### CHORUS

For there's nae ane intil the hoose  
There's nae ane ava',  
That wouldna lang an' loodly cheer  
The land that reared them a'.

## XII.

### Gleanings from some old Pass Books

In a series of pass-books, some of which are yellow with age, Mr. Alex. Munro, then a farmer in Lower Nichol, kept a record, at first only of his monetary affairs, but soon also of many events in his daily life that he wished to keep in mind. As an index of the life of the period covered, these memoranda are of considerable value, and it will be suggestive to note a few particulars.

For about the first twenty years, 1839 to 1859, prices are mostly stated in pounds, shillings and pence. As early as 1853 the sign "S" is used, and it is more frequently employed as the years go on till in 1860 dollars and cents are the terms that are almost exclusively used. At times the terms "currency" and "york" are used to qualify amounts set down in the old notation, terms that may need explanation to many that are no longer children. There were five shillings currency (or Halifax currency) in a dollar, the value "current" in Canada, and eight york-shillings in a dollar, the legal value in New

York, Ohio and Michigan. Then, too, values were often reckoned in "sterling" money, so that about the year 1830 there were in vogue four monetary standards, a rather chaotic state of affairs which made practical arithmetic even more of a terror in the schoolroom than it is to-day. Only those who have passed through that period of transition can fully appreciate the comparative simplicity of our one modern decimal system. The wonder is that the decimal system has not been more speedily applied to weights and measures also.

Sixty years ago prices did not differ materially, for many articles, from those that obtain now. In the store of James and Thomas Webster, in Fergus, nine shillings and three pence was charged for an axe; tobacco was a shilling a pound; tea, 3s 6d to 4s 6d a pound; glue, 7d a pound; pot barley, 6 lbs. for a shilling; saleratus (baking-powder), a shilling a pound; handkerchiefs, a shilling apiece; pepper, a shilling a pound; a spade, 5 shillings; rope, 1s 2d a pound; wrought nails, 9d a pound; cut nails, 6d a pound; soap, 7½d a pound; pipes, 2 for a penny; 2 almanacs, 8½d; salt, 7s 6d a bushel, and 15s a barrel; a tumbler, 7½d; sugar, 8d a pound; candles, a shilling a pound; shot, 8d a pound; epsom salts, a penny an oz; snuff, 2d an ounce; apples, 3s 9d a bushel; port wine, 2s 6d a quart; and whiskey, 1s 7d to 2s 2d per gallon. The last article is mentioned pretty frequently, especially in the busy seasons. It was bought in quantities of from one quart to five gallons. Wheat sold in Fergus at 4s 3d to 4s 4½d per bushel, and barley at 3 'shillings york' per bushel.

Much of a settler's life in those days was spent in going to bees. In many operations it was necessary that a man should help his neighbor, and that his neighbor should help him. At shopping, logging and branding; at plowing and dragging; at splitting rails and fencing; at raising houses, barns, stables, byres and sheep-houses; at shingling houses and barns; at harvesting, threshing and teaming, this farmer was continually on the run, and there is no reason to suppose that he was an exception. It was the way things were done. From five to ten days were, as a rule, so employed in the month.

Balls, house-warmings and spruces are of pretty frequent occurrence. Weddings, births and funerals are often mentioned. The following items, selected from the entries of 1849, will give a fair idea of the memoranda as a whole:

- Jan. 10. The Lower Nichol Library Ball.
- 11. Jean Black's firewood bee.
- 18. Thanksgiving Day for the bounties of 1848.
- 26. Paid James Perry 1s. 6d. for neck yoke.
- 31. Had Mr. Barrie preaching
- Feb. 24. At Elora. Brought home a barrel of salt, \$3;
- 26. At Guelph at a Public meeting on the Rebellion Losses.
- March 1. Thomas Dow's, at a ball.

- 8. John Heffernan, young son.
- 9. James Donaghue, do.
- 10. John Cumming, daughter.
- 13. Tapped the sugar bush.
- 31. Arch. Sherratt got on for Councillor.
- April 6. Began plowing.
- 19. Pathmasters got their orders.
- 25. Sowed barley and first of the wheat.
- May 19. Paid Edw. Kesson for threshing, £1.
- 24. Sowed last of the oats for the season.
- 25. Highland Black is house heating.
- June 5. Planted the last of the potatoes and sowed the Swede neeps.
- 8. At Mr. McNaught's sale.
- 10. Peter Stewart's funeral.
- 23. Fall wheat and barley heading out.
- 29. At Warden Sband's, raising barn.
- July 6. John Cattanaich married.
- 17. Began to cut the hay.
- 27. Began cutting barley.
- 27. James Roberston's wife buried.
- Aug. 2. Fenced the turnips.
- 3. Took in last of barley.
- 4. At Hugh Kilpatrick's raising barn.
- 10. At Wm. Dow's marriage.
- 25. Finished cutting on wheat.
- 29. Began cutting oats.
- Sept. 4. Alex. Wilkie and Thos. Boyd buried.
- 7. A day of prayer for the stop of the cholera.
- 10. Finished cutting the oats.
- 12. Setting seats for the Soiree.
- 15. Fenced in the potatoes. Number of stooks: spring wheat, 389; fall wheat, 53; oats, 281; barley, 40; peas, 3 loads.
- 28. Fergus Fair.
- 29. At Guelph, giving Lord Elgin a welcome.
- Oct. 5. Sowed our fall wheat.
- 10. At Mr. Webster's sale.
- 11. Wm. Peter married.
- Nov. 9. Tommy Pringle married.
- Dec. 5. Etc. Attended ten threshings during the month.
- 15. At Wm. Gibbon's killing a cow.

## XIII.

### A Long Letter from a Pioneer

Mr. George Skene, one of the first Presbyterian elders ordained in Fergus, came to this country in the fall of 1834. After his arrival he wrote an account of his impressions and doings to friends in Scotland, keeping a copy of his letters. By the courtesy of a grandson, Mr. Wm. H. Skene, the editor of these papers had the privilege of using these letters, and he cannot do better than publish a few of them. They are interesting, not only for the first hand information which they contain, but also for the quaintness of the style.

The first letter is addressed to the Misses Rose, and is dated Fergus, Jan. 1835. With a few omissions and verbal changes, it runs as follows :

"I have to beg your pardon for being so dilatory in writing you after we arrived and had settled here, but I believe the principal reason has been our great distance from the Post-Office, viz., 18 miles, and not knowing whom we could trust to in taking a letter there and and paying it. I had just time to write a letter to Mill of Gight (which is through your hands before you receive this, I hope) and got it sent down by Andrew Grant, who was going to Guelph. Another reason was that winter was staring us in the face and our house was to build and get made habitable before its arrival, making us so very busy that indeed I could not think of nor engage in anything else ; for the old one we lodged in was not very comfortable, being scarcely wind or water tight, and about 15 feet square, to contain James Duguid and family, James Walker, Andrew Grant and ourselves—being fourteen in number—and all our luggage. Then we had fully a mile and a half to go morning and evening to the place we were building on.

I shall now give you our proceedings from Quebec to this place, (about seven hundred miles.) As soon as we anchored before the former, the captain of the Sir W. W. (Sir William Wallace?) went on shore and engaged with a steamboat to take us forward to Montreal, as he knew we were all going there except three, and brought the steamer along with him without any orders from us, nor did we so much as surmise that he had any intention of that kind ; but upon the arrival of the steamer I told both him and the other captain that I was not sure if I would go with him, at any rate not till I knew his terms and had seen his accommodation (in which all the other passengers joined me) ; so a few of us went on board of her, and being satisfied, got off our luggage and left the Sir W. W.

While all this was going on James Walker, Andrew Grant and another lad had gone ashore for some provisions, and knew nothing of what was going on. About two hours after we had come aboard the

steamer two of the sailors of the Sir W. W. came on board of her, (somewhat tipsy) to bid us farewell, and Captain Anderson soon followed them to get them back quickly. I told him we had not seen three lads that were ashore, and I was afraid we should be gone without them, although we had their baggage. The steamer was to sail in about half an hour, and if he could see them he was to let them know and push them on. In that time he did meet them on the street, intending to go on his vessel. Having told them we were all on board the voyager and all their luggage, they ran for more than half a mile and got on board the boat not three minutes before it sailed, about 4 p. m., to our great satisfaction; for we had almost lost hopes of ever seeing them again, as they knew nothing of the road we might steer. But they had a more providential escape, for the very next steamer that started after us, about twelve o'clock that night, had her boiler burst, and seven persons were scalded to death. Our passage from Quebec to Montreal, 180 miles, cost 7s 6d for adults; children from 6 to 12 years of age half price; baggage free; without victuals.

We arrived at Montreal exactly at 12 Saturday night. There was a boy died on board at that very time who was taken ill that morning. Having been exposed to the open air all night upon deck, he fell ill as soon as the sun rose upon him. You could scarcely conceive the commotion that it caused by reason of the cholera being so very mortal, and having scarcely yet disappeared; but one of the three priests who were passengers assured Barbara and me that there was not the least symptom of cholera about the boy, for he had seen him every hour at the farthest from the time he fell ill. With this instructor of mankind, somehow, we fell several times in conversation. He said we both appeared to be quite healthy, and our children (for he knew them all without their being pointed out to him) particularly so; and we should be sure to take care of ourselves and them also, to keep them from the night air and the drinking of water by itself. This jolly boy pleased me greatly by his conversation, although a papist priest."

The copy of the letter ends here, but a few memoranda of the rest are jotted down, from which it appears that the party remained in Montreal till Tuesday afternoon, then went by a 'barge' (Durham boat, to Kingston; thence by the William IV. (a steamboat?) to Hamilton; and thence to Fergus (with some reference to a "J. Airth McKenzie") all being well.



## XIV.

### George Skene to Wm. Tocher

The following letter is not dated, but seems to have been written early in 1835.

"Having given the Misses Rose an account of the most disagreeable part of our passage from Quebec to this place I would refer you to them for that part and I will now give you a more general detail of our time, which I hope ye will communicate to them and all enquiring friends.

On our arrival at Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, between eight and nine in the morning, the first thing to set about was breakfast. Having got our luggage into a storehouse at the wharf (the town being about a mile off) we went and started a fire at the edge of the lake (fuel is plentiful in nearly every place here) and soon got the kettle to boil, and seating ourselves in the warehouse, for there was no other house near, we got all very comfortably breakfasted. James Duguid, James Walker, Andrew Grant and myself (this was all our company, and we all remain together at this date) started for the town, leaving the wives and children till we should get some housing. We ranged this prospering place till the afternoon before we got any place, but at last we got two rooms for a month for \$6.

A waggon was next procured and my three companions started along with it to the wharf, while I stopped to make the way clear at the house. Beginning to get wearied for their coming I went to the main street (which I knew they had to come up) to see if I could observe them coming; but ye will not guess what interrupted my view in the street. Why, it was a dwelling house right across it, which I had seen standing undermined at the side of it, not half an hour before, now mounted on eight wheels and moving along, drawn by one pair of horses and two pair of oxen! Ye need not doubt I went (quick time) to view this apparition more closely. It was what they call a frame house, which is made by laying four logs for a foundation, then setting up from that uprights to the eaves (if for one storey, which this was) outside covered with boards overlapped, or lath and barled, and inside lath and plaister. They had a long log fixed in below each side and extending as far at each end as to get room to put underneath the log one pair of waggon wheels. So they had four pairs of wheels. All their tackling adjusted, off they went to another part of the town with it, but I could observe it to be a pretty stiff pull for the six.

By the time I had seen this performance, part of our luggage was in view and at the third draught all was brought up. The house in which we had our rooms was quite new, three storeys and garrets, four rooms on each flat, but not a fire-place in all the house, just two

stalks to receive the pipes of a stove went from top to bottom, with admission for a pipe in each room. So J. Duguid and I went next day and bought two patent cooking stoves with all their appendages, which cost us \$23 each. These are the most convenient articles, I think, possibly can be, of the size, which is only 18 inches square, and twelve inches high, set on three feet about four inches high, all of cast iron. It has a boiler of whited iron with a copper bottom, containing — gallons; a tea kettle, an oven for the loaf or roast, and bread toasting, all going at the same time by a small fire, also within itself. By removing the boiler we can put in its place a frying-pan, and can have the potatoes boiling in place of the (tea-kettle)? This is said to be quite capable to cook for twelve persons, and would be a grand article in any place in Scotland where fire is scarce.

After getting in some firewood, etc., Jas. Duguid, Andrew Grant, James Walker and I left our families and took the road in search of a permanent home, taking the direction of Guelph, as we were sure it was the most healthy. It is a village (and township of the same name) about thirty-two miles from Hamilton. Seeing nothing very tempting for us on the way thither for sale, we stopt there for over Sunday, and started on Monday, still keeping to the Northwest, and arrived in this township that night.

About Hamilton for twelve to twenty miles on the road we observed great orchards of apples on almost every settlement, which makes that fruit to abound thereabouts, I may say, even more than the potatoes, for while in Hamilton A. G. went for half a bushel of the latter which cost 1s 6d, but he brought with him more apple grates than he had of potatoes. Then we saw great quantities of pumpkins also, which they grow among their Indian corn for the cattle, and there are plenty of them twelve to fourteen inches through.

We had now got into a newer part of the world, and of course less is done for ornament, but there is by far a better soil and climate. Although the cholera had made great havoc in the lower parts of this country last summer, it had not been within thirty miles of this place (Fergus), which is attributed principally to the goodness of the water here; for we cannot say that we tasted good water since we left Scotland till we were about eighteen miles north-west of Hamilton. A great part of it, both spring and running, in the lower province is inclined to be a little purgative.

We went next morning after our arrival at Fergus, to inspect some lots of land for sale about one and a half miles from the village. James Duguid purchased two and I one hundred acres at \$4 an acre. We then returned for luggage and families. On our way, both going and returning, we were offered many a lot with part improved, but we thought they all wished too much for their clearance. The corner of my lot next to the village is one and a half miles from the place where the foundation of a Scotch Church and school were laid on the 1st of

December last, in honor of St. Andrew's Day. J. D's lot is next, being a quarter of a mile farther from church, that is, the breadth of my lot. We have a small burn which runs across the ends of our lots, but ye will let Al. Jamieson know that it is not of sufficient size for his operations; likewise that I cannot as yet say at what he would start his trade here for, but as tradesmen's wages are very high, I suppose his machinery could not be less than double what it would cost in Scotland.

After a three days' journey we all arrived safe and sound in Fergus, and went immediately to the building to my house, there all to dwell till we should get J. D's built. Mine is  $31\frac{1}{2}$  ft. long by 20 ft. wide inside, walls  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. above the joists, with a cellar 14 by 20 ft. below the ground. J. D. has made his 3 ft. longer, so I am sure we will not lack house-room.

I have other two small burns rising upon my lot, and I perceive springs are near the surface in many places, for in preparing a saw pit we came on a fine spring not above  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. from the surface, and some others of the settlers adjoining have got about the same; and as for wood, I am sure I shall see no scarcity of that article either for firing or for any other purpose, but it is not so difficult to clear the land of it as ye would suppose. I am told that a good hand at the axe will cut down an acre in a week, and burn two acres in that time; that is, he will cut and burn two acres in three weeks, although it will be mostly all hardwood hereabouts.

We have also plenty of game, viz., deer of from 150 to 200 lbs. weight, pheasants, partridges, woodcocks (a beautiful bird), rabbits, hares, raccoons, etc.; likewise bears, it is said, but we have seen none of their paths yet; but the howling of wolves we hear frequently, by day as well as by night, and we have seen their path within 40 or 50 yards of the house. There are foxes, squirrels, etc., but all the wild beasts are very shy and I do not think I could have patience to hunt them, although I bought a double barrelled gun in Aberdeen and there be none that dare say "what doest thou?"

J. D. and I have contracted for cutting down — acres. It costs \$12 to fit for seed. We have made most of our candles. We have got some barley for malting and can make a droppy whiskey, but we have no exciseman to give us a call.

Whitsunday and Martignas are words that are not in use here, and that will free us of other three gentlemen. Although I mention them last it was not always the least of grievances getting them satisfied, especially about these times.

I have noticed that all, or mostly all, are of a very independent spirit, and no wonder, for I see that in general the third year of an industrious man upon good land (it is not all good here) brings him to the full enjoyment of all he can wish. But there is another class

which, although they be earning wages from \$22 to \$30 per month, without victuals, will never be able to save enough to make a purchase of land. They can get their beloved whiskey at from 22<sup>d</sup> to 4s per gallon, so ye might suppose the taste of it were never out of their mouths. He who cannot abstain from drinking ardent spirits should not come here on any account.

The manner of paying for land here is one-fifth down and one-fifth with interest at 6% every year till paid, or all paid down as much sooner as you please, if you think the interest any grievance.

I cannot as yet say how I may do, but I think I had best keep to the millwrighting (which is good) and contract for the clearing of my land, at any rate for a year or two, if I be spared in life.

There is something I always expected to find here, which I begin to feel already, but I perceive it will have more impression on me than I ever did expect to realize, viz ; that I now sit quietly in my own house, and if I be granted a common lot with others in this neighborhood, who have been three or four years settled (some of whom say that at that time they were not worth a dollar) I and my family shall be supplied with all necessaries and have the most gratifying satisfaction that there is no man to inspect my work or say unto me "what doest thou?" as long as I keep and respect (which I hope we ever shall do) the laws of our country. Serving the public is a topic you and I have often touched on, and I think we have had a good share of that ; so ye may just conceive within yourself how different I must feel in becoming entirely free from that (now) neither profitable nor pleasant life.

While I was at Jas. Airth's on Sunday, Feb. 8th, I saw two wagons on their way to Hamilton for goods belonging to Messrs. ———, two gentlemen from Aberdeen last summer. I also saw an Indian, his wife and two children, travelling about six miles to hear a sermon. What a contrast ! And what a stain on Scotland ! And a Mr. ———, late of Glasgow, and Advocate, Aberdeen, who came out last year, makes it his practice to go with his gun on Sunday. Mr. Manson told me that infidelity was at a sad pitch in America, but I blush to inform you that the greatest infidels I have seen are gentlemen lately come out and who had the honor to be ranked among what is called the higher class of society in the Old Country.

## XV.

### Another of Mr. Skene's Letters

To Johnstone Skene, Sept. 14th, 1835

Dear Brother,—I received yours per T. Dow on the 23rd August. Glad to hear that you were all well as we are all at present. I take this opportunity by Mr. Watt from New Deer.

F. Anderson has bought 100 acres from J. Duguid, so we three lie side by side. R. M., I think, will settle about four miles, and Arthur Walker about two and a quarter miles from me. Charles Milee has not as yet settled, but I think it is most likely he will beside A. Walker. You mention that Isabel and George incline coming here. I suppose they could do nothing better, as servants of all sorts are scarce hereabouts, indeed, more are wanted than are to be got. Men once a little acquainted with the work (which they soon are) get from ten to eighteen dollars per month of 26 days without victuals, and steady servants are precious here. They would require to bring strong clothes for winter and light ones for summer. George should bring nothing fine. Moleskin is good, and sailcloth makes the very best trousers for the bush. Shoes if not large get too small. Ours are mostly all useless. They should not be ironed (except heels)—but of these and clothes also young people should bring no overstock, as they run the risk of loss or damage by the way, and there is not a very great difference in the price here, but the sailcloth is scarcely to be got here. Wright's are all well employed at from one dollar to one dollar and a half per day, without victuals, but I hear that down the country they have ill getting cash, but it is all cash payments in this quarter as yet. I have done nothing in that line yet, neither do I know if I will do anything.

My lot is 50 chains long from south-west to north-west, and 20 chains from south-east to north-west. I have built my house about 5 chains from the north-east end where the road is to pass in a direct north-west direction—the back of it to the road and fronting south-west on a little eminence about ten or twelve feet above the road at that place opposite the house. The burn runs between the house and road. I came on a good spring in digging out the cellar and was obliged to cast a drain about 60 yards long to take off the water, but it will be very convenient for us now that it is dug. I think I have built on the highest land on the lot, as it takes a moderate descent south-west from the house for about 30 or 35 chains, where I have another small burn, then there is an ascent to the other end.

Ye want to know the number of trees upon an acre. The general report of the upper province is about 60 or 70 above 10 inches

through, 5 or 6 above 2 feet, and 1 above 3 feet per acre, and 3 above 4 feet on each 100 acres ; but I am sure that is above what is upon mine. I have, however, a good number between one half inch and 6 inches. I am sure that the soil is of the very finest quality, being a strong loam rather inclined to clay subsoil. I never had such strong oats on Milltown as I have here, without plowing. I have about four acres in crop of oats, barley, wheat, potatoes and turnips, and in the garden some Indian corn, pumpkins, melons, peas, onions, carrots, cabbage, greens and mustard. Owing to the backward spring I was too late in getting in my grain crop, viz., the 3rd or fourth of June, but the wheat and oats are now on the turn, and the barley well advanced. From a small quantity of Packmanrick barley—not more than an English pint—I cut on the 11th inst. six good sheaves of as good fine stuff as ye could wish for.

I have been assisting James Walker at his house in the village for some time. He is starting the baking there, which I would expect to pay well.

We had a very severe winter but we felt no ways uncomfortable. The snow covered the ground from the 22nd of November until the middle of April, and for some time the BUSH (that is, the Woodland) to the depth of two feet. The old settlers (4 or 5 years here) say it was the most severe they had seen. We had a very rainy summer and harvest (which is almost concluded by those who put in their seed in time) the worst that is remembered for the last 17 years.

Early in April we commenced making maple sugar and made 107 lbs. of it, with about 70 lbs. of molasses. We were told that there had been no such bad sugar season either for a number of years.

Thanks to the Giver of all good we are, and have been, in the enjoyment of excellent health, especially since our arrival at Fergus. Barbara's difficulty in breathing, which was likely to be a confirmed asthma in Scotland and on our way here, is entirely removed, for she has not felt the least symptom of it since coming to Fergus.

On our shortest day the sun rises at 38 minutes past seven, and sets at 22 minutes past four, and on our longest day he rises 22 minutes past four, and sets 38 minutes past 7.

Of live stock we have got two cows and a calf, two sows and a boar, and a good flock of poultry. The village now has 14 houses. Potatoes were frosted on the 4th of August, and frost again last night. The church was opened on the 16th of August, 1835.

## XVI.

### To Brother John, Fintray

The next of George Skene's letters is dated October 28th, 1835. It is in part a repetition of matter that has been given in the previous letter. The following extracts contain, in the main, new matter :

"I hope you got the letter I sent to George Robertson in September by Mr. Watt, who was going home, I believe, on business."

"The height of the large trees here may run from 110 to 130 feet. They are of little or no value here as yet, there being no potashery near. I understand that down the country where they are near a market for the ashes, they are worth from 8 to 12 dollars per acre according to quality. The ashes of some wood are of little use, but we have one very useful tree, viz., the maple, which is a good wood for different purposes. From it can be made good sugar, molasses, vinegar, ale, (all these we have made from it) and whiskey; and the tops of it are second next to turnips for the cattle in winter."

"We had a more severe winter than is common here, and intense frost. The thermometer was as low as 15 degrees below zero, yet owing to the atmosphere being dry and pure, we felt it nowise more disagreeable than we did in Fyvie. The spring, of course, was late and sowing did not commence till about the middle of May. They usually commence by the first of May. I began the third of June with oats and wheat and barley on the fourth. The barley sown on fourth was an inch above the ground on the morning of the 7th."

"James Walker stayed with me till the beginning of July, when I joined him in raising a house and bake-house in Fergus, until the last three weeks, during two of which I was assisting at the dressing of the flour-mill stones (all French burrs here). On Wednesday last we had the first wheat grown on Fergusson's property made into flour by the Fergus mill, and baked into biscuits by our Fergus baker. I led the gentry to the mill with the bag-pipes (as I did to the founding of the church); and when the mill-wrights gave the water, I at the same time gave wind to the tune of "The Dusty Miller" to what, I must say, would have been a splendid company of about 110 in the old country—the female part especially—all mostly Scotch, and not above a score more than eighteen months in the country. Although J. W. made out to give them biscuits on the above day, it will be ten or twelve days yet before he be in full operation."

"There is again a George Skene of Careston. The oatmeal stores are at Hamilton. I expect the barley mill soon. No parson is settled yet, but a school master [was settled] on the 26th of December. We are in good health and spirits."

## XVII.

### The Last of Mr. Skene's Letters

The following letter was sent to "Brother John" about June 27th, 1836, though the date is scratched out. Perhaps it was sent off somewhat later, though begun then. Some references to later dates are interlined, and were possibly made after the letter was sent.

"I received yours of date 20 March, on 21 June, from bearer Al. Gall, who arrived in Nichol on the 20th, all well, and am happy to hear that it left you all well, my father in particular; and also to hear of all my old acquaintances' welfare. But I must to particulars as a single sheet will contain but little. And first as to where Careston is situated. On the face of the Globe, as near as I can make out, we are in Lat.  $43^{\circ} 45'$  north, Long.  $80^{\circ} 25'$  west; about sixty miles nearly right west from Toronto (York), and nearly the same distance right east from Goderich (on Lake Huron), about 18 (18?) miles nearly N. W. from Guelph, and about 43 miles N. W. from Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario—the above distances in direct lines. We are likewise about sixty miles from the nearest point of Lake Erie, and about 375 miles on a line from New York, and about 500 miles from Quebec in a direct line. We are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles N.W. by W. from Fergus, where passes the Grand River or Ouse, which empties into Lake Erie at the head of the Welland Canal, which unites Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. I hear that the said river would not be a serious expense to make navigable to Elora, a village about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles S.W. from Careston; and there is a railroad proposed from Hamilton (about 12 miles) to said river, which is at present navigable above the point where said railroad would cross it. It is thought that if this part of the province prospers, the navigation of the Ouse will be completed to Elora in a few years, a distance, I believe, of about 40 miles.

There was a bill passed the House of Assembly (or Commons) of Upper Canada for a railroad from Toronto to Goderich, which was thought to pass not far from Nichol (if they were to take a straight line I believe it would pass within a mile or two of us) but others think that it would pass through a more cultivated part of the province, which would take it about (perhaps) 25 or 30 miles from Nichol; but this bill with several more lies dormant, owing to a disagreement between our new Governor, (a kind of Tory) and the Assembly (the majority of which are mad Radicals). They stopped the supplies, and he of course dissolved the parliament. A new election is just at present going on. For my own part I do not fear that we shall want water carriage or railroads by the time we stand in need of them. If I be spared in life I intend to persevere in live stock more than grain farming. The most of my neighbors that I have conversed



with on the subject are of the same mind, as I understand there are a great number of fat cattle brought into Canada from the States yearly. We should like to save the Yankees this trouble.

I think I mentioned in my last that I had bought a 3 year-old stot for a mart, thought to weigh about 27 stone Dutch. He deceived most men that saw him, he was exactly 31 stone Dutch or 534 lbs. av. and 47 lbs. of rendered tallow, as good fat and well-mixed (tell my father) as ever he saw us have at Milltown, to the fall—fed entirely in the bush, as the owner declared he had not given him one handful all summer.

As soon as the snow commenced on the 21st of Nov. we killed our 3 pigs—about 100 lbs each, not very fat, but as we had no grain to feed them off with we thought it better to take them as they were than purchase feed for them. So ye will perceive we were pretty well off for animal food all winter—some hams are not used yet.

From the 21st Nov. till about the middle of April the snow lay some time to the depth of four feet in the bush, and about half of that in the clearance, the thermometer ranging from 5° to 10° below zero, and one morning in the shade as low as 32°, another 23°, and another 15°, all in February, which we felt very cold.

One calf died of the yellow horn, the rest thrive beyond expectation.

Toronto prices current, 12th July, 1836 : Flour, fine, per barrel 196 lbs., 20s. to 25s. ; Flour, per 100 lbs., 10s. to 11s. 3d. ; Wheat, bushel, 3s. to 4s. 3d. ; Barley, bushel, 2s. ; Oats, bushel, 1s. 3d. ; Apples, bushel, 2s. to 3s. 9d. ; Potatoes, bushel, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. ; Beef, 100 lbs., 25s. ; Beef, per lb., 4d. to 5d. ; Pork, 100 lbs., 25s. ; Pork, per lb., 4d. ; Veal, per lb., 5d. ; Mutton, per lb., 6d. to 8d. ; Hams, per lb., 5d. to 7d. ; Cheese, per lb., 5d. to 7d. ; Butter, per lb., 7d. ; Eggs, per dozen, 5d. to 6d. ; Hay, per ton, 45s. to 60s. ; Hardwood, per cord, 10s. to 12s. 6d.

The above prices of course are in Halifax currency, which may be calculated 24s. 3d. to the pound sterling. At present 1 shilling sterling is 1s. 3d. currency.

We commenced sugar-making about the tenth of April, and made 500 lbs., brighter than our last year's, and 100 lbs. treacle—both of which we would wish to send you samples of, but I fear we shall not get an opportunity this season. The molasses resembles your hill honey very much, we think.

On the 30th of April, I began to sow wheat, hurt a little by the frost in August or September, and continued clearing and sowing bit by bit until the 3rd of June, and after that for some turnips. We have 9 acres in crop altogether—bread I think.

I may give you a sketch of how we clear the land here, viz, un-

derbrushing, chopping down, logging, burning, fencing, sowing, dragging without plowing. Ye wish to know if we have any stones. These and limestone rock are plenty by river sides, but with us at Careston there are but few, some of them above and some below the ground, and of all kinds, viz., granite, limestone, sandstone or freestone, and blue heatben. I think by the time we be able to build a stone house we will find plenty of stones for that purpose. But I have not as yet come upon any sand, nor appearance of any, but there are several sand pits in the neighborhood, and what I have seen of it is as small and pure as on Aberdeen links. But there is good round sand also, a mason tells me, excellent either for building or harling with.

We have plenty of clay for brickmaking, and that business was commenced about a mile from me last summer, but the weather was bad, and he having everything but temporary for his business, they were very soft. And I thought no wonder for the clay was just dug up, a little wrought, formed into the brick, dried in the sun until they could bear to lie on each other, then built up (furnaces being left through the square pile for receiving the wood, for the burning of them) and burned, without any previous preparing or scouring of the clay, as is done in Scotland. At Hamilton, Dundas and Guelph there is good brick, and at the two former places the largest houses are built with them, and all burned with hardwood.

Ye likewise make enquiries as to the inhabitants of our streams. I hear there is plenty of trout and other small fishes in the Grand river and Irvine, from which I am about equi distant. In our Fordon there are some small trout; it is not so large a stream as at first sight I supposed it to be, but of excellent quality. But all the snow streams here do not rise nor fall so much as they do with you, owing to the want of hills and the softness of the land in the bush which absorbs more of the rain water.

As to game laws we have none, but a good variety of game, viz., deers, hares, rabbits, raccoons, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, pigeons (in thousands in certain seasons), with troops of wolves, some bears, foxes, martin cats, some wild cats, multitudes of black and red squirrels, hawks—large and small, ravens, hoodies, (but none of the common crow or magpie) with some small birds of beautiful plumage, scarlet red and golden yellow, two or three kinds of wood-peckers, etc., etc. The most destructive are the squirrels for the grain, bears for the pigs (he must take them by surprise, they say, for he cannot run so fast), and wolves for the sheep where they are not properly penned up at night. This enemy is seldom, if ever, seen singly, but in numbers (as I have heard) from two or three up to as many as scores. It is also affirmed that we have no beast but flies from man, but I should not like to meet a score or two of hungry wolves in the bush, but I have not heard of more than six being found together, and once only to that number near this. But indeed we have few of them in our

neighborhood in comparison to what we hear of in other places. I rather think the accounts of their numbers loses nothing from the distance. Our James came on three of them, searching for the oxen lately, which fled, and he has seen three bears at as many times, but they fled likewise. We have also a porcupine, a very formidable-like soldier, but he is not so large as that beast described by Buffon. As to our beasts of prey, game, etc., I shall write to Johnston after harvest."

## XVIII.

### Old Times in Fergus

(Based on daily memoranda kept by the elder Fordyce in 1837-8, and in 1841-2 while he lived on his farm and had time to note such occurrences, which was not the case after he entered into business in Fergus. The memoranda were published in the local paper and preserved in a scrap book by Mr. A. D. Fordyce, jr.)

1837

On January 13th, there was an exhibition of cattle and farm produce in Fergus, under the direction of the Gore District Agricultural Society, which was the first society of the kind in this part of Canada, and this was its first show north of Guelph. The exhibits were doubtless not very numerous, or varied, nor was the attendance very large, but prizes were duly awarded, and a stimulus given to what has been since the principal interest of the vicinity.

Two days afterwards the Fergus Mills were destroyed by fire, the Grist Mill completely and the Saw Mill in part. This was a great misfortune, not only to the owners, who had no insurance on it, but also to the settlers generally, and more especially those who had wheat in it at the time. Mr. Mair, for example, lost his whole season's crop, bags and all. The loss was estimated at £700. Mr. Webster, however, went to work with characteristic energy, and backed up by Mr. Ferguson, in a few months had the structures rebuilt. On June 26th they were opened and a dinner was given by the settlers to Messrs. Ferguson and Webster to show appreciation of the latter's conduct. Upwards of sixty sat down to dinner in the bay-loft at Black's Tavern. The elder Fordyce presided until nine o'clock, when the chair was taken by Mr. George Wilson of Harvey Cottage. Mr. Ferrier acted as Croupier, that is, sat at the foot of the table as Vice-Chairman. The day after the Distillery was raised. In those days the manufacture of whiskey had not the odium attached to it that it has since acquired in the eyes of many people. It is only necessary to quote the names of Ferguson, Webster, Fordyce, Argo, Michie as being connected with the trade in Fergus to prove that it had no suspicion of discredit attached to it, but some of them at least, in after years dissociated themselves from it as a result of conscientious conviction that the liquor traffic is wrong. Should abstainers be intolerant if some good people cannot be persuaded to see their way even yet to oppose the traffic?

On February 22nd the Rev. Mr. Gardiner was ordained and settled as Minister of St. Andrew's Church. The members of Presbytery present were the Rev. Messrs. Mark Stark of Ancaster, Gale of Hamilton, Boyne of Galt, and Smith of Guelph. With the exception of

the last named all remained to a dinner given by the Trustees in Black's Tavern to the Presbytery and a few other friends. Mr. Ferguson was chairman and Mr. Fordyce, senior, was croupier. Mr. Hopkirk, of Oakville, Dr. Scott, then of Montreal, who came out in the same ship with the Fordyces, and Mr. John Brown, son of Dr. W. L. Brown, of Marishal College, Aberdeen, were present as guests, and Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Gale honored the gentlemen with their company. A bond for £60, the payment of the minister's stipend of £60 annually, was signed by the Trustees.

Mr. James Webster, accompanied by the Rev. Patrick Bell, tutor in the Ferguson family and the inventor of the reaping machine, left for Scotland on July 3rd. "All the villagers accompanied them to the bridge with drum and life, and had a glass to wish them a prosperous voyage." Those pioneers were by no means so prosaic as we are apt to think them to have been.

Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, elder son of A. D. Fordyce, senior, arrived in Fergus on Oct. 2nd to pay a visit to his nearest relatives. He and Dr. Mutch had come out together from Aberdeen. The latter stayed in Elora all night and came on to Fergus next day.

On November 30th Mr. Ferguson came to Fergus to attend meetings of the Church Trustees and Agricultural Society, and the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society which was held at four o'clock in the afternoon in Black's Tavern. Mr. Ferguson was in the chair, and the elder Fordyce was croupier. The others present were Rev. Mr. Gardiner, Dr. Mutch and Dr. Stewart; Messrs. Ferrier, Buist, Drysdale, Thos. Webster, Ross, Hamilton, Allardice, T. W. and John Valentine, Wilson (Harvey Cottage), Gray (Carse, Scotland), Renny, McQueen, Chas. Allen, James Perry, Arthur D. Fordyce, Alex. D. Fordyce, Junior, Watt (storekeeper), Hornby (brewer), Walker (baker), Garvin (mill-wright), Reid (carpenter), McLaren (distiller), Hutchison (cooper), Badenach (baker), H. Black (inn-keeper) and Reeves (Elora). A very pleasant evening was spent and all left at 9 o'clock.

On December 10th, after a prayer and an address in the church, Captain Wilson and Lieut. Valentine with the Volunteer Rifle Company, which had been formed as early as June 4th, 1836, when there was a pretty good muster, not great in numbers, but of pretty good staff, left Fergus at ten in the forenoon for Guelph. They were followed by a wagon with their provisions and luggage. Those who were members in the Bon Accord Settlement had excused themselves except James Mair, who was regarded as the patriotic representative of the settlement. The members who left that day, as recorded by the elder Fordyce "for their honor", were: Captain, George Wilson, of Harvey Cottage; Lieutenant, Thos. W. Valentine, of Irvinsdale; James Perry, Trampeter; Thos. Webster, A. D. Ferrier, A. Drysdale, John Valentine, Geo. C. Hamilton, T. C. Allardice, A. D. Fordyce (Junior), James Walker, John Gartshore, Wm. Renny, Wm. Rey-

nolds, J. P., Henry Baird, James Black, and George Gray (Carse). This is probably not a very complete list, for Mr. Ferrier in one of his sketches said that "some twenty-five men marched down to Guelph" and the name of at least James Ross should be included.

Mr. Ferrier in his "Reminiscences" published in 1866 and reprinted in these sketches, gives a graphic and humorous description of the experiences of Fergus Company. In the meantime we simply refer our readers to the passage.

South Nichol, too, sent a fine company down to the lines, so that the township turned out manfully in the hour of need. They had been drilled by a Captain Webb, an old soldier. One of the number was accustomed to say in after years, "He put us through our facings at a great rate, and I often wished myself at home choppin' wood." Among names of them who were in the South Nichol Company were Archie Cattanach, John Mutrie, Lawland (?), Sberatt, Elmslie, David Stephen, a nephew of Elmslie, who lived with him, Samuel Broadfoot (?).

It was either Captain Webb or Sergeant Mathews who used to tell the boys of how when on duty on a dark night as a sentinel at Gibraltar he heard a rapping at the back of his sentry-box. Not receiving any reply to his "Who goes there?" he got out of the sentry-box and went cautiously around it, and heard footsteps retreating as he advanced. He followed them as far as the door of the sentry box, through which they seemed to pass. No answer being given to his questions the sentinel attempted to enter, but was met by an objection more forcible than polite which laid him prostrate at the enemy's feet. Picking himself up, and furious at the repulse, he charged his antagonist with fixed bayonet and with one fierce thrust he pierced him through. An examination disclosed that he had killed a venerable billy goat.

Some account of Sandy Munroe's part in the Rebellion is given on page 61 of this series.

In Guelph, on the first news of the outbreak a company of Volunteers was formed under the command of Captain Poore. William Thomson was Lieutenant, and Charles Grange, brother to Sheriff Grange, and afterwards a Major in the Canadian Rifles, was Ensign. Among the men were James Arm-trong, carpenter, Richard Ainlay, A. A. Baker, J. C. Wilson, J. G. Husband, W. S. G. Knowles, John Thorp, James Marshall of Puslinch, Wm. Day, Wm. Crowe, John Mills, afterwards of Owen Sound. Wm. Reynolds of Pilkington, then part of Woolwich, and Samuel Broadfoot of Nichol are also set down in the Mercury's list (1866) as belonging to the Guelph Company, but the former is given in Mr. Fordyce's list of the Fergus Company, and the latter probably belonged to the South Nichol Company. William Leslie of Puslinch, Warden of Wellington in 1864 and 1865, was also a volunteer at the same time, but belonged to another Company.

It was well on in December when the Guelph Company got orders to march to Hamilton. From there they proceeded to Ancaster, thence to Brantford, and then to Little Scotland in Burford. This was the headquarters of the Rebels, who mustered five hundred strong under Dunscombe. Here a great many prisoners were taken. The Company then marched to Norwich, then better known as Sodom, and the Rebels in that section, numbering some hundreds, gave themselves up as prisoners after Dunscombe's flight. The Guelph men then marched to Ingersoll, and from that back to Hamilton. They left that place on Christmas Day for the Niagara River, opposite Navy Island, where Mackenzie was then lying. Here they stopped about three weeks during which time there was often a brisk cannonade between the soldiers on the shore and the men on the island. It was during their stay that the "Caroline" was sent over the Falls, which incident has already been referred to, and during most of their stay they were united with the Nichol companies. They were ordered home as soon as Mackenzie left the island, and arrived there after having been absent about six weeks.

## XIX.

### Eramosa and the Rebellion

Guelph, on the whole, is said to have taken the Rebellion very quietly. A few of the officials about the town, however, were greatly concerned about the loyalty of some of their neighbors, and affected the arrest of Robert Armstrong and a few of the leading farmers of Eramosa, who were all afterwards honorably acquitted, and public feeling soon settled down again into its usual channel. As shedding a strong light from another point of view on this important period in our national history it is well worth while to give a more detailed narrative of this incident by Mr. James Peters as given long after at his own fireside, and as published in the Guelph Mercury in 1866, and revised in some particulars by his granddaughter, Miss Bella Peters, for the Montreal Witness :

I think the history of Eramosa would be incomplete without some account of the high-handed, uncalled for, and despotic treatment which the unoffending inhabitants of Eramosa were compelled to submit to at the time of the rebellion in 1837. As I was among the greatest sufferers on that occasion, and as such treatment is not soon forgotten, although the injustice may be forgiven, you may easily conceive that these unlawful proceedings are still fresh in my memory, and could only have been submitted to by a peaceable people.

The only reason assigned for these unlawful proceedings was the well-known fact that W. L. Mackenzie unlawfully took up arms against

the despotic sway of the Family Compact, who ruled the Lieutenant-Governor, and through him the people, with a rod of iron. Reformers were proscribed from all offices of honor or emolument in the gift of the Government. Responsible government had not dawned on Canada at that time, and in addition to other grievances, which were neither few nor small, Sir John Colborne capped the climax by saddling the Province with fifty-seven Rectories. No doubt this act of injustice was the principal cause of the rising on Yonge Street. This unlawful meeting of misguided men caused the mails to be stopped. We had no post office in Eramosa, and had to depend on the office at Guelph, but could get neither letters nor papers. Under these circumstances a few of the settlers held a public meeting at the Central School House with a view to learning if possible what the state of the country was. Such a meeting was lawful at that time, and every British subject had a right to attend. We did not take up arms for or against the Government. We did not read Mackenzie's paper. We had no communication with him, either verbal or otherwise. But we were branded as incorrigible Reformers, dyed in the wool, and the ruling powers inferred that because Mackenzie turned rebel all the Reformers were rebels also.

I was Township Clerk at that time and was chosen to act as secretary on that memorable occasion, and as such was requested to draw up a resolution expressive of the decision of the meeting, which was that we return home, remain neutral, and mind our own business. Some of the Guelph dignitaries construed this resolution into something like treason. Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort circulated an evil report against us, dubbed me "Captain Peters" and reported that fifty men under my command were coming some night to burn Guelph. Ere long a military guard was set at all the approaches to the town. The same story was also told to the people of Fergus, and they being also brim full of loyalty, turned out to guard the only bridge at that place. In fact public opinion was so much against us that it created more excitement than all the Fenians of the present day.

I would also state that if the people of Eramosa had been as bad as they were represented, your humble servant is not the man they would have chosen to lead them. I was better able to judge of a piece of leather, or the value of a yoke of oxen, than of military tactics. But the Tory rule has always been that anything is fair in politics. There were certain parties about Guelph, and other places, who were pretty hard up at that time, and who took advantage of these circumstances as a most favorable chance of getting at the Queen's beef and such like, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Accordingly thirty-two men either volunteered or were pressed to break up the rebel nest in Eramosa. These soldiers were headed by the late John Inglis, and being armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, had quite a military appearance. I do not know how many



rounds of ammunition they had, but I know that, before daylight on the morning of the 13th of December, 1837, sixteen armed men entered my castle (every Englishman's house is his castle, if it is but a log house) without knocking. The leader of this valorous party draw his glittering sword at my bedside, and scarcely allowed me time to dress myself, just because the Queen's business required haste. Two sleighs were waiting at my door, to convey myself and several others, who had been apprehended in a similar way, to Guelph. When opposite Mr. Parkinson's farm, some of them thought, after such success, they would be none the worse of breakfast. Accordingly they turned in and ordered breakfast for all the party and feed for their teams. Mr. Parkinson, having provided for them as well as such short notice would allow, was requited for his kindness by the arrest of his son James, who was shipped off to Guelph with the rest of us.

Before reaching Guelph I asked Squire Inglis if he was going to send us to jail without an examination. He said "No." On our arrival William Armstrong, Hiram Dowling, Calvin Lyman and James Parkinson were examined, and after giving bonds for their appearance when called, were permitted to return home, but not before they were bled in the pocket, of course. In the afternoon Mr. Allan's team, of the Guelph Mills, was pressed to take James Benham, John Butchart and myself to jail at Hamilton without examination or commitment so far as we knew. Robert Wharton was Jehu on that occasion. I had the honor of a seat between Mr. Grange, who is now Sheriff, and Col. Saunders, Clerk of the Peace, of this County. They were both full privates at that time. I wish it to be distinctly understood that these gentlemen treated us with as much courtesy as persons in our situation had any reason to expect. When we arrived at Tommy Kelly's Inn, supper was ordered, and we were permitted to sit at the same table and partake of the same burnt goose. It was burnt outside and raw within.

We arrived at Hamilton about ten o'clock, and were taken to a place called headquarters. Geoffrey Lynch, of Guelph, appeared to be master of ceremonies that night and a jolly set of fellows we were under his command. Lynch ordered us up to the Court House, and we were soon provided with quarters in the cells for the night. Before being penned up I requested Mr. Grange to use his influence to prevent us from being put into the company of felons. Accordingly James Benham and myself occupied one cell, and John Butchart had one to himself. Our bed was the upper side of the plank floor, and our blanket was the ceiling seven or eight feet above the floor. It was one of the coldest nights of December, one of the coldest of a cold Canadian winter, and I have good reason to remember it. No one knows but ourselves what we suffered that night.

Next morning the jailer and turnkey let us three together, fetched us three loaves of bread and a bucket of water, and gave us to understand that we had liberty to eat the bread all at once, or make two, or

three meals of it, but that we should get no more till next morning. Some time in the forenoon Mr. Grange came and got us out of the dungeon, and put us into the debtor's room. Here we had a stove, and I think a blanket each, comforts for which I have felt grateful ever since.

At this time there were six men suffering imprisonment for resisting a Sheriff's Officer at Dundas or thereabouts, and when the prisoners from the west were sent down by the score, the men referred to were set at liberty, and in their hurry to evacuate the place to make room for their betters, they left their prayer book, their nest of straw, and all their live stock except what was on their persons! Our apartments were soon crowded with the arrival of prisoners from the west. No fewer than forty-five were buddled together in two rooms and the passage we were occupying. Among the new arrivals were two members of the Provincial Parliament, three doctors, I forget how many township Clerks, and some of the wealthiest and most intelligent farmers of the Province.

After five or six weeks of imprisonment I was let out on bail, and soon after the other two from Eramosa were set at liberty on the same terms; that is, we were to appear when called upon to do so. In the month of February a special commission was appointed to try the prisoners, the court to open in the month of March. The Grand Jury found true bills against the seven men from Eramosa, and we were again imprisoned until the court opened.

In the meantime the government had stored fifty kegs of gunpowder in the building in which we were confined, and by way of precaution had made a ring of sand on the floor around them. The night before the court was to open some fiend or fiends in human shape set fire under the door of this powder magazine, no doubt with the magnanimous intention of sending us to a higher tribunal than that summoned to sit in Hamilton. Our goalers were either absent from the building altogether, or were trying to sleep off the effects of their excessive libations the previous evening. As for us, we were sleeping the sleep of the just, all unconscious of the peril in which we were placed. The first of us who awakened was not slow in arousing the rest, and our consternation may be more easily imagined than described when we realized the horrible doom which threatened us, and what was perhaps still harder to bear—our utter helplessness to avert it.

Consider for a moment the thrilling position in which we thus suddenly found ourselves in the early hours of that winter morning. We were seven. Most of us had families at home. All of us were in the prime and vigor of manhood when life is most sweet. We were confined in two narrow cells, the doors of which had been double-barred and bolted on the outside. Fifty kegs of gunpowder were stored in an adjacent cell. The building was old, dry, built entirely of wood, and—on fire!

All our efforts to arouse the sleeping guards were futile. We shouted till we were hoarse, and pounded with all the vigor we possessed upon the doors and walls of our cells, but all to no purpose. We could neither break down the door, nor disturb the slumbers of the tipsy government officials in whose immediate custody we were. "The flames rolled on; we could not go." We knew that it could not be much longer before the fire reached the powder, and, accordingly, we redoubled our efforts to attract the attention either of some one in the building, or of any stray citizen who might be passing, but still without success. Completely exhausted with our efforts, and overwhelmed by the utter helplessness of our position, we threw ourselves upon the floor, and breathing a prayer for our dear ones at home, calmly awaited our fate, fully expecting each moment to be ushered into eternity.

At this critical moment an alarm was raised from the outside. The goalers were aroused, and hope was rekindled in our despairing breasts. But what was our indignation and chagrin when we found that, instead of unlocking our doors and liberating us from our terrible position, these minions of the government set about trying to save the gunpowder by putting out the fire and chopping off the boards between the flames and the ring of sand which surrounded the explosive. Fortunately for us, they succeeded, otherwise, I believe to this day, we would have been left to perish miserably in the flames or by the explosion.

Diabolical as this plot against the lives of the prisoners was, it is nevertheless a fact that no efforts were made to discover the perpetrators; no reward was offered for their apprehension, and no punishment was meted out to the inhuman wretches who disgraced the character of turnkeys on that occasion. What wonder that Lord Sydenham himself said, "If I had been in Canada at that time I would myself have shouldered a musket to put down such a government"!

The Grand Jury were summoned to meet on the eighth of March, nineteen in number, all pure thoroughbred Tories, and it soon found true bills against the prisoners from Eramosa. Ten days were allowed us to prepare for trial. This was the first appearance we had seen of anything like justice being granted to us.

Of the ninety men in limbo at Hamilton, the parties from Eramosa were the first put on trial. Miles O'Reilly, Esq., was engaged as our counsel, at ten dollars each, or seventy for the job. Perhaps you may think we were spending money faster than we had been making it lately, and it was so, but there was no help for it.

The late Sir Allan McNab and the Solicitor General, now Judge Draper, were Queen's Counsel, and if we did not get our necks stretched it was not their fault. Judge Macaulay presided, and the Hon. James Crooks, late of Flamboro' West, and another gentleman, supported the Judge.

We were ready for trial at the time appointed. There were eighty petit jurors summoned, fifty-seven of whom were Tories to the backbone, and twenty-three Reformers.

The crime with which we were charged was high treason, and the formidable nature of the accusation will appear from the following copy of part of the indictment :

Upper Canada, District of Gore. To Wit :

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, upon their oath, present that James Benham, late of the Township of Canada (Eramosa ?) in the district of Gore, yeoman, Calvin Lyman, late of the same place, yeoman, James Butchart, late of the same place, yeoman, William Armstrong...yeoman, James Peters, yeoman, James Parkinson, laborer, and Hiram Dowlan, yeoman,..... not having the fear of God in their hearts, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, and entirely withdrawing the love, and true and due obedience which every subject of our said Lady the Queen, should, and of right, ought to bear towards our said present Sovereign Lady the Queen, and wickedly devising and intending to disturb the peace and public tranquility of this Province, on the eighth day of December, in the first year of the reign of our said Sovereign Lady the Queen, and on divers other days and times, as well as before as after the said eighth day of December, with force and arms at the Township of Eramosa in the said District unlawfully, maliciously and traitorously, did compass, imagine and intend, to bring and put our said Lady the Queen to death. And in order to fulfil and bring to effect the said traitorous compassings, imaginings and intentions of them, the said [parties] with force and arms, maliciously and traitorously, did meet, conspire, consult and agree, amongst themselves, and together with divers other false traitors, whose names are to the said Jurors unknown, unlawfully, wickedly, and traitorously, to subvert and alter, and cause to be subverted and altered, the Legislature, Rule and Government, now established in this Province, and the power and authority of our said Sovereign Lady the Queen therein ; and further ... did incite, encourage, exhort, move, induce and persuade, divers of the Subjects of our said Lady the Queen .....to levy war against our said Sovereign Lady the Queen.....

(Signed) Wm. H. Draper,  
Solicitor General.

You will be ready to conclude that our chance of an impartial trial was rather small. The Court opened at the usual hour, the room being full of spectators. The witnesses for the Crown were Wm. Campbell of Eramosa, Walter King, who now presides at the ticket office in the market house, Guelph, and Robert Grindell of Eramosa. I am not able to give a verbatim report of the evidence against us. Let it suffice to say that after the evidence for the prosecution was given by the first two witnesses, nothing was proved against us. The Solicitor General tried all his tact and talent at badgering their last

witness, Robert Grindell, but with all his skill and logic, he could neither bully nor coax the witness to perjure himself. The evidence was so much in our favor that we told our Counsel we were willing to submit the case to the Jury without examining any of the eight witnesses we had on our behalf. The crafty Queen's Counsel would not consent to this arrangement, probably expecting to get something out of our witnesses that they could not get out of their own, but after examining three of them they gave it up for a bad job. The Judge charged the Jury, dwelling principally upon the enormity of the crime of treason, and wound up his charge by telling the jury that if they had any doubts whether the accused were guilty or not, the prisoners were entitled to the doubt. The jury retired and in eight minutes returned into Court with a verdict of Not Guilty.

The seven men from Eramosa had been put in the dock at the opening of the Court, and compelled to stand until the trial was over, about nine o'clock at night. The prisoners had no reason to complain of the conduct of Sheriff Macdonald, or of the Jailer, Dennis Malone. The latter used to purchase for the benefit of the prisoners such groceries as we wanted, and as much whiskey as the parties were willing to pay for, but there was not a man who got drunk in our room. Do you believe that forty-five Tories could be penned up as we were, with as much as two gallons of whiskey in their possession at once, without some of them drowning their sorrow. There may be some who would believe it, but I do not. For my part, I never tasted a drop of the poison until the day I was let out on bail, when all the jolly fellows surrounded me, and brought out "Old Jeroboam," and I drank their health and wished them all safe out of limbo. I do not remember tasting whiskey more than twice since that time, nor for many years before.

The inhabitants of Eramosa did not enjoy peace and quietness while we were in durance vile—far from it. Guerilla parties from Guelph used to scour the Township in the night, search the houses for firearms, and take them away when they could get them. They arrested a great number of the heads of families, took them to Guelph and compelled them to give bonds to appear when called upon. There was one thing they never seemed to forget, in all cases to bleed them in the pocket as they were able to bear it, some to the tune of four dollars each. Others got off for three dollars; others paid two; and when two could not be got they took one. I knew one who was a compatriot of the operator who got clear by paying fifty cents. I think this was the commencement of the cash system in Guelph; there was no tick in this business. I could not vouch for the amount they robbed the poor settlers of, but I have been told it was not less than eighty dollars, exclusive of what was paid by the parties tried for high treason, and if time were reckoned it would be much more. Six of the seven jail-birds are still living—clear Grits yet. I do not think any of them have given a Tory vote since, and if they ever do,

they will richly deserve a coat of tar and feathers.

I was told after I came home that no fewer than fourteen sleighs came into Guelph one day, and the parties gave themselves up. Most of them gave bonds to appear when called upon. There were a few who stood out. One man instead of giving bonds pushed His Worship into the ditch, and would not give bail either. Another drew his fist and knocked His Honor down, and then settled the scrape by giving him one dollar but no bonds. After I came home I was told that if they had made one more raid into the Township, it would be too hot for them, and most likely there would have been a Bull Run to see who could get into Guelph first. The patience of the people was exhausted, and it would have been no wonder had some of the midnight marauders lost their lives.

And now, by way of conclusion, let me state that this Government had not called upon the people of Eramosa to assist in putting down the rebellion, and in that case were we not justified in passing a resolution to go home and mind our own business? It is now about twenty-nine years since those troublous times, but my mind has not changed. I believe we did right, and if the same were to take place again, and such an Autocrat, surrounded by such a Family Compact, were misgoverning the Province, I would go into the dungeon again rather than shoulder a musket to keep them in power, in order that they might grind the despised Reformers into the dust.

## XX.

### Old Times in Fergus

(Notes from the elder Fordyce's diary, continued.)

1838

Alexander Anderson, a young man of twenty, son of Francis Anderson, was killed by a tree falling upon him on January 8th. On the morning of March 1st, Alexander Hendry, a married man, met a similar fate. He left two young sons, who in after years were prominent business men of Waterloo County. His widow afterwards married Alexander Walker and died at an advanced age in Salem. On the 22nd of the same month a man named Dalgarno was killed in the same way. He was then in the employ of Alexander Watt, of Auchreddie. He also left two sons, Andrew and John, who married sisters, daughters of John Calder, and became farmers.

On March 6th, Mr. James Webster was married at 3 o'clock by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner to Miss Margaret Wilson, of Harvey Cottage. Mr. Fordyce was present with other friends at the marriage and din-

ner afterwards, and left for home about ten.

On March 23rd a ball was given by the Messrs. Webster at Black's Tavern to their friends. There were a hundred and sixty present and they danced in the hayloft.

In April Mr. Fordyce went to Hamilton to qualify as Justice of the Peace. The trip took over four days. He left Fergus at 2 p. m. of the 17th by Black's wagon, got to Guelph about 7 and stayed for the night at Keating's Tavern. He left Guelph at 6 next morning and reached Black's in Puslinch at 10 where he had breakfast and remained two hours. The afternoon was spent on the road and Hamilton was reached at half past five. He put up at the Victoria House, kept by Powell, where he met Captain Milne of the navy. Next day he saw Mr. Berrie, Clerk of the Peace, and qualified, then transacted some other business, made a few calls and left Hamilton about 3 o'clock. As it was too late to get to Puslinch they stayed over night in Dundas. He left next morning at 9, called on Mr. James Fergusson at Kirby's mill, and got to Black's in Puslinch by 2, Here they dined and reached Guelph at half past seven. They put up again at Keating's and left Guelph next morning about 8. He walked about six miles when the wagon overtook him, and he got to Fergus, very tired, by 3 o'clock.

On July 22nd there was a meeting at Fergus for getting a new bridge, the original one being in a very delapidated state. £44 was required for the purpose, and of this amount £34 was subscribed. This bridge was finished within two months.

On September 20th a dinner was given by Mr. Fergusson, Colonel of the 13th Regiment Gore Militia, to the officers and other friends. About sixty-five sat down to dinner in the New Store, which was fitted up as a "wigwam" for the occasion. Capt. Poore of the 6th Regiment, Absalom Shade, M. P. P., and others were present, and all passed off very well.

In the autumn of this year Mr. Fordyce erected his threshing mill at Les Craigie. This was a cumbersome old country machine that had been brought over at great expense. It was put up by Robert Garvin who had one Sandy Black helping him. A week after the latter left he dropped down dead as he was going to dinner. He was a fine young man only eighteen years of age. He was buried on Nov. 8th, which was also Thanksgiving Day. The Canadian observance of Thanksgiving is generally regarded as an imitation of a New England custom. In Fergus, at least, it seems to have been observed by the settlers as it had been observed by them in Scotland. This year a Thanksgiving service for the abundant harvest was held in St. Andrew's Church.

On Dec. 28th there was a meeting in Fergus of Mr. Fergusson's regiment of militia. The number who attended was 367. There

were musters also in Eramosa and Erin, about 800 in all. Mr. Fordyce dined with the officers. The next day he attended a meeting of the Justices of the Peace in Guelph. After business was transacted the fourteen Justices and some other gentlemen dined together at Wood's Tavern.

It was probably at this time that the following incident took place, as narrated by A. D. Ferrier in his "Reminiscences" :

"At one muster after this, when the late Hon. A. Fergusson was Colonel of the 13th Gore, there was an amusing little scene. Some six companies were drawn up in fine order on St. Andrew's Street, officers in uniform, and everything correct. The "General," as the good old Colonel was called, was just going to ride along the lines ; the Adjutant, Captain Buist, had taken the yearly returns, when a strange vision appeared on the bridge on Tower Street, coming up to the rear of the men. This was a funny little man, an old settler, well-known as Davie Scott, mounted on an ox, and advancing in quite an orderly manner to join the muster. However, there was no collision, as Davie was a fine little man, and when the men had their laugh out, he fell in."

The patient ox, like John Alden's milk-white bull, had occasionally even a fairer burden. The story is told of how at Les CRAIGIE one of the young ladies used to assist by driving the oxen that turned the threshing mill and of how, in the spirit of fun, she would get on one of the oxen and ride him round and round.

#### 1841

About the end of August the tavern at Fergus was let to a Mr. Asb, from Hamilton.

On December 13th, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner died after six weeks' illness. The funeral took place on the 17th. Mr. Webster, Dr. Mutch and Mr. Fordyce, senior, being the Executors, were the chief mourners. From two to three hundred were present. The Trustees, the Elders and others assembled at the manse, the rest at Mr. Brown's house. The services at the manse were conducted by Mr. Bayne, of Galt, at Mr. Brown's by Mr. Smith of Guelph.

#### 1842

On January 21st, a dinner was given by the settlers to the Hon. Adam Fergusson, on his return from Britain. The elder Fordyce was chairman and Mr. Webster was croupier. About seventy subscribed, but the principal room accommodated only fifty.

Caleb Hopkins, M. P. P., brought Mr. Fordyce his commission as Warden of the District of Wellington on January 26th, and on February 8th he opened the first meeting of the District Council by appointing Col. Saunders Clerk pro tem., who read the Warden's Commission, and called on the Councillors to give in their qualifications.



Out of eleven only five were found daly qualified. As this was not a majority the Warden had to dismiss them until liberty should be granted by the Governmet to hold anotber meeting. On April 14th the District Council again met for the purpose of electing Auditors and Surveyors and furnishing a list of three from which the Governor might choose one as Clerk. On May 10th the Council once more met, at 11 a. m., and adjourned to let the assizes be held. It assembled again at 5 p. m., when the Warden delivered his address. The sittings were continued for four days, the Warden giving a short concluding address at 8 p. m. of the 14th. On this day too, he bade farewell to Mrs. Gardiner who was on her way to Quebec on her return to Scotland.

## Mr. Ferrier's Reminiscences

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(The following three chapters are a reprint of Reminiscences of Canada, and the Early Days of Fergus, being three lectures delivered to the Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute, Fergus, by Mr. A. D. Ferrier in 1864 and 1865, and published in pamphlet form in 1866. Kind permission to include these valuable papers in the present series is given by Mr. Ferrier's niece, Mrs. E. C. Robarts, and by Mr. Robarts, of Fergus. The pamphlet, which contains the lectures, and which was published at the office of the Guelph Mercury, is now very rare. We are indebted for the one in our possession to the late John McLaren, formerly editor of The Examiner, Mount Forest, and later local registrar, Orangeville, Ont.)

### XXI.

#### Reminiscences of Canada

On the twentieth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, I left Greenock in the good ship Rebecca and arrived at Quebec on the 4th day of June. We first saw Cape Ray, the South-west corner of Newfoundland, after being twenty nine days out. We had a sample of codfishing; and altogether, what with the log line, the deep sea line and the various substitutes, we caught one hundred and eighteen fish. After making Newfoundland, we saw the Magdalen Islands on the 23rd of May covered with snow; then we saw Cape Rosier. The Bay of Seven Islands and the first houses were seen at Matane, a little village on the south side of the St. Lawrence, chiefly inhabited by pilots. We got to the Island of Bic on the 31st of May,

and this day we saw a Hudson Bay Company's settlement. We also saw Mites, a settlement formed by an old gentleman called McNider. After this the settlements are continuous as you sail up the river, and a church is to be seen about every nine miles. The first American ground I set foot on was at Cape St. Ignace, where some of the passengers went ashore, so as to get up to Quebec a little sooner than the ship. The French Canadians keep their houses very nice and clean, but they look rather empty of furniture. Their pretty white houses and whitewashed roofs look very well as you sail up the river, and also the large churches with tin spires. The approach to Quebec as we saw it on a fine summer's afternoon, is very beautiful. Just as you pass the end of the Island of Orleans, there is a beautiful view of the Falls of Montmorency, and immediately after you round Point Levis, and there stands Quebec with its tin-roofed spires and houses, some of which look as if they were in the river, others creeping up the hill-side, and the square lines of the Cape crowning the whole. The Upper Town within the fortifications is a queer little, old fashioned place, and there is very little change on it now since I first saw it in 1830. The greater part of it belongs to the large and wealthy Roman Catholic Seminaries, Hospitals, &c., having been bequeathed to these institutions long before the city passed into the hands of the British. With one or two exceptions, the stores and shops in Fergus are superior to those in the Upper Town of Quebec. The suburbs, however, are much improved, the great fires having swept away multitudes of little wee wooden cottages, which were replaced by aid of the celebrated loans from the Provincial funds, which are not yet repaid and will not likely be in any unreasonable hurry. The citadel of Quebec is on the highest part of the city—just on the edge of a precipice on one side next to the St. Lawrence—and is undoubtedly a strong situation; but the heights on the Point Levis side, not more than a thousand yards distant, command the fort, and the place is approachable from the Plains of Abraham, although there are marteello towers between the fortifications and the Plains. The scenery around Quebec is beautiful, and, from the variety of mountain, river and lake on every hand, is unrivalled, I believe, at least in British America. The house called Marchmont, in which I lived some two years, is situated just above Wolfe's cove, and close to the scene of the battle ground; and what is singular, the officer of the Royal Navy, who commanded the sailors, who dragged the cannon from Wolfe's Cove to the Plains of Abraham, was my grand uncle, Lieutenant William Ferrier Hamilton. I know the place quite well; it is not so steep as is generally supposed, and nothing extra for the noble blue jackets of the Royal Navy to do. One day I started out with my youngest brother to the Plains, and with the help of a wheelbarrow, collected various fragments of shells and some round shot, and stacked them as a trophy before the door. The views at night all along the St. Lawrence are lovely, and nothing can excel a moonlight night with the ships lying in the stream, and steamers with their lights and

the sparks from their funnels as they float swiftly along to or from Montreal. In those days there was only one first-class Hotel in the Upper Town, known as Payne's, and I believe it was quite sufficient. Commercial business was altogether in the hands of British merchants, or natives of the United States. I was a clerk in what was a branch of the wealthiest and most enterprising house for inland produce in Montreal. The head of the firm was a native of Vermont, but a member of the Legislative Council of Lower Canada—an enterprising, honorable and able man—President of the Bank of Montreal, and well known and much respected in the city of Montreal. In that situation I got acquainted with rafts and raftsmen; with flour, pork, beef, pot and pearl ashes, and the various descriptions of Canadian produce. The raftsmen—from the Ottawa especially—were many of them Highlanders, and wild looking fellows some of them were, especially the half-bloods, part French and part Indian. They used to come down with their rafts, get their pay—sometimes £40 and £50—spend it all in a few days, and then go back to the woods and begin making a new raft. Summer was a very busy time, but from January to May there was very little doing. In 1832 the cholera appeared in Quebec, and sad were the scenes that took place. Many of the merchants' offices had only one person in them. For weeks I was the only clerk in our establishment; one of the partners was ill with the disease, and seventy or eighty people were buried daily. My friends, the raftsmen, brought their rafts into the various coves, and hurried back as fast as possible to the woods of Upper Canada. Large sugar kettles burned day and night with tar at the corners of the streets, and a coffin maker started a shop close to our office. Many a time I walked home to our pleasant place, but following a coffin, as a new cemetery was just made on the roadside leading home. It was said the cattle were affected, and dead fish floated on the bosom of the St. Lawrence. In God's good providence not a medical man or a minister of the Gospel was stricken, although they labored unceasingly.

Politics troubled me very little in these days; still I have seen the great leaders of the party which finally broke out in open rebellion. Monsieur D. B. Viger dined at our house once, and a fine polite old gentleman he was—although rather a wild politician. I have seen Monsieur Papineau at other houses. He was a tall, dark looking man, stout and well made. I remember after the famous ninety-two resolutions were passed, hearing the Governor (Lord Aylmer) at the prorogation tell him that when the French were better educated they would not be so easily led astray. Education was very little heeded in Lower Canada then, and very few of the men could do more than make their mark; and on one occasion, having to settle an account with the master of a small schooner, who was a Member of Parliament, the gentleman could not write, but made his cross in due form. Almost all the teachers were women, and their pay was miserable, ranging from £9 to £22 or £23 per annum. There is a great im-

provement since then, and still room for more. The French Canadian people in the country parts are a fine, simple, contented race of people, but sadly deficient in enterprise; and their farming, in those days at least, was miserable. Their religion I need not speak of, except just to say that the country priests, or padres, as they are called, are generally both respected and respectable, and many of them gentlemen of education, and of course devoted to their own persuasion. The parish churches are very handsome internally, many of them richly ornamented, and even now in many large districts of Lower Canada there is not a Protestant church to be seen for many miles. The French Canadians generally have a great dislike to the Irish, for what reason I could not find out, and have a partiality for the Scotch; indeed a good many Highlanders have from time to time settled in Lower Canada, and their descendants are now quite French in every respect. They still remember as a tradition that Mary Queen of Scotland was first Mary Queen of France.

My first visit to Montreal was in 1831. The sail up the river is beautiful and, although then it was a small place compared to what it now is, great improvements had begun which have continued ever since. I paid a visit at that time to the nunnery of the Grey Sisters, and a kind old lady conducted my father and myself all through the building. We saw one poor old Scotch soldier who had fought in the Revolutionary War in the States, and who had his home with the good Grey Sisters. They are very wealthy and do a great deal of good among the Roman Catholic people of all nations. I think the old soldier was one of Fraser's Highlanders. With regard to amusements in summer Quebec clerks have very little time for any at all, and I am sorry to say Sunday was generally their day of amusement, and rides and drives into the country were the commonest kind of relaxation. In winter sleigh-riding is the most common amusement, and there used to be two tandem clubs which turned out in great force. On practising days they chose a leader and were obliged to follow wherever he went, and of course there was often great fun; some wild officer would start by taking them through all the most crooked streets in the Upper Town, then out at one of the city gates into the Lower Town, and if the St. Lawrence was bearing, on to the river and away at a rattling pace, and now and then they had pic-nics into the country, each driver having a lady. On one grand occasion I saw a sleigh or carriage with six horses at the head of the party, then twenty-one tandems and another sleigh and six to bring up the rear, and they drove across the St. Lawrence on the ice to the mouth of the Chaudière. There was plenty of snow-seeing too, and very good almost all the winter. There was then only one curling club, and I don't think there was a skating club at all. I must not forget one famous piece of fun which was enjoyed by some of the young folks in winter, that is sliding down the Cone at the Falls of Montmorency in hand sleighs. The Cone is a beautiful mountain of ice formed by the spray of the falls, and gradually swells up to a great

height, and one winter when I lived at Quebec, it was nearly 110 feet high. The falls themselves are 240 feet high. Well, the French boys for a York shilling or fifteen pence, pull their hand sleighs up to the top of the Cone. Their sleigh just holds two and they get down on their belly on the sleigh, and the passenger behind, if he is afraid to guide it himself. Away they go, and if both lie still and steady there is no fear, and the impetus from the run down the cone takes the little sleigh a hundred yards, I daresay, along the ice at the foot of the cone if it is at all smooth. There is a connecting bank generally on one side not so steep, down which less adventurous people may go. The view from the cone looking towards the falls is very strange, but of course rather damp, and the only time I was there it was a mild day, so there was little amusement, but the scenery was very beautiful, and the drive from Quebec across the ice was delightful, the distance being about six or seven miles.

As to Upper Canada, it was very little cared about, in fact it was looked upon as a poor contemptible new Colony, just good enough for poor people that could not live in Britain to go to, and desperately unhealthy, everybody being certain to be half killed by fever and ague. With regard to the races in Lower Canada, in those days I used to think to myself that the British Canadians rather looked down upon, and tyrannized over, the French Canadians, but things are very different now, and there is more fear of excess in the other way. I must say that in one respect we, in Upper Canada, now are guilty of the same thing. I used to remark thirty-four years ago we undervalue our French Canadian brethren. Now this is a great mistake. The French Canadians, except in education and agricultural enterprise, are quite our equals, and in their united and national cohesiveness are decidedly our superiors. Just look at their members of Parliament and ours, every French gentleman and their members are almost all in these days of the higher classes, understand the English language well, and most of them speak it pretty well too. Then look at our members of Parliament from Upper Canada, not one in twenty can read French, and not one in fifty can speak it or understand what a French member is saying. While in Quebec our old friend, the late Hon. Adam Ferguson, who had been acquainted with my father from the time they were boys, paid us a visit, and although a short one, was long remembered as a very pleasant event. My father, who was Collector of Customs, died in the spring of 1833, and I was left alone to stay another year in the merchant's office where I then was. In April, 1834, however, the Hon. Mr. Gates, the head of the firm, died, and five days afterwards his partner, Mr. Bancroft, died too, so the business was broken up, and I resolved to take a trip to Upper Canada, with a view of seeing Mr. Ferguson's settlement, and if I thought well of it, making a purchase and finally settling there. Before finishing with Quebec I must make a few remarks on the military, as it is especially a garrison town. The regiments stationed in Quebec were the 15th, 24th, 32nd and 79th, with the usual proportion of artillery

and engineers. Many good people have a great prejudice against soldiers. Well, from what I saw and heard, I must say it has small foundation. If allowance is made for the way in which our soldiers are enlisted, and for the many temptations to which they are exposed, I have no hesitation in saying that their behaviour, as compared with an equal proportion of other people, would bear a very fair comparison. And since these days of thirty years ago they have greatly improved. There are now good regimental schools and libraries, and the officers often give lectures of a popular nature to the men. Discipline has always been strictly enforced in our army, greatly to the benefit of all parties. The men were always marched to church on Sundays, and there were always good and pious officers in every regiment. I remember seeing the 79th march into Mr. Clugston's Presbyterian Church, no band playing, and the children of the regiment with a respectable Sergeant at their head, and another bringing up the rear, take their places just below the pulpit. One of the regiment was precentor, too, and the church was as full as it could hold, and this regiment was one of Sir Colin Campbell's splendid brigades that turned the day at Alma. Lord Aylmer, the Governor, a fine old soldier, an Irish gentleman, had no scruples in allowing the 79th to go to Mr. Clugston's, although he did not belong to the establishment, nor was even an army chaplain, but the men wished it and considered Mr. Clugston the most correct Presbyterian minister in Quebec, so there they went. I don't remember, during the four years I was in Quebec, of a single quarrel among the officers, although there might have been between some of them and the civilians, there being always some jealousy between the red coats and the black-coats. I think I have little more to say regarding Lower Canada. I must always remember it affectionately when I think of the kindness I received there, and that my father's remains lie buried in the churchyard of the little Protestant burying ground in the St. John's suburbs.

On the 14th of May, 1834, I left Quebec with the intention of visiting the Falls of Niagara and Mr. Fergusson's new settlement previous to taking a trip to Scotland. On the morning of the 15th, when I got on deck there was an inch or two of snow, otherwise there was nothing remarkable to note in the voyage. The scenery is much tamer after you leave Three Rivers, as the mountains and hills, which make so prominent a feature in the scenery about Quebec, all fade away, and the banks of the river are flat and comparatively uninteresting. The most comfortable hotel in those days was kept by Mr. Asa Goodneough, a tall, stout, hearty New Englander, and there for the first time I saw the stage for Lachine leave the courtyard drawn by six horses, and only one driver, which astonished me very much. Next day, the 17th, we went by said stage to Lachine, and took the steamer on the way to Bytown, now Ottawa. We went by the steamer to Carrillon, at the foot of the rapids of the Long Sault, on the Ottawa, and there were put into a stage and taken to Grenville at the head of said rapids. There the inns were full and two or three of us

slept comfortably enough on the floor. The sail up the Ottawa is beautiful, especially the rapids of St. Anne and the Lake of the Two Mountains, near which I believe old Mr. Louis Joseph Papineau is passing his old age in serenity and peace. Next morning I took a walk down to the river Ottawa, and saw a raft enter on the rapids. It quivered and shook a good deal, but disappeared, going out of sight at a great pace. These rafts are, however, often broken up before they get to Quebec, and such mishaps are a source of great profit to the French boatmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence. When it is known that a raft is wrecked, they get a lot of good strong staples and ropes and away they go, and as they come up with a stick they drive in a staple, pass through their rope, and thus gather as many sticks as they can pull after their boat. They take them to some safe timber cove, then find out the owner or consignee of the raft, and get so much a stick for salvage—our house in Quebec paid many a dollar in this way. We left in the steamer Shannon, and had a beautiful sail up the Ottawa, passing the mouths of the Calumette and Rouge Rivers. There are very high falls on the Calumette, and I was told that a man named Jamieson, and eight others had been lost running timber down the falls on the Rouge river. Jamieson was the first white man who ascended the Rouge river. We stopped at a riverside inn this day, which bore the following sign: "James L. Gray's Hotel, lawfully established by Act of Parliament." The evening was beautiful, the river was clear and smooth, and with a fine moon shining upon it. The approach to Bytown was most romantic.

Bytown was so called after Col. Bye, the indefatigable officer of Engineers who superintended the making of the Rideau Canal. The Rideau Canal was made by the British Government, to unite Lake Ontario and Montreal by inland navigation remote from the frontier of the United States, so as to make a safe communication from the Upper to the Lower Province. It was a wild country, and from the many lakes and dams on the canal it was a very arduous and unhealthy undertaking, and many valuable lives were lost by disease, and in fact very few escaped severe trials from sickness. The situation of the place is beautiful. There is an upper and a lower town. The upper town is on the top of the high bank of the Ottawa, and commands a most picturesque view. It is close to the Chaudière Falls, as they are called, where the Ottawa falls over a number of slopes and cliffs in a broad and broken channel till united again below the Barrack grounds, the site I believe of the new Parliament and Government Buildings. I put up at the only decent hotel in those days in the Upper Town, known as Chitty's Hotel, and as I knew an old gentleman in the place, he introduced me to some of his acquaintances, and I spent two or three days very pleasantly. There are eight locks at the very commencement of the Rideau Canal, and very handsome they are, all beautifully finished, and at that time were well worth a visit. The Ottawa here is the boundary between the two Provinces, and there was then a little village called Hull opposite By-

town, and a large farm belonging to Mr. Philemon Wright, an old man who had left the States and settled down there. He was an M. P. for Lower Canada, and used to send rafts to Quebec, and I had seen the old gentleman. He had fought against the British in the Revolutionary War, but afterwards emigrated to Hull. Started for Kingston in one of the boats on the canal, and made the first five miles in three hours and a half, which of course is slow, but enables one to examine the country carefully. I don't think we ever went faster than five miles an hour. Wherever there were two or three locks we went ashore and had a run through the new clearings and a chat with the settlers. A great deal of the scenery was very dull and uninteresting, but the Rideau lake is a beautiful place with a great many pretty little islands of red granite, and well wooded. The narrows is another pretty scene: here was an old empty block house at one end and another with two or three mounted guns at the other end, and a small garrison of five or six regular soldiers. At a place called Jones' Falls there is a splendid piece of work in the shape of a dam. The front is all of dressed stone, and the stones between five and six feet long and of proportionate width and thickness. The height of the dam is about seventy feet, and its length about two hundred and fifty. The course of the river was completely changed by this dam and a cut was made through one bank to let off the surplus water, which makes what is known as "Jones' Falls." The locks of this place are the most perfect on the canal. A piece of the machinery broke, and we were detained at the Kingston mills, another pretty place, and fine locks. From this went in a boat to Kingston, about six miles, and acted as helmsman, with a paddle for the rudder. The situation of Kingston is very pretty, but the country round it is very stony; and there is a great swamp at the east end of the town, between Fort Henry and the town itself. Some of the old ships of war at that time lay rotting in the harbor, having been there ever since the peace in 1815. Fort Henry is the second strongest fortification in Canada, and is worth going to see. The fortifications are very handsome, and the view from the parapet is beautiful, as the Lake of the Thousand Isles begins below Kingston. Toronto at this time was quite a small place, but there were a number of pretty cottages and villas. It still well deserved the name of muddy little York, and indeed there was one particular hole just at the corner of King and Yonge street, which was well known, and at that time was full of dirty water with a green scum on the top, and there was a little sluggish creek creeping through the town pretty much of the same complexion. I was present at a meeting of a 'Shakespeare Club,' and heard a debate on public and private education. One of the Messrs. Galt, I don't remember which, supported public education in a very able manner. On the 27th. May I sailed in the neat little steamer Canada for Niagara. The drive from Niagara to the Falls is very pretty; the chestnut and walnut trees on the roadside are so luxuriant and widespreading, and handsome old houses and orchards on both



sides of the road, and even now it is preferable I think to the river. I got to the hotel at the Falls about four in the afternoon, and went straight down to the Table Rock. I must say that the romance of the scene is sadly destroyed since these days; you could stroll up the river and down through the woods then without encountering cabmen, either black or white, and there were no ladies and gentlemen in ball dresses driving about with parasols and white kid gloves. There was a pretty arbor on the bank about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, where I sat and admired the whole scene, and I think the only houses near the Falls were the museum and the boatman's house. There was an old mill just on the rapids above the Table Rock, where there was a fine view of the rapids, and a very wild scene it is. The water is a bright light green, and glides along so swiftly that it dazzles your eyes, and here and there it meets a rock and flashes up in the air, scattering the spray all round. I will always maintain that the best view of the Falls is from the little ferry-boat as you cross the river below them. Here you feel their grandeur and immensity, and a sense of awe impresses you when you look steadily up to the centre of the great Horse Shoe Fall. The Falls have been so often described that it would be useless to give any fresh attempt on the same subject; however, as I believe the view from behind the Horse-shoe Falls is now almost destroyed, I may mention that. The distance from the entrance was, as well as I can remember, 153 feet to the termination rock. The only unpleasant part of the adventure was the entrance, as there was generally a little tempest of wind and spray; but as visitors were clothed in oil-skin dresses, with a good sou-wester on their heads, it was nothing very terrible after all. I made my visit in company with three American gentlemen. The guide (a boy about fourteen years of age), took my hand, and I followed him, keeping my head down till I got through the stormy entrance, after which it was comparatively calm, and at the termination rock you could look up, and certainly it was a wonderful sight. You could see the edge of the cliff projecting over your head, and the great unbroken dark green sheet of water gliding over, and falling below your feet in an unbroken cloud. The pathway was composed of rocks and round stones sloping down to the water, and the only really frightful place was to the right of the termination, where nothing was to be seen but water. The roar was continuous, but I could converse with the lad by putting my mouth close to his ear. Ladies used to make the visit, and the celebrated Miss Fanny Kemble the actress, now Mrs. Butler, had been there only a few days before. There was a Register House, where the names of those who had gone to the termination rock were recorded. But I was amused when the man told me to wait a moment after the American gentlemen left. The fact was, two of them lost heart and did not pass the entrance; but the Registrar had two books, one in which the names of all those who went even to the entrance were recorded, and the other, which was in a secret deposit in his table, contained the names of those who had gone to the Termination Rock.

Since then Table Rock is gone, and the Horse Shoe Fall so changed by the falling in of the edge on the side adjoining Table Rock, that I believe there is little attraction to draw one behind the sheet of water. Rightly to appreciate the Falls, one should stay two days at least.

On the way back to Niagara I stopped to see Brock's Monument. The view from the top was very singular, as the forest seemed almost unbroken. A man who was working in the fields, with whom I had a chat, said he had dug up a cap, coat and spurs the year before, and that they often came across bones. There was then an old square fort at Niagara, but falling to ruins; it was an earth work, and there was one of the same kind at Prescott, showing that that is not a new style of fortification. I believe they were made of logs, with the doors, windows, &c., facing into the square, and then banked up outside and above with earth. From Niagara I went across the country by Queenston and St. Catherines to Hamilton—the latter part of the road was awful, but the only other passenger, a fine old English gentleman, was so cheerful and agreeable, that it made the time pass easier than it would otherwise have done.

In 1834 Hamilton was quite a small town, and there had been a fire in the main street, and the ruins were still standing. Burleigh's Hotel was the best at that time. Burleigh himself was from the States, as indeed, almost all the hotel-keepers in Canada seemed to be. The corner of John and King Streets was occupied by a neat little cottage, with a garden in front and a large orchard adjoining, and there were not a dozen houses between that and the lake. The chief store was Messrs. C. & J. Ferrie's—a one story frame house not far from Burleigh's Hotel—and the only public building of any pretension was the Court House. I don't think Hamilton was as large as Fergus is now, and was much scattered. There was nothing very inviting about it, and the road to the lake was very bad, and there was great trouble in summer for want of water. After a good deal of hunting through the town I found out that the late Hon. Adam Ferguson lived about seven miles out of town at a place called Waterdown, so I hired a good horse at a livery stable and rode out to the place. After a pleasant ride through a very pretty country, which is not much changed even now, I found Mr. Fergusson and his family at Waterdown, and astonished him not a little at my arrival. The house at Woodhill was just being built by our old friend the late Mr. Charles Allan. On our way to see it, Mr. Ferguson told me to look over a fence, and there lay a big black snake, which I think he said he had killed that morning, and he told me that there were rattlesnakes on the bank behind his new house. I mentioned my intention of going to see Fergus, and perhaps settle there after a trip to Scotland. The next day I walked out to Waterdown, and spent a pleasant day with my friends. Returning in the evening I heard a splendid concert from the frogs at the head of the lake, where the old bridge over the Desjardin's Canal was. This is the only place I ever

saw the large bull frogs; and a friend who had been at Mr. Ferguson's, and myself, stopped quite quiet on the bridge to inspect them. Their throats appeared to have a big bag, which was distended every time they made their roar. Then there were the twanging and whistling fellows in full chorus and one or two whip-poor-wills joined in, so that there was an agreeable variety of performers.

Next day I started in the stage (a common lumber wagon) for Guelph, and an awful shaking we got. One of the passengers put a bottle of whiskey in the pocket of his swallow-tail coat, but alas, it was smashed before we had gone a mile. There was an English gentleman—who afterwards settled near Guelph—in the stage, and when we got a mile or two out of Dundas he and I resolved to walk. The woods looked so high and dismal that we each hunted up a good big staff in case of meeting a bear. The travelling through the pine woods then was bump against a stump or the big roots, and then thump into a hole, with a pleasing variety of little steep gravel and sandy knolls now and then, especially after getting into Puslinch. I never travelled that road in a wagon again, except once, and then it was because I had cut my foot, so I could not help it. The cross-ways too were numerous and bad. We dined at Patterson's Inn on the great Canadian standard dish—ham and eggs. After leaving the old "Red House," there was not a decent looking house till we got close to Guelph, which we reached about seven in the evening, and I went to the "British Coffee House," kept by Patrick Keating. At this time Mr. Rowland Wingfield, a young English gentleman, was canvassing the county as a candidate for Parliamentary honors, and kept open house in Morgan's "Suffolk Hotel." Mr. Wingfield was the first importer of thorough-bred cattle into the County of Wellington; but either through his election expenses or some other cause, he did not prosper, and sold out, as far as I remember, to Mr. Howitt. His stock, implements, &c., arrived at Quebec when I lived there and their arrival was quite an event. He imported short-horned cattle, Leceister sheep and I think Berkshire hogs.

The stump of the first tree that had been felled in the bounds of Guelph was then standing, and was reverently fenced in. The most conspicuous house in Guelph was the "Priory"—I suppose called after Mr. Prior, agent for the Canada Company in Guelph, and is now occupied by Mr. David Allan. There had been a fire in Guelph, too, and the blackened ruins were still standing.

I started on the morning of the 4th of June, about 9 o'clock, on my way to Fergus, but I soon found that very few folks knew of such a place at all. The road I travelled by was the Eramosa road, and the first clearance I struck in the Township of Nichol was Mr. Dow's, having turned off at what was called the Strickland bridge road, I did not find out the names of the places till afterwards, when I recognized the people themselves. Mrs. Thos. Dow then was my first Nichol acquaintance, and she recommended me to follow a certain

blaze ; well I began looking for all the scorched trees I could see, and there were plenty of them, and of course I very soon went astray. The next house I made enquiries at was old Mr. Flewwelling's ; this was the oldest clearance in Nichol, except Mr. Gilkison's at Elora, where Mr. Geddes now lives. From Mr. Flewwelling's I got some way or another to Mr. Creighton's, now in possession of James Davidson. By this time it was raining fast, and I got the loan of an umbrella from Mr. Alex. McDonald, I believe, and made a fresh start. I next called at an Irishman's house, who gave me a fine drink of milk, and he like a good fellow came with me a bit of the road, and the next house I got to was Mr. John Munro's, who was working at his house. Then I got to Mr. Cormie's, at that time occupied by Mr. John Wilkie, and they pressed me to come in, and I got a comfortable dinner of scones and tea, and my coat dried at the fire. Mrs. Wilkie told me that that very morning a neighbor had got a fine sow carried off by a bear, which was not very pleasant news ; however, I always carried a good long staff. After leaving this, I got to Mr. Rose's in Garafraxa, and he advised me to stay with him all night, but I declined, as I was determined to get to Fergus, or as I found it was better known as the "Little Falls," Elora being the "Big Falls." After leaving Mr. Rose's, I got safely to a little clearing known as "Wintermute's," just opposite Mr. Wilson's house, but here was the river and no bridge. I then made up my mind to follow the track till about sunset, and if I could not find the bridge at Fergus, to come back and wade over to the house close to Mr. Wilson's, where Wintermute then lived. Having walked, as I found out afterwards, nearly to Elora, and finding no bridge, I returned and waded the river to Wintermute's house. I was told it was about half a mile to Mr. Webster's house, which was "Fergus." A young man who was in the house came a little piece of the road with me, and after a fine tumble in the mud I at last got to a little house with a light or two visible in the windows, and after asking if this was Fergus, and having ascertained that such was the fact, was ushered into the presence of Mr. James Webster and the late Mr. Buist, who was in bed with a comfortable Kilmarnock nightcap on his head. Having just waded the river, and then tumbled in the black mud, I was decidedly rather a queer specimen of a new settler. However, after stripping off my own garments, and being comfortably clad in a suit of Mr. Webster's (decidedly an easy fit), I got a good supper, and, I must say it, a most refreshing tumbler of brandy toddy, and turned into bed with the good old Provost, most thankful for having got safe to Fergus.

Fergus at that time consisted of a clearance of about ten acres chopped but not logged up. There were two inhabited houses, one belonging to Mr. Scott, in which Mr. Webster lodged, which was situated as near as possible where Mr. Dickson's house and shop now are, and the other at Mr. Creighton's store. The house now occupied by Mr. Peter McLaren was being roofed in, and was the first house occupied by Mr. Webster, and better known afterwards as the

"Cleikum." The only land under cultivation was Mr. Buist's garden on the little creek at the end of Mr. Mill's butcher's shop, and was I daresay at least sixteen feet square. Mr. Scott was known as the "Contractor," and built the first bridge at the same place where the Tower Street Bridge now is. It was a queer looking structure, but stood out wonderfully. Scott's "monkey," a machine which he invented to pull out stumps, was long celebrated. It was like the big wheel of an old-fashioned spinning wheel, and just about as well adapted for pulling out stumps as a spinning wheel would be. Such was Fergus when I first saw it. Between Hamilton and Scott's house there was not ten miles of road cut out a chain wide, and not two miles without a crossway; and beyond Fergus to the North all was an unbroken wilderness of woods. The change since then has been wonderful, and in many respects, to an old settler, melancholy; but believing that all under a good Providence is for the best, I now conclude by hoping that Fergus may flourish, and that the country may advance rapidly, not only in material prosperity, but in the sound and enduring principles of piety and morality, which are the only firm foundations of prosperity in any land.

FERGUS, MARCH, 1864.

## XXII.

### The Fergus Settlement

THIRTY YEARS AGO—(1834 to 1838)

On the 5th of June, 1834, the day after my arrival at Fergus for the first time, Mr. Webster and myself took a walk down the river to Elora. This place was purchased by the late Mr. Wm. Gilkison, formerly of Glasgow, and a friend of the late Mr. John Galt, the novelist and at one time agent for the Canada Company. It was doubtless called Elora after the celebrated caves of Elora near Bombay in the East Indies; and indeed there are a number of pretty little caves in the banks both of the Grand River and the Irvine. The house at present occupied by Mr. Geddes, was the first log-house built in the Township of Nichol, and in 1834 was occupied by Mr. David Gilkison as a house, and there was a store in one end. There was also a saw mill, a blacksmith's shop, and a log tavern kept by Mr. George Grey, so that Elora had quite the start of the embryo city of Fergus. The views in those days all about the river banks were beautiful, but the improvements since made have done away with all the romance and wildness of both places, and the Indian, the wolf and the deer are rarely seen.

On our way to Elora we met Mr. Gilkison, who was superintending the cutting out of the road somewhere near old John Mason's farm, having got a government grant of I think twenty-five pounds, which was looked upon as a very handsome gift in those days. I made a purchase of two lots this day, now the property of Mr. Allardice, and on the 6th bought the place where I now live. Except the late Mr. Buist, I was the first to buy a lot in the Fergus settlement, and many a time since I thought it was a very crazy speculation. We tried fishing this evening at the bridge and caught a lot of chubs and crawfish, but were desperately bitten by black flies and mosquitoes. We unanimously agreed that Mr. Buist should be styled "Provost," and he bore the name during the whole time of his residence here. He is gone now. He was an honest, kind hearted, social old gentleman—a good farmer, very persevering and industrious—and although he was in some respects a little hasty and prejudiced, yet I don't suppose he left an enemy in the country.

On the 8th of June Mr. Webster and myself started for Guelph by way of Elora. Mr. Webster had a nice pony, and we followed the ride-and-tie system, a system which would do very well in a new country, but I rather doubt the pony in these days of 1865 would have been found missing if such a plan was to be tried now. We breakfasted at Elora, and indeed saw the trout caught that formed the best part of our breakfast. The trout fishing in those days and for many years after, at Elora, was very good indeed; but now, alas, improvements—that is sawdust, meal sids, dye water and other nuisances—have driven away the trout, and none but most determined sportsmen think of trying the "Grand River below Elora," as it used to be for a day's fishing. Here I must say that drinking habits, though bad enough yet, were far more universal then, and the last thing I heard before falling asleep was the clatter of the glasses. The Sunday, too, was little respected; indeed, bad as Quebec was in my eyes, Guelph in 1834 was a great deal worse.

Next day I bid Mr. Webster farewell, and started on foot for Hamilton; breakfasted at Paterson's (where Freel's Inn now is) on the unfailing standard, ham and eggs; dined at Dundas on salt mackerel and potatoes, and got to Hamilton at five in the afternoon. I returned to Quebec by the St. Lawrence. On the 10th I took an early start to Waterdown, and breakfasted with my kind old friend the late Mr. Fergusson, and in the afternoon went by the steamer Queenston to Toronto, where we arrived safe after grounding in the mud in the bay twice, but quite in a soft and pleasant manner. The "British Coffee House" was then, I believe, the best hotel in Toronto, and here I put up for the night, but about twelve I was awakened by a gentleman informing me that was his bed. After arguing the question in a pleasant and easy way, I was left in possession. Next day I embarked on the fine steamer St. George for Prescott. We sailed by daylight through the beautiful lake of the Thousand Isles, and

after all I have seen in Canada I think this is the most beautiful scenery, and most likely to remain so. Many of the Islands are so small, and the wood of so little value, that they are left uncleared, and the clearings on the larger islands give variety to the scenery, and as the steamer keeps winding about the islands one never tires. Every now and then you are puzzled to think which way you are to go, and as you get almost close to what seemed the end of the channel, some new and beautiful opening appears, and then there are pretty glimpses of villages, with the church spires in the distant mainland. The approach to Brockville is very pretty, and its situation is beautiful, and I think it is one of the prettiest towns in Upper Canada. We went to Prescott, which was as far as the large steamers went in those days. Here there was a steamer just launched, which was to go down the rapids to Lachine, a deed which no steamer had then accomplished, except one. The new boat had only one wheel, and the helm in the middle of the boat.

On the 13th started in the Brockville, and had a pretty sail down the river to Dickenson's Landing; then went by stage to Cornwall; then got on board another steamer, the Neptune, on Lake St. Francis, and sailed to Coteau du Lac; took the stage again to Cascades, then embarked on Lac St. Louis in the Henry Brougham, and got to Lachine, going nearly sixteen miles an hour, and finally took the stage to Montreal, and got safe to Mr. Asa Goodenough's Hotel, at that time the best in the city. The change from steamer to stage, and stage to steamer, was a little troublesome, but in fine weather and with a light carpet bag, one enjoyed it very much, and there was more fun and excitement than in the present luxurious manner of embarking at Hamilton and getting in the same boat to Montreal without a change; and then you saw a good deal more of the country; and the drive along the river bank was much more interesting than sailing on the river itself. The stage coach from Lachine had six horses; and we entered the city in great style, and the way in which the coachman guided his six horses through the old-fashioned streets of Montreal was wonderful, and finally turned in by an arch into the court yard before the hotel door, shewing a degree of coachmanship rarely excelled by the best old country whip.

After a prosperous voyage to Britain and a pleasant visit to friends in the old country, I again left Scotland in the good ship Canada (James Allan, captain, and Bryce Allan, mate), and after a long cold voyage got to Quebec on the 15th May, and found the snow still lying in sheltered places.

On the 3rd of June I was once more in Guelph, and on the 4th some five of us started on foot for Fergus by way of Flora, and after a weary walk through mud in many places from six to eighteen inches deep we got to Fergus about four in the afternoon, and put up at the tavern kept by the late Mr. Hugh Black, formerly of Deanston, Perthshire, Scotland. The tavern, or "Black's Tavern," was a two-story

log-house, situated where the large hotel occupied by Mr. Whyte now stands. There was one large room in it, one small parlor, the bar-room, and a kitchen behind on the ground floor, and bed-rooms above. Besides Mr. Black's family there were some thirty boarders in the house, which was literally crammed, and the bar-room was scarcely ever empty. While the weather was fine the house was pretty quiet and orderly, but a wet day was a misfortune, as the men being off work they gathered in the bar, and it was a steady system of horning till night. There was a celebrated character known as the Major, a member of an old Scotch family, who sometimes kept the bar, and when such was the case there was sure to be a fight, which he then managed to bring to an amicable conclusion by a friendly glass all round, and if nobody would fight the Major would get very fierce himself, but took good care never to get hurt. He was a dangerous associate for idle young men. There can be no greater mistake than young men given to dissipation of any kind coming to Canada to improve, as from what I have seen all restraint is thrown off. There are no parents or sisters to be afraid of, and when a poor youth meets with idle loafers like the Major, his good resolutions are forgotten, and he ends—as so many have done in Canada—by drinking to excess, and in a few years going to destruction. An extra St. Andrew's Society dinner was got up, and a very good humored and agreeable party it was till the end, when, as was often the case, the influence of Canadian nectar prevailed, or, as they say in Scotland, the "maut got abune the meal," and the company got rather riotous. The Fergus St. Andrew's Society was first formed on the 30th November, 1834, and I am happy to say still exists, though not in a very robust state. Our nearest Post Office was Guelph, and Mr. Black's waggon generally brought the letters about once a week. Letters in those days came from Britain by way of Halifax, and were generally about two months old before we got them, and postage was very high—2s 4d a letter. An old settler in Nichol, a native of Halifax, told me that he remembered when the first mail from there was sent to Quebec, said mail consisting of one letter, and there were two carriers, as they carried the mail bags on their backs. They walked most of the way both summer and winter, and one of the winters when I was in Quebec, the carrier fell into lake Temiscouta, but was saved. The letters had to be all thawed and dried before delivery. I think at another time there was only one carrier, and he took very sick and hung the mail bags on a tree, and if I am not mistaken he was found dead at the foot of the tree. We got our Post Office established in 1836, and Mr. Thomas Young was our first Postmaster, and Mr. McQueen, his successor in 1837, has continued in that situation ever since, with much credit to himself and his able assistants, and to the satisfaction of the community at large. A store was opened towards the end of summer, where Mr. John Watt has his present store. The first store-keeper was Mr. Thomas Young, a very obliging and enterprising person, and, considering the great expense and trouble of getting goods



in those days, kept as good an assortment of goods as can be had even now, and sold upon as reasonable terms. He was succeeded after some two years by Messrs. Watt & McGladery, and then by Mr. John Watt, who still flourishes in the old original mart of commerce, and whose premises now contain a telegraph office, from whence you may send messages over half the world, and if the submarine telegraph between Britain and America should prove successful, over the whole world. If you step upstairs you can get done on the most moderate terms in the photographic gallery, and again descending you can enter the law office on the premises and make your will, or if you feel bilious commence a law suit, provided at the same time you have something to invest in the way of fees. The late Mr. Charles Allan was chief architect, and built houses, barns, &c., for all who wished them. His house was the third or fourth put up in the village, and still stands opposite Mr. McLaren's, which was well known as the "Cleikum," where Mr. Webster and Mr. Buist lived for several years. Mr. Walker the baker (who I am happy to say is still a respected inhabitant of Fergus), commenced his bakery this year (1835), but did not do much till the year following. I am sure many of the old settlers will never forget Mr. Walker's kindness and patience in furnishing bread when wheat was a failure, and money a thing that was heard of now and then, but very seldom seen. The first grist mill was completed this autumn and opened in great state by a ball and supper in winter, and I am sure it was one of the merriest and funniest frolics I ever witnessed. The first grist for the Fergus mills was furnished from Mr. Buist's farm. Mr. Buist reaped his first crop of wheat in the autumn of 1835, and although there was some frost as usual in August, it was a good crop and was all sold for seed to the new settlers. I think in 1835 there were six horses or perhaps eight altogether in the township of Nichol, and cows and oxen were very scarce. As to religious observances there was no work done on the Sunday, and we frequently had service in Black's big room as it was called, but I don't think the Sunday was, to say the least, very strictly observed. The Church, however, was finished this summer and we had a visit from the late Rev. Mr. Gale, of Hamilton, who was the first ordained minister that preached in Fergus. He paid us a visit in our parlor in Black's tavern and I am sure we were glad to see him, and really felt it was something home-like to see a respectable Scotch minister again. Mr. Gale was a very pleasant, agreeable gentleman as well as a pious and devoted minister, and always had a warm feeling to Fergus till the time of his death. The late Mrs. Fergusson, too, took a great interest in the welfare of Fergus, and I believe it was as much through her good influence as her husband's, that the church and school house were first erected in the village. We had sermons also from the late Dr. Bayne, and Mr. Bell, Mr. Fergusson's tutor. Winter was the worst time, as we very seldom had preaching of any kind, and by that time most of the young men who had bought farms had taken up bachelor hall for themselves. In

1837, however, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner was ordained clergyman and inducted in February, I think, as minister of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus. Numerous bees took place for raising houses during the year; and I think I was at eleven or twelve. Bees are almost a necessity in a new settlement, and brought people together and made them acquainted with one another and neighborly. But I must honestly confess there was too much whiskey consumed, the effects of which were not always pleasant—although very few accidents took place. At the raising of the mill, I think, there were some eighty men present. The end of 1835 and the beginning of 1836 was very cold. The snow was between three and four feet deep in the woods, and the thermometer was 30° below zero. We used frequently to hear the wolves in pursuit of the deer; and two or three times got parts of the deer which they had been unable to devour. The sound of the wolves in pursuit is a good deal like that of a pack of foxhounds, only more melancholy, and more like a howl. They are very seldom seen, and I never saw more than three—and all single ones. We often saw deer, and one day a party of us saw some four or five cross the Grand River, near where Mr. James Wilson's house now is, in a string—which was a pretty sight. They are easily tamed if taken young—but get very troublesome. We had several turtle feasts. The mud turtle is by no means a pretty creature, but the eggs are very good, and parts of the body also. One was got in the beaver meadow behind St. Andrew's Church, and two or three in the river. Several porcupines were killed. The porcupine is very good eating, very like a rabbit, and we had a fine dish of it once at Mr. J. Webster's, where Mr. James Wilson now resides. Raccoon is not bad, but is rather rich and strong tasted. I may state that during the first winter loaf bread was very scarce and I very seldom tasted it. Mr. Drysdale and myself kept house in an old log house close to where Mr. James Wilson, of Monkland Mills, resides. Although we had no bread, we had potatoes, oatmeal, salmon and lots of venison. We used to get a deer for six or seven shillings, and at one time had about sixteen hams hanging from the roof: we smoked said hams with the help of two or three flour barrels, over a small furnace dug in the ground, and used cherry chips, which made them very tasty. Everything froze in our house, and we daren't leave the door open in case the wolves should come in, although our fireplace smoked dreadfully. One day Mr. Drysdale shot a young bear, which was very good eating, very like a young pig; and a good bear ham is a very good dish. Mr. Alpaugh, of Garafraxa, used to be a great hunter in those days, and as he passed our house on the way to Fergus we got the first offer of his game. When we wished to cook our venison we put the joint in a box with holes at each end and a lid, and then put said box in the spring, the water of which never froze, and in a short time it was quite thawed and ready for the pot or bake kettle. Stoves were hardly known, and the big black pot and the bake kettle were the chief culinary instruments, not forgetting a long

handled frying-pan. Either a mink or an otter found out our thawing process, and more than once walked off with our joint bodily, and I well remember a "company day" when I went to the box the joint was gone—a fine haunch it was too, and we had to wait till another one was thawed. Salt pork or salt beef were the standard provisions in the meat line, and fresh meat was very scarce for the first five or six years; and as to butchers, we had no regular traders in that line, and after sheep got more plentiful a farmer notified his neighbors, and it was portioned out as arranged. Cash was scarce after the first two or three years of the settlement, but barter did very well, except with the tax gatherer, who, of course, required money; however, taxes were very light in those days. After the mill was fairly started bread was more plentiful, although for the first two or three years flour was very bad, owing to the wheat being frosted and sprouted; however, scones were good and plentiful, though occasionally rather sticky. Cows soon increased in number, and milk began to abound. Oatmeal was made by Messrs. Mitchell & Gartshore (the first tenants of the mill) and cakes and porridge could be got by all who wished them. The rising generation prefer hot cakes, new bread, pickles, fat pork, &c., to the good wholesome porridge and milk so deservedly popular in old Scotland, and which used to form the breakfast of the youth of all classes, high and low, in that land.

The first township meeting of importance to the Fergus settlement was held on the 4th of January, 1836. The late Hon. Mr. Fergusson was made chairman, and it was a most stirring and amusing scene. One great object was to get Mr. McQueen made Township Clerk, which was carried after a great deal of loud talk and fun, and that same worthy Clerk has been Clerk ever since, and I trust may long continue so. The election was held down the township, at a house then owned by a Mr. Crichton, and the Hon. Mr. Fergusson left the village early in the morning, followed by a long train of settlers, determined to advance the interests of the Fergus settlement at risks; however, all went off pleasantly. In the same year, 1836, there was a general election, and all who had votes—numbering some eight or ten in the the Fergus settlement—determined to go to Nelson to vote for Chisholm and Shade, the Conservative candidates, Hopkins and Durand being the Reform candidates. As the road was a long one, and very bad besides, we started very early from Fergus and breakfasted at the corner in Eramosa where Worsfold's Inn is, and after that went almost in a straight line through Nassagaweya to Nelson Village. I think it was the worst and roughest road I ever saw, and certainly it was a long journey to take to tender our votes; however, by this time politics were beginning to get very exciting, and the mutterings and growls of distant thunder were beginning to be heard, which finally terminated in the outbreak of 1837. We walked most of the way, and were very glad to get to the Inn at Nelson and get some rest and refreshment. I think our tea was hemlock tea, which, although rather bitter, is by no means bad. The

polling was to begin on the next day, and after a wonderful deal of speechifying it did at last begin, and such a pulling and pushing there was to get up to the little polling booth (for it was just one room) I never saw since at any such occasion. There was the usual fun and joking which prevail on such occasions, and the catechising before your vote was recorded was very tiresome. When my friend Drysdale tendered his vote, one of the candidates said it was quite impossible that he could have a vote, upon which friend D. asked him if he meant to insult him, while Mr. Chisholm, a hearty old gentleman, was greatly diverted. Drysdale's lot was a clergy lot, generally sold at ten years' credit, but he had paid it up at once and got his deed, but such an event was so uncommon, and in Garafraxa too, that Mr. Durand couldn't swallow it. I was just behind and heard the fun; however, the vote was passed, and Mr. Durand was quite polite. After hearing some of the "free and independent" behind me recommend strongly that my hat (a good Edinburgh beaver) should be knocked over my eyes, and after handing said hat to a friendly looking constable, who kept the door of the polling place, and after much pulling and pushing, I got in, and was also strictly catechised. After satisfying Mr. Durand, I was walking quietly out without giving my vote, when I was called back, and duly recorded the same for Chisholm and Shade.

With regard to educational matters, the Fergus School was opened this year under the charge of our old friend Mr. McQueen, and I may say for the period of some twenty-two years in which he conducted said school, he gave great satisfaction, and turned out as good scholars as any other teacher in this county. His emoluments were very moderate for many years, and his labours in proportion much more arduous; but he loved his profession, and turned out many a good scholar, well grounded in the three great requisites of a useful education—reading, writing and arithmetic—and several pretty good Latin scholars too. Mr. McQueen is now an eminent agriculturist, and doubtless, as he well deserves, a successful one too, as he is just as persevering in bringing clods, stumps, stones, &c., into their proper places, as he used to be with the stirring youth of Fergus and its neighbourhood.

Our first experience of statute labor was realized in 1835, when one day a whole lot of us were notified to be ready one morning at 8 a.m., to go to a certain spot to make a crossway. Well, we mustered together and marched to the pretty little stream that runs into Mr. Allardice's bush land, and there prepared to crossway said stream. We had no oxen, and so had not only to cut the timber, but to carry it out of the swamp, and for some of us it was about as tough a commencement of hard work as could well be wished for. I think the late Mr. George Skene was our pathmaster, and although we did not get on very fast, yet we did as well as we could, and under his charge laid down a very nice piece of crossway, which, for all I know, may

be there yet. Our hands blistered nicely, but we just pricked the little blobs on the balsam trees, and rubbed them with that, and they healed wonderfully. Our dinner consisted of dried deer ham, which old Mr. Black provided, with bread, scones and grog. Talking of statute labor, it was very much required, as the plain truth was we had no real road between Fergus and Hamilton. In many places in Puslinch and East Flamboro the road or track was as bad or worse than the roads near Fergus. Mr. Webster and I went to the Guelph May Fair in 1836, and one place we came to was in such a state from overflow of water that we took off our shoes and stockings and waded; and indeed for many years after, riding was the most pleasant way of travelling, and next walking, except in winter. I am not sure when the Guelph Fairs were first commenced, but the May and November Fairs were in full activity in 1836, and were always looked upon as special occasions of jollification, and even now these two particular ones are considered of more importance than the other monthly markets. There used generally to be a fight in old times, and and it was only in 1842 or 1843 that the regular engagement was put an end to. The show of animals in 1836, with a few exceptions, was miserable. A lot of poor little lean beasties represented the cattle in general, and the hogs were the genuine alligator and chipmonk breeds. Sheep there were almost none, or very few. There were a few good horses from Waterloo. The change now is indeed wonderful, and when one thinks of the little old shed called a market house, and queer collection of animals gathered round it in 1836, and takes a look at the Town Hall now, and the splendid show of beef, mutton, &c., both on foot and in the market stalls on a fair day, he cannot but wonder at the advance of the country. For many years money was very scarce, and barter was the rule, and many a queer turn was made. A man might have flocks, and herds, and grain to a very respectable amount in value, but how to convert it into cash was the difficulty. I always made it a rule to provide for the minister, the tax gatherer, and the washerwoman in cash, and all other accounts were, if possible, settled by trade, and many a time it was a difficult job to raise a penny to put in the Church plate on Sunday.

We had a very good Rifle Company, consisting of some twenty-five or thirty young men, and were well drilled by an old sergeant well known as George Matthews. Our first drill ground was the beaver meadow behind St. Andrew's church, and when we got pretty well advanced in light infantry practice we used to run down to the village, firing and dodging behind the stumps, and by the time we got to old Black's we were pretty well blown. We got no help from the Government in any shape, and when called out in 1837 they thought it a great thing to furnish old Tower muskets that required your three fingers to pull the trigger, and carried a ball that might go sixty yards on an occasion, and which required flints about one by one and a half inches big. Now-a-days a volunteer must have his uniform, great coat, his rifle, his half dollar a day, and must be drilled in a house,

and when called out to act as policeman gets full rations and one dollar a day. Government also furnishes picked men from the crack regiments of the line as instructors, and pays them, while we paid honest George Matthews ourselves. As I have mentioned 1837 I may as well state that after the rebellion broke out in Lower Canada at the instigation of L. J. Papineau, Wolfred Nelson and many others, it broke out in Upper Canada under the leadership of the late W. L. McKenzie, and early in December word was sent to Fergus that the volunteer company must turn out. We got our orders on the Friday and started on the Sunday after for Guelph. We first marched to church and got an address from Mr. Gardiner, our minister, who felt much interested in us, and was a right loyal subject, as well as a good minister. After staying a short time at Guelph we were ordered to Galt, where we kept guard at night for some three weeks, and on one occasion six of us (of whom I was one), and a lot of special constables, were sent out to catch rebels, or sympathizers as they were called. One half of our little company were marched off about Christmas to Drummondville, and the other half under my charge followed, and arrived there the very day before the Caroline was sent over the Falls. One of the first people I met in Chippawa was an old Edinburgh Academy boy, who told me there was to be something stirring that night, and that he was going on secret boat service, and in fact he was one of the volunteers in the cutting out business. We were very poorly treated at Drummondville—did not get enough to eat, and hardly room to sleep. The Guelph company and our company were formed into one, and we worked very pleasantly together. Our food was scaldings (the juice in which pork is boiled), and pork and bread for breakfast, and pork and bread scaldings for dinner. Our old friend Mr. Walker, the baker, went down to the ferry landing below the Falls and got some fragments of the Caroline, with which we helped the fire, and boiled the only dish of potatoes I partook of at the lines. We went on the 30th of December to poor Captain Usher's house, and lived two days in a cellar kitchen. The house was immediately opposite Navy Island. It was a pretty cottage—frame above, and stone cellar and kitchen. Two round stoves were sent through it one of the days we were on duty, and three of us saw them go through the frame as we were in a neighboring field. We saw in the New Year, 1st January, 1838, in Usher's house, about as dismal a New Year's morning as ever I saw. The weather was quite mild, and the ground was like pea soup wherever there was a road. After this we went up the river, and were quartered in a good honest German's house, and here we lived pretty well, that is to say the pork was good and the bread excellent, and we got lots of apples very cheap, and we were out of reach of Navy Island. Our bed was the floor, with an armful of hay for mattress, and our bit blanket (the only clothing I ever got except a haversack from the Government) was our bedding. I kept my blanket for a long time, and the last I saw of it, was acting as ironing blanket. As there seemed no chance

of anything being done three of us started for home after duly notifying Sergeant Matthews, and we walked in three days to Hamilton, and then like Jeanie Deans, "whiles walkin' and whiles gettin' a lift," we got back to Fergus about the middle or end of January. It would take too much time to relate all the incidents that occurred. For my own part I think Sir Francis Head showed a noble and generous spirit, and took the best means for bringing matters to a crisis. The storm came on and at last the political atmosphere was cleared. The life of W. L. McKenzie shows how sorry he was for the part he took in the business. He was a clever man, but hasty and fiery in temper, and he was much misled by some of his more cowardly and cunning associates. But Papineau was a coward and a traitor at heart, and although he is now an old man, and living at his own home in Lower Canada, instead of being hanged, as he well deserved to be, he is not to be trusted, and has little affection for either our Queen or the British people. After some years politics took a queer turn, and the fellows we went out to shoot turned out to be all right, and of course we all wrong. Such is life.

With regard to the climate of Canada, a great deal has been said and written. After about thirty-five years' experience of it I must say that I see very little difference. The longest winter was the winter of 1842 and 1843; the severest I think that of 1855 and 1856. We have more drought now, and feel the wind much more and undoubtedly the clearing of the country has dried up many of the smaller streams. Summer frosts are still frequent, and do much injury even in old clearings. My house, in which I live at present, was built in 1836, and was the first stone house built in the North Riding, and one of the first in the County. It is but a cottage, but at the time it was built was regarded as something wonderful. We all went through the apprenticeship of chopping, logging, burning, rail-splitting, fencing, mowing, reaping, cradling, raking and binding, and a good apprenticeship it is, although now rather out of fashion among the youth of the land. I will conclude with "The Chopper's Song," written some years ago :

### THE CHOPPER'S SONG

The sun shines bright on the sparkling snow,  
The cattle are fed, to the woods we'll go ;  
We'll lower the pride of yon maple tall  
Ere the rays of the sun on the noon-mark fall.

Then away we go with our axes bright,  
Which glance in the sun like the diamond bright,  
And soon there is heard 'neath the forest wide  
The sound of the axe as we notch its side.

Such music is sweet to the settler's ear,  
As the crack of the axe rings firm and clear,  
And the chips fly fast, and the blood runs warm,  
As with skilful vigor we ply the arm.

Stand clear—it goes! no, one more stroke,  
And the heart of the noble tree is broke;  
With a long loud groan, and a thundering roar,  
'Midst the scattering snow lies the monarch hoar.

What a beautiful tree! almost two feet through,  
Hurrah for the men of the axe and the plough!  
Oh! give us but peace 'neath our own loved Queen,  
And we'll soon make the forest a garden, I ween.

Fergus, 1865.

## XXIII.

### Early Days of Fergus

Of course in a new settlement the first great ends to be attained were to get houses, barns and clearances, so for some years agriculture in its higher branches did not attract much attention. If a settler had a good yoke of working oxen and a cow, with two or three pigs, he was pretty well off, and was not very particular as to the breed. I think the favorite cattle in old times were the red cattle, which were generally hardy, and the cows pretty good milkers, and their origin, I have little doubt, was French, having come from Lower Canada or the French settlements in the West. Black cattle were much more common than they are now, and were generally hardy animals too. Mr. Rowland Wingfield, a young gentleman from Gloucestershire, England, who settled near Guelph, was the first importer of superior cattle and sheep to this County. Mr. Howitt bought his place and his stock too, I believe, and being a good farmer himself improved the stock about Guelph very much. Mr. Wingfield started as candidate for the honor of M. P. P., and thereby involved himself in trouble, and lost his election besides. The cattle he imported were short horn or Durham, and some Southdown and Leicester sheep. Then our old friend the late Hon. Mr. Fergusson imported some thorough-bred stock, and a fine young bull was sent to one of his sons then residing near Fergus. He also had some Leicester sheep, and sent me a present of a fine ram.



Previous to this I had bought a pretty good Southdown ram, and had a nice little flock of sheep. I then killed the Southdown in summer, and crossed with Mr. Fergusson's present, and found it did very well. The wool of the Southdown sheep is much finer than the Leicester, but not so long, so the cross made very good wool. The mutton of the Southdown is also much better than the pure Leicester, which is coarse and fat, and the cross in this respect was an improvement. I don't know who imported well-bred hogs to Guelph, but I bought a very good sow, mostly Berkshire, and succeeded very well. The Berkshire pigs are kindly beasts, good tempered, and eat grass like sheep (not rooting it up), and fatten very easily. I had three young fellows once that would follow me and eat out of my hand. There were always good horses hereabouts, as our neighbours in Waterloo had pretty good horses indeed; that was the only stock that they had that was good. As for grain, the new settlers sowed a great deal of fall wheat for a few years, till it was found so uncertain a crop that spring wheat took its place, and the growing of fall wheat was almost abandoned. Oats were almost always good, and when cut pretty green make excellent fodder, and I have often wondered that farmers stuck so tenaciously to wheat. I am sure that in new bush farms it would be far better to get a good crop of oats than run the certainty almost of getting frosted or rusty wheat. There was very little encouragement in old times to grow either barley or rye, so they were never much cultivated. Potatoes have always been a pretty good crop hereabouts, except in the year 1848, when there was a general failure. The favorite kinds were pink-eyes, shannocks and cups, and I don't think three better kinds have been found yet for all purposes. Turnips were not cultivated, as they were not much required. I used always to grow a few for my sheep. As to fat cattle, which are now so important a branch of agriculture, the cattle generally pastured in the woods, and by the time the grain was cut were in pretty fair order, and by feeding the ones destined for the butcher, or rather for the knife, with some chopped oats for two or three weeks they were good beef. We had no market nearer than Guelph for some years, and it was a very poor one, and by the time a poor beast finished the journey from here it had a dirty, draggled, wearied appearance very little in its favor. After a few years we had a better market in the wants of the new settlers to the North and West of us. The first agricultural society in this part of Canada was the Gore District Agricultural Society, and I was present at an annual meeting in 1835, which was held at Dundas. It had not many members in this quarter, but I don't think there was any other society till 1842, or about that time, when we were formed into the District of Wellington. From 1838 to 1840 the whole of Canada, I may say, was very dull, and confidence had been so sadly shaken by the rebellion of 1837, and the minor outbreaks after, that emigration was almost stopped, and there was an unpleasant feeling in the country altogether. The summer of 1838 was one of the warmest and driest we have had since the commencement of Fergus.

The bank of the river took fire, and from the Tower Street bridge it smouldered and burnt as far up as opposite what is now Mr. James Wilson's house, and being of a peaty nature it was impossible to extinguish it. The timber, mostly hemlock, cedar and birch, along the whole front of my lot (some thirty-three chains wide—was set fire to at once, and was, I daresay, the first blaze ever seen hereabouts; however, no harm was done, although my good old neighbour the Provost was in great agitation, and was seen now and then on guard before his house, and complained to some of our neighbors that "scoonrel Ferrier wanted to burn him oot—hoose, barn, fences and a'." The late Mr. Fergusson and family lived in the village this summer, and I can remember the old gentleman watching the bridge to prevent its catching fire, having taken it specially under his charge. He was instructed to form a new militia regiment up here, so a good many of our old Fergus Rifle Company were appointed officers in the 13th Gore, and Colonel Fergusson, after the appointments were made, gave us a very handsome entertainment in what was then "Webster's new store," which was just then built, and was very tastefully ornamented for the occasion. It was a very pleasant party, and such a gathering of officers as no Colonel had reason to be ashamed of. The Fergus Curling Club was also organized this year, and I am happy to say is a flourishing institution still. With regard to curling as a game, as I was quite a lad when I left Edinburgh, skating was the winter amusement which was preferred by the boys, and I looked upon curling as a very good respectable sort of amusement for ministers, teachers, and middle aged gentleman, and indeed I had seen the learned professor of logic and metaphysics in the Edinburgh University—a fine tall handsome man he was,—the Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, a jolly round made man, well known as "Punch," and many other men of weight and high standing, both physically and morally, all busy curling away on Duddingstone Loch, near Edinburgh. So when I heard of the curling here I skated down the river or took a walk on snow shoes to see the fun, and to be honest I thought it a very dull, stupid game. However, as it was impossible to get any place to skate, I at last gave it up, and when the curling club was formed I joined it, and soon became a keen curler. The two great chieftains of the game were old Mr. Black and the "Provost," Mr. Buist, and as they almost always played on opposite sides there was a keen rivalry between them. Mr. Black was a tall bandsome man, and very often wore a red nightcap and red overstockings, and of an afternoon when it began to look a little dark, he looked as like some of the fine pictures of an Italian bandit as any one could wish. The Provost was a little stout built man, but a strong player, and very steady. As they both talked excellent broad Scotch, the game as far as language went was most correct, and the way the two leaders jeked one another was a treat. Mr. Black would cry out, "Noo, Provost, ye'r scooping afore the tee." "Na, na, Mr. Black." "Haud up your broom, sir." "Hoots, man, be canny." "If ye dinna tak' yer leg awa' frae that, sir, I'll ca' ye ow'r

wi' the broom." "Get oot the road, Mr. Black," and so on they went till I thought there would be a fight sometimes, but there was little chance of that, for I am persuaded the two old gentlemen (and they were gentlemen) thought there were not two better fellows than themselves, or better players, either, and I daresay it would not have been easy to find their match at that time at the grand game o' curlin'. As both stones of the right kind and cash to shape them properly were scarce in those old times, the late Mr. Perry, a keen curler, and a very ingenious mechanic, having been a turner in metal at the celebrated works of Mr. Smith at Deaonston in Perthshire, thought he would try good solid maple to represent curling stones, and succeeded so well that for many years there was nothing else. They used to get rather light after a year or two, and after a while Mr. Perry loaded them with lead, which kept them steadier. Now and then a poor block would get an "awfu' crack," and would actually be knocked into two or three pieces. The command would issue in a wicked tone from the skip's mouth—"red the road," which frequently ended in the way above mentioned. Although curlers are not considered a dangerous class of people, they have a secret word and sign, and have to be examined every year, and if they make the slightest mistake in giving the word or making the sign, they have to pay a fine, which goes to the general fund, and every new member has to be initiated and pay his entrance fee. All improper language or quarrelling was strictly forbidden, and fines were imposed for swearing, and the rules used to be strictly enforced, and I hope are so still. Old Mr. Black presented the club with a pair of beautiful handles to be played for every year, and the successful player was the champion or captain of the club, and held the handles till they were won from him by some better or more fortunate player. The curling club, I may say (and I am sorry for it) is the only institution of long standing in Fergus which has always flourished. There was a very good library formed in 1836, I believe, and for a while it did very well, but finally it got into a very melancholy sickly state, and would have died altogether unless Mr. Fordyce had taken it in charge and nursed it and begged for it, and and punched up people in a persevering manner to aid it, and in fact infused a little life into it. After a while "The Farmers' and Mechanics' Institute" was formed, and the old library made over to it. Well, as long as we got a government grant the Institute did nicely, but when the grant was withdrawn the Institute, like the Library, got into the same weakly state, and only for the praiseworthy efforts of a few individuals would also soon expire.

Sir Francis Head was succeeded as Governor of Upper Canada by Sir George Arthur. The Lower Province was in a very unsettled state, and in truth the outburst of 1837 and 1838 almost put an end to Canadian progress. Confidence was sadly shaken, emigration was almost stopped, and very little was doing in the country at all. Fergus was at a standstill, but the clearings were extending, and the settlers were obliged to persevere, as it was impossible to sell or go

away, otherwise I believe many would have done so. In 1840 the Right Honorable Poulett Thompson, a somewhat celebrated Whig Statesman, was sent to Canada as Governor General for the express purpose, it is understood, of effecting a union between Upper and Lower Canada. Mr. Thompson was a very able man, and very unscrupulous, and he set about his work with great skill, perseverance and vigor. He governed the Lower Province by his Council, cut and carved as he pleased, and worked away till he was certain of having a majority of the new Parliament of United Canada. In order to get certain gentlemen returned, both at Quebec and Montreal, he threw parts of the suburbs adverse to his friends into their respective counties, so that their votes were swamped in the counties, and he got his friends returned in the two cities. Then he wheedled the Upper Canadians by telling them that the Capital should always be in Upper Canada, while all the time there is every reason to believe he meant to make Montreal the Capital. There were some very stormy debates in Upper Canada on the subject, and the Conservative party opposed the Union vigorously at first, but Mr. Thompson soft-sawdered them too, and at last carried his point. Mr. Henry Sherwood, a Canadian born, and a very able man and an eloquent speaker, was furious, and told the House the Union would be like joining a living man—thereby meaning Upper Canada—to a corpse, meaning Lower Canada. Mr. Sherwood in some respects proved to be mistaken; for after the Union was fairly consummated, under the able management of Monsieur Lafontaine and other powerful French leaders, the corpse was slowly but surely revived—the old well known war cry was passed round, our language, our religion and our laws—and an unbroken phalanx of Lower Canada legislators soon assumed a position in the new Legislature not only able to cope with Upper Canada, but very soon to dictate terms. From that time to this the balance of power has been in the hands of Lower Canada, but the progress of the people has not been equal to their parliamentary progress. In education, in agriculture, and in the spirit of enterprise generally, they are very far behind the people of Upper Canada.

With regard to law matters, in the early days of Fergus our Assizes were held at Hamilton, and it was a very serious business indeed to have anything to do at the said Assizes. Neither jurors nor witnesses got any day's pay or mileage, and as it took us two days to get to Hamilton and two to get back again, people as a general rule avoided heavy law matters as much as possible. Even in criminal cases it was difficult to get people to prosecute on account of the expense. Fortunately in those days crime was very uncommon, and in this neighborhood especially the settlers were of a very respectable description generally. There might be a black sheep here and there but they were not numerous. I am sure for years I never locked my door, and slept with the window open, and it was the same, even in the village. One got an alarm now and then at untimely hours, but it was either caused by some sickness or accident. I had an excellent

medicine chest, with a handy little book of directions, and although I am thankful to say I hardly ever used it myself, I was able to help others at a pinch. One night when I was fast asleep, I was wakened by a continued knocking at the window, and on looking steadily at it for a while I saw two faces above the curtain or blind, and was a little scared at first, but it turned out to be the late Mr. Perry and Mr. Thomas Webster, wishing to get some medicine for a child of Mr. Perry's very ill with croup. Another time towards evening I heard a queer fistling noise in my best room, where my books were, and on going in there were the late Mr. Fergusson and his wife hunting for a book. They had found the door (as usual) unlocked, and myself absent, and so took possession.

The small debt courts in those days were called the Courts of Request, and after we used to have the court regularly at Fergus. I was a Commissioner for two or three years, and sometimes we had very funny cases, and I can safely say that the patience shown was far more than the people generally deserved. I think there were five of us, and one was appointed chairman alternately. When the old Provost was chairman he very soon decided cases, and although sometimes he was pretty hasty, yet it did good. Mr. Webster was the most patient judge, and really was too good to the unthankful litigants. As there were no lawyers, the parties were their own pleaders, and very energetic they were sometimes. One gentleman at Elora once, after his case had been decided, made a very impertinent address to one of the Commissioners, winding up with the elegant piece of advice, "put that in your pipe and smoke it," when to his perfect astonishment he was brought back and ordered to pay a fine for contempt, or go to jail, which calmed him down amazingly. There was not much business at these courts, as there was very little room for litigation, and had it not been for some three or four persons, who liked the luxury of a law case, and were proud of their skill in arguing a knotty point, we should have had very little indeed to do. The Commissioners generally dined after court at Mr. Black's Inn, the big room of which was the court room, and the fees were so small that there was scarcely enough to pay the bill, small as it was. The union put an end to the Court of Requests, and Division Courts took their place. The first County Judge was Mr. A. J. Fergusson, now the Hon. Mr. Fergusson Blair. With regard to the Squirearchy, I think till the time of the union there were two magistrates in Nichol, one in Pilkington, and one in Garafraxa. Mr. Reynolds of Pilkington is, I believe, the oldest magistrate in the county of Wellington, and from experience I can safely say one of the ablest, most upright and honest. All the Commissioners of the old Courts of Requests were, I believe, appointed Justices of the Peace, and I still remember the disgust I felt at hearing I would have to act as a magistrate, and on a very ugly case, too. I disliked the business so much that I went off to chop in the woods, but instead of notice being sent me officially, a personal friend hunted me out, and I had to make my appearance, and, along

with Mr. Reynolds, sit on the case. After this I got the "Provincial Justice," and qualified myself as well as I could for the business, and for some four years, at Elora, Mr. Reynolds and myself did all that was required in a large tract of country, and we never had one case appealed during that time. I think I may safely say, too, that we got more disputes settled privately than in Court, by getting people together and making peace between them. In those days lawyers were scarce, and the luxury of law rather expensive.

With regard to Municipal matters, the Township authorities were all appointed at the annual meeting on the first Monday of the year, and a serious job it came to be when the voters became numerous. The high officials were the three Township Commissioners, and I think the first three appointed in my time were Messrs. David Gilkison, George Wilson, and James Webster, elected in 1836. The most serious question however for many years was as to what animals should be allowed to run at large, and when it came to the "Pig" question, then was the assembly agitated in a most serious manner, and loud and fierce were the speeches on this most important subject, and the laughing and the jokes were innumerable. At one meeting I well recollect when it was declared that the pigs were to run free, one old settler announced in a clear and distinct manner that he would fill up the holes on the road near his place—and there were plenty nice deep ones there—with the carcasses of the unclean animals. Every year the battle was renewed, and the decisions were one time in favor of grumpy's confinement, and the next for his liberty. I can certify that, in my experience at least, live pigs have caused as much, if not more, strife than the other pigs which hold Canadian nectar commonly called whiskey. The next most important business was the appointment of pound-keepers, and it was considered a piece of great fun to make some unpopular person, either socially or politically, a pound-keeper, it being considered by no means a desirable situation, although, to say the truth, they had very little to do. The magistrates settled the road questions at Quarter Sessions, and as they were held in Hamilton, very little was done in the way of alterations or improvements, except by statute labor. Although there are many standing jokes about statute labor, I must say that it was generally faithfully performed, at least near Fergus, and there was no trouble in getting a little extra labor gratuitously when it was really required. It was quite customary in those days for passengers to be called upon to give something to help the poor fellows who were improving the roads. That something generally went to purchase refreshment stronger than cold water; and indeed if a crossway happened to be making or pulled up, it was better to hand over your mite cheerfully than refuse, as there was no possibility of passing any other way. It was reported that one spirited pathmaster, not in this neighborhood, used to have out a fiddler and a barrel of beer to encourage his men. Everybody had to turn out in old times, as money was scarce, and it was not easy to get substitutes, even if you were willing to commute.

In 1840 the great subject of conversation among politicians was "Responsible Government," and its supporters talked about it, wrote about it, and quarrelled about it till it really became quite wearisome. For my own part the only great difference ever I could see was, that a great part of the power formerly in the hands of the Governor was transferred to the Executive Council, so that his responsibility was diminished and theirs increased, but whether the change has been altogether so beneficial as was promised, is I think very questionable. Over and over again we have seen the ministry of the day doing just as they pleased during the recess of parliament, and after the House met again getting some act or vote passed to whitewash their misdeeds. However, Responsible Government was at last got, and much rejoicing followed the glorious achievement. One eccentric old gentleman characterized it as a "trap set by rogues to catch fools," but we trust his language was rather severe.

In 1840 we had a visit from two well known Canadian gentlemen—the late Hon. Mr. Sullivan and Colonel Chisholm of Oakville. Their intention was to examine the country towards Owen Sound, with a view to open a great Government road, and make free grants to actual settlers. They duly carried out their purpose, and stopped a day at Fergus on a visit to Mr. Webster, who was well acquainted with Colonel Chisholm. Mr. Sullivan visited the school, and being a keen phrenologist, greatly to the astonishment of some of the pupils went up and at once examined their heads. He was a very kindly, pleasant man, and the children were soon convinced that he had no evil intentions. The townships along the new road were named after leading British and Canadian statesmen of that time, as Arthur, Sydenham, Sullivan, Derby, Glenelg, Normanby, and so on. With regard to the system of free grants I must say that its advantages are rather doubtful. The idea of getting land for nothing sounds well, but is the means of bringing many settlers of an inferior kind, too lazy and too profligate to work. It would be better for Government to sell at a low price for ready money—say one dollar an acre for good land—and expend the proceeds on the roads, not all at once, but in two or three years. A settler would then commence on his own freehold property at once, and would have an opportunity of working on the new roads and getting back his purchase money. Generally speaking the country on the line of road from Arthur to Owen Sound is inferior, and in some parts of the County of Grey is so rough and stony as to be of little value, and indeed many of the first clearings appear to be deserted. An agent was appointed by Government, and took up his residence in the village plot of Arthur, and in due course a tavern, store and mill were erected. The first visit I paid to Arthur was in company with Mr. Webster, in winter, and a rougher road I never travelled, indeed before we got home again my boots were worn through. There was only a track through the woods, and a very circuitous one it was. We used often to see the settlers from Arthur driving down their grists in home-made sleighs called jumpers, the

motive power being a single ox most ingeniously yoked up ; one time that I was driving with a friend we met a long string of these primitive carriages, and had to pull to one side to make way for them, as it was no use to dispute their passage. There was a celebrated mud hole near the head of Nichol, which was regarded with considerable apprehension by all travellers in that direction, and then there was a rocky place some four miles from Arthur almost as bad. Indeed from Fergus to Arthur was just a variety of bad road, changing from bad to worse, from worse to bad, and then again from bad to worse the whole way. Mr. Webster of Fergus erected a grist mill at Arthur, but unfortunately, from the nature of the bed and banks of the river, the dam (erected at considerable expense) would not hold in the water, and although the property has changed hands repeatedly, I believe it is not much better yet, indeed Arthur village has advanced very slowly considering its age. The country to the North-west, known by the romantic appellation of the "Queen's Bush," now comprising Peel, Maryboro, Minto, &c., was gradually getting tenanted by squatters, many of them respectable people, and who afterwards bought the land they had occupied.

In 1842 the first Municipal Bill for Upper Canada came into operation, and District Councils commenced operations. Our District was called the "District of Wellington," and included, besides the Townships in it at present, Waterloo, Wilmot and Woolwich, of which Township, what is now Pilkington, formed a part. Government appointed the Wardens of the Districts, and the first Warden of Wellington was the late Mr. Fordyce, an honorable, upright man, and a very faithful officer. Nichol being a small Township had only one Councillor, and the first election was about as keenly contested an affair as could well be. Mr. James Webster was requested to stand, but for some reason or another declined at first, so the late Mr. Allan took the field, and commenced a spirited canvass. Well, Mr. Webster was prevailed upon at last to stand, and as Mr. Allan still kept the field, it became a regular contested election, and Mr. Webster only succeeded by a very few votes. This election was held in old St. Andrew's Church, but, very properly, it was never held there again. Mr. Webster made an excellent councillor, and immediately took action to get a new road made to Guelph. Previous to this we had either to go round by Elora, which was sixteen miles, or by Eramosa, which was about eighteen, or had to take short cuts of a very uncertain and often bad quality. After a great deal of petitioning, and coaxing, and debating, the present line of road was surveyed from Guelph to Arthur. Several bees were held in various places to cut out the line, but for many years after this it was in spring and autumn almost impassable, and indeed it was not till it was gravelled that we had what could be called a good road between Guelph and Fergus. The District Councils were undoubtedly of great benefit to the country, and as the members got no pay or allowances, business was done a great deal quicker, and, as far as I have been able to see, fully as well as at present. There



was less talk and more work.

Educational matters were beginning now to attract more attention in this part of the country, and in 1841 a new Act was passed, which again was amended in 1843. In that year the District Council appointed me School Superintendent for Nichol. It was a very difficult business for a teacher to get a respectable salary even of fifty pounds a year in the Township of Nichol. The consequence was the teachers could not give their whole time to the business of teaching, and in one or two instances the salary was actually so low as ten dollars a month, and I had to threaten the trustees of one section that I would recommend their school to be closed unless they paid their teacher better. The plain fact was, the children increased in quite a large proportion compared to the incomes of their parents, and although the people, I do believe, were willing to pay for education, they were not able. Since then great advances have been made in educational matters, and teachers are liberally paid, and a good education can be got for next to nothing. The Free School system is very popular, but I will always maintain that if all property is taxed for educational purposes, education itself ought to be compulsory, which is the case in Prussia, and in some of the neighboring States; and a very intelligent gentleman from Boston, whom I met at dinner at Thorp's hotel, told us the system worked well. He told us he had visited Dr. Ryerson, our great educational chief, and had mentioned to him the laws of Massachusetts on this subject. It is not fair that property should be heavily taxed, and the children of the idle, the reprobate, and the careless should run wild in the streets and highways, learning little but evil themselves, and corrupting others. This subject reminds me that in the winter of 1841 or 1842 a large encampment of Indians was made in my woodland, and of course I went up to see them. They were very respectable people from the river Credit, and Wesleyan Methodists. We used to hear them in the evenings singing hymns, and they had testaments in their wigwams, and many of them could read. They were well behaved and honest, and the squaws made quantities of baskets and sold them in the village. Some of the men were fine, big, handsome fellows, and some of the women very fair and comely looking. They had one long shaped wigwam, and two or three small round ones, and were quite pleased when lady visitors, especially, called upon them, I paid them a visit once with a lady visitor, and we sat and cracked away as well as we could for some time. One merry old lady was a great snuffer, and showed us her stock, which she was to take home with her. I remember she had one bladder of Scotch snuff quite full, besides some other parcels of it. I think their minister was a chief called Jones, but he was not with them. They will eat almost anything, and their cookery did not appear very choice. They were very fond of turnips, and got a great many from my farm. I asked one of their hunters one day why he did not kill more wolves, as the bounty was so high. His answer was, "Indians no care to kill wolves: they hunters as well as Indian." They often passed my

door, and I had a fine thorough-bred colley, whose house was close to the door, but she would not make friends with the Indians at all. Even when I ordered her into her house she lay and growled and showed her teeth. They killed a great many deer, and stayed almost till spring. A winter or two afterwards another lot of them camped near the village, but of a very different character, being drunken, thieving fellows, and the people in the village were in constant fear of them, and heartily glad when they took themselves off. I have seen a great many Indians both at Quebec and here, and I must say I do not think a great deal of them. The men seem to care very little except for fishing, shooting and trapping, and certainly generally speaking make poor farmers. The women seem more industrious than the men, but it seems to be the will of Providence that they should gradually disappear as the white man gets possession of the country. The settlement near Quebec of Huron Indians is a very poor place, and there is scarcely a pure Indian-blooded family in the place. I visited a large camp once at Pointe Levi, where they had assembled to get their annual presents, and I must say they were a wild looking, dirty, ragged lot, though I daresay before they left they would be much improved with their nice new blankets and showy calicoes. To return, however, to matters affecting Fergus. For two or three years things were very quiet and dull, and the winter of 1842 and 1843 was the longest and severest known in this neighborhood, and there has not been such a winter since, although 1855 and 1856 was nearly as severe. The snow lay from the 14th November, 1842, till the last week in April, 1843, and the first seed sown near Guelph was about the 6th or 7th of May. Towards the end of this year, 1843, the present respected pastor of Melville Church, the Rev. Mr. Smellie, made his first appearance in Fergus. The Rev. Mr. Gardiner died towards the end of the year 1841, and except occasional supplies there had been no regular services in the church, but the late Mr. Fordyce had kept up the wholesome practice of gathering the people together on the Lord's day by reading a sermon in the church and conducting the customary services of praise and prayer. There is no doubt that poor Mr. Gardiner's last illness was caused by his unwearied exertions, and long rides in very inclement weather. Mr. Smellie was duly placed in December, 1843, and has ministered faithfully and acceptably ever since. The disruption of the Established Church in Scotland in 1843 was followed by the disruption of the Presbyterian Church connected with the Scotch Establishment in 1844, and the Presbyterian Church of Canada was then formed, to which body Mr. Smellie attached himself. We have now five churches in the village instead of one, so that there can be little excuse for ignorance of religious things in this place, except the oldest and most prevalent of any, the want of will.

Towards the end of 1844 there was a general election, and a great sensation in Fergus and the whole County of Waterloo, which was the name of our County, as Mr. Webster was determined to beat Mr. Dur-

and, the sitting member, and after a very hard struggle succeeded. The Warden, Mr. Fordyce, was Returning Officer, and appointed his own deputies. I went as deputy to Eramosa, and had a very pleasant time of it altogether, although there was a little excitement at first, but having had the command of a company of militia in Eramosa, I knew a good number of the voters, and we were very good friends. The queerest scenes I have heard were in Waterloo and Fergus. The German settlers had not taken the oath of allegiance, so under the then law could not vote, and at Fergus my old neighbor the Provost, the Returning Officer, was so determined that Webster should be our representative that he was, to say the least, barely civil to any one who wished to vote for Mr. Durand. I believe, too, some of the tender sex, who were freeholders, gave their votes, and their names were recorded, and indeed they had a much better right, as far as property goes, to vote than some of the free and independent in these more enlightened days. Mr. Durand protested, and there was a scrutiny, which resulted in Mr. Webster keeping his seat, both he and Mr. Durand spending a great deal of money for nothing, and the legal gentlemen and the scrutineers pocketing some very nice fees. After many vicissitudes both these gentlemen have come to anchor as honest, respectable County Registrars, a much quieter and happier life than that of a Canadian statesman. We have had many elections since, but none of them so spirited or so exciting as the Webster and Durand election.

During 1843 and 1844 the village of Elora, which had been quite abandoned by the Gilkison family, began to rise into importance under the active management of the Messrs. Ross & Co., who built new mills and a store, and under whose enterprise it soon rivalled Fergus, and afterwards under the late Mr. C. Allan's charge, and by his perseverance and tact cutstripped it in the race of improvement.

I think I have now given a sketch of Fergus (no doubt rather cursory) of the first ten years of the existence of Fergus, and as it is made entirely from memory I hope any inaccuracies or omissions will be forgiven. As regards what is now the village of Fergus, the retrospect on the whole is to an old settler like myself rather sad, as very few of the first inhabitants are left. Some have left the place for other parts of the world, but the majority have gone to their last home. So has it been and so shall it be to the end of time.

Ah ! changed are the days since the cedars dark  
Dipped their sprays in the rapid stream,  
As it rushed along to the deep black pool  
Almost hid from the sun's bright beam.

Ah ! gone are the friends of that olden time,  
The pioneers bold and true,  
Who toiled for their homes in the forest wild  
Far away from their mountains blue.