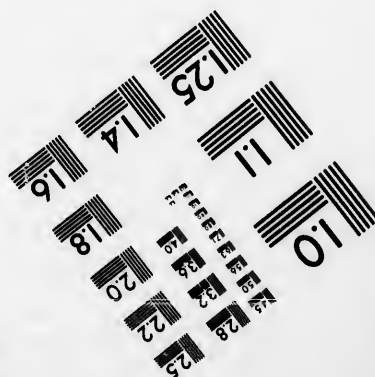
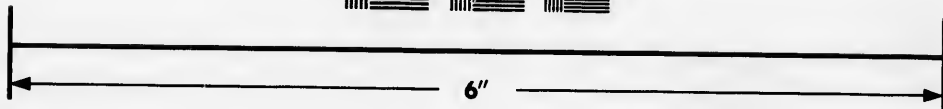
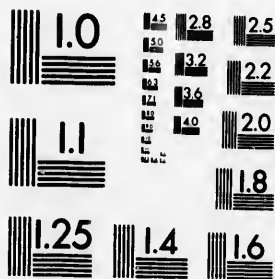


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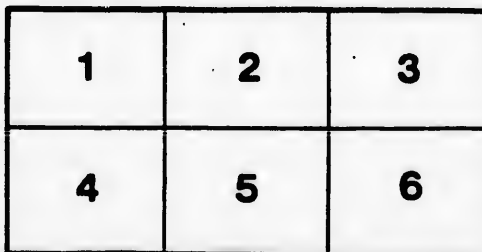
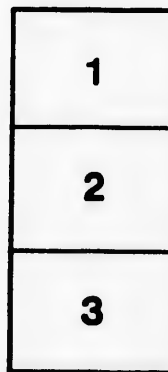
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yours truly

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## INTRODUCTION

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At the request of some of my family that I should dot down and relate, from my early days of childhood to an advanced age, its memories, and my various reminiscences through life, the following pages are the result.

Claiming no title as a writer, I trust my readers will not too severely criticise me in any way, but take it as a record of circumstances as they have occurred.

I desire to acknowledge the assistance I have received from my son Albert, and to express the hope that the following pages may be interesting to my readers generally—to my family, especially.

ST. JOHNS, P. Q., December, 1899.





## REMINISCENCES

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*"I remember, I remember,  
How my childhood fled by."*

---

### FAR AWAY

Where is now the merry party  
I remember long ago,  
Laughing round the Xmas fireside,  
Brightened by its ruddy glow,  
Or in Summer's balmy evenings  
In the field upon the hay ?  
They have all dispersed and wandered  
Far away—far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant,  
And with strangers made their home ;  
Some upon the world of waters  
All their lives are forced to roam ;  
Some have gone from us forever—  
Longer here they might not stay—  
They have reached a fairer region  
Far away—far away.

There are still some few remaining,  
Who remind us of the past,  
But they change as all things change here—  
Nothing in this world can last.  
Years roll on and pass forever,  
What is coming who can say?  
Ere this closes many may be  
Far away—far away.

In reading over Bellamy's book "Looking Backward," I was much struck with its peculiarities, and particularly in his work, "Equality," which is a continuation of the former; and in order that those who have not read "Looking Backward" may understand, he prefaces on his title-page of "Equality" a brief outline of its character and connection with it by:

"It appears that in the year 1887, Julian West was a rich young man living in Boston. He was soon to be married to a young lady of wealthy family, named Edith Bartlett, and meanwhile lived alone with his man and servant, Sawyer, in the family mansion. Being a sufferer from insomnia, he had caused a chamber to be built of stone beneath the foundation of the house, which he used for a sleeping room. When at times it failed to bring slumber, he sometimes called in a profes-

sional mesmerizer to put him into a hypnotic sleep, from which Sawyer knew how to awake him at a fixed time. All this was known only to Sawyer and the hypnotist who rendered his services.

"On the night of May 30, 1887, West sent for the latter and was put to sleep as usual. The hypnotist had previously informed West that he was intending to leave the city permanently the same evening, and referred him to other practitioners. That night the house of Julian West took fire, and was wholly destroyed. Remains identified as those of Sawyer were found, and though no vestige of West appeared, it was assumed that he, of course, had also perished.

"In the year 2000, Dr. Leete, a physician of Boston, was conducting excavations in his garden for the foundations of a private laboratory, when the workers came on a mass of masonry, covered with ashes and charcoal. On opening it, a vault, luxuriously fitted up in the style of a nineteenth century bed chamber was found, and on the bed the body of a young man, looking as if he had just lain down to sleep. Although great trees had been growing above the vault, the unaccountable preservation of the youth's body tempted Dr. Leete to attempt resuscitation, and to his own astonishment his efforts proved successful."

Thus we see that Julian West had slept a little over a century, and during that time a great revolution had begun, and was going on, in the United States of America, whereby all private capital was taken possession of and placed with a Central Government, which assumed all control of rich and poor, also all mills, machinery, railroads, farms, mines, and lands and capital in general; they called in as worthless, all bonds, deeds and mortgages, assuming all to be arranged by the labor question, and then commenced a system of "equality," calling upon all classes to perform their share of labor, receiving, in the stead of money for their pay, credit cards issued by the Central Government, and credited by the National Bank, which issued these credit cards to the individual, he taking his requirements or necessities from the store where the general supply comes from the general government, and so the credit cards finally reach the account of audit at the National Bank, somewhat in the same way that railroad tickets now get into the auditor's office of an up-to-date railway system. If at the date of exchange there is a balance remaining on any credit card, it is cast into the general fund; but those who make use of their credit before the date of expiry have to be taken care of by their friends until they receive

their portion of the next division. Women must share the work with the men, choosing whatever employment best suits their taste. Their costumes and dress are vastly different from those previously worn, and their skirts are arranged so as not to interfere with their working with ease and comfort.

Nearly everything is made of paper, of different textiles, to suit every weather and every employment. The lazy and unintelligent man shares equally with the industrious, frugal and scientific man; except perhaps, if he be too stupid to tolerably compare, then he is given seeds to plant or tools to work with in some remote corner by himself. At the age of forty-five he is superannuated, and from this time is not obliged to work. The methods of electricity are arranged for warmth, light and power; and with the use of an electrical invention, one can remain in his own parlor and see and hear theatrical performances, listen to lectures, or whatever is being presented at places of amusement. Common baths are made and fitted in the most luxurious style; schools and gymnasiums are elaborately built, and the interiors exquisitely decorated. Teachers on every subject are provided for pupils, all of whom are taught the great advantages of a Revolutionary Government.

No doubt Julian West was surprised, at his awakening, to find such extraordinary changes in the time he had slept, and yet he was more astonished at his awakening, proper, to find it was all a dream.

I can take it more rationally when reading over the review taken by the Boston *Transcript*, which considered that the author of "Looking Backward" had recorded the circumstances as having taken place in the short space of 113 years. We can take an ordinary life, and see that nothing short of revolution or conquest could produce such startling changes. Circumstances have brought me into connection with bishops, priests and laymen, men of science and note, judges, lawyers, notaries and "all sorts and conditions of men," and in discussing this subject all agree that there was not time to bring about such startling events and so radical a reform in any government.

I can remember socialists, the "Owenites," under Robert Owen, purchasing large tracts of land and entering on a system of "equality" in labor and value; and it is a well-known fact that the celebrated Mr. Fox used to take up the questions of the day and discuss them at Finsbury Place Chapel, on Sundays, and he argued that this sort of socialism could never be carried out success-

fully. Neither was it. It was not long afterwards that the whole affair was an insolvent concern, and soon it entirely faded away.

I remember the "Chartists" who were going to inaugurate a system of "equality." Great numbers fell in with them. The rich were to be levelled with the poor; lands were to be taken and worked for the benefit of all. Often their meetings were worked up to sedition, and quite frequently their gatherings were raided by the police, and a wholesome lesson read the arrested members by the magistrate before discharging them.

These socialists claimed that F. land was not only full of wealth, but was sufficiently large to give employment to all who lived there; that there was "an earth all round, crying, 'Come and till me, come and reap me.'" Emigration was looked upon with contempt. Lively speeches were made at these meetings, and songs were also sung. I will relate one of the latter :

" My country I love as I ever have loved,

Although I am aged and poor ;

'Tis the deeds of her tyrants I never approved,

'Tis her justice I love, not her power.

In England I've lived, and in England I'll die,

Content with this spot of the earth ;

'Tis for knaves and for cowards their country to fly,

I will cling to the land of my birth.



Let the sordid Malthusian prattle and prate,  
And spread their delusions around ;  
He who loves his country will never emigrate  
From a land where such riches abound ;  
Till the parks and the forest which lie idle now  
Are tilled to prevent further dearth,  
Until all is brought under the spade and the plow,  
I will cling to the land of my birth."

All these societies have fallen through.

It must be remembered that Julian West slept for one hundred and thirteen years, while for myself, now past eighty-two years of age, I have always been an active worker. Certainly great changes have taken place, and many have occurred during the time of an ordinary life.

I clearly remember, in my younger days, the work we had in getting a light with matches and the old tinder box, and with flint and steel. Beggars then tramped the streets of London offering a bundle of matches for sale, as they do now offering a box of Congress Lights.

I remember when first the introduction of Peel's "Bobbies" took place, and the old "Charlies" relieved of the troubles they had with the watch boxes.

I remember seeing the first steam coach running along the City Road, London, from the

Angel, Islington, to the Bank. This did not work.

I remember when the first train of cars ran between Blackwall and Fenchurch Street. It was worked with an endless rope. The city authorities would not allow a locomotive to enter the city of London. But now trains of cars, with their engines, run through the city, over and under; stations are all over the city; and steamboats on the Thames for the fare of a penny and upward. The busses through the streets, and the tram roads, pour in on every side,—and all agree that there is only “one London.”

There used to be beautiful processions by water. I saw one of them on the Thames, when Royalty went to the opening of the new London Bridge; also the procession to Westminster on the periodical Lord Mayor's show day. (In those days the mayor of London was supposed to be a learned man, but was obliged to go to Somerset House, London, to be approved of,—which was in the form of counting one hundred nails correctly.) These nowadays are all done away with.

How well I remember the dazzling sight when the then new General Post Office in St. Martins le Grand was first opened; when the mail coaches came in from all parts of England and Scotland.

On that day, postmen, drivers and guards, were dressed in their new red coats; even the harness for the horses was all new. The post-boys, also on horseback, used to do all the suburban work: when, if there was a stoppage of horse traffic in the streets, they would take to the footpaths, and then show their importance—nothing or no one was supposed to obstruct or stop the mails.

Born at the commencement of the year 1818, in the vicinity of the Old Bailey, and near Newgate prison, (I stay my notes and refer to a paragraph clipped from the Boston *Sunday Herald* of February, 1899, and which I make use of, as it gives some interesting remarks of the Old Bailey, Newgate, and the Sessions House. It runs thus):

#### THE OLD BAILLY.

HISTORIC BUILDING IN LONDON WHERE MANY TRIALS  
HAVE BEEN HELD.

“The Old Bailey, doom-hall of thousands of wretched wights, is itself doomed. I mean the building, not the institution,” says a writer in the *Chautauquan*. After twenty years of negotiation and contention between the British Government and the city corporation of London, an arrangement has been completed for the building of a new

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#### NY TRIALS

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sessions house, wherein to hold the monthly sittings of what, in modern legal parlance, is called the central criminal court—the highest crime tribunal for London and the surrounding district. As Newgate has ceased to be used as a regular prison, one of its wings will be pulled down and a new sessions house erected in its place. Old Bailey is the name by which the present building and its predecessors have been popularly known for centuries. It is often confused in the public mind with the adjacent Newgate prison, though the two are administratively distinct, the jail belonging to the imperial government and the courthouse to the city corporation. Neither building is much more than a century old, but both stand on, or very near, sites that have been consecrated five hundred years or more to the purposes of investigating and punishing crime.

“The Old Bailey is especially remarkable in that the notables of the one square mile of London, commonly called ‘the city,’ have so much to do with the ceremonial part, at least, of a court that takes cognizance of all serious crimes committed in the metropolis or its environs. It is a privilege that dates back to the fourteenth century, when it had become customary to lodge all the felons of the city of London and of the county of Middlesex

in one of the gates that pierced the city walls—Newgate. These prisoners were tried by various haphazard methods until Edward III. decreed, in 1327, that the lord mayor for the time being should be one of the judges, and it is in that reign that we find the first definite reference to a sessions house in the Old Bailey—a name that some antiquarians hold to be derived from the ballium or open space beyond the city wall. From that time forth the citizens tightened their hold upon the administration of justice, holding for themselves the gate prison and the courthouse, which they rebuilt and altered from time to time. The crown never quite relinquished its hold upon the tribunal, and always, as far as I can make out, had the power of enlarging the commission at will, though the lord mayor usually kept his place at the head of it.

“Thus we find that no fewer than thirty-four commissioners sat at the Old Bailey in October, 1660, to try the twenty-nine survivors of the court which had condemned Charles I. to death eleven years before, and city opinion, which was still republican in the main, was scarcely reflected at all on that commission. The chief prisoners, notably Major-General Harrison, Sir Harduess Waller, Colonel Carew, Hugh Peters and Harry Marten, offered a grand Ironside defence, devoid of legal

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subtleties, and were hanged. Only the weaklings, who expressed insincere contrition, were spared. As a blow to constitutional liberty the hanging of Charles's judges was as futile as the burning of John Milton's 'Eskonoelastes' and 'Defensio Prima,' by the common hangman at the Old Bailey in the same year.

"The people sentenced to death at the Old Bailey in the eighteenth century were for the most part scoundrels who richly deserved punishment. Prominent among these were Jack Shepard, a burglar, who raised himself into vulgar heroism by escaping twice from Newgate; Jonathan Wild, who posed before the authorities as a police spy, but was in reality a receiver of stolen goods; and Dr. Dodd, a brilliant clergyman, who ran in debt and forged the name of young Lord Chesterfield on a bond for forty-two hundred pounds. Then there was the poet, Richard Savage, sentenced to death for killing a man in a drunken brawl, but pardoned on the intercession of influential courtiers.

"The session house has been added to at subsequent dates, and has become uglier and uglier. Within its walls have been tried Hadfield, for shooting at George III, in 1800; Bellingham, the assassin of Prime Minister Spencer Perceval, in 1812; the Cato Street conspirators, for plotting to

murder the whole cabinet, in 1820; Oxford and Francis, for shooting at the Queen, in the early forties, and the scum of London during the past one hundred and thirteen years. Down to the days of Charles Dickens, Old Bailey advocates had an unenviable reputation for bullying and trickery, but that is all changed now. The tone of the whole court is higher than it ever was before."

Almost opposite the only door of exit Newgate has, where many prisoners were taken in—some never came out—(there is, by the by, another door of "exit only" where the "some" came out only to be hanged). I recall many incidents connected with the old jail which perhaps are worth mentioning. How well we knew when the old lumbering box with the gallows was being drawn out from the shed of the Sessions House, which was always immediately after midnight on Sunday, to be fixed all ready for the hanging time—8 A. M. Monday—(for you must know that the trial of a criminal took place on a Friday, and, if convicted, was sentenced to be hanged on the Monday morning following). We were awakened from our sleep by its noise,—the workmen hammering; the gathering crowd, with their fun, frolic and noise; and before the hour of eight o'clock, men and boys with

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daily papers were in the surroundings of the gal-  
lows, bawling out to sell "The last dying speech  
and confession"—no matter whether the criminal  
ever made one not. If it was a noted hanging,  
seats would be erected in the window ways of  
buildings that had viewing positions which would  
let all the way from one to ten shillings per sitting.

Truly much might be said about this ancient  
and noted court and prison. I have seen three men  
hanging together for sheep stealing; one noted  
Quaker for forgery; and I have seen a woman  
hanging. I have seen three men, Bishop, Wil-  
liams and May, hanging together for the murder  
of an Italian boy (this was in 1827, and the boy  
was murdered by these three men for the purpose  
of getting money, which could be obtained by the  
sale of the corpse to a dissecting hospital).

On the gallows I have seen a man walked  
round in the pillory for an hour; and I have seen  
men flogged while strung up against the wall of  
Newgate in the Sessions yard. But most, if not  
all, of this is done away with now.

I forgot to mention that on any partienlar  
trial, straw was laid on the road, for about five  
hundred yards on each side of the Sessions House,  
so that no noise should disturb the hearing.  
Everything was most interesting.



Crossing angleways from Newgate we find ourselves at the corner of Giltspur Street and Skinner Street, at the corner of old St. Sepulchre's Church—the old church, with its beautiful peal of bells heard on every joyous occasion ; or its bell of solemn toll on the execution of every criminal at Newgate ; the church in which I was christened ; the church in which I read for the Easter Bible. Let me explain that the parishes of London give bread and other gifts, after the morning services, to their poor ; and the parish of St. Sepulchre's, to which I belonged, gave to each child able to read it, a beautiful Bible bound with brass corners. It is the aim of every child to read for this book as early as possible. It is given in the old-fashioned way by the rector, churchwardens, and a committee of gentlemen, one of whom would open the Bible promiscuously and bid the applicant read. Well do I remember the time when I was marshalled into the vestry, into the presence of these gentlemen, and the rector, opening the Bible, bid me read! I read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." "Well done, my boy," all of them said from around the table; "take it away with you." And how proud I was of it, with my mother at my side ; and prouder still when my father wrote my name in it, stating that

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I "read for this Bible on the 25th of April, 1824, when of the age of six years and one month old." Seventy-five years have passed since then. I now have the old Bible. It is a prized relic of early days; I venerate it; I love to look on it with its old brass corners, all in good state of preservation, and often pass happy moments looking over its pages.

I distinctly remember insisting upon carrying the Bible I had earned, and which I already loved. How close I hugged it! I was dressed in a blue jacket with brass buttons. I held the Bible so tightly that the buttons of my jacket grazed the cover; and the scratch the buttons then made can be seen upon the book this day. The little fellow who followed my reading of the Bible I won was not so fortunate. The book he was to try for was opened, and he was requested to read a certain verse, but it was too difficult for him to get through, so he was told to "come next year."

As you stood looking from the corner of St. Sepulchre's Church to the west, there was the old Holburn Valley and the old Holborn Hill; looking to the east you would see the busy traffic of Newgate Street to Cheapside; looking to the south you would see the old Bailey and Ludgate Hill; and to the north you would look on Giltspur Street and

Smithfield. Adjoining St. Sepulchre's Church on Giltspur Street stands the old watchhouse, where the "Charlies" of that day would emerge to guard the streets on their beat, and often to the rascally tricks of the 'Tom and Jerry's and life in London at that time, just for "fun" as it was called. Opposite the watchhouse was the Giltspur Street Compter—a prison for detention and for debtors. As you would gradually wind your way along the east side of Smithfield, you would come to Long Lane; and on the west side of Smithfield from Giltspur Street you would again come to Long Lane. In the line of footpath you would see rails and posts where cattle would be tied for sale on the Monday market day, while the whole center of Smithfield was fitted with pens for sheep. What a crush all this made! I fancy now I can hear the cries of the drovers, anxious to get their flocks or herds clear of the bustling, calling out, "Drive 'em down Hosier Lane." Yes, their dogs understood all this as well as their masters, as was well proved for their usefulness. All these rails and arrangements were again used on Fridays for the sale of horses. Crossing over Long Lane, the space there was fitted up with pens for hogs, while the houses in the background were used for public houses, coffee and reading rooms and dining rooms, where they

would state in the window that a "bowl of soup, with meat, bread and potatoes," could be had for threepence—magnificent dinner! Looking from there to the west, you would see Cow Cross Street and the old knacker's yard—a place where dead horses, and horses to be killed, were taken. Later on these were prepared, boiled and sold for cats' meat at twopence per pound. (Tons of sausages were made here: what they were made of the makers only knew. However, they always tasted good). Passing on, at a short distance, you again looked on the Holborn Valley, and in passing you would come across Field Lane—a place noted for Jews' stores, fried fish shops, and old clothes stores. If a pocket was picked in Holborn of a silk bandanna, ten to one it could be found exposed for sale by some "Solomon Levi" in Field Lane, and redress was out of the question. Pewter pots would be stolen, but never found, for there were too many melting pots in readiness to boil them down. In the midst of this vicinity you would find the Field Lane Ragged School; and it was no uncommon occurrence for teachers to be robbed while giving instruction.

On the third of September came Bartlemy Fair—a noted time for the cocknies. This was always held in Smithfield. The shows consisted of

dramatic, minstrel and conjuring performances, and also wild beast shows. These were always arranged along the cattle rails by the footpaths. Each showman vaunted forth the beauties of his performance in a stentorian voice. To the wild beast show it was threepence to enter; and when inside the director would call out, "This way to the lions," but the way generally was out into the open. Then there was the peep show. The proprietor would call out to "Please clear the way and let the people pass who had money to pay" to come up to the show. He would show and describe the great battles fought by the wonderful Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington; and should an inquisitive customer ask him which was Napoleon and which was Wellington, he would reply, "No matter, my little dears; you pays your money, you takes your choice." Tumblers, hand organists, puppet showmen, bag-pipers, and all such vagrant mirth-makers, were very numerous. Around the cattle rails, fronting the footpaths, booths or tents would be erected, where you could buy all sorts of gingerbread, nuts, cockadoodledoos in breeches, all made of gingerbread, with golden gilt on the prominent parts; and all sorts of toys and things to make fun for the fair. The sheep pens in the center of Smithfield were fitted up for oyster

stalls, eating stalls, especially for sausage stalls—the sausages chiefly supplied from Sharps Alley, Cow Cross Street; all sorts of kniekknaecks were sold. The public houses plied their vocation to the fullest extent. There was the “free and easy,” the song, the joke, the dance.

Oh! for the days of childhood! How things have changed! But “there are a few remaining who remind us of the past—but they change as all things change—nothing in this world can last.”

In September, 1898, we (self and wife), accustomed to this same locality, were standing at the corner of Giltspur Street and Skinner Street, and looking towards the place we had called the Holborn Valley, we saw in its stead what is now called the Holborn Viaduct, a beautiful arrangement which makes it level from this place to the top of Holborn Hill. Nothing remains to show where the old hill was, except a few steps, that will lead you to the old St. Andrew's Church. There it stands, with its old illuminated clock, which tells how time is passing. Standing upon the viaduct, one way you look towards Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill and Blackfriars Bridge; look the other way and you will see the beautiful station of the Metropolitan Railway. Field Lane is all gone. The Fleet ditch is all covered over. The pens and cat-

the rails have all gone from Smithfield, and in its center stands the beautiful meat market, its supplies being brought by the underground railroad, and from its station taken up by "lifts" to the main market above. Sauntering gently along the eastern side of Smithfield we pass the chief front of the old Bartholomew Hospital, where we must linger to admire it and its lovely texts engraved upon it: "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord shall make his bed in sickness." "Sick, and ye visited me." "A stranger, ye took me in." And thrice blessed be the old institution!

Children of all classes choose an occupation very early in life not only as a help for the family, but because a pleasure is felt in doing something. The children of a city Londoner have the right to enter a ward school at seven years of age, and are continued there until the age of fourteen; and during all this time they can be occupied at some place or other, working between school hours; in the morning they are generally occupied with cleaning boots, knives and forks, polishing up "the handle of the big front door" and all the brass work round about the place. Between the hours of 12 and 2 they may have time to get dinner and

deliver a few parcels; after school hours, and until they leave for home, they deliver parcels or do any other work required to be done. For this they may get two shillings per week, or if they have a good place they may get two shillings and sixpence a week and tea.

It was one evening when with my father wending our way home, and passing between the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, that I heard the newsboys running along with their "extras" and calling out, "The alarming state of the king" —this was just before the death of George IV.

Then came the proclamation of William IV, the "Sailor King," with his sailors at the back of his carriages as "footmen." His death brought us into the reign of our present Queen Victoria—God bless her!—to a reign of sixty years; whose jubilee has just been celebrated with great eclat, when our Canada was so well and prominently represented by our present prime minister, Sir William Laurier.

Arriving at the age of fourteen it is time to select a trade, or something for the future. For myself I chose a building trade, and was then apprenticed. The city of London recognizes no other apprenticeship than a seven years' servitude. His indenture is made out and enrolled, or registered, in the chamberlain's office at Guildhall. The in-



denture is on parchment; and it would be amusing to read the strictures it contains. Those who have passed through it can easily tell how many of its conditions are fulfilled. Suffice it to say that the city protects the apprentice as well as the master. The lad is generally apprenticed to a master who is at least a freeman of the city of London, and at the end of his apprenticeship he can take up his freedom of the city by entering one of the companies which forms one of the guilds of the city of London. Should his father be a freeman he has the choice of either by servitude or patrimony. My father being a freeman in the Cloth Workers Company, I chose that, and was duly enrolled and registered at the chamberlain's office in the city of London, as one of its freemen—having served my apprenticeship of seven years satisfactorily.

A freeman of the city of London secures many privileges, some of which cannot be purchased,—the company which he has joined giving him many more. Every city company has gifts for its freemen. These gifts have been left in earlier days by benefactors for their benefit, and by the changes to this later date some have become very valuable, which enable the company to be extensively generous; but I doubt if the periodical banquets to the

liveryman of the company can be conducted any more economically.

A liveryman is a higher grade than a freeman, and it is from that class that aldermen and sheriffs of the city of London are selected, and must have passed through these offices before they can aspire to become "lord mayor of London."

The gifts, for instance, from the Cloth Workers Company would provide me a cottage residence for life, when over a certain age (seventy years); would give coals to warm me and clothes to cover me, besides many other gifts sufficient to maintain an economical sustenance.

One born within the sound of Bow Bells has the right to assume himself a "cockney." The distance that the sound of Bow Bells can be heard has not been exactly defined, but it is certain that Dick Whittington, a poor boy, when running away from a cruel servitude, got as far as Highgate Hill, about four miles distant from Bow Church, which is Cheapside, in the heart of London, and to rest himself sat on a stone; and while he sat there Bow Bells were pealing, and he thought they said to him; "Turn again, Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London." He returned to the city, found more congenial employment, and sure enough was "thrice lord mayor of London." A monumental

stone now marks the spot, as well as a row of almshouses erected near by for the benefit of city of London poor.

How well I can remember the pleasant walks we used to have to this place, which resembled in appearance a "wild moor," to get herbs and hunt for rabbits, and finally, before returning home, to trudge up the big Highgate Hill. When I visited this place a few years ago what a change had taken place! There was the stone, the almshouses and the hill, but the surroundings were fine streets and squares; and an enterprising Yankee had put down a track for a cable car, so that no one need walk up the hill who did not want to do so.

The Eagle Tavern is a noted garden fronting on the Shepherd and Shepherdess walk, City Road. All sorts of entertainments are performed on stages in the open gardens. You pay sixpence to enter, and this entitles you to refreshments for that value. No ladies are admitted, unless accompanied by gentlemen.

The gardens are situated in a most beautiful part of London, and much frequented. From this place balloon ascents often take place. I have seen an ascent where the aeronaut went up seated on the back of his pony; another ascent with three gentlemen who crossed the English Channel and landed

in Germany. At the end of the Shepherd and Shepherdess walk was the beautiful field of the same name. The very name gives it a sort of rural felicity, where the Londoner enjoys a lovely stroll; and may we not imagine, in olden days, the shepherds and shepherdesses partaking of this rural quiet, and while seated on the ground watching their flocks by day or night, telling their stories of love and war, counting the stars, calling them all by their names, and wot not—how delightful it must have been! But I remember it for its lovely strolls, where I have seen the celebrated apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, administer the total abstinence pledge to batch after batch of those devoted to the cause, and obtain the good man's blessing. All these fields are now covered with squares and streets and fine houses built thereon.

I have explained what the ordinary cockney was, but to be a "thoroughbred cockney" one must be born in the city of London, educated in the ward school, have served his time in the city of London, and having done this become an enrolled freeman, and be able to show his parchment to certify that his claim is valid. Such is my claim to this honorable position. Even when I first landed in Montreal and was introduced as a "cockney" and a freeman of the city of London, I was asked

to show my "parchment," which I did. This entitled me to become a member of the Englishman's Club, then held in Montreal at the London House, on Commissioners Street, which was kept by an old Englishman named Moffat, who always boasted of keeping a supply of Barclay & Perkin's London porter on draught, which was brought in ships to Montreal.

My father was a great admirer of the stage, and seldom missed seeing a good play, especially when represented by talented actors. I often went with him, and this gave me a liking the same way, which has continued all my life. It also gave me the opportunity of seeing some of the most noted actors of that day.

I saw the great Edmund Kean in three of his principal characters—"Richard III," "Othello," and as "Shylock" in "The Merchant of Venice," all at Drury Lane Theatre. I have seen at the same place the celebrated Madame Vestris, who was noted as a "star" performer and a woman of symmetry of form,—in fact, so much so that a plaster cast was taken of one of her legs, which cast was afterwards stolen,—causing a great commotion, food for newspaper articles and songs.

The great actors of that day would unite and play together, changing parts alternately. I once

saw Macready, Charles Kemble, Bennett and Sheridan Knowles perform one evening at Covent Garden Theatre. The leading ladies of that day were Miss Fanny Kemble (who later became Mrs. Butler, settled in the United States, and only a few years ago died in one of the southern states), daughter of Charles Kemble, and Miss Helen Faucit. The London *Spectator* recalls the fact that the late Lady Martin—Helen Faucit—was the original heroine of three of Browning's plays—"Strafford," "Colombe's Birthday" and "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon"—and it quotes the poet's tribute to her after the production of the last named piece. "You have twice," he says, "proved my bird of paradise," and concludes:

"Genius is a common story,  
Few guess that the spirit's glory  
They hail nightly is the sweetest,  
Fairest, gentlest and completest  
Shakespeare's lady ever poet  
Longed for! Few guess this; I know it."

The *Spectator* adds: "Lady Martin, like Ristori, was one of the very few great actresses who have not been either stupid, ignorant or vulgar off the stage. Thackeray's picture of the Fotheringay was no caricature. M. Legouve, in his entertain-

ing reminiscences, relates how an actress, famous in the early decades of this century—Mlle. Duchesnois—once broke out at his father's table with the remark, 'That poor Henri VI, M. Legouve—to think that if Ravailiac had not killed him he would perhaps be alive now!'

Charles Kean, who followed the same profession as his father—Edmund Kean—was a noted performer, but was more successful as a manager. His leading lady was Miss Helen Tree, whom he afterwards married.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres were always the principal ones, although I have witnessed good plays at the Adelphi in the Strand, where I have seen Buckstone and John Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and others. Two pieces, "The Wreck Ashore," written by Buckstone, and "Victorine, or I'll Sleep on it," had a very long run, and deserve special mention.

Then the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, was a good one. It was there I saw the celebrated Liston as "Paul Pry." This had a very long run. It was also at this theatre that Charles Matthews—who afterwards married Madame Vestris—was brought out under the auspices of Liston, in a piece called "The Old Stager," who in the concluding

remarks says " that he hoped the public would take to him for the sake of his father"—which " brought down the house." Liston represented in " The Old Stager " a cabby, and Charles Matthews appeared as his son, whom he was bringing up to the same profession.

In order to explain I must diverge a little and state that theatres generally were closed on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, excepting that the large theatres would present oratorios or sacred concerts by noted singers. At the Italian Opera House I once heard a lecture on astronomy, which was represented on an orery of sixty feet in diameter, showing the movements of the different planets. The smaller theatres would have lectures or amusing anecdotes.

The Adelphi was noted for bringing out " Matthews at Home," and well supported. Charles Matthews was his son—and this will explain the remarks made by Liston.

In other parts of London theatricals were well represented and well patronized. There was the Royal Pavilion in the Whitechapel Road, The Garrick in Lemn Street, Whitechapel ; The Standard in Shoreditch, The Sadlers Wells near the Angel, Islington, and The Surry in Blackfriars Road.



There were many other theatres, from the aristocratic Drury Lane and Covent Garden to the "Penny Gaff." This last was to be found only in secluded streets, playing without a license, giving two performances in an evening, at a penny or two admission. At these places there generally appeared a pair of good fencers to engage in "mortal combat," and a dancing girl, who would amuse the audience so long as it would throw coppers at her and admire her skill. In fact, I have seen one of these dancing girls, at different times, completely exhausted before she would leave the stage. The best "Penny Gaff" I ever knew was in the New Cut, and only a few minutes' walk from this was the large Victoria Theatre, with always good performances, and where I have seen a looking-glass curtain the whole size of the stage front, about sixty by thirty feet, and in front of which balancing and juggling feats were performed. A short distance from this, and nearer Westminster Bridge, was Astley's Amphitheatre and Circus, where could always be seen gorgeous spectacular representations, where horses could be brought upon the stage, and where a circus could be enjoyed. "Mazeppa and the Wild Horse" had a long run at this place, and it was beautifully represented. At this theatre I have seen played "The Battle of

Waterloo," the principal part being taken by an actor named Gomersal, who was said to be a striking likeness to Napoleon.

At the Surry I have seen English operas well played and many other celebrated pieces. One especially, "The Pilot," had a great run and introduced T. P. Cook as "Long Tom Coffin," a celebrated nautical character and a clever hornpipe dancer. At this theatre Charles Hill was stage manager, and his wife was a noted dancer. After the death of Mr. Hill, Mrs. Hill settled in Canada, and for years taught dancing in Montreal, where only a few years ago she died.

It was at the same theatre (The Surry) that the old school-fellow of mine—William Davidge—was brought out on the stage. He became a noted performer in many of the theatres in Canada and the United States. He finally settled down as a resident of Brookline, Mass., and there he died only a few years ago.

In these early days "free and easy" evening meetings were held at different public houses, where one could loiter away the hours enjoying his "pipe and pint" and at the same time listen to the songs from the "hangers-on" who were called upon to sing by the professional who occupied the chair. Music halls have now taken the place of those

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homely meetings, and a much higher class of entertainment is given. In addition to enjoying the "pipe and a pint," almost any kind of refreshment could be had. Many of these music halls have attained a great reputation.

My wife being an orphan and myself living apart from the home of my father and mother, it is not surprising that I should contract an early marriage. Weddings of the working class were as a rule not expensive, and frequently to save loss of time and expense, took place on Sunday. In fact, I have known men to work up to dinner time, go home and change their clothes, get married and return to their work within the hour. Wedding tours, as now, were never thought of, so that instead of going off on a trip—often with borrowed money—they would stay at home to save all they could. The young married man, bound to get on, would always have at heart the best means of economy; his one great fear was to be out of work, for he could always see many good workmen out of employment, willing to work, but could not get it. This caused him to turn his eyes and thoughts to emigration to the New World. The man desiring to save all of his earnings he could spare would seldom take a holiday, but generally contented himself with an evening's walk, or on Sunday a ramble

in the fields. In those days there was no Saturday afternoon holiday for the workingman, as now. Excursions were frequent, but the losing of the day's pay to attend them, as well as the expense, was an item for the workingman to seriously consider.

The coronation of Her Majesty came very soon after my wedding, and of course we had to go to that. The theatres were thrown open free on that night, and we tried to get tickets for admission to one of them. For this purpose it was advertised that at a certain hour free tickets would be distributed. Accordingly I made my way to the theatre, and for a long while previous to the appointed time submitted myself to a dreadful crush by the throng of people present. At the specified hour a man appeared on the theatre balcony, and then scattered the tickets to the surging mass below, in the same manner a sower would scatter his seed. Those fortunate enough to get them departed rejoicing, while the less fortunate had to go away disappointed. Later came the procession in connection with Her Majesty's marriage to Prince Albert, which of course we could not think of missing. But our holidays were few and far between.

Having, as I have before remarked, an idea of crossing the Atlantic, and after maturing my plans,

I shall never forget embarking, with my wife and two children (Mary Ann and William), at Southampton, on the 31st March, 1844, in the good old ship "The Rainbow"—a bark that had formerly belonged to the British navy. (Even though she had been sold out of the service, there was no doubt as to her seaworthiness; and this we thoroughly proved before we landed at Quebec, which was on the 27th of May, 1844.)

"The Rainbow" was owned by a Mr. Bovill of Southampton at that time. She was 492 tons register, 120 feet long, 32 feet one inch wide, 21 feet one inch deep. She was built at Her Majesty's dockyard in Chatham in 1823, had a square stern, and a man's bust for her figurehead. She was demolished at Southampton in 1863. Between 1840 and 1850 she traded between Southampton and Quebec, leaving the former city each year about the end of March or beginning of April, so as to arrive in Quebec as soon as navigation opened. (From information very kindly secured by Messrs. Maynard & Child of Boston, general agents of the American Line, through the managing agents of the same line at Southampton, England.)

When the government had certified that the vessel was a proper one, and bound the ship owners to supply certain quantities of tea, sugar, rice,

flour, biscuits (hard tack), oatmeal and water, per head, they thought everything necessary was done by them—even the quality was greatly overlooked—and anything extra from this supply the emigrant had to look to for himself.

At last the ropes holding the ship were loosened, and under the guidance of the crew we soon left our moorings. I recall the words of Irving: "As the last blue of my native land faded away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land now vanishing from my view which contained all most dear to me in life,—what vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me before I should visit it again,—and who can tell when he sets forth to wander whither he may be driven by the uncertain current of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?"

Each passenger had to take care of his own provisions and do his own cooking. A galley fire was provided expressly for him, and while preparing a meal if he did not watch closely he was very likely to have his food stolen. Potatoes were boiled in nets, in a large boiler filled with sea water, the nets being so marked that each would know his

own. Much fun occurred in this cooking business. Some would soak and mash up their biscuits, and with the plums and currants served up, make a regular plum pudding. Some would make a thin batter, and if, while doing the mixing, the vessel gave a lurch, it was almost certain to send mixer and mixed bang against the bulwarks, completely spilling the latter. Then all sorts of fun would be around the galley fire—which was always in a cloud of smoke. The manner of serving out the rations also caused much fun. Oh! if a rough time came up, and especially if it came during the night, how the dishes would roll about the deck!

Our passage was a splendid one. Many events took place. Births and deaths were not uncommon; but most passengers spent their time singing and dancing and story telling. For myself, "I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or place myself in some favorable position in some corner of the boat, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the billows of golden clouds just peeping above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores. There was a delicious sensa-

tion of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbled about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark darting like the spectre through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the water-world beneath me,—of the finny herds that roamed its fathomless valley, of the shapeless monsters that lurked among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors."

At last came the thrilling cry of "Land." I shall never forget that cry, but cannot express the throng of sensations that rushed into my bosom. It was Canada! It was "my promised land!" And I had great hope for the future. "What in the world would we do without that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter." From that time until the moment of our arrival all was feverish excitement. Everything being favorable, we soon reached the city of Quebec, and were tied to our pier. "All now was



hurry and bustle. The meeting of acquaintances, the greetings of friends, the consultations of men of business. I alone seemed solitary and idle. I had no friends to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the ground, but felt that I was a stranger in the land."

In those days the usual time occupied by a sailing vessel in crossing the Atlantic Ocean was from four to six weeks. How different is emigration to-day, when one can cross in six and seven days, and by steam vessels; furnished with bed and bedding; supplied with a meal as the time comes round, of good cooked food, and can enjoy his newly baked loaf, his butter, tea coffee or cocoa; and it is not uncommon to see good men (representatives of railroad corporations or steamship companies) in charge of squads of emigrants for the purpose of starting them properly toward their destination.

Counting 1844, I have crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times, three in sailing vessels and eighteen in steamers :

Southampton to Quebec, . . .	1844
New York to Liverpool, . . .	1851
London to New York, . . .	1851
New York to London, . . .	1865
Liverpool to Quebec, . . .	1865

New York to London, . . . . .	1874
Liverpool to Quebec, . . . . .	1874
New York to Liverpool, . . . . .	1875
Liverpool to Quebec, . . . . .	1875
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1879
Liverpool to Montreal, . . . . .	1879
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1882
Glasgow to Quebec, . . . . .	1882
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1886
Liverpool to Montreal, . . . . .	1886
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1890
Liverpool to Montreal, . . . . .	1890
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1894
Liverpool to Montreal, . . . . .	1894
Montreal to Liverpool, . . . . .	1898
Liverpool to Montreal, . . . . .	1898

Therefore I am well able to relate the difference. In 1851, combining health with pleasure, I crossed the Atlantic to revisit London and the great exhibition. Ah, well do I remember the emotions on the first sight of England—later its green fields, the waving corn, and the meeting of mother, brothers and sisters. Those only know who have passed through it. My father was gone, lost on his returning home from a visit to me in Iberville.

What a change in the emigration of to-day compared with the date of my first arrival in Can-

ada! At the present time, when an emigrant arrives, if he desires, he is taken in charge of by either of the national homes for the country to which he belongs, he is lodged and boarded there until he gets located, and has all his immediate wants supplied. When I arrived in Montreal, my wife and children could only sit on our trunks, while I walked the city round to find a lodging to shelter us. Certainly the government supplied sheds at Point St. Charles, but those sheds were looked upon as horrible places, shunned by every respectable family. After my unsuccessful day's walk in the rain, weary and tired, I returned to the wharf, to find my wife and our two little ones still occupying our trunks, despondent and bemoaning our apparent hard fate. My friend, with whom I came over the sea—an old acquaintance in London—in his search about Montreal for a house, had been more successful than myself, and had found rooms in Campean Street, in the Quebec suburbs, as it was then called, and with his wife and children had left for his new home. Evening was fast setting in, and we were wondering what to do, when an old Irishwoman, taking compassion on us, said she would give us a shelter until we could find something better. So, after getting a truck to transfer our baggage, off we went, led by this good-

hearted woman. Stopping on College Street at a small grocery, kept by a man named Shannon, where I intended to make some inquiries, I found drinking at the corner, a man who turned to me on hearing my voice, and instantly recognizing me, he said, "Why, William, is it really you?" "Yes, it is, Mr. Cook," I said. "Well," he said, "lose no time, as your baggage is going on. It is all right. I am living within a few doors of you, and we shall see each other again." We did often meet, and I was indebted to him for many useful points he gave me. And this Mr. Cook was a man who had carried on a large building business in the city of London, had failed, and, as people said, had run away, whither no one knew. He left his wife in possession of all she could hold. The report was that he had gone off and was dead. But he told me that in a few years all this would be forgotten, and "I shall return to England and enjoy my old armchair." At the time we met he was foreman to a large contractor in Montreal. We lived as neighbors for a short time, and often met, but he soon went elsewhere, and I have never heard of him since.

Employment soon came to me and what with attending to this and getting ourselves settled, I was prevented from going to see my old friend on

Campeau Street, who had secured good employment as a gilder, and was sent to work at the church at St. Isidore, P. Q., so that a few weeks passed without meeting each other. When, with a friend, I went to see him (oh! what a hot day in July) we found the rooms darkened by the closed shutters (great heavy shutters, such as were used upon the old French houses), to keep out the heat, as we supposed, but, although there were several children, quiet seemed to reign supreme. My friend was at home, having arrived from St. Isidore only the day before. "Where is your wife?" I asked. "Here," said he, and walking to a bed in an adjoining room, drew down a sheet, which presented to our view the dead body of his wife. She had been confined, but too early assumed the cares of her home, which forced her to bed, and she died almost suddenly. The shock it gave me may well be imagined. A man, with heart overflowing with grief at the loss of a loving wife, left with three children, and a babe just born and still living, and surrounded by neighbors unable to understand the language he spoke, is a situation that can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. I immediately returned and consulted my wife, who soon arrived at a decision. Ah, my friends, these are the times to prove one's sympathy and a desire

to help the weary, worn and afflicted, pulling hard against the stream. She returned with me, and although nursing a child of our own, nursed from her own breast the new-born babe of our friend, and taking it home with her, continued to nurse it tenderly and affectionately for fully eight months. Feeding bottles were not so common then as now. The family, after seeing the wife and mother laid to rest in a grave in Papineau Road burying ground, came to live near us where the children had my wife's supervision, with a devotion that knew no reserve and a kindness that never failed, until about eight months later, when they left for Ontario, taking with them the babe, healthy and strong, in charge of another wife,—my friend had married. Since then we have had no correspondence with each other.

Staying in Montreal, the days passed very pleasantly. Work was plentiful, and I had contracted for part of the first St. Stephen's Church, then building in Montreal. It was while employed in this that I first came in contact with the old Dean Bethune. It was while in this employment that I was a witness to the fracas which occurred at the time the corner-stone was to be laid by the Governor, Sir Charles Metcalf. The stone hung upon the derrick just over the place it was to be laid;

the visitors were seated on benches around it; and while waiting for the Governor a row occurred at one of the floral arches, which were decorated with what was, to some, offensive lilies. (We can consider the lilies of the field that toil not, neither do they spin; but with all their beauty they are still emblems offensive to many.) Well, a rush made toward the hanging stone caused the benches to be broken down and the visitors to be scattered among the debris, and the stone to fall, seriously injuring a great many. (It was not until years afterwards that I found out that a certain lady who at that time had her leg broken was the mother of an intimate friend of mine.)

Winter was rapidly approaching, and to help meet the necessary extra expense at that season of the year, I was looking for some additional employment, when I was offered a position to teach the drawing class of the Montreal Mechanics' Institute, 1844-45. It was while thus engaged that I became acquainted with such men as Charles Garth, who was then its secretary; with Ostell and Footner, architects; Parkyn and Milne, engineers; John Matthewson, and many other good scientific men. My class was quite a success, and well appreciated, and I could count many clever mechanics associated with it, some of the retired men of

to-day. I was well known from that time, and can claim some friends from among them at present alive and well, men who have raised themselves to position and affluence, and who are connected with most works of charity, philanthropy and science.

To one who was changing his residence from London, England, to Montreal, Canada, in those days, he is struck principally with the methods taken to preserve law and order. He soon learns on which side to array himself, however. In London any row or disturbance was soon quelled by the police. Not so was it in Montreal. Policemen were few and far between, and was it not for the banding together of persons as societies, law and order could not have been preserved; neither could the streets be traversed in safety; nor could freedom have been possible at the voting booths, but for the aid of these societies and the free use of axe handles, which they used as "billies." The fire companies were composed of this sort of citizens, and when the fire alarm bell rang it was never known whether they were needed to help quench a fire or quell a disturbance. (How well I remember running after the old Union fire engine, with my friend, Fred Perry, as its captain.) I have known a Parliament election kept in quiet and order at



the points of swords and bayonets of Imperial soldiers, re-enforced by a cannon in the haymarket (which then stood where now stands Victoria Square), aimed ready to rake McGill Street.

Race and creed formed the greatest troubles in these times, and it was dangerous to go through some streets in Montreal, especially Griffintown. How different to the present time, with the Grand Trunk offices and its hundreds of employees in them; its miles of track, its trains of cars, its shops and roundhouses—tracks on the one side leading to the far west, and the other across the famous Victoria Bridge (then a tunnel, but which has now been changed and replaced by a steel bridge) to the south.

Profitable employment offering, and now being well known, especially to the building community of Montreal, I soon came into connection with some of the leading works of that day.

On my arrival in Montreal, in 1844, I witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new Methodist chapel that stood where the Temple Building now stands. When that chapel was finished I obtained the contract to dismantle the whole of the inside fittings of the old chapel, then at the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Street (which was afterwards fitted up and occupied

as a drug store), and removed them to be fixed up and arranged with other additions to a Methodist chapel that was then being built in Lagauchetiere Street, in the Quebec suburbs. (I have since attended the jubilee services of this chapel.)

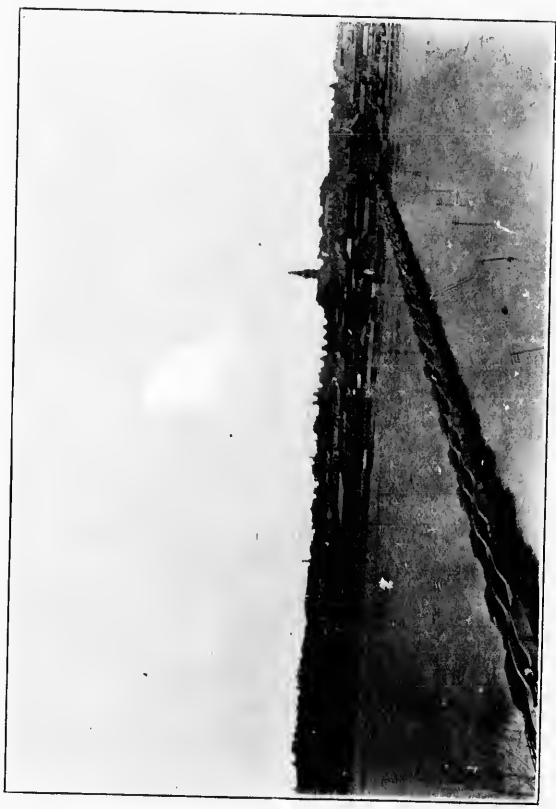
It was shortly after this that I undertook a contract for work on the Episcopal church at St. Johns, P. Q., and removed there with my wife and family, and charmed, with the quiet country life and rural felicity, have continued to reside there ever since. Employment turned out satisfactorily, enabling us to enjoy all the comforts for a family, and it was no wonder we considered ourselves permanently settled. And who arriving in those days (in June 1846) could help being charmed by the beauty of the place and its tranquility; the beautiful River Richelieu, with its stately maple, elm and pine trees on either side, its waters gleaming and scintillating by day in the sunshine, and by night reflecting the countless millions of stars in the heavens, flowing from the extensive Lake Champlain to the town of Sorel, on the St. Lawrence River, and spanned by Jones's toll bridge between St. Johns and Iberville? The northern part of the town was then called Christieville. What an uninterrupted view of river scene could be had when standing upon this bridge, looking



Jones's Bridge, looking to Iberville.



Jones's Bridge, looking to Iberville.



Jones's Bridge, looking to St. Johns.

south toward Lake Champlain, and north toward Chambly! With eyes turned northward one could view the rapids and fisheries without obstruction, while looking to the south he could view the steamers at the wharf preparing for their trip up the river from St. Johns to Whitehall.

The beautiful Whitehall boats were noted for their speed, their cleanliness and general neatness, for their table always well supplied with every delicacy, and for the uniform attention and courtesy of captain, officers and crew, as well as the polite bootblack, who boasted that he could find "gemmen's" boots, no matter where they were put, and who always took pains to let you know that "gemmen nebbber gib less nor a quarter to hab der boots black."

Stationed in the well built and spacious barracks in the south end of the town was a British regiment of the line. This regiment had a splendid military band that played well and often, thereby giving much pleasure to the townspeople; and the society created by the regiment's officers and men made the town lively and the people active. But now alas! one can stand upon the old-fashioned Jones's bridge, and looking to the south finds his view obstructed by the wooden bridge of the Central Vermont Railroad, and to the north by

the pile bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway—this latter cutting through the ornamental grounds of some beautiful family residences on the Iberville side of the river, while its yards, its tracks and disfiguring arrangements to accommodate its tracks, etc., on the St. Johns side, have made the streets most hideous. No passenger steamboats now run to the United States; only occasional excursion boats, few and far between, occupy their pier. No British regiment of the line has for many years been stationed in the town; in its place there is only a small company of infantry, forming a school of instruction. And upon the river only an occasional yacht and a few private row boats are to be seen. The two railroads, the C. P. R. and G. T. R., running to Montreal, although called "rivals," do not fail to agree to higher tariffs than was ever known to exist when the G. T. R. was the only railroad passing through the town to Montreal.

In 1847 I was consulted by the Hon. Robert Jones as to his toll bridge which crosses the Richelieu River at this place, and at that time made an inspection of it, and later on assumed the management, a position which I held for over 32 years, although in 1897 I found it necessary to resign most of the work connected therewith, retaining only an advisory supervision over it, but still hav-

ing charge of estate affairs, which with the toll bridge is still the property of the estate of the late Hon. Robert Jones. My eldest son now has the management of the bridge. This same year (1847) I discussed the necessity of changing the truss work over the large span, from a king to a queen truss, and in 1849 framed and put it up.

I cannot help referring to the paragraph which appeared in the *St. John's News* of June 4, 1887, remarking upon my resignation from the management of the bridge. It follows :

“ After thirty-four years of successful management, as manager and superintendent of Jones's toll bridge, Mr. Wm M. Ryder has resigned the position, and since the first of this month the position has been filled by his eldest son. During this long management, while giving perfect satisfaction to the public, no accident has ever occurred, nor any circumstances whereby the bridge proprietors have been called upon to pay damages. Mr. Ryder still retains the Jones estate work and acts as adviser in bridge affairs.”

It was soon after arriving in Iberville (then called Christieville) that I undertook a contract for the steamboat “Iron Duke,” then being built for the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway, as a ferry boat to run from Montreal. I also contracted for the principal work of building the church for

the Sabrevois Mission, and later the building of the parsonage house and the mission house.

The years 1847—1848, record the breaking out among emigrants of that dreadful and fatal disease, ship fever. Many sickened and died, and were buried in Point St. Charles, the spot being marked by a huge boulder, duly inscribed, which was erected by the Grand Trunk Railway, to commemorate the sad event. This epidemic was referred to in the recent celebration of Canon Ellegood's jubilee, who also mentioned the fact that he preached his first sermon at that time at the church in Iberville, of which church I was then sexton.

On the 12th of March, 1899, Canon Ellegood came to officiate at St. Johns, and I had an opportunity to talk with him, and it was with great pleasure that we recounted old times, reviewed the changes, the improvements, enlargements and advancements, mourned for lost friends, and prayed for those living. Canon Ellegood was present at the fraeas which occurred while the corner stone of St. Stephen's Church, Montreal, was being laid, referred to in a previous page; and during the ship fever epidemic at Point St. Charles he watched over the pillow of the dying, with help, with counsel and with hope, unceasingly.



It was customary for emigrants en route to the United States to stop over at St. Johns, and during the ship fever period many were stricken with the disease and died there. It was while attending to some of these cases that the rector of St. Johns, Rev. Mr. Dawes, was smitten with the fever and died. In the spring of 1848, the rector of Christierville, Rev. Mr. Thompson, went his month to Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, where he was taken sick by the fever, brought home and died, and it was to fill this vacancy that Canon Ellegood came to officiate, and preached his first sermon.

After my return from England in 1852, I contracted for and did work at Lacolle, which caused me to demolish the "old mill," noted for the great battle fought there between the English and Americans in 1812, living at the same time in the old "Block House," which had served as a fort.

In the year 1860 I built the courthouse and jail at Sweetsburg, and as one of a number built by the Government in accordance with an act passed by Sir George E. Cartier, in order that the different localities should have its "Chef Lieu," I wish to make mention of it.

Districts were altered and remade for this purpose. Previous to this, many places were dependent on Montreal for the administration of justice, to the

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The Courthouse and Jail at Sweetsburg, P. Q.

delay of suits, and to the expense and inconvenience of litigants,—but it is of our district of Iberville, with which from the time above stated I have become intimate, that I wish to speak. The Court was held in St. Johns, in a small wooden building which, after the erection of the present courthouse, formed part of the lunatic asylum under the charge of the late Dr. Howard, and in time demolished. The Superior Court has been presided over by resident judges, among whom may be named Judges Sicotte, McCord and Chagnon, and at the present day by Judge Charland, who was born in this district of Iberville, and whose decisions have been firmly but pleasantly rendered, and who as judge respected is by all who know him.

Arriving at St. John in June, 1845, by the St. Lawrence & Champlain Railroad (with wooden rails and pieces of flat iron on the top,—the first railroad built in Canada.) who could but admire the picturesque beauty of its surroundings—the river Richelieu, rapidly taking its waters from the banks of Lake Champlain, spanned by Jones's toll bridge, which if you crossed landed you on its eastern side in the town now called Iberville, which was then called St. Athanase, while the northern part was called Christieville. Passing along this part would remind you of one of the green lanes of England.

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There was the little church (in which afterwards I performed the duties of sexton for sixteen years) and the school and cemetery attached, while nearer the church was the parsonage and the little creek winding through the grounds—the whole



Parsonage of the Christieville Church.

built and endowed by Major Christie. How rural like it seemed!

The little church at Christieville overlooking the running brook—well do I remember the

pleasant, and yet sad, time that I passed in this spot. Pleasant because of its position, its rural manners, and that it was the place in which most of my family were born. Sadness when I remember that my father, John Ryder, visited me in 1847, staying with me until near the close of the navigation on the Richelieu River, taking about the last boat that left St. Johns for Whitehall. He was bound for New York, and from Whitehall he took the boat up the canal between that place and Troy. There was no railroad in those days, and stage and boats were the only means of travel. Being so late in the season, his boat became ice-bound on the trip, so that it retarded his journey quite a few days. On arriving at the Hudson he took one of the steamboats to New York, with the intention of proceeding at once to England. But being delayed by the ice interfered with his getting away. He wrote me, but through his not understanding the mailing system then in vogue, he placed his letter in the Post Office box unstamped [the practice in those days was not to allow letters to be forwarded unless stamped], and consequently it never reached me. and I knew nothing of his needs, and was wondering why I had not heard from him, while he was despairing at not receiving a reply from me. Through a friend his letter finally reached

me, and before I could reply to him he had left New York, for where I never knew, and do not to this day know, whether he sailed for England and the ship was wrecked and he was lost, or whether he was taken sick and died on the voyage, I have never been able to ascertain. All my efforts since then to get trace of him have been fruitless. Not only was the loss of father greatly regretted, but the circumstances regarding his disappearance caused the family on both sides of the Atlantic to be in continual mourning for his absence.

Father's younger days had been passed on the sea, and generally in merchant vessels. At the time of the war in 1814, the vessel upon which he was engaged was seized and the crew taken captives by men supposed to be in exchange for English prisoners, but in reality being taken to England—only those on board of the war vessel knowing that the location they first saw was land of England, instead of what they expected to be, French. The result was that the vessel and crew were taken to France, and my father remained a prisoner of France for over ten years. He made several escapes, never succeeding in getting beyond the French lines until his fourth attempt, and then, after suffering intense hardships and many privations, he reached England to find that peace had

been declared and that men who had been prisoners with him, and had not attempted to escape, had been set free and returned to their homes many days before his arrival. I know that he was confined at Mayence and Metz and Lyons, in France, but cannot now remember what other places he was held at, although father had spent many evenings with me telling his experiences.

During his imprisonment he studied, practiced and became very fluent in many languages, not to mention his increased endeavors to become more proficient and a greater master of the art of navigation. It was in pursuit of this study, and with the desire of completing a problem of navigation, that he crossed the Atlantic and visited me in 1847.

The Mayor of St. Johns at that time, I think, was Nelson Mott. He kept the Post Office and store and the hotel, and, the little railroad closing up at the first sign of winter, it was from this store that they started the stage to Montreal.

Then there was the genial Dr. Wight and the merchant princes of St. Johns, E. and D. Macdonald, and a few others that formed the elite or aristocracy of St. Johns, backed by the military of the regular regiment at that time stationed in St. Johns.

About this time the *St. Johns News* was started by W. W. Smith, the father and grandfather of the present proprietors, and, flourishing to this day, comes weekly to an old reader not only in the capacity of a news gather of to-day, but also as a reminder—a connecting link—between these days and those earlier days of which we write. Later, a newspaper in the French language was started by the present Premier of the Province of Quebec, the Hon. F. G. Marchand, called the *Franco Canadienne*, which is still receiving its share of patronage under the proprietorship of his son, Mr. Gabriel Marchand.

In glancing over the preceding pages from the first mentioned dates, say 1824, to the present time, say June, 1899, one cannot but contemplate with wonder and surprise the many and great changes which have taken place during these periods; and having been a collector of seigniorial rents for many years over a large extent of country, say from Iberville to St. Denis on the Richelien one way, and southward to St. Alexander, and from the river to the line of the Eastern Townships on the other, thus covering an area of many miles, has brought me a knowledge of the French Canadian character, as well as a knowledge of the different sections of



the country, and myself being seignor of Isle Perrot, west, on the Ottawa River, has brought me a knowledge of the famed Ottawa Rapids, and the old Church of St. Anne's, immortalized by Moore in his Canadian Boat Song, at the time when but few steamboats were to be found traversing the great oceans of the world. And now what do we see? Steamboats of enormous magnitude, fitted up in gorgeous style to convey passengers, not only to the continent of America, but to every part of the world, combining speed and safety, luxury and comfort; and mark, all made of iron and steel, and war vessels of the same magnitude, make and material. Truly it may be said that the wooden walls of old England are now nowhere to be found, and those who have read Mother Shipton's prophecy must surely confess that "iron now floats." But who can tell what is to be in the future? Will not steam in a great measure be superseded by electricity? Shall we not have telegraphing without wires? Telephones that will reflect the speaker's face? Balloons regularly steered by electric power, and the point of the compass worked by sympathetic needles? But apart from all this, let us look over the pages referring more to the time when I took up my residence in St. Johns, June,

1846, and see what changes have taken place in that town and at Iberville.

There may be some old French Canadians who can speak from that date, but I know of but few who can relate the circumstances I have referred to. Old English-speaking residents have passed away, and within the last two years many have passed away in St. Johns; there are "but few remaining who remind us of the past." The old St. Lawrence and Champlain Railroad, in those times, was the only outlet for passengers and traffic going south and east, the only feeder to those beautiful Lake Champlain boats. Now and for many years past no Lake Champlain boats have been running from St. Johns. The little railroad, many years ago, was absorbed by the Grand Trunk Railroad, and now forms part of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to New York, while the Central Vermont Railroad takes all from it to the south and east. For the last few years the Canadian Pacific Railway runs out from Montreal, with its passenger and traffic lines distributed as far as Halifax. The St. Lawrence and Champlain Railroad was also the feeder for the commercial and social life of St. Johns, which in the early days was great. Now, St. Johns is only a junction point, lacking both commercial and social life.



Home, Riverside Terrace, St. Johns.

Home, Riverside Terrace, St. Johns.



Chambly Canal, St. Johns, looking South.

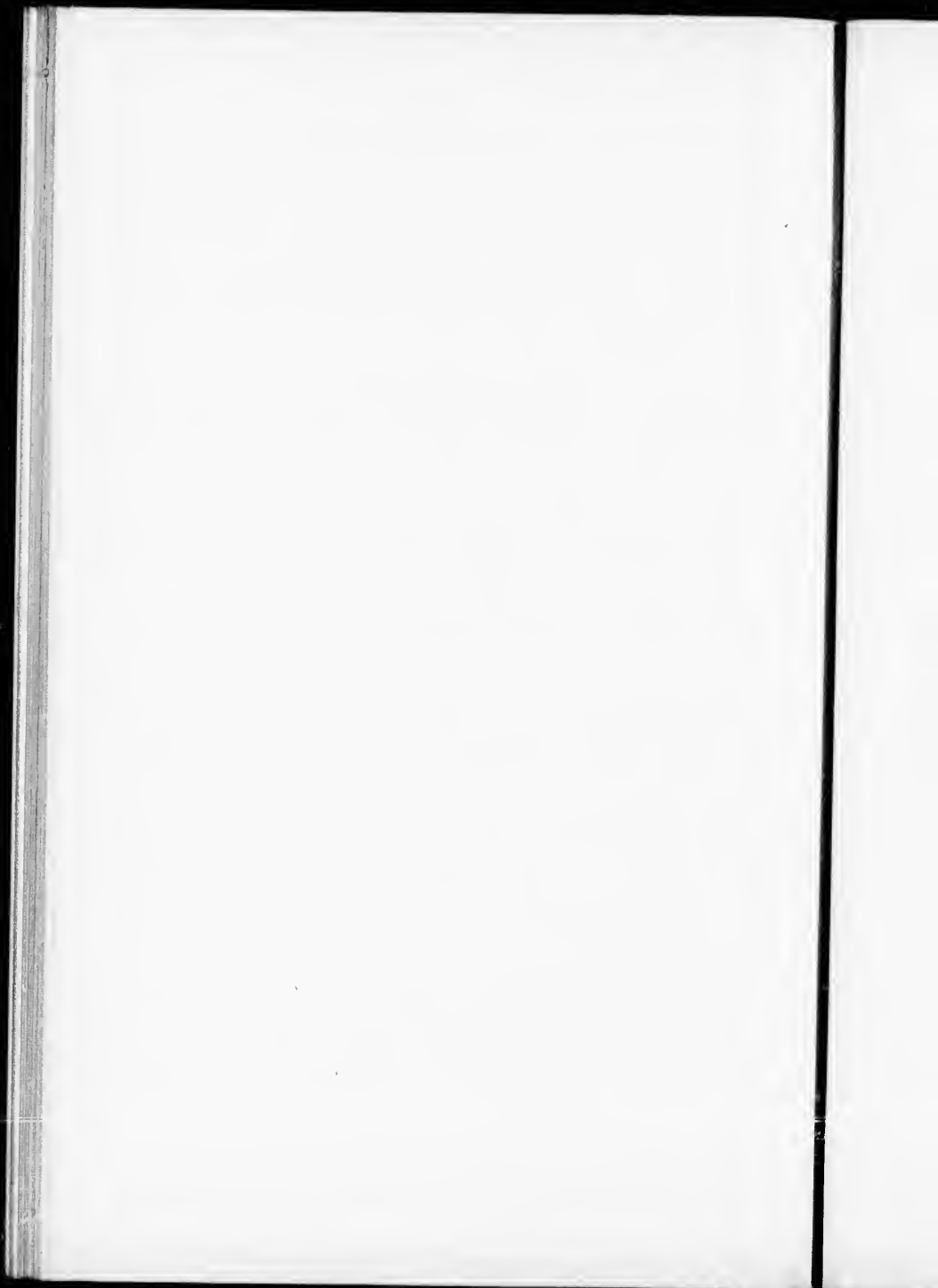
Some few factories that then existed were destroyed by the great fire of 1876, and were never rebuilt. The population has decreased, and the factories now existing do not as a rule give employment to many heads of families. Unceasing has been the clamor for bonuses, and of late two heavy bonuses have been given (advocated most energetically by town councillors): one firm receiving a good bonus, chiefly cash down, fell into insolvency within less than a year; and later, the other, a vinegar and canning factory, which received a cash bonus of \$17,000, has also become insolvent. It is said the municipality of St. John has the first mortgage on its buildings, which may be an elephant, and which may perhaps be purchased by some enterprising citizen for a trifle, resold to some new bonus seeker at a large profit, who will then in turn advocate the giving a bonus to another applicant. The Corticelli Silk Works and Molleur's Straw Hat Factory are the chief manufactories of the town, and a few potteries worked on a very limited scale. Yet with all the business failures and successes, nothing can shut out the location the town enjoys, or deprive it of its reputation as a most healthful and beautiful spot, boasting many handsome residences along the rapid Richelieu River, previously referred to, that cannot be surpassed.

#### CLOSING REMARKS.

It is Easter time, 1900. With these few remarks I close this book. It was Easter, 1824, my first important act is recorded here. Thus it will be seen that I have related circumstances of my life during a period of 76 years—a simple recital, aspiring to nothing literary. I am thankful for all things: thankful for the love and affection of my family, thankful to the friends who treat me with respect, thankful especially to that Almighty Power, who keeps me in good health, and who permits me in a great measure, in the 83rd year of my age, to fulfil my ordinary occupations of life, feeling assured that He will guide me to the end.

W. M. RYDER.

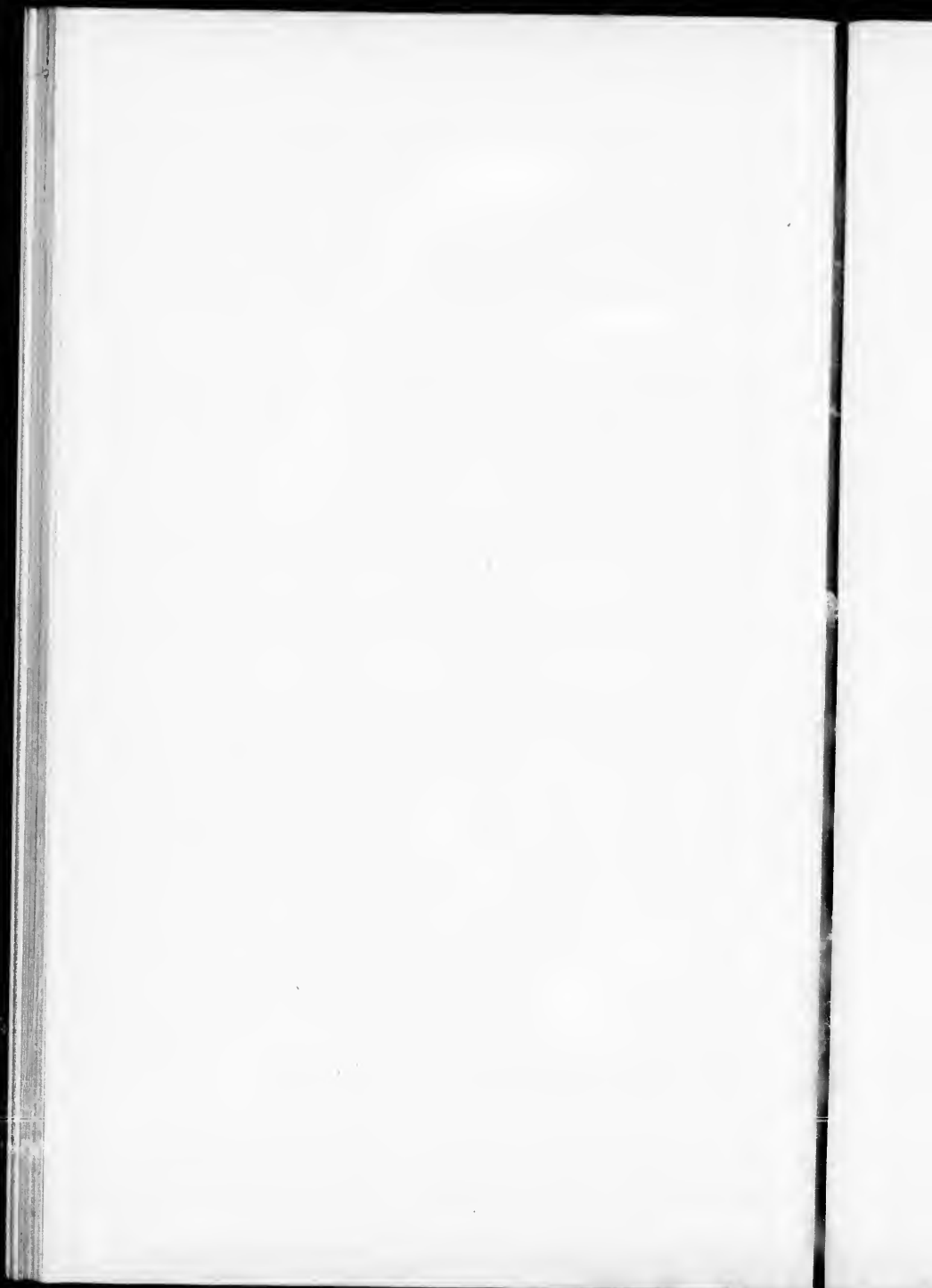
St. Johns, P. Q., Easter, 1900.



POETRY AND OTHERWISE

FROM AUTOGRAPH BOOKS





TO FELIX, M. A. AND LILLIE CHILLINGWORTH.

Thanks, dear ones, thanks. Your book has come this way—

A fitting greeting for the New Year's day.

Your words, your wishes, printed on its title page.

Speaks your affection and deep love—a solace to old age.

God grant your wishes held by His Almighty power—

Mine shall be granted freely, hour by hour—

And when my mind scans over the space of time,

I see from from infancy, thy love was mine ;

Companion from childhood, our grief, our joys did share,

Exchanging home, but to assume maternal care.

Near twenty years since then have passed,—how quickly  
flies the time—

May he who shares thy love and home be spared to thee  
and thine.

I think of each in hours of toil, in pleasure—everywhere—

On ocean foam, in foreign lands, and in the hour of prayer.

God bless you, daughter—Felix, too, and Lillie dear as  
well,

Though distance part us, I can say, " Indeed thou hast  
loved well " ;

May peace and plenty, health and love, attend each on  
the way,

And blessings from our Father's hand be given each New  
Year's day.

January 2, 1882.

TO LILLIE.

Although I am the very last,  
Grandpa's love is unsurpassed.

New Haven, Conn., April 24, 1881.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

My first, it tells of days gone by,  
Of youth that reigned supreme,  
When guarded by affection's eye  
Around the village green.

My last stands marked upon its page,  
The fleeting sands of time ;  
From youth to manhood, then to age—  
May happiness be thine.

New Haven, Conn., April 25, 1881.

With lips of love, we say again  
That sweet, sad word, " good-bye,"  
Affection starts the inward pain,  
The moistening of the eye.

Twelve years ago, see, near this page,  
The pen there shows its might,  
Reminds us all from youth to age,  
How time goes through its flight.

Dear Lillie, once again receive  
My loving words requite,  
That wishes dear, and pray believe  
They always wish you right.

New Haven, Conn., March 21, 1893.

TO FRED.

" Old Time flies fast." the poet sings ;  
Then surely it is wise,  
Midst golden hours, to clip his wings,  
And seize him as he flies.

Those golden hours once lost, 'tis said,  
Can never be regained ;  
So youth's the time when heart and head  
To studious minds be chained.

I well may feel affection's start,  
When thoughts occur to me  
Of hours spent with gladdened heart,  
With thee, on the foaming sea.

When on Atlantic's billowy breast,  
Where wave on wave is piled ;  
By thee all comfort was possessed,  
Although 'twas rude and wild.

When England's shores you first did see ;  
Her cliffs of chalk ; her towers ;  
Her land of freedom—yes, ever free,  
Thank God that country's ours.

'Twas there affection's gentle hand,  
And thoughts of earlier days,  
Were blended with that little band  
That led thee o'er her ways.

'Twas there thy parents first drew breath,  
'Twas there their feet first trod ;  
'Twas there thy brother, clasped in death,  
Was taken home to God.

Years since have passed, and far from thence  
Some others peaceful lie  
In Death's cold grasp, in churchyard home,  
'Neath Canada's clear, blue sky.

The chief of all, a mother's love,  
In thy young days was lost,  
And free from care, she rests above  
With Heaven's angelic host.

Another kindly hand bestows  
Attention to thy need ;  
Oh ! may thy love with ardent glow,  
From gratitude proceed.

Thy father still is spared to thee,  
To counsel, teach, to guide  
And mark thy way ; and may you be  
As gold the fire has tried.

Remember, then, whene'er you read  
Those lines his hand has penned,  
That only death, and that alone,  
A Father's love can end.

W. M. RYDER.

Iberville, P. Q., March 13, 1867.

TO LIZZIE.

"Remember me," "No place like home,"  
Are mottoes far and near,  
Uttered or unexpressed—by some  
Bedewed with many a tear.

How sad and weary beats the heart,  
Cast on Life's troubled sea,  
When home and kindred bear no part,  
Exclaim—"Remember me."

Or straying from the loving hearth  
In other lands to roam,  
Away from friends and cheerful mirth,  
We find—"No place like home."

This day of all proclaims how fast  
The months and years roll on;  
Then let us strive, while life shall last,  
To gain a "Heavenly Home."

And ever try with heart and hand,  
Together and alone,  
Encircled as a family band,  
Prove "No place like home."

May peace and plenty be your lot,  
And may you happy be,  
Your home be ever a cherished spot,  
And oft "Remember me."

St. Johns, P. Q., March 13, 1877.

TO ALICE RYDER WHITTIER.

" A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,  
With rest for the toil of to-morrow ;  
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoever is gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

MRS. JAMES RYDER.

Malone, N. Y., September 23, 1873.

Near four and twenty years ago,  
The hand that penned the page annexed  
Had ceased from toil the to-morrow oftines bring ;  
No sorrows from a mind perplexed disturbs that rest,  
From heavenly sources spring.

A mother's love to thee was lost—  
A charge to thee was given—  
A watchful care for those dear hearts  
Thus by affliction riven.  
Full well thou hast performed thy part,  
And now thine own demand thy care.

Though distance part us, and we seldom meet,  
Our thoughts are with you, and we oft repeat  
Thy name in deep affection,  
And pray that health, prosperity and blessing from above  
For thee and thine, with everlasting love.

W. M. RYDER.

Lawrence, Mass., March 29, 1893.

TO MY BROTHER JAMES ALLEN RYDER.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, SEPT. 30. 1896.

This day of all proclaims how fast  
The days and years roll by—  
Then let us strive while life shall last  
To bind affection's tie.

Accept, dear James, your brother's love  
On this your Natal Day,  
And may our hopes in heaven above  
Inspire each on his way.

St. Johns, P. Q., Sept. 30th, 1896.

"GOOD BYE."

Once more with dearest friends we meet again  
Where joyful hearts and mirthful pleasures reign—  
So soon to part, and "Au Revoir" the parting word should  
be—

To cheer us on our homeward trip, across the stormy sea.

'Tis now "Good Bye," and ask of each to pray  
That health, peace and safety. guide us on our way,  
Steered by skilful mariners across Atlantic's ocean foam,  
To those we love in our dear "Canadian Home."

Aylesbury, Sept. 11th, 1898.



TO MY BROTHER EDWIN.

ADAPTED TO THE SEVENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Remember, remember, the Seventh of September!  
Which to your very kind notice we bring,—  
'Tis the day above others, when mother, sisters and  
brothers,  
A Birthday Greeting to Edwin we'll sing.

With presents in store, each pleasantly swore,  
As they skulked round the house to disguise;  
Edwin, too, by all those that knew,  
How such presents were meant to surprise.

But some all so wise, love flashed in their eyes,  
Who plotted this seerecy great,—  
A brother was sent, who guessed their intent,  
And joined in the conclave, though late.

The party was found, with each love did abound,  
And soon was their secret bound fast;  
Then to Edwin they went, thus exposed their intent,  
And vowed their affection should last.

Then, hello, boys! hello, boys! shout and hurrah!  
Hello, boys! hello, boys! keep up the day!  
With love and affection we'll shout and we'll sing,  
That health, peace, and plenty to Edwin may bring.

W. M. RYDER.

TO FLORENCE.

So Florence, you ask me to write in your book,  
In remembrance of all as we find :  
How could I refuse, and how would it look  
Towards you ? to me loving and kind.  
May you live in affection, in duty, in love,  
Unruffled in temper, unburdened with care,  
Till we meet in the blissful, bright realms that's above,  
Clothed in white, with the crowns we shall wear—then  
Just give me a thought, who has penned these few lines—  
Many times you will wish he was here,—  
And often you'll think of the joyous old times—  
May always bright visions appear.

W. M. RYDER.

St. Johns, P. Q., January, 1882.

"Angels attend thee! May their wings  
Fan every shadow from thy brow ;  
For only bright and loving things  
Should wait on one so good as thou."

L. A. FLANDERS.

St. Johns, P. Q., January 2, 1883.

What angels? What wings? Would you have cool her  
brow ;  
What bright, loving things should wait on her now ?  
Come, speak out, confess, whose shadow would you  
Have the covert, so faithful, so honest and true ?

W. M. RYDER.

TO SUSIE.

Old Father Time, with scythe in hand,  
Keeps mowing down some little band ;  
Affection's tie, or family name,  
To him, " Rude Monarch," all the same  
As those who have no friends to mourn,  
All, all along this stream is borne.

But there is One who says that we can live in immortality  
With those we love, where angels sing,  
One Faith, one Cross, Salvation bring,  
To all who change their hearts of stone,  
To all who trust in Him alone—  
Though nothing in our hands we bring,  
But simply to His cross can cling.

Dear Susie, we can soar above  
And dwell in everlasting love,  
In praise and Hallelujahs join  
And celebrate each Easter time.

Much sickness and many deaths have taken place around us within the last few months, some with whom we have been intimately connected. The question may be studied, " Who will be next ?" That the above lines may be a subject for constant thought, is the earnest wish of the writer.

W. M. RYDER.

St. Johns, P. O., Easter, 1887.

TO SUSIE.

"I love to see thy gentle hand dispose with modest grace,  
The household things around thy home, and each thing in its  
place ;  
And then thy own trim, modest form is always neatly clad ;  
Thou sure wilt make the tidiest wife that ever a husband had."

L. A. FLANDERS.

St. Johns, Quebec, August 27, 1888.

REPLY.

What flattering words and vain display,  
The page annexed contains :  
"The gentle hand, the modest form,"  
Seems fitting on your brains.

"The household things so neatly placed,"  
"The form so neatly clad,"  
"The placing of those things," so mazed  
A husband might call bad.

So now, young man, take heed, beware,  
No good opinions form,  
Lest all your thoughts on "tidy wife"  
Should upset all your home.

W. M. RYDER.

St. Johns, Quebec.

TO MY SON ALBERT.

A birthday is a fitting time  
For special words and active thought,  
Reviewing precept line by line,  
Regretting what has passed as nought,

We see, as year by year rolls on,  
How golden moments swiftly fly,  
Some chances lost, some victory won,  
Some disappointment passing by.

Albert, on this your natal day,  
With youth and energy displayed,  
A firm resolve may guide your way  
To honour, fame, and lifelong aid.

And now, my son, my wish is this :  
That every happiness be thine,  
With health, prosperity and heavenly bliss,  
In peace, in love and true affection shine.

St. Johns, P. Q., Dec. 8, 1896.

TO ARNOLD H. RYDER

ON HIS ATTAINING HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Hail, glorious morn—Let bells of Freedom ring,  
Birds carol sweetly as if in early Spring,  
Nor heed the Autumn leaf whose tinted hue  
Reminds us how near we are to Winter's dreary view.

And who can watch the falling leaf, but may  
Indulge in passing thoughts, occurring every day?  
See how it leaves its parent branch, that held it close and  
dear  
And, wafted by each wind that blows, is driven far and  
near.

Such, such is life, from infancy to age  
Is held most dear by those we love, and manhood claims its  
page—

Then severed from the parent branch, be kind and own its  
sway,  
For you can proudly now exclaim, I'm twenty-one to-day!

Your parents still are spared to thee, to counsel, teach and  
guide,  
And mark thy way—and may you be as gold the fire has  
tried,—  
May health, peace and plenty, and blessings attend thy  
way,  
And thus fulfil my earnest wish, on this your natal day.

St. Johns, P. Q., October 6th, 1896.

COUNSEL.

Listen, daughter, to your father—  
Do not think it but a whim  
When he seeks to give you counsel—  
Mind, you're not so old as him.  
Oft when young, he would be thoughtless,  
Pleasure was his own desire—  
But now, oh, dear, what sad remembrance—  
Burnt children "Dread the Fire."

Do not knit thy brows, my darling ;  
Sad experience makes me speak.  
When I thought that I was strongest,  
Ah ! 'twas then that I was weak.  
'Tis your Father's place to guide you,  
And, God knows, it's his desire  
That no evil should betide you—  
Burnt children "Dread the Fire."

Far be it from my heart to curb you  
Or to crush your spirits down,  
But I'd like that you'd be watchful  
Of your company in the town ;  
Some folks, darling, are enticing,  
And how much you may admire,  
But you cannot be too careful—  
Burnt children "Dread the Fire."

No one knows what is afore them,  
And 'tis well it's ordered so,  
Or not one among a thousand  
Would be fit to stem Life's woe ;

Some would lose their very reason,  
Songs would change for moanings dire,  
Some would fear, and some would tremble,  
And like burnt children, "Dread the Fire."

Work would cease throughout the world,  
Ships would no more sail the sea,  
Men who lead now, could no more follow,  
And few whose lives would happy be ;  
None can tell what sad confusion  
Would upon the earth transpire,  
Even the godly man would falter,  
Like a child, he'd "Dread the Fire."

Daughter, do not look so heedless,  
Turning your dear face afar ;  
Do you think I mean to fright you,  
With the pictures that I draw ?  
No, my darling, that I would not,  
For of nothing would I tire  
That could make you bright and happy ;  
Not like a child who "Dreads the Fire."

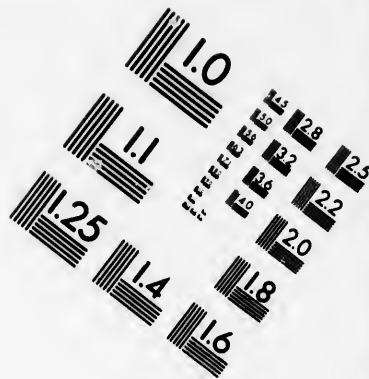
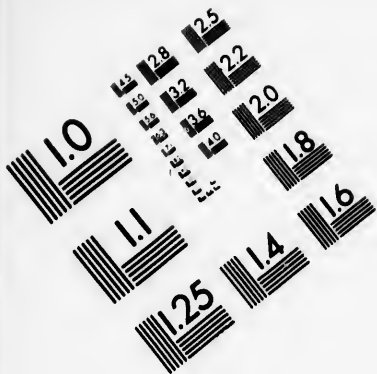
But ever be ye bright and cheery,  
Every day you're spared to try,  
Strive to be upright and honest,  
Scorn to condescend to lie ;  
Imitate our Blessed Saviour,  
Let His life your life inspire—  
And you'll pass through many a sorrow—  
Not like a child who "Dreads the Fire."

W. M. RYDER.

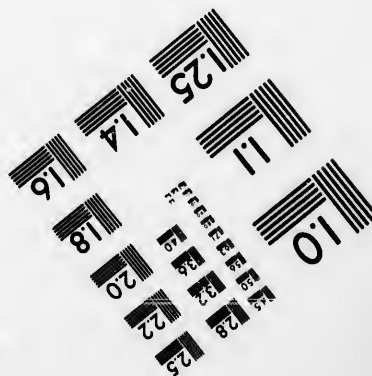
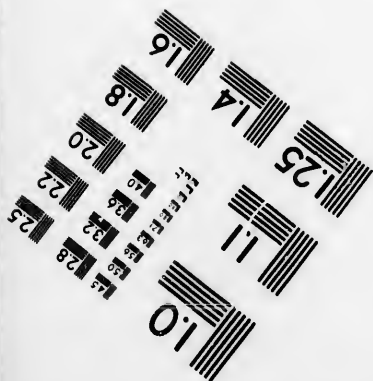
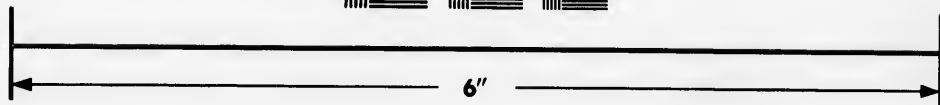
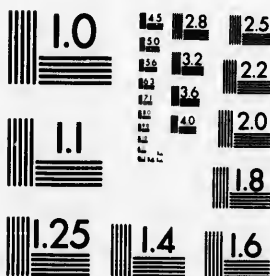
St. Johns, P. Q., 1896.







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

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## THE COBBLER OF LYNN.

*Plot of "The Cobbler of Lynn."*

Lynn, Mass., is noted for its extensive boot and shoe factories. As the workmen get old they are replaced by younger men, and to help them live, take to "repairing" work in the town. Those that are good workmen can get on pretty well, while the common workmen only become "common cobblers." The "Cobbler of Lynn," of whom we write, was of this common class, getting only the common pegged work, and perhaps little of that; he found it hard to live—although having no other in his family but Peggy, his wife. Whether from lack of work, or laziness, he used to promenade the "Lynn Beach" and took great delight watching the waves as the tide rolled them in. He would get to the end of his walk, and sit on a large boulder, far away from the noise of the town. He was known to meditate for hours there, and dabble his feet in the water coming in; and it is very likely, when sitting on this boulder, he fell asleep and fell in the water—this is supposed was the case. A coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of "Found Drowned" was returned. When taken home, his wife, Peggy, was so shocked, went into hysterical fits and fell dead beside the lifeless body of her husband. It is said by people passing the spot, that when the waves are rolling in at about midnight, and the moon is on the wane, that his ghost is to be seen sitting on the boulder—and as the waves recede, vanishes away gradually.

There was an old cobbler of Lynn,  
Whose chances of living were slim—  
His pegging around and his Peggy within  
Brought no comforts to "The Cobbler of Lynn."

He would look at the sea with greatest of glee,  
And watch the large waves rolling in,  
And dwell on the thought, could they only be caught  
Embracing "The Cobbler of Lynn."

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"His pegging around and his Peggy within."

He would walk by Lynn Beach, and far would outreach  
The town noise, the bustle and din—  
On a boulder would sit, while the waves at his feet  
Would encircle "The Cobbler of Lynn."

One morn he was in that place "found drowned,"  
So the Coroner and Jury gave in :  
Perhaps deeply in thought in the waves he was caught—  
And thus ended "The Cobbler of Lynn."

They carried him home, to his Peggy was shown  
His body so lifeless and glim,  
She gave a great cry, and said she would die,  
Then fell dead by "The Cobbler of Lynn."

ht



"On a boulder would sit, while the waves at his feet."

And some people say, who pass by that way,  
When the great waves of midnight roll in,  
By the pale moonlight, can be seen a horrible sight,  
Of the ghost of "The Cobbler of Lynn."

March 15, 1899.

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