

in London where she delivered many babies, including Guy Lombardo of dance-band fame.

The father of actor Burgess Meredith moved from New York to live north of Vernonville, where he practiced earlier this century. During this period the township's medical needs were also covered by Dr. E.W. Hayden of Cobourg and Dr. T.R. Lapp of Roseneath whenever it was necessary.

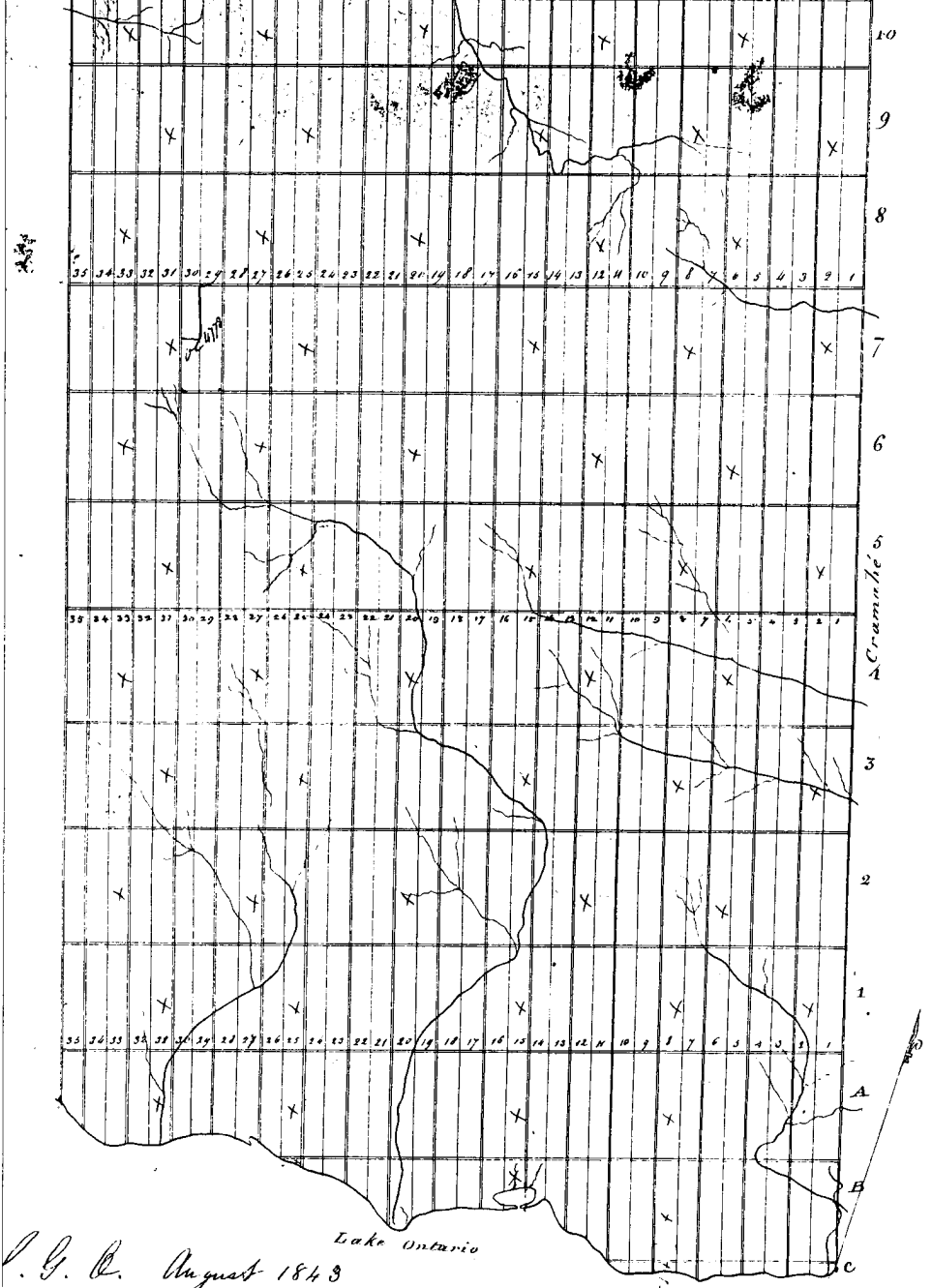
By 1900 Haldimand was cared for by a series of physicians who lived in Grafton. Between 1893 and 1902 Dr. James Henderson practised here. He delivered Tony Calnan of Grafton, and acted as Medical Health Officer for the township. Dr. Henderson was killed tragically in an accident at a railway crossing between Grafton and Cobourg in December 1906.

Dr. J.C. Hutchison came to Haldimand in 1902 to serve as Medical Health Officer. Dr. Hutchison was a general practitioner who visited schools to look after the health of local students. When his first home burned, he built the "Doctor's House" on the corner of Lyle Street and County Road #2. Many later doctors living in the village took up residence in this home which is now owned by John and Regina O'Rourke. Dr. Hutchison died in 1929.

Dr. Rice tended patients in Grafton and area between 1929 and 1933. He was succeeded by Dr. Peacock, who remained in the village until 1947. Dr. Peacock is remembered for having worn his black Homburg hat both indoors and out. He eventually left the region and moved to Saskatchewan where he became a member of the Board of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Next came Dr. Zealand, who practised in Haldimand between 1947 and 1949 and then Dr. Martin. Dr. William Martin died after working here only a short time and is buried in St. George's Anglican Cemetery in Grafton. Succeeding him was Dr. John M. Fleming. Dr. Fleming left Grafton in 1964 and since then there has been no resident physician practicing in the area.

Haldimand  
Newcastle District  
Alnwick



Haldimand Township,  
Thomas Parke, 1843.  
Archives of Ontario C 277-1-183-0-1

# XIV

## Reminiscences

### EXCERPTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF ARCHIE BIRNEY (1906–1983)

**O**n a bright sunny day back in 1906 I came into this world, born on Lot 4 in Concession 8 Haldimand.

I would be 4 or 5 years old when I remember seeing a steam traction engine with its brass bands and big red wheels; it looked big to me. It was a Waterloo threshing outfit owned by Norris Gleason, who used to thresh the farmers' crops on Oak Hills. He would get me up on the tool box and talk away to me and then toot the whistle. I was a little scared. He would have a big laugh and put me down. I worked those threshing outfits when I was young. By the time I drew water in a ten barrel water wagon and cut wood for the snorting beasts it was a busy day. Light the fire at six in the morning — at seven we were ready to roll — finish this farm, pick up and move to the next. We generally threshed for 100 to 110 farmers, finishing up around New Year's. It was hard work, long hours but I liked it. I never owned a steam engine, didn't have the money years ago. An engine that cost \$1,800 to \$2,000 in the teens is now worth \$10,000 to \$12,000 in good shape. That would be an engine built from 1900 to 1924. When the big gas tractors came on the scene, life was a bit easier — no wood to cut — no water to haul, but there was something lost that never came back.

The first truck that I saw around the Oak Hills was a model T Ford with a chain drive — hard-rubber smooth tires — owned by Nick Richards of Castleton. He came to our place for some grain. It had been raining and it was useless — couldn't back up the barn ramp!

The cattle buyers came out from Colborne or Hastings in the fall and bought cattle around the neighbourhood. There were no trucks so they had to drive them either place to be loaded on the train. Ten or eleven farmers or whoever had sold cattle pooled their help. They started with the far ones and picked up as they went along, maybe 50 or 70 head of cattle. One gang ahead to watch side roads, a couple of horse and buggies to move men around. The rest brought up the rear guard. Everyone, even the cattle, was tired when we got there. In a few short years trucks came for them and made it easier for man and beast. Of course, it would be impossible to drive a bunch of fat pigs so we had racks about four feet high that fitted on the top of the wagon boxes that most farmers had. Could put 10 or 12 fat pigs in and haul them to Hastings or Colborne. It was a day's trip with a team.



*The James Birney family, c. 1892.*  
LEFT TO RIGHT: *Elizabeth Joice Birney,*  
*Bertha, Lillian, James Birney,*  
*Albert Birney.*  
FRONT ROW: *Annie and Francis*  
*(Frank) Birney.*

Photo loaned by Allan Birney.

We used to be able to go most anywhere down on the plains or up where the reforestation is now and pick pails full of blueberries. They were a smooth juicy blue berry something like a blueberry, only larger, grew on bushes, made nice pies or preserves. In recent years there are no berries, lots of bushes — must be a reason for it.

Going to school we would take a short cut through the Otis Samis farm. He was a very nice man, but his wife used to come out once in a while and give us the dickens for something. Just east of their farm was Hugh Burley who lived alone. He had come from Desoronto in the late 1800s and bought some 20 acres from our grandfather, James Birney. He lived in an old log shack at first, but he bought a form for making cement blocks. He made enough by hand to build a two storey house about 24 x 24, the first blocks that I had ever seen. He fixed watches, guns and bicycles or any other small article. His wife was dead. He had two boys and three girls when I knew him. The creek ran through his place. He had built a dam and had a nice fish pond, also an island out in the centre where he had his garden.

There was a Baptist church on Sulphur Flats on the northeast corner of the south half of Lot 13 in Concession VII. It was torn down before I can remember, probably around 1900. I have often seen the foundation that it sat on. Anyhow, I have heard these old timers, John Beatty, George Pratt and my Dad tell about one Halloween night they rounded up a bunch of turkeys belonging to a Mr. Crandall who lived across from the church. It happened to be Saturday night, and they drove them all into the church and shut the door. The next morning when the preacher opened the door, the gobbler was just pronouncing the benediction, so they said. You know if we kids had done that, they would've shot us.

I mentioned Sulphur Flats. It took in the area from Tucker's Corner to Russ School. At one time this area was well populated: George Tucker and Anthony Sherwin, Mr. Crandall, the Beatty family, Tom and John Boyle, the Garland family, parents of Dr. Garland and the James Samises, parents of two sons, Dr. Tweed Samis and Dr. Clifford Samis. A little further down the road was the Hogan' farm. Today there is not a building left, mostly into reforest, some Government and some private.

On November 3, 1926, Bertha Langford and I were married in Castleton by Rev. James Beckel. The next spring we started farming on 50 acres on Oak Hills, rented from Edgar Ferguson. We were there for two years. Edgar was getting married so we had to move. We went west of Castleton on the Dennis Pappin farm. It was hard to make it go, then Depression came. A cow that was worth \$100 in the spring of 1930 was worth \$25 in the fall. Oats were worth 15 and 20 cents a bushel but the taxes and rent never came down. It took everything we could grow. For three winters I bought an acre of wood from Mrs. Farr at Russ School, cut it and drew it to Castleton. Hardwood was four dollars and softwood was three dollars. Had around 40 cords off an acre. That is 4 x 4 x 8 feet, a full cord. Traded a lot of it at the stores for groceries or other items we needed. Harry Pomeroy who ran a bake shop used poplar for his ovens. He gave me 100 lbs. of flour for one cord of wood. We generally laid in four bags of flour as the wife baked our own bread. In 1931 we moved to the Bell farm southwest of Gleason's Corners, kept two cows, had lots of pasture. I didn't work the farm as it was poor land.

I worked for Andrew Harnden in his sawmill, piled lumber with Charles Harnden from

*Bruce Birney cutting his brother Leonard's hair, Oak Heights, mid 1930s.*

Photo loaned by Allan Birney



Havelock. He and I loaded and unloaded 10,000 feet of lumber a day. It had to be piled in its own size pile. Ten hours a day, \$2 a day, and glad to get it. Worked on the Shelter Valley road part of one summer. We strengthened the road in a lot of places. There were so many men looking for jobs that we worked for two weeks about. We dug the ditches and built new pieces of road with wheelbarrows and shovels. I got so I could wheel a loaded barrow up a 2 x 4. We were well tanned and had terrific appetites. In the fall they set up the stone crusher in the pit near by. We fed the crusher with wheelbarrows. Three men to a barrow, two shovelers, one wheeler, changed around every half hour...\$2 a ten-hour day and damned glad to get it.

I am going to tell a true incident and in no way am I trying to show disrespect for the people involved, just show how human nature does some funny tricks. My father was an Orangeman and he wore his sash and ribbons proudly. A lot of his best friends were Catholics around Burnley, but Dad had an Orange brother who lived at Burnley by the name of White. He was forever claiming that the Catholics were going to take over the country. He was a fanatic. The Catholics redecorated the church at Burnley and bought a new piano. It came in a large wooden box or case. Well, White said that it was full of guns. Of course, he was careful who he told it to. He got Dad believing it or thought he did. In the meantime the grapevine informed Father Ferguson of what was said. Now he was no fool and liked a joke as well as the next one, so one day he was at the store when in walked White and pretty soon Dad came for something. Father got into conversation with them and says "Come over and see the church, it is just finished." So off they went, White all keen on it and Dad was anxious to see it too. As Father walked along, I imagine he was chuckling to himself. He showed them all through the church; it was a beautiful job. "And," says Father Ferguson, as he took them over to the big box, "We bought a new piano." He opened up the lid and there it was. Well, Dad and White thanked the Father and left quietly for home. I can imagine that Father Ferguson had a big laugh, but also patted himself on the back for the way he handled the gossip. Dad never mentioned it again.

A few weeks ago, I went for a drive out to the Oak Hills where I was born and grew up. As I went out north of Centreton and across the Sandy Flats, I came to the George Tucker farm. As a young lad I remember the Tuckers' nice brick house and good barns, the Anthony Sherwin farm and buildings, but these have all gone. When Tom Boyle bought his farm 80 years ago, it had a nice brick house and good outbuildings. These are all gone. There are no buildings left in this whole area. It is all planted to pine trees or Christmas trees. The Russ School is gone — burned, by vandals. I went over to the 40 acres where mother and father lived when they were first married. They moved up north on the Oak Hills after, but always worked the 40 acres. I have ploughed and sowed every foot of it many times and cut the grain and hay off it. There was a good barn on it. Also had a small log house at one time. The billberries used to grow abundantly in the fence rows.

As I drove past the place I imagined I could see mother in among the bushes with a straw hat tied on, picking berries. I looked again and she was gone, gone like a lot of fond memories of the days when we were young...."

Allan Birney reports: "Uncle Archie passed away in his La-Z-Boy chair on September 2, 1983. He was one of God's wisest children."



*Aylmer Harnden and Myrtle Bull  
were married September 10, 1928.  
He was a co-founder of Harnden  
& King Construction.*

Photo loaned by Allan Birney

## THE PASSING OF A HOME INDUSTRY

by R.F. Blacklock, Victoria B.C. (1872-1968)

It was in 1834 that my grandfather, John Blacklock, 31, and his wife, Jean Moffatt, 29, arrived in Cobourg from Ecclefeccan, Scotland, to make a home in this new land. Two children, James, four, and Mary, two, accompanied them. A tailor, my grandfather found employment in an establishment in the small County town — then but a village. In 1836, they removed to Grafton, where for 50 years he carried on a custom tailoring business. There, five other children were born.

My father, James Blacklock, learned the carriage building business in Grafton with his brother-in-law, William Sprentall. He and my mother, Jane Ferguson, were married in Benlock, a few miles east of Grafton in 1854 by Rev. John Smith. When their son James was a year old, they moved to Vernonville, seven miles east on the road to Norwood, where, with Thomas Tinney, a blacksmith, he started a carriage building business. Their nine other children were born, six sons and three daughters.

It was about this time that Robert McLaughlin started in a small way his carriage building business in Tyrone, a small hamlet near Bowmanville.

None now living remembers the small beginnings and the early growth of what was to become the James Blacklock & Sons Carriage business. I do know that his first shop was a barn on the roadside on the east side of the village of Vernonville. Later a new shop was built on the main street on the Cobourg to Norwood road.

A blacksmith's shop was built alongside this new shop and later a dwelling nearby was purchased and converted into a shop and an extension added to serve as a showroom. The main shop was a two-storied building, 60 x 40 feet, the lower floor being used as a woodworking shop and store room for oak planks, maple billets for wagon bolsters, axles and lumber. The upper room was the paint shop where the vehicles were finished and upholstered. A wide doorway in front opened onto a wide platform which was reached from the ground by a ramp, down which the finished vehicles were taken.

With seven sturdy sons, my father was not embarrassed by a lack of help, but the boys had to be trained. As each left school at 14, they were apprenticed in one or the other of the trades connected with the business. James Jr., the eldest son, learned the woodworking part. My father confined his attention to the heavier vehicles, the wagons, bob sleighs and long, heavy sleighs. In those days, quite a number of skilled workmen moved about the country from shop to shop and were engaged for short periods. As the business grew, buggies and cutters were added to our products, and my father engaged a cabinet maker, an upholsterer and a painter for short periods. In time, the eldest son, James, became an expert cabinet maker and painter and could on occasion turn his hand to upholstering. Corduroy, real leather, imitation leather and patent leather were used in finishing the buggies and cutters.

*Robert Finlay Blacklock.*  
Photo loaned by Rosemary Moreland.



The second son, John, learned the blacksmithing trade with Thomas Tinney and in a few years took over that branch of the business while Mr. Tinney re-opened his horseshoeing shop. Then Archie and Henry learned the blacksmith trade and the next son, Thomas, became a cabinet maker. When my turn came, I was put in the blacksmith shop and my youngest brother, William, also took up this trade.

In the early 1800s the business of James Blacklock & Sons had become a compact and thriving family concern. Vehicles produced were built to last. In style and structure they were unsurpassed and the small silver plated disc attached to each finished vehicle, bearing the name "James Blacklock & Sons" was the guarantee of sturdy workmanship, good style and long wearing qualities. Our exhibit at the Haldimand and Cramahe Township fairs was quite impressive.

By 1884 my father was 54 years of age and had gradually turned over to the two eldest sons the management of the business. In that year, it was decided to open a large business in Grafton under the firm name of "Blacklock Bros." and the younger sons became part of the work staff. Father and mother remained in Vernonville where he worked more leisurely at repair work and went fishing when the mood came upon him.

The Grafton business seemed sure of success. There were signs, however, that the factory-made vehicles, made by the three factories referred to, would eventually drive out the small concerns in the towns and villages of Ontario. My brother John saw the change coming. He left the business and purchased the Duncan McRae horseshoeing business in Vernonville and for some years did a good business. My brother William also learned this trade with John and later opened a blacksmith shop in Grafton. I had entered the shop in 1887 and spent four years learning the trade.

The end came with surprising swiftness. We found that we could purchase vehicle parts from the factories more cheaply than we could make them. In time we became a mere assembling and finishing shop. A short time later, we became the agency for the sale of vehicles made in the factories. Two of my brothers found work in Rochester, New York, and another went with the McLaughlin factory. When my apprenticeship was completed, there was no place for me in the scheme of things. Fortunately, I was still young enough to re-enter collegiate and continue my education.

The advent of the automobile completely destroyed the horse and carriage business and the carriage factories folded up. The McLaughlin Carriage Co., however, was alert to the coming change and, under the able management of its President, R.S. McLaughlin, quickly converted the plant and linked up with General Motors in the manufacture of automobiles.

The coming of the motor car also spelled the death of the horseshoeing business. Horses were gradually withdrawn from the roads and horseshoeing shops all over the country were closed or became gasoline filling stations. Thousands of men were thrown out of work, although some found employment with the rapidly growing automobile factories. Here and there, throughout Southern Ontario, abandoned blacksmith and carriage shops may still be seen, the remains of a former thriving industry. There may still be found old wagons and carriages that have withstood the wear and tear of the years.

This, then, is the story of the passing of a once thriving family industry.

## GROWING UP IN GRAFTON

by *Harriet Heenan Cousineau*

**M**y Heenan ancestry dates back to the early 1800s. My great-grandfather, Thomas Heenan J.P., worked in the township as a labourer for old Mr. Barnum. He was very frugal and a hard worker. He eventually owned over 1,000 acres in the neighbourhood. Thomas Jr., a son, was a member of the Township Council. The other two sons and a daughter were all well to do and occupied respectable social positions.

My grandfather, Michael Heenan, married Harriet Anne Retallick Lean. They had three sons: William who married Mabel Bell; Richard who married Rose Mulhall (they had two daughters, Mary and Kathryn, and two sons, Harold and Jack, who was later Mayor of Cobourg); Arthur who married Kathleen Richardson (her grandfather brought the lumber to build their home at Richardson's Point by boat from Kingston to Grafton Harbour). Arthur and Kathleen had six children: Harriet, George, Arthur, Genevieve, Michael and Anne Maureen.

The house beside the old Canadian Cannery was built by Father for his bride. We children walked to school and in winter on real blustery days the horses and sleigh were got ready and took us up the hill. Many times the road was filled in with snow, so we would cut into Johnston's woods and up across their field to an opening above the drifts. Walking home we tried to walk on top of the drifts only to break through the crust. We learned to skate on the pond behind our house then graduated to the single blade skate.

The Grafton rink was just west of the telephone office. The cement wall that helped dam it still stands. Skating was banned after the accidental drowning of a local boy. The change shed later became Billy Phillip's Shoe and Harness Repair Shop. A new rink was opened just to the north on the Corrigan property. Bob Closs's house stands on part of it today. Our next rink was indoors. A first for the village. It was in the United Church sheds. This served us until after the Second World War when the present arena was built. My mother, Kathleen Heenan, was a member of that board, as I was later.

My brothers and sisters attended St. Mary's School which was a one room school at the time. I have many memories of school fairs, music festivals and speaking contests held in various schools in the Township.

Memories of the Grafton Town Hall where the Women's Institute and the Catholic Women's League held their card parties, dances and suppers, are many. You went as a family to the card party which started at eight o'clock, stopped at ten o'clock for lunch and Minifie's Orchestra or Pat Inglis's Orchestra would come in and play until one o'clock. Our parents took us to these functions and taught us to dance.

In those days, there was no water in the Town Hall. Many a pail I carried up the back stairs whilst the boys would carry milk cans full of water. The coffee was made in a copper boiler. When there was supper, a three burner coal oil stove was set up to help keep the food hot. All the food was cooked at home and brought in. The young men and women would help set up, serve and



clean up. Many a dish I washed at the end of the tables in the kitchen and the dishwater was then thrown out over the railing of the back steps and there was the odd person who got a free shower of dish water.

Hallowe'en was a great celebration in the Town Hall. Young and old participated. The whole family went to this party. The youngsters in costumes paraded around the hall and winners were picked from different age groups. My Aunt Mabel Heenan and Belle Cosens would dress up in costume. One costume that I remember them wearing is the football uniforms worn by students at CCI. They always managed to escape out the back door when it came time to unmask. Lunch was served and one of the orchestras would play for dancing. Little ones would fall asleep either on a chair or on the stage. Pranks of the evening were mischievous, for example taking the fire pumper and placing it on someone's verandah or yard. One such instance comes to mind — coming to school to find someone had hung a buggy on our school flag pole. The stores of the day had their windows soaped. All good clean fun.

I have fond memories of attending strawberry socials at St. George's Anglican Church and suppers at St. Andrews United Church and working at our strawberry teas and fowl suppers at St. Mary's Church.

The Heenan and Richardson families were ecumenical long before its time. My great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lane are buried in St. George's Anglican Cemetery; my Uncle Bill Heenan was an elder in St. Andrews Church; my great-grandfather Richardson was a member of the Anglican faith; my great-grandfather, Thomas Heenan, was a Roman Catholic and donated the property on which St. Mary's Church, school and cemetery are located.

After graduating from St. Mary's School, we went to Cobourg Collegiate Institute by bus. Billy Sabins owned the school bus and our parents had to pay for this service. He would see a student coming down the road and would wait or back up to pick them up.

I have fond memories of the Canadian Cannery, where Mr. Edward Albert Naylor was the manager and Ralph Stutt and Mickey McMann gave all the young people a job. As some of us were under age, we were told to get out of sight if strangers were seen.

It was very exciting growing up in the community.

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE EARLY DAYS

*by Betsy Fleming*

Elizabeth (Betsy) Fleming was born in 1840 and died in 1922. The daughter of immigrants James Plews and Alison Laing Plews, Elizabeth married David Fleming. He was a local builder by trade. Together, they raised a family of 12. In later life, Elizabeth lived in an apartment in Cobourg above the old post office, which stood on the southeast corner of King Street East and Division Street. She may still have been there when she wrote the following passage in 1922 in her 82nd year.

About the year 1832 my dear Father bid farewell to his family and dear Old England, and launched on the Atlantic in a sailing vessel bound for Canada, "the land of promise," in the hope

of bettering his circumstance, having heard of this remote country. A voyage from England in those days meant as many weeks tossing about on the ocean as days now. He was only a poor young man — all that he possessed apart from his chest and meagre outfit of clothing was a British half crown, which his father had given him at parting and which he prized so highly he never parted with it no matter how hard pressed he was for money: it remained in his possession as long as he lived. At his death it descended to his son, James, my brother, and at his death to his son, James, being the property of four generations in succession. On one side of this old coin was the head of King George III, and I have often thought this old coin was in itself a history.

In the same year, 1832, my mother's family sailed from Glasgow, Scotland. They arrived at Quebec and were two weeks on the journey from Quebec to Cobourg. They were brought up the St. Lawrence River by flat boats or scows, drawn along by oxen driven along the shore, with long ropes or chains attached to the ox yoke, thence to the boats. When they arrived in Cobourg there was not a house to be had for them to move into, so they finally had to take up their abode for three months in a barn. Here they lived and slept, doing their cooking outside. Later my grandfather rented a farm between Cobourg and Grafton, known as the Barnum farm.

Not long after arriving in Canada my father and mother met for the first time and in due course they were united in marriage, and shortly after my father took up a 100 acre farm three miles northeast of what is now the Village of Baltimore, on Lot 35, Concession V, Haldimand Township. The land was heavily timbered, and not a tree cut on it till my father cut enough to get logs to build a small house. When this was done he and mother moved into it, and I have often heard my mother say she could look up the old chimney and see the branches of trees hanging over it.

The land all around there had the best of white pine and cedar, maple and beech, white and black ash, white and black birch, also white and black oak. The clearing of the land was a great undertaking, but had to be done in order to get a bit of crop in to help toward a living. The trees had first to be chopped down, then the limbs cut off and the brush or tops of the trees piled in heaps. The tree itself was cut into logs 12 or 15 feet long, and to cut down 10 or 12 acres of woods meant a lot of hard labourious work. After the brush got dead and dry by the summer wind and sun, they had what they called burning the fallow. A good day was waited for when they thought the wind in a favourable direction. Then the fire was started in several places around the fallow, the wind carrying the flames from one brush heap to another, until finally the entire fallow was burned or burning. After the burning came the logging bees. It was almost an everyday occurrence to see the smoke in dense masses arising from some neighbour's burning fallow.

Every man who owned an ox team in the settlement turned out on a set day to haul these burnt logs into large heaps. They were drawn to the heap by a strong chain attached to the ox yoke, then skid poles were laid one end on the ground and the other on the pile, the men rolling up the logs with a strong pole called a hand pry, until the heap was large enough. When these logs were all into heaps, then the second burning began and continued until the fallow was clear of everything except stumps. They would then sow the fall wheat on this, and drag in without any plowing. The drag was a homemade one, shaped like the letter A.

Many a night my father chopped down trees in the fallow by the light of the moon, and would call my mother out to hear the howling of the timber wolves at no great distance. They were very numerous, and were often seen in packs of 12 or 15. Bears were also numerous, and many a settler had some of their first cattle devoured by their ravenous greed. Deer were also plentiful, and when clearing up the land we would often find deer horns or antlers. The wild pigeons were in immense numbers, flying in great flocks so thick they would darken the sunshine around us. Many were the numbers my father would shoot and bring home when returning from work, as he always carried his old flint gun with him as we went to and from his daily toil. But as the years rolled on, and the land was cleared, the denizens of the forest became fewer, and the wild pigeons began to disappear till they finally became extinct altogether.

I can now look back to that little log house where my two sisters, myself and brother were born (he being three years my junior): the big wide open fireplace with large stones behind the fire, and large flat stones laid as evenly as possible for the hearth. The chimney from the chamber floor to the ceiling was built by laying sticks across each other at four corners, and plastering between the sticks with a sort of mortar made with clay and chopped straw which would adhere together and make quite a smooth surface, which would stand both heat and cold. Then for the fire a large log was rolled in and put in place on the andirons to keep the smaller sticks from rolling down. What huge fires we would have in that old-fashioned fireplace, throwing heat and glow all over the house!

The fire was never out in winter and seldom in summer, as there were no matches at that time to start fires with. Father used flint and punk to light his pipe or to burn a heap of chips or brush when working away from the house. He would hold the punk in his hand, strike the flint with the back of his jackknife, and this would make sparks of fire which ignited the punk which would burn. In summer when we did not need so much fire the coals were gathered into a heap and covered with ashes to keep the fire from going out. But if it happened to go out, some of us would be sent, fire shovel in hand, to our nearest neighbour's to borrow enough coals to start ours going again.

The house was not very large, being 12 x 18 feet in size, with no partitions. One door shut out the frost and storm, and two small windows greeted the day — one in the east and the other in the south. The door had a sneck of my father's make, with a strong string attached to it, which was put through a small hole in the door and hung on the outside during the day, so that anyone pulling on this string could lift the latch and open the door, and at night the string was drawn inside for safety. We had very little furniture to decorate with. Two beds stood at the east end of the house and the windows in between. Under the window stood my father's chest; the table stood in the centre of the floor with three or four chairs and some stools of my father's making; and the dear old clock on a shelf directly opposite the door. These, along with my mother's chest, and a few dishes and pots, also the long-handled frying pan and bake kettle, were all of our possessions at that time.

The bake kettle was about 14 inches across, with a lid to fit it, and three or four legs, perhaps two inches long. Mother would put a large loaf to rise in this and when light enough to bake, the coals were drawn out of the hearth in front of the fire, and the bake kettle set over these coals and

the coals spread over the lid. Then the baking process would begin and the kettle replenished with fresh coal, turning it around to the fire so that it would bake evenly. This needed quite a bit of skill and attention. But what a fine large loaf would turn out of this old kettle, bread of the very finest quality and fit for a king.

The black flies and mosquitoes were numerous and troublesome, and the settlers would kindle the fires at night in order to keep these pests from tormenting the cattle, as well as frighten the bears and wolves away. The cattle would gather around these smudges as if they knew by instinct they were kindled for protection. There is one incident I remember vividly imprinted on my memory, and will ever remain there, although I was only five or six years old at the time. My sister, Rachel, was about three and a half years older than myself. We were sent one evening to look for the cattle. We had crossed the clearing and had come to the edge of the woods, where there was a tree cut down and lying outside the fence which surrounded the clearing. We climbed onto the butt of the tree to listen for the bell, so that we might know the direction to go for the cattle. We heard a noise, and, looking in the direction whence it came, we saw a bear rise up and place his front feet on the same log we were standing on — only amongst the branches. He was looking at us, but we did not wait long to see what his intentions were but took to our heels and started for home as fast as we could. I, being so much younger than my sister, could not make such rapid progress, but would fall, being tripped by the roots and the fall wheat, which was then about a foot high. She would help me up and pull me along. I don't remember whether we ever looked back to see if the bear was pursuing us or not. However, we got safely home, although badly frightened, and I have often wondered that my mother sent us on such an errand knowing that these animals were prowling around.

Huckleberries were very plentiful all through the woods in those early days during the month of July, and parties of the young people would take their lunches with them to go away in the morning huckleberrying, coming home at night with well-filled baskets and pails. These were often dried for winter use, as there were no orchards old enough to bear fruit at the time I refer to. The oldest orchard in the settlement was on the farm owned at that time by a family called Lindsay. My brother-in-law William Brisbin, was one of the family. Every settler had their own maple sugar bush, and when the long sunny days of March came around, the trees were tapped and sugar making began. I can remember carrying the spiles around through the sugar bush for my father, as he tapped the trees. This was done by cutting a niche in the tree with the axe, and carving a chisel-shaped gouge into the tree when the niche had been made. The sap ran from the niche, down the spile, then dropped into the sap troughs. These were made about two feet in length, hollowed out with the axe. Every family made sugar and syrup enough to last from one spring to the next. It was a gala time for us during the sugar making season. My mother always made a barrel of vinegar at the end of the sap season, and this was the best and purest vinegar I ever tasted.

There were no threshing machines at that time, so the grain had to be beaten out by the flail and man strength. Many a night did my father thresh for hours this way, by the light of a tallow candle enclosed in a lantern of his own make. The lantern was about square. Three sides, top, and bottom were made of shingles cut the size he wanted. A socket was placed in the centre of the

bottom. This held the candle. A pane of glass was placed in the front to give light from the candle and several small holes were made in the top to let any smoke escape. A leather strap was tacked on to each side of the top to carry it by, and this hung up in the barn, gave light for him to flail out the grain. At the time, the very best sample of fall wheat sold for 50¢, or half a dollar, as it was then called, and when the price got up to 75¢, people were highly gratified. The money was then counted in pounds, shillings and pence. Eggs would bring 4d. a dozen, and butter 6d. or a York shilling or 12 1/2¢ a pound, and the seller had to take the price out in the store, seldom receiving a penny in money. The first threshing machines which came out in our neighbourhood were owned by John Taylor and Robert Clapperton and were 8 horse power machines — the horses driven around in the same old track for hours while the grain was being threshed and the straw being saved for the winter's fodder. My father made all the shingles sitting in the old shaving house. I never get the smell of green pine but I am carried back in memory to those early days.

Bees of various kinds were very much in vogue in those early days. Besides the logging bees, there were barn and house raisings. At a barn raising, 40 or more men would be required to raise the green timber frame. This was done by ropes, pike poles and man strength. After the entire frame was erected, then came the christening of it. Several men would stand on the plate, which by the way, means the timber ends that the rafters are fastened to. These men would have a bottle filled with something. I cannot think it was liquor, although liquor was used pretty freely at that time. Some of these men would call out: "here is a good frame, it deserves a good name. What shall we call it?" Some would suggest one thing and some another. So after deciding on a name, it was called out, and the bottle swung around three times, accompanied by three cheers from the crowd, and thrown as far as possible, only to be broken and the contents spilled, so I think it was filled with Adam's Ale and nothing stronger.

After eight or ten years spent in our little log house, my father built a much larger one, farther north on the farm. The house was named "Rose on the Hill." Then the barn was put up and named the "Thistle beside the Rose." Thomas Cummings, a neighbour, did all the framing and carpenter work for my father.

While the men had their bees, the women also had their share. Everyone spun and manufactured their wool into flannel and fulled cloth for the men's wear, besides blankets for the house and horse blankets; also yarn for socks and mitts. After the sheep were washed and clipped in the spring, the women would have what they called picking bees — that is pulling the wool apart and getting the dirt out of it, so as to make it ready for carding. It was then sent to the carding mill at Baltimore, which was then run and operated by two bachelor brothers, named Jim and Joe Brooks. After the wool was carded, the buzz and hum of the spinning wheel was heard in every house or barn, as some did their spinning and quilting on the barn floor. There were seven weavers in a radius of seven miles, and these were all kept busy weaving the flannel and other things for general use. When the weaving was done and each family got their web home, the tailor would come with his press board, thimble and scissors and big irons, or goose, for pressing, and then make fulled cloth for the men and boys; and a sewing woman would be got to help make up the flannel for the women and children. I cannot remember how the tailor or dressmaker were paid for their

services, but I can remember how pleased and proud we would be when we got our new home-made flannel dress.

The time-honoured quilting bee was a common affair in those days. The young women would be invited to come on a set day to help do this work, which was generally on the barn floor. Then there were husking bees, and later on, when the orchards began to bear fruit in plenty, we had paring bees. A long table was rigged up usually of rough boards, almost the length of the room, and anyone who had paring machines would pare the apples, while others would core and string the quarters. These would be hung up on poles near the fire to dry for the next year's summer use. At this we would work like beavers until 10 o'clock or later; then the tables would be cleared away and eatables served; then dancing would begin, and continue for two or three hours, then all started for home, for perhaps the same would be repeated the next night in some other neighbour's house.

In 1837, my father, Robert Allen, Lyman McCarthy and others had to shoulder their guns and turn out in defence of our country and laws. This was the time of the McKenzie Rebellion. Captain Boswell of Cobourg was then in command of the men. Father and others were gone some time and mother was left at home in the heart of the woods with her children and everything to look after. I don't suppose mother or any of those belonging to the men who had gone to help to save the situation knew anything of their movements. With what anxiety and suspense they would wait for tidings from their loved ones! I have often thought what bravery and courage these early settlers were endowed with. Their loved ones all returned in safety after things were settled, and what a relief it must have been for those who waited so anxiously at home.

There were no such things as a postage stamp in those days, and letters going from here to the old country cost six pence in transit, and "Paid" written on the letter which was folded and the ends inserted into each other and sealed with sealing wax. Envelopes had not come into use at that time, which would be 1840.

Colonel Boulton of Cobourg kept a pack of hounds in those early days, and would often come out around our settlement on a hunting tour. The men wore red coats and hunter uniforms, mounted on horseback, blowing the huntsman's horn to call the hounds together, 10 to 15 of them barking and howling, and how frightened we children would be when we saw and heard these gaunt brutes coming near.

In the year 1866 we had the Fenian Raid. My brother and several of the young men in our neighbourhood were called out to help quell the disturbance, which was soon done, but not before several brave fellows lost their lives in their country's defence.

Years have passed since those memorable days of my childhood. The old pioneers have all passed away and very few of their succeeding generation are left. Changes innumerable have taken place, but the old days, and my old home with its hallowed associations can never be effaced from memory's page. If this little sketch interests or gives any pleasure or enjoyment to the reader, then I will feel repaid for writing it.

## EARLY SCHOOL DAYS AT S.S. # 9

by Rosemary Gormley

I first went to school in 1932, when I was six years old. Instead of waiting until September as was the custom, I started attending school after the Easter Holiday, walking with my older brother and sister who were also students at the school. I remember being a little frightened, although there were only 14 or 15 pupils in the school and most of them were relatives. Children in the Primer class always sat in the very front seats but I was all alone, the only new student that year. At my seat was a small red book which had "Ontario Primer" printed on the front. My mother had taught me to read phonetically before I went to school; however, I had never seen these two words before and they didn't seem to make sense to me when I sounded them out. I guess I must have done all right because the teacher put me right into the Grade 1 class.

The Stone School was about three-quarters of a mile from our farm, and when I was small, it seemed like the longest way to walk, particularly on a hot summer day. In winter, some children who came a long way, would drive a horse and cutter and put the horse in a neighbour's barn for the day. Our cousins, Gwen and Muriel Jean Rutherford, had further to walk than we had and they used to drive a cutter in the winter. Our father lent them a horse and two-seater cutter for at least two winters and they picked up Dora and me as they passed our farm.

The school, made of fieldstone, was square with two windows on opposite sides. The windows were not large and had deep wells. When I first went to school, there were no electric lights, so it often got dark in the classroom, particularly on winter afternoons. When it got too dark to work, the teacher would stand near the window and read a story to all the classes. I can remember her reading *Anne of Green Gables* which we enjoyed. There was a front porch where we would line up when the bell rang, and separate boys' and girls' cloakrooms. There was a tin basin and a pail of water with a dipper where we could wash our hands and a tank with a spigot on it that held drinking water. The privies were in a shed south of the school, boys on one side, girls on the other, with the woodshed in between.

I took my lunch to school in a pale green lunch box, a box with two handles. Inside would be sandwiches, an apple and usually a cookie. During the Depression, children living on a farm were probably better fed than many living in the city. In the winter, we ate our lunches inside at our desks, but in the summer, I loved to eat my lunch up in the big maple tree in the school yard.

When I first went to school, there were "double seats," but later we got individual desks which had an arm rest on the side and a drawer underneath and which came in different sizes. These were not fastened to the floor and could be moved around as needed. We would be assigned a seat and usually kept it all year.

There were two types of books to write in, a "workbook" (5¢) which has newsprint paper and with it we used a pencil and did our everyday spelling and arithmetic, and a "notebook" (10¢) which had smooth paper and with which we used a pen, usually a fountain pen. We had note books

for “History” and “Geography” and a special one for “Writing” lessons when we used a straight pen with a nib and did exercises, round and round and up and down with a loose wrist. These exercises were supposed to improve our handwriting skills. We took great pains with our notebooks and visitors looked at them. The inspector, Mr. O’Dell, came twice a year and he made both teacher and pupils nervous. The teacher would have us practice standing up and reciting, “Good morning, Mr. O’Dell,” in unison. I suppose he looked at the attendance register and the physical conditions in the school. He might ask a student to read or recite.

My first teacher was Hildred Nichol who taught at the school for a number of years and was well regarded in the community. One year we had a new teacher. She was very young and did not know how to discipline the class. Did we ever have a fun time that year! We did just what we wanted to: went swimming at noon hour; came back late; danced in the aisles. It really was a great year! Unfortunately she lasted only a year. I guess she didn’t have her contract renewed. The next year, a great big woman, at least she seemed that way to me, whose name was Nettie Nicholls, was hired. We were all a little afraid of her and she did make us buckle down and do our school work. If someone misbehaved, the teacher would rap their knuckles with a pointer or make them write “lines.” Some teachers did use a strap, but one would have to do something really bad to get the strap. I remember that one of the bigger boys brought a gun to school and this upset my father very much. Maybe this boy got the strap.

The big events of the school year were the School Fair and the Christmas Concert. The School Fair was held at a local fair ground and all the schools in Haldimand Township would attend. To me the most important part was the “march past.” One of our teachers made a banner with a picture of the school painted on it and the name “... No. 9” printed in large letters. The banner was attached to two poles and the two tallest children in the school were chosen to carry it. All the children in each school lined up in order of size and marched past the stand, left–right, left–right. We used to practice in the school yard! There were contests and red and blue ribbons for the best selection of fruits and vegetables brought from home, and for the best handwriting, but I was only really interested in the parade and the march past. I am sure I never got a ribbon.

The Christmas Concert was the only theatre we ever saw. We sang Christmas carols, dressed as angels in white cheesecloth robes. There was always a pantomime of Silent Night which ended up with the whole choir in a “heavenly sleep.” There were recitations; brave kids would sing a solo.

One year the adults in the community put on *Charlie’s Aunt* which was really exciting. Someone would build a platform in the school and curtains, made from sheets, were fastened across the front of the stage. In November and December we spent a lot of time practicing for the concert. The local auctioneer dressed up as Santa Claus and every child got a present which might be a scribbler, a box of crayons, a pencil, something one would use at school.

Our mother made many of our clothes and I remember a plaid coat with capes on the sleeves. We also wore hand–me–downs. I suppose the only clothing that was bought at the store were stockings, bloomers, shoes and long underwear. I used to hate wearing long underwear. Our cousins, Mary and Margaret Rutherford, were the first ones in the school to own a pair of snow pants and we really envied them.



In later years, we had a music teacher who came to the school once a week. Her name was Frances Solomon and she came from Brighton. She formed a choir which sometimes competed with other schools at the Music Festival. When a piano was purchased for the school, she also taught piano lessons after school. She gave me my first lessons in piano in a group class with several cousins.

I attended this school for six years, leaving when I was 12 years old. At that time, a public education usually lasted for eight years, and because I was younger than most pupils who were going on to High School, I had to go to Colborne High School and write "Entrance Exams" which were set by the Department of Education, all of which I passed "with honours."

The one room school helped to make us independent learners, maybe forced us to depend on books too much. I did not become a good listener until years later, so perhaps I did not learn as much from later teachers as I might have. In a small school, one did not have the opportunity to do group projects. The programme was fine for the times, but it would not, in my opinion, be adequate for today's society.

## SKETCHES OF THE PAST

by *Susan Burnham Greeley*

(Dictated at Haldimand, December 27, 1901)

That mighty forest, whose unvaried breadth stretches for miles, from east to west, from Erie's shore to Hudson's icy wave," as I attempted to describe it in some of my childish effusion, was very slightly infringed upon when we first came to dwell in it. The first range of townships, from Kingston to Toronto, were but partially cleared, some not at all, for instance Whitby, which was then untouched and was generally spoken of as "The Nine Mile Woods," on the road to Toronto, York and Tyendinaga which was an Indian Reserve, and not opened for settlement by the white people 'til years afterwards. And what a grand and solemn sound proceeded from those glorious woods when the wind blew hard. It was not so considered then, it sounded so like the rush of great waters that it was thought to come from the Upper Lakes and was generally spoken of as "The Lake is roaring, there will be a storm." But the lakes are here, though the forest is not and the grand music of the woods is heard no more.

What splendid trees they were which fell before the axe and were speedily reduced to ashes. Ashes were for a time our chief article of export and have ever since been an important one, and have remained almost at the same price they had then, till within a few years they have declined some. Then came lumbering, a very labourious, expensive and uncertain business, yet many grew rich by it. Masts were a valuable article (I wonder if there is one left in the country). Once when my brother and I were coming up from the village of Colborne we met one drawn by 17 yoke of oxen. It was in a dangerous part of the road, on the side of a hill, so we had to get out of the way quickly, which we did driving into a shed nearby, but if the trunk had slued in the least it would

have sent shed and all down the hill. Another mast was obtained not far from here which took 25 yoke of oxen to draw, and another which, when they were loading it, slued a little and struck a tall tree what was close to the road, bringing down a dry branch, which struck one of the men on the head and killed him instantly — an old experienced hand who was greatly regretted.

But, you say, I did not tell you about the grain mortars and you want to know what they were like. Well, they were logs of wood, generally maple, three or four feet in length and about two feet in diameter, one end hollowed out mortar shape, the deeper and better consistently with the length and strength of the arms which were to use it, and made as smooth as possible, a pestle shaped mallet fitting the cavity. It was very efficient to pulverize corn, but I do not think that wheat flour could be made with it. But as the people increased in number, and raised wheat enough, grist mills began to be built. The first, I believe, in the country between Kingston and York was Vanalstine's in Fredericksburg by the Lake on the Mountain, and my father's in Haldimand, and at Presque Isle, then Mr. Hare's at Grafton and Frint's in Cramahe. When we first came here "in the wood" there was on every large stream that runs into Lake Ontario a grist mill and saw mill, a distillery, a potashery and often a tannery. All gone now, except the grist mills and they have multiplied, there being often two or three on the same stream, besides steam mills.

But the roads! Oh, the roads, you would need some experience before you could imagine what the roads were like. When the project of a gravel road from Colborne to Cobourg was first started, a meeting was held in 1846 to discuss the matter, and one young gentleman opposed it, "for the roads" he said, "were perfectly good in the summer and winter and when they were not people might stay at home." But that could not always be. I have myself been obliged to go to funerals and other occasions when the "big wagon," the only carriage we had then, would go down to the hubs of the wheels in the mud. I remember hearing a gentleman telling a stage passenger, who was complaining of having to walk so much of his journey, that we were much better off here than in the upper part of the province, where they not only had to walk, but to carry a rail with which to pry the coach out of the mud holes. There was a place between Colborne and Grafton called Herriman Hill, from the name of the first settler there, which was said to be the worst place between Kingston and Toronto and the terror of stage drivers. This arose from the nature of the soil, for it was not much of a hill and, in fact, a "brick yard" was worked close beside the road for some years. But since the way has been gravelled no one now can imagine what it was once. In the first settlement all the land travel went on the lake shore, but everything that could be was done by water, according to the season of the year, and the ice made very good travelling too in many places.

How did the people get to church? You do not consider that there were no churches to go to. For some years after the first arrival those who wished to meet together for public worship could be comfortably accommodated in each other's houses, and when this was not convenient each neighbourhood built a little log schoolhouse which served for the Sabbath meetings also.

And we lived in a log house. Indeed we did, and thought it very nice too, but then we knew little about it. Many of the emigrants from the "Old Country" especially the half-pay officers, thought it very romantic to live in such a residence, and spent much time and money in "finishing" them nicely before they found how useless it was.

But those who had fixed their fancy upon log houses soon found that all their pains in finishing them nicely was of no avail but for a short time, for they would settle, and thus draw all the casings, doors, windows and floors apart, and thus render them very uncomfortable. Ours was made of hardwood, yes, any kind of wood would do if you could get the logs perfectly straight — maple, basswood, poplar, or anything you could get. Ours was 20 by 16 feet, and we had a brick chimney and a shingled roof, which raised us greatly in the estimation of our neighbours (of whom we had two within a mile). We had also iron hinges and latches on the doors (of which we had two), but none of these things could have been procured by the first settlers 35 years before. All were of wood. Our neighbours had wooden latches and stick chimneys; you look astonished. They were better than no chimneys at all, surely. But how were they made? Well, they made a hearth of big stones about the half of the breadth of the house, and five or six feet wide, always in the end of the building, cutting out the logs at the back of the hearth to the height of about five feet, and about half the length of the fireplace, filling in the back with big stones for the fire to go against. Then above the fireplace sticks were placed across from beam to beam, strong enough for the superstructure to rest upon, which was made either of ash or cedar, cuts of which about two feet in length were split into sticks about two inches square, and then piled up like a log house to a safe distance above the roof, and then plastered inside and out with a very adhesive clay, which was easily found and rendered the chimney perfectly safe: the clay remained unbroken. The clay was also used for plastering the houses, that is, filling up the spaces between the logs and those who wished to be very neat and stylish whitewashed their one roomed houses with “blue-clay” a kind of pipe clay which was found in many of the little streams.

We commenced raising cattle, with two cows, but it does not take long to raise a stock. It was long before cleared land could be spared for pasture or for raising hay, so the cattle had to depend in the winter upon straw and browse on the buds of the maple, and basswood, and a very good fodder it was for those whose land bore those kinds of timber. In 1825 the greatest drought ever known since the country was first settled occurred. It extended also to Europe, and is often mentioned in books written at that time. 1829 was a very wet summer, causing the wheat to rust badly. We had a new “fallow” of nearly six acres, the straw grew shoulder high, and we only got nine bushels of grain from the whole field, and that so shrunken that it made very little flour. Hard times! I do not like to think of them even now. Another wet year the grain was fine, but it sprouted in the head, standing in the field before it was cut, and there was no good bread to be had till people learned how to manage flour made from “grown” wheat.



*Susan B. Greeley.*  
Photo loaned by Dora Grant

## PETER J. GREYDANUS REMEMBERS

It was in the Spring of 1953 that we started farming on Lot 21, Concession II in Haldimand Township. It was a big change from the flat, low, wet land of Friesland in the Netherlands to the big hills of Northumberland! We had a lot to learn: we now had to seed hay if we wanted to feed cattle - that was new; and we had drought here. We made some mistakes, and sometimes because of our ignorance, we were taken advantage of, but we learned.

What I remember most of all was the amazingly good neighbours we had. They seemed to think that we had paid too much for our farm, and the down payment we made was small. I guess the former owner was not well liked. We were told that he boasted that he would have the farm back in two years. Amazingly, the neighbours told us to let them know if we ran short so they could help us out. We were a large family and we all pitched in, and as it turned out, we never did need their financial help. But we sure needed and received their help later when our barn got hit by lightning in a bad thunderstorm. They all helped us to rebuild it. It must have been one of the last barn raisings in the country.

When we arrived in this country in March 1950, members of our family worked for farmers in Grenville County. I worked for a dairy farmer for one full year. That was the agreement we signed before we left Friesland. Wages were \$50 a month, plus room and board. We did not think that was bad because it was better value than we had before. When I arrived I could not speak English. I was driven to the farm at 11 p.m. The only word I understood that night was bed and that is where I went.

The farmer I worked for was a good boss and I learned to respect him highly. However, he had a 17 year old son who was a year younger than I was and the youngest of the family. He liked to show me up sometimes. Let's say we didn't get along too well so I left there after 13 months even though the farmer asked me to stay.

In Grenville county where we worked, a farm boy was not really considered a farm boy until he had at least once made a trip west on the harvest excursion to help in the grain harvest. I went in August 1952. The train ride was Government subsidized. It cost \$15 to anywhere in the west and \$11 to get back. It took three days and three nights to get to where I went. There were two train car loads of us. I remember there was a fair bit of drinking going on and the urine smell got really rank by the time we reached Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg we were ushered in a hall where all the jobs were called off. I ended up in the Brudenheim area northeast of Edmonton. The farmers there were all of German descent and spoke German amongst each other. The first morning after I arrived they gave me a hay fork and sent me to an 80 acre field to stook barley. To my own amazement I stooked that field in less than two days alone. I stooked for several weeks. When threshing started I worked for four brothers and they had the 38-inch Waterloo (Mill) threshing machine parked in the middle of the field. The granaries on logs were pulled along side. One tractor was hooked on the stookloader and one tractor each to a wagon with 10 x 20 foot offset racks, high on one side and low on the other. Three men were spike

pitching, me included. We had good weather that year. We worked 6-1/2 days a week, 71 hours a week. On Sunday morning we went to a Lutheran Church. I still feel today that that's the most money value-wise that I have ever earned. I received a dollar an hour and was fed five times a day, and fed well. I only spent 50¢ a week on smokes. I saved a lot of money. It was the money I saved there that we used as down payment on the farm in Northumberland County that we bought and moved to the next winter and spring. The farm is still in the family and now in the third generation.

## THE HINMAN HERITAGE

*Written c. 1904 by Smith Hinman (1826–1913) and contributed by Jay Sydney Hinman of Cobourg, Ontario*

In the fall of 1799 Moses Hinman and his family consisting of his wife, five daughters and three sons, moved from Oneida County, New York to Canada. At this time the Government of Canada was offering a free grant of land to heads of families who came to live here, which was probably the cause of his coming here. Their journey was about 215 miles. They travelled by wagon for 16 miles, then by row boats over the lake westerly for about 50 miles and then down the river to Oswego and by sailing vessel over Lake Ontario to Colborne. There was no regular line of boats across the lake then, no steamboats and not much accommodation for landing passengers at any place on the north side of the lake in this part of the country. This was generally done by small boats from the vessel to the shore.

After leaving Oswego for Colborne, the vessel was overtaken by a storm which caused it to alter its course and run to Sodus Harbour for shelter from the wind where it remained until the storm was over. During this part of the voyage, many of the passengers were sick. Some of them said they would never go on the water again but while waiting in the harbour they gained their usual health and spirits and continued on their journey. The trip across the lake was then made to Colborne in good style.

My father, Aaron Hinman, used to relate an incident that occurred on this part of the route when one of the lady passengers called the captain in the night and wanted to know if there was any danger of the boat running over Niagara Falls which caused a good deal of merriment.

At Colborne Harbour where they landed, Moses Hinman and family remained a few months and then moved to Bradley Hollow (now Eddystone) where they remained for a few years. They then moved to Wicklow where he lived until he died. This part of the country was then nearly all wilderness. It had few of the conveniences of life that they had enjoyed prior to moving to Canada. Common schools were few and far between and of poor quality too. The society that the family had been used to mingling with was quite different here. There was not a grist mill anywhere in the vicinity of this place and my grandfather had to go to Kingston to get his wheat made into flour. He had to travel in an open boat along the shore of Lake Ontario (about 80 miles) and the return trip took about a week. At night he would haul the boat up on the shore to sleep in it. Sometimes the people would pound the wheat in a mortar or hollow vessel with a stick and then

sift it in a sieve. Sometimes a little water wheel on a stream would drive something like a pepper mill to grind the wheat into chop which had to be sifted by hand afterwards.

The lack of schooling and other privileges that they had been used to was felt most keenly by them as their children were of an age to require these things. My grandmother, Mary Shaw Hinman, was a woman of good natural and acquired abilities and she could hardly be reconciled to bring up her family in such a place. My father always thought that his father made a mistake in moving into this country under such circumstances. He thought that the minds of his father's large family of children were not developed as they would have been with the privileges of education and society, and I think my father was right in his opinion about it.

Moses Hinman built the house upon his newly acquired farm in about 1812. He lived there until his death in 1836. It continued in use by his descendants up until 1902 although it has been somewhat changed. It was built with a large chimney in the centre of the house in which there were three open fireplaces in the first floor and two fireplaces on the second, each opening into a different room so as to warm the rooms without stoves as they had not come into use then.

In looking back to my earliest recollections of my grandfather Hinman who lived about ten miles away from my father's home and who died when I was ten years old, I remember our many visits to his house and his pleasant demeanor at our house. He was a man of good size. I do not know how much he weighed but he was six feet one inch in height and well proportioned and he was a man well endowed with mental ability. He used to come to our place with his one horse wagon (there were no buggies then). He often came in the spring of the year to get some molasses which my father used to make in great abundance.

He was a prominent man in the Baptist church where he lived and he would often get up after the preacher had finished his sermon and enlarge upon the subject by giving his view upon it. He joined the then newly formed church at his own home soon after he arrived.

About 13 years after Moses came to Canada, the war between England and the United States began and he cast his lot with his adopted country against his old home sending two of his three sons to help defend Canada and I think the third son had something to do in assisting our army.

As there were no railroads then, the defenders of their homes laboured under great difficulties in moving materials for the war, particularly in the winter season when they would have to be drawn on wagons or sleighs, navigation being closed from England to such places as Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton.

The people used to turn out and assist the government to move the materials some of which were very heavy. Isaac Doolittle, a neighbour of my father in Haldimand that I knew, who lived there many years, turned out with his team of oxen in the winter and helped to move a cannon on its journey to Toronto (then York) 80 miles away.

Sometimes in the days of the war, persons were compelled to turn out and forward the mail or important war dispatches. At this time my father was ordered by a person who had the mailbag with him, to take it and carry it to a specified place near Port Hope, and press some other man to carry it on another stage as specified, which would be repeated until it reached its destination. Each carrier had to furnish his own horse and carry the mail without reward (I think). My father took



*Students at the Stone School  
in 1897 or 1899.*

STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT):  
*Platt Hinman, Violet Hinman,  
 Susie Hinman, Miss McCullagh,  
 Grace Deviney, Harold Kernaghan,  
 Arthur Kernaghan. SECOND ROW:*  
*Andrew Rutherford, Clara Hinman,  
 Jessie Rutherford, Attie Wait,  
 Myra Hinman, Katie Kernaghan,  
 Grace Harnden, Will Kelly.*  
 THIRD ROW: *Mack Rutherford,  
 Reggie Roberts, Percy Harnden,  
 Henry Drury and Robert Hinman.*

Photo loaned by Doug Johnston.

the mail as he was ordered and impressed in like manner another man to proceed with it as ordered. On another occasion, his brother Truman was impressed to carry the mail.

When my father was in service in the war, his work was to assist in moving supplies for the government from Kingston to Toronto and Hamilton for use in the army. They travelled by boats propelled by oars along the shore. It was a slow way of travelling and they were often hindered by unfavourable winds and rough waters. En route they had very poor accommodations for sleeping or resting for the night. At Hamilton they had a few days rest. My father and a few others went to one of the few houses in Hamilton and asked for the privilege of sleeping on the floor one night. The man at first refused but after consulting with his folks, he took everything out of the room and told them they could sleep there. From Hamilton they were ordered to return to York for fear that the provisions would be captured by the Americans, and this they accomplished in due time after which my father was released from further service and allowed to return home on foot. Thirty-eight years later my father visited Toronto and Hamilton and found them to be large cities.

One of the great hardships at the time of this war was the scarcity of tea and salt. Sweet fern was used as a substitute for tea, although a poor one, and springs were found that contained a little salt in the water when it was boiled down.

The roads in those days were in quite a primitive state and ran without much regard to lines or road allowances. Mosquitoes and black flies were so thick in a portion of the summer as to be almost unendurable, and the fever and ague would attack some members of the family almost every

year. My father had it himself in the first summer. This disease was not very dangerous but it generally clung to its victim for several weeks and a person would be a long time in regaining his usual strength. This disease is unknown now, and the mosquitoes and black flies have mostly disappeared.

Sounds could be heard much farther in the early days of this country than at the present time. This is something that I have never heard an explanation of but I suppose that the forest that covered the ground then helped to convey the sound. We used to hear the moaning of the waters of Lake Ontario, some 4 miles away, always before a storm and when we heard the lake roar, we knew what to look for, but such a noise from the lake has not been heard here for a good many years.

Sleigh bells and the cow bells used to be heard very much farther than at the present time. My grandfather, in the early days of his life here, called to a man living two and a half miles away to bring home his cards which he used in combing wool, and the man heard distinctly and returned them without delay.

The minds of the early settlers here were not up to the standard of the present day on the question of temperance and it was customary to furnish liquor at any raising of a building. At about this time Daniel Massey, the father of the late H.A. Massey, undertook to raise a barn without liquor which proved a failure on the first day, but he rallied his temperance friends (my grandfather amongst them who went four miles) and they put the building up on the second trial without whisky.

My grandfather's youngest son named Cyrus was taken sick within a few years of his coming here and the lack of medical men was felt most keenly in his case as, after trying every known remedy, my grandfather sent my father, then 12 or 13 years old to Wellington on horseback which was about 45 miles away through a wilderness country. At one place he went through a piece of woods which was 12 miles through without any clearing. He went to get the services of a doctor who was unable to save his patient after so much delay.

At this time there was not much commerce of any kind being carried on in this part of the country. The people had to do their own manufacturing. Farmers would have to make their own wool into cloth for home use in the family for both men and women. Coloured plaid dresses made of wool at home such as my mother used to make were thought to be pretty nice for young ladies to wear when going out in company or to religious meetings, and at the time my grandfather came here there were no carding mills and the wool had to be carded by hand. To do this my father was sent over this same route to Wellington to borrow a pair of wool cards, also on horse back. He went to the door of the house where he had been sent and made his request to the person who came to the door, who went in to the house and in a short time returned with a line from the man of the house saying "I have no cards" and then my father had to return to his home 45 miles away.

There was not much reading matter and no newspapers in circulation when my grandfather came here. My father used to think that the people were more talkative and friendly to one another than they were afterwards when reading matter became more plentiful, as they had to get their information by words from one another rather than by reading, and he thought that was the reason that family visiting was so much more customary than it was afterwards.

My grandmother died at her home in Haldimand in 1824 after living about 24 years in



Canada. Her remains were buried in a small plot used for a burying ground on the north side of the front road on Lot 8 in Concession I. My brother Noble, who died in the same year, was buried there also. There was no general burying ground then. Some graves were made on the lake shore in a burying ground about a mile west of Colborne Harbour. Since then the waters of the lake have washed them away. Owing to the uncertainty of the graves being preserved, Moses requested that his remains should be buried in a certain plot on his own farm. When he died in June 1836 this wish was complied with and his grave was preserved carefully until December 28, 1894. At that time Platt Hinman who owned the farm, thought it best to have the remains reinterred in the Stanley Burying Ground near Grafton, for fear that some future owner of the farm might not respect the grave. The removal was attended by many of the descendants living in that part of the country. I was present and witnessed the ceremony. Platt Hinman and myself were the only persons present who remembered seeing the deceased, and each of us made some remarks about him.

## RUSS SCHOOL RECALLED

*by Barry F. King, with memories from his mother, Mary Farr King, a former student.*

**T**he confident red brick schoolhouse had not seen a class for many years. It sat in a sunlit field of tall yellowed grass beneath a low rise of cedars and pines. Plain to see, it was a one-room design, though its only adornment, the belfry, was missing.

Nearly hidden in the summer's growth, was the fieldstone foundation. Laid flat on undisturbed earth the stones had firmly supported the walls for nigh on a century — a tribute to its builder, one Robert Davidson from nearby Castleton. Constructed in 1878, it replaced an earlier log structure which had burned. Six 12-paned windows — three to east, three to west, provided the necessary illumination. Abandoned, the school had yielded most of its glazing to target practice.

The south wall and entrance were protected by a silver-grey woodshed. In the dark interior, neatly stacked, the winter's supply of fuel stood in readiness for a term which never came. Overhead, a heavy beam, burnished with use, had been the object of many youthful dares. Abruptly the ringing of the bell would end the young acrobat's performance as the doorway to higher learning swung open below them.

The short entrance hallway led first to two small cloakrooms, to left and right. Round knobbed hooks patterned the walls and on a window ledge was a large bottle of black ink whose contents were now reduced to soot. Propped in one dusty corner was a brittle scroll map of the Dominion of Canada — and Newfoundland.

Straight ahead stretched the classroom with four rows of double-seated desks. Made from pine, they had long since lost their hard varnished surface. Stilled were the slivered slate pencils which had studiously scraped against each small slate.

At the centre of the room, rested the old box stove with its rusted pipe twisting up and across



*Russ School, S.S. #20, c. 1890.*

Photo loaned by Allan Birney

the ceiling on its tortuous route to the chimney. The operation of the stove — cleaning out the ashes, dusting the resultant grey residue from the desks and building the fire well before school commenced — had rested with the neighbours' children. But sometimes the black box was used to warm milk, fresh from the morning's chores, for cocoa: interior comfort on a brisk winter's day. This summer day, however, the sound of a crackling fire was replaced by the ominous hum of an iron-clad hive of bees, who had taken up residence within the pipes.

Field mice, too had found a home in a musty bookcase below a broken window pane. One furry family with a particular fondness for the Ontario School Geography, had digested several chapters.

One step up was the teacher's platform. With blackboard for backdrop, the stage included a tall cupboard which supported a slightly dented globe of the world. Opposite sat a piano whose chords were lost long ago. Pre-eminent at the centre of all, was the teacher's desk. Resting on it, a record book of graduates past, was left open, as if classes were only temporarily suspended.

A threadbare Union Jack was draped high above the blackboards, but other decorations had included paper chains for the annual Christmas Concert. All the parents, arriving in horse-drawn cutters and jingling sleighs, carried lanterns to light the evening festivities. It was often by the children's performance of precision drills, recitations and carol singing that the young teacher's skills were judged. Boarding nearby, the teacher quickly became a respected member of this close-knit farming community.

Russ School, S.S. #20, Haldimand Township, continued to be a part of the public school system until June 1947. So many families had left their farms, that only four students remained and the school was forced to close.

Like most of Northumberland's one-room school houses, conveniences were few, electricity was unlikely, privies were customary and, in Russ School, water often had to be fetched from the Samis farm, a half-mile distance. It was recalled that Mrs. Samis admonished those students who dared to spill a drop. Sporting equipment was a ball and stick and at least one baseball team was composed of both sexes.

As with many vacant buildings, the old place of learning fell victim to vandals in 1973 when it was burned to the ground. The spirit of the place continued to thrive however. In the summer of 1984 a class returned. A reunion of students and teachers, numbering 150 people, converged on the old site. Tales of snakes in the outhouse, school-marms stern and kind, blueberry-stained faces, daredevil bobsled runs and schoolhouse funerals were remembered. They spoke fondly of their roots nurtured here, like the tall golden grass of Russ School.

## MY ANCESTORS

by *Robert Ernest McCullagh (1869–1965)*.

**G**eorge McCullagh, the root of the family tree, was born in Haddington, Scotland, on December 8, 1806. George became a tanner and dresser of hides and wool. He was my grandfather.

In 1828 George married Eleanor Ann Brown, an Englishwoman whose home was in Liverpool. To them were born seven children, one in Britain and six in Canada; three daughters and five sons[sic]. George and his family came to Canada on May 22, 1849. They arrived at Cobourg, Ontario, then a village. They continued to a point called Benlock, a small village ten miles east of Cobourg and midway between what is now Grafton and Wicklow. Benlock has since disappeared.

George and his family built a comfortable home, planted a fine apple orchard and erected a tannery, and for years he followed his occupation there.

George died in his home at Benlock on November 22, 1878, at the age of 72, and his wife passed away at the same place on November 3, 1887, at the age of 83. I can remember seeing my grandfather only once. He was seated on a shoemaker's bench in the upstairs of his home, mending a pair of shoes. The tannery had been burned down and he spent his time with the shoemaker's tools or with his cows or in his apple orchard.

My maternal grandfather, Joseph Parsons, came to Canada in 1840 with his family and ten years later moved to Fenella where he worked as a carpenter. His people had been carpenters for four generations. He married Virtue Curtis, daughter of Thomas Curtis. Two of his brothers also married daughters of Thomas Curtis. Joseph was a member of the Baptist church until he came to Fenella. There he joined the Methodist church and became class leader, acting in that capacity until his death from septicemia.

Grandfather Joseph Parsons and his wife Virtue had a family of nine children, seven girls and two boys. Orpha Parsons, my mother, was four when the family came to Canada and 14 when they moved to Fenella. For a time she lived in the home of Elder Case in the Indian Village of Alderville, where she attended school.

She came to Cobourg when she was 16 and served in the home of Mrs. Woods who kept a students' boarding house. Three years later, she married Robert McCullagh, on November 1, 1856. They lived in Fenella for one year, and then moved from Fenella to Baltimore, where father operated a flour mill for a year, and then again to Cobourg, where father took charge of the garden and stable of Victoria College and his brother James served as a baker at the college at the same time. In 1862 the family moved to a grist mill northwest of Grafton, where I was born. In December 1870 we moved to Stony Flat. We were a family of seven children.

In my boyhood days, there was a severe economic depression and my mother's encouragement was needed to keep my father from serious despondency. My mother was a woman to be admired. She was of somewhat plump figure, of beautiful face, sharp aquiline nose, rosy cheeks, black wavy hair; a woman whose very appearance indicated that she was of kindly spirit and happy disposition, always ready with a pleasant word and ready to find some defence for one who might be under criticism.

The mill of which I spoke [Lot 26, Concession II] and the mill house were situated in a narrow

valley between two hills, near which was "The Mill Pond." The pond was fed by streams from the hills and emptied through a runway which flowed beneath the dam. There was a road [West Road] running past the mill. It came down one hill across the mill and up the other hill. This road was used by farmers of the surrounding country, who brought their wheat to the mill to be ground into flour and their oats to be ground into chop for their animals.

The water that came through the runway fell onto what is called an "overshot wheel," thus rotating the wheel and the shaft which operated the mill. The time has long passed when flour is ground like it was in McCullagh's mill in those days. There, the wheat was placed in a hopper and dropped from the hopper between two ponderous stones, the upper and the nether stones. The nether stone had to be sharpened from time to time. To do that, the upper stone was lifted and the miller got on to the nether stone with cold-chisel and hammer and with them pecked and roughened the stone. Then, as the mill was put in motion and one stone turned on the other, the wheat was ground.

The miller got his pay by keeping a certain percentage of what the farmer brought. He was very honest and always tried to give the farmer his full share. He said there were two ways to hold the hand when using it to level the top of a measure of the grain he was to keep: one is to bend the fingers as far back as possible and the other to let them curve slightly forward. He held it the latter way.

After operating the mill for a certain number of years, he sold it to his brother, James, and he bought a farm situated six miles east of Cobourg and one mile west of Grafton [Lot 27, Concession I]. Part of the farm was on the east side of the road and part on the west. The part on the east was very stony. The large stones were so numerous that the farm went by the name of "Stony Flat." It was suitable for grazing, consequently my father kept quite a number of cattle; I think at one time 20 or more. The milk was taken each day in cans to Grafton Station and shipped to Toronto. The part of the farm on the west side of the road was a steep side-hill and only part of it suitable for agriculture.

While living in Stony Flat, we usually walked to church in Grafton. No doubt the church services there were a factor in forming my character although there are few things that I remember. We attended a day school one mile west of our farm. We had a teacher who was strict in discipline, and sometimes she had to mete out punishment. She didn't altogether abandon the strap but she didn't like it. One of her methods of punishment was to bring the pupil to the front of the room turn him to face the other scholars, place a good-sized book on his head and make him stand thus for a certain length of time. If he let the book fall, the time was extended. If you think it is easy to stand thus, try it.

After farming for a number of years, father sold the Stony Flat farm to William Rogers, who had married my oldest sister, Ellen.

When we moved to Cobourg, I attended the West End School and after that went to the Model School. So far as the pupils were concerned, it was one of the public schools of the town, but for three months of the year it was a training school for teachers. The pupils had passed their nonprofessional examination at the Collegiate Institute. Then if they wanted to teach they had to

attend the Model School for training. I got my certificate before I was 18 years of age, but as I would reach that age in a few months, I was allowed to take a school.

The first school that I taught at was "The Gully School" and two of the pupils were my cousins whose home was in the mill house of which I have spoken. The school was only about six miles from Cobourg. In the summer I went back and forth on a bicycle. The bicycle was of a type not used now. It had a large wheel, 52 inches high and a small wheel, about 15 inches in diameter. The small wheel was to support the seat which was on top of the large wheel. There was a curved metal connection between the small wheel and the seat, called the backbone. Sometimes, if one attempted to go down too steep a hill, or if the wheel struck a stone, the seat would fall forward and the rider would "take a header." After one became well accustomed to riding, if the wheel began to fall forward, he could quickly throw his legs over the handlebars and light on his feet.

In the winter, I boarded at a nearby home, but I went to Cobourg for weekends. This meant a walk of six miles on Friday evening, but sometimes I got a ride part way as I walked on the Kingston Highway.

Mother died at the home in Cobourg in the year 1911, having survived father by 14 years.

Many years later, perhaps 60, I visited Cobourg. I drove down past The Gully School and on to see the old mill. I went into the mill house to talk to the people who lived there but they were unknown to me.

## MARGARET RYERSON REMEMBERS HER PARENTS

James Henry Gordon was born in Centreton in November 1897 the youngest in the family of four boys. His mother died of tuberculosis when he was two-and-a-half years old and he was subsequently raised by his father. He left school in his early teens and worked on neighbouring farms to earn money to study the barbering trade at Moler College in Toronto, from which he graduated at age 19. He worked in barber shops in Trenton and Toronto until 1925 when he opened his own shop on Danforth Road in Grafton (the shop now occupied by the Tole Lantern). That same year, he married Lucy Sophia Moore, to whom he had been engaged for seven years while they saved enough money to start married life. He worked five days a week from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. at his shop. He walked to and from work from his home on Aird Street, a newly built house which he and Lucy bought in the spring of 1926.

He was a man of many interests and hobbies. For 25 years he kept bees on his properties and sold the comb honey that they produced. In 1937, he defied existing theories and planted Carpathian walnuts which grew into nut-bearing trees, the initial experiment in nut culture of this type in Northumberland County. In 1952 he picked three six-quart baskets of walnuts from one tree alone. A long time interest in reforestation prompted him in 1938 to start planting red, white and scotch pine seedlings on property he owned at Centreton. With his family's help he reforested seven acres of sandy plains, many of the seedlings having been planted by hand. He maintained a life long interest in fishing and hunting. He caught many trout on local streams, and from his

cottage in Harwood he fished for pickerel and muskellunge in Rice Lake. After 20 years of barbering in Grafton, he closed shop in November and took a month of long-merited vacation time to go deer hunting, a practice that he continued for the following 15 years.

Lucy Sophia Moore was born in Birmingham, England in October 1896, third in a family of four children. After the death of her father, her mother was unable to provide for all the children. The eldest child was able to work to support his mother, the youngest was stricken with polio and confined to home, so Lucy, then aged seven, and her brother, aged nine, were placed in Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Children. Lucy subsequently lived as a foster child with a family in the village of Foxearth, near Cambridge, England, and attended school there. When she was 13 years old, she was given the opportunity to emigrate to Canada with other children from the Barnardo Homes. After a three week sea voyage in April 1910 she landed in Canada and resided temporarily in the Barnardo Home in Peterborough. Four months later, Lucy and a fellow Home resident travelled from Peterborough to Port Hope by train. Before parting to head in opposite directions to meet their Canadian families, the famished Lucy traded her only lace handkerchief for her companion's lunch packet. Alone, Lucy caught a train to Grafton where she was met by John Brewster whose family had agreed to take her in.

Barnardo Homes required the sponsoring family "to furnish her with sufficient and proper clothing, board and lodging, and to pay wages at the rate of four dollars per month, to shield her as far as possible from undesirable companions and to encourage her regular attendance at church and Sunday school."

The Brewsters ran the general store in Centreton, which included the post office and an ice cream parlour, and provided overnight accommodation for travellers. Lucy helped with all aspects of running the business. Piano lessons were provided for her; after 12 lessons she became the organist at St. John's Anglican Church in Centreton. She lived with the Brewster family until 1918 when she left for Toronto to work as a Bell Telephone operator.

On October 14, 1925, she married James Henry Gordon and moved to Grafton. After the births of their three children, Dorothy, Margaret and Harvey, slowly advancing deafness finally overcame her in 1933. Her artistic talents turned from music to gardening and Lucy became known for her prolific tulip beds in spring and her English country style gardens in summer.

In later years she travelled alone to visit family in Vancouver, Winnipeg and Upper New York State. She was an excellent lip reader and many people she met while travelling didn't realize that she couldn't hear.

Lucy and Jim lived their 53 years of married life in their Aird Street home. Jim closed the barber shop in 1977, 52 years after he opened it. Jim died in January 1979, Lucy died in April 1981.



*James H. Gordon (1897–1979)  
and Lucy S. Moore (1896–1981)  
on their wedding day, October 14, 1925.*

Photo loaned by Margaret Ryerson.

## THE WRITINGS OF JOHN ALEXANDER BOYD WILSON (1900–1976)

William James Wilson spent his early years with his grandmother at Baltimore and with his uncle, William Wilson, when his father, John G. Wilson, moved to Michigan in 1866. James, or Jim as he was known, purchased a farm west of where the brothers had lived and in 1899 married Helen Isabella Boyd of Baltimore. Having worked for some time as a carpenter, he built a house and barn. On this farm he planted an orchard and had several acres of raspberries. I can well remember when he had 10 to 15 women and girls picking berries. They were paid each day, one

*John Alexander Boyd Wilson.*

Photo loaned by Audrey Wilson.



cent per quart for picking and the pickers who stayed on the job all summer received an extra quarter cent per quart at the end of the season. My father then loaded the crated boxes on a two-horse spring wagon at the end of the day and took them to Warkworth stores at 5¢ per quart or to the cannery at Lakeport. The canners paid three to three and a half cents per quart but returned the boxes. This latter trip was about 15 miles each way, so it made a long days' work.

I was their only child and was born on November 4, 1900, north-west of Castleton. Early school days were spent at Russ School. When the family moved to Lot 31, Concession I, I attended Hare's School, located on our farm. Our teacher, Annie Carruthers, was one of the old school no-nonsense teachers who expected obedience and respect. She was an excellent teacher and had the reputation of never sending a pupil up for entrance examinations who did not pass; in most cases, they passed with honours which meant 75 percent.

After passing entrance in 1914 I spent a year at home and commenced high school in Cobourg in 1915. With a couple of others from the neighbourhood, we rode bicycles in the summer and drove a horse in the winter. Pupils from Grafton, and some from Colborne, came by train. There were three lines to choose from — Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk (these latter united to form the present CNR) and also the Canadian Pacific. Each line had a train arriving in Cobourg around 8:30 a.m. In the afternoon they all returned via the Grand Trunk, shortly after 4:00 p.m. They had a lot more fun travelling at that time than on the present bus systems. My high school days coincided with the first world war and many of my age, especially country students, spent a couple of months spring and fall out of school on farm service. It meant a big loss of class time and made it hard to keep up with our class groups. The fall of 1918 found me in Form IV, now Grade 12. Most of my friends, a bit older, were in the



army and I decided that was for me too. I dropped out of school intending to enlist and a week after my birthday (when I could enlist) the war was finally ended. It was then too late to catch up the school for that year so I remained at home to help out. Perhaps foolishly, I did not go back the next fall but remained on the farm.

These were pleasant years — simple pleasures by today's standards, skating and sleigh-riding parties took up the winters and the summers found everyone too busy for parties. House parties were the order of the day in the winter. Homes were opened up to groups, usually a few games of cards followed by dancing either to the old gramophone or to a local fiddler and piano. At this time there was no hydro through the country and very few cars.

During the winter of 1922, I went to Guelph and covered several short courses at the Ontario Agricultural College on items of farm interest. That period marked the beginning of many changes: radio as we know it was just beginning. Some of us bought component parts and built sets using batteries and earphones. These were soon replaced by factory-built sets and a new home interest was formed, that very soon broke up the old pattern of house parties and visiting around. Cars started to come in and, in places, hydro; each farm home became more self-sufficient.

In the fall of 1926, I married Alice Allan, a nurse from Cobourg then working in Chicago. We took over the farm in 1927 and father and mother moved into Cobourg. We changed our farm pattern by commencing to ship milk to Toronto. Until this time all milk had been shipped to the city by train. We shipped on the first truck to work from the area.

The year 1929 saw the beginning of the great Depression, a time when money became almost non-existent. We shipped milk for as little as 75¢ per 80 lb. can. Hogs went to Peterborough, which had a large packing plant at that time, for as little as \$2.75 to \$3.00 per cwt. These conditions lasted for several years and I believe left their mark in many ways on many of us who carried on a farm existence. An 80 acre farm just could not put up enough money to support parents living in town, dependent on farm revenue and ourselves with a small family. Electric milk coolers were new and coming into the picture. For some years, I sold and installed coolers anywhere within a 40 mile radius of home. This work continued until the early 1950s when milk coolers appeared and took over the market. However, in 1940 I took on an implement dealership and, in the mid 1940s, rented the farm for a time. However, during the 1950s we combined the implement dealership and farming with fair success until we sold out in 1964. We had gotten away from milk production in the early 1940s and the last couple of years had turned to growing corn.

Of our own family, we had Ruth, Audrey and Jean. Allie, my wife, suffered a severe stroke in 1949 and that condition brought another change in our living pattern. Ruth was teaching school by this time and away from home. The younger girls were still at school.

Audrey eventually chose teaching as her work and specialized in outdoor science. Jean in turn also taught school but specialized in physical education and health. I hope that the foregoing record proves to be of interest to at least some of those into whose hands it may fall.



*Alice M.E. Allan, c. 1922.*

Photo loaned by Audrey Wilson.

# Families

## THE BRADLEY BRYSON FAMILY

by Bill Bryson

As a young man of about 20, Nathan Bradley left the United States following the War of Independence. He settled with his wife, Elizabeth Harden, near present-day Eddystone. Nathan and Elizabeth had 12 children: eight sons and four daughters. Four of these children are buried in Eddystone cemetery. They are: William, and his wife Deborah Tripp; Polly, and her husband Jonathan Russ; Sylvanus, and his wife Sally Tucker; and Hiram.

Their eldest child, Lucina, married Daniel Massey. Their second child, Abraham, married Ruth Tucker. This union produced nine children, four of whom are buried in Eddystone. One of their sons, Charles Sydenham, married Hanna Hubble and they had three children, Lock Amsdon, Alma and Charles Arthur. Lock and Alma married sister and brother Jennie and Matthew Floyd. In 1894

Lock, Alma and their families moved west to Manitoba. In 1994 Lock and Jennie's great-grandson, Larry McDougall, bought a farm on the Centreton/ Castleton road, east of Centreton, next to Bradley Hollow road. In purchasing this farm, Larry had no idea that this was where his ancestors had come from.

Charles Arthur Bradley was 14 years old when his brother and sister went west. He stayed behind on his father's farm and as a young man married Florence Joice. In the 1920s Charles and Florence ran the Haldimand Municipal telephone exchange in the house adjacent to the Grafton hotel. At this time Charles helped to build a dam across the creek beside the house to create a pond for a skating rink for the young (and not so young) people of the village. It was this frozen pond that a decade later would claim the life of their grandson Jimmy.

Their daughter, Dorita, married Harvey Bryson. Harvey was born in Kendal, Ontario on September 14, 1898, and apprenticed as an auto mechanic with General Motors in Oshawa. He moved to Grafton in the early 1920s and worked for Percy Roberts who had a garage on the south side of Highway #2 at the foot of Aird Street. During this time he also boarded with the Roberts. Harvey and Dorita Bradley were married on December 3, 1927, and lived near the public school while their house was being built. Harvey bought a bit of land from Percy Roberts for \$100. He then bought an old hired hand's house on the Hare farm north of Hare's school for \$150. This house was already 100 years old at the time. He dismantled the house, trucked it to the village and used the material obtained to build his house. His father Sam, who was a barn builder, came down from Kendal to help him.

*Bryson's Garage, Grafton.  
Thomas Walsh in uniform.*

Photo loaned by Bill Bryson.



Young Jimmy Bryson was born to Harvey and Dorita on August 13, 1929. A second child, Jean, was born on February 20, 1932. On January 12, 1934, Jimmy spent the afternoon with a friend a few doors west of the Grafton Hotel. Leaving for home around five o'clock, he decided to take a short cut up behind the hotel, turning in at the snow covered skating pond by the highway. Unaware, as he approached the point where the creek flowed into the pond, that the moving water would keep the ice thinner than that further out, Jimmy broke through the ice, was dragged under by the current and drowned. The pond was drained to recover his little body and has remained dry ever since.

The Brysons had seven children who found careers away from Haldimand but two granddaughters, Linda Sturzenegger and Joyce Turk make their home in Grafton.

In the spring of 1956 Rolly Morrison, Children's Aid worker, had three young brothers to place in three good homes for three months while their mother recuperated from major surgery. Not knowing the village that well he came to Dorita Bryson and asked if she could recommend who he should approach. By the time he left our house arrangements had been made for all three brothers to spend these months with the Brysons, who still had three of their own sons at home.

## TWO OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF HALDIMAND TOWNSHIP

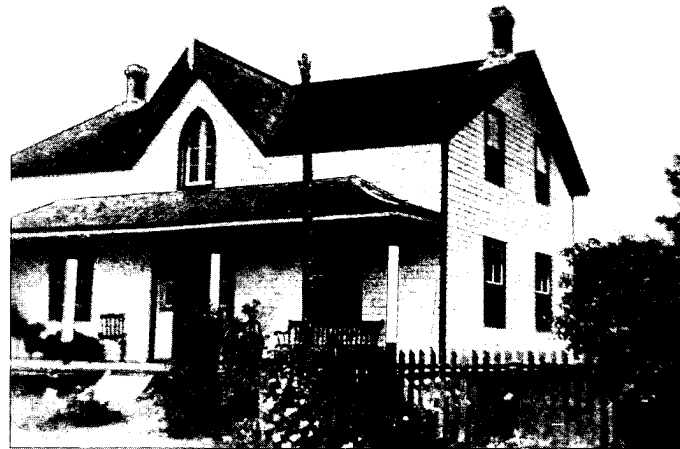
*by Alex Broomfield, great-great grandson of Robert Broomfield.*

Robert (1804–1892) and John Broomfield (1806–1856) were sons of Robert and Isabella Broomfield of Ednam, Roxboroughshire, Scotland. Robert was apprenticed by his father for seven years to learn the carpenter trade. After his apprenticeship had expired, he and his younger brother John, left the town of Kelso on the River Tweed in Berwickshire, Scotland and immigrated to Canada, arriving in Montreal in September 1829. They travelled for a few months and arrived in Amherst (now Cobourg) in 1830.

They were employed by Archie Frazer who had the contract for completing the first Cobourg jail and they worked at this for some time. Mr. Frazer then took a contract with Peter Gillespie to build a flour and oatmeal mill on Lot 13, Concession III in the Township of Haldimand and the two Broomfields were detailed by their employer to build the mill. About this time, they entered into a partnership and bought Lot 12 adjoining the property on which they were working and on this they erected a lumber and shingle mill. They were very successful in business, so that in a few years, John bought a property for himself on Lots 15 and 16, Concession IV on which he built a mill and farmed.

*The home of Alex and Ruth Broomfield on Lot 12, Concession V was built in 1863. It has been in the Broomfield family since 1903.*

Photo loaned by Alex Broomfield.





*Jessie (Laing) Broomfield.*

Photo loaned by Alex Broomfield

Robert continued to manage his farm of 73 acres and a sawmill and found time to undertake contracts for himself. He built the first storehouse, erected at Grafton Harbour in 1836. He also took great interest in improving the roads of his neighbourhood and built the road from his place to Shelter Valley Bridge, carrying it adjacent to the river instead of over the hills. Later he purchased and farmed an additional 50 acres (Lot 12, Concession IV) which property still remains in the Broomfield family.

In 1842 he married Jessie Laing and by this union they raised a family of ten: six boys and four girls. His name is recorded among the founders of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Vernonville which was dedicated in 1862. He was the first manager. He also served as a trustee of the local school board (S.S. #14) in the early 1850s.

Robert Broomfield had some reverses in business. He lost one mill by fire and one by flood but this only served to test his courage and energy. Mrs. Broomfield died on December 31, 1878, and he felt the bereavement keenly. He was a man who observed a high code of sound moral principles — his word was as good as his bond. He was a man of strict integrity — in politics a Reformer; in religion a Presbyterian. He was charitable and generous to a fault, but best of all, he managed to endow his numerous family with his principles for their guidance. He died on August 2, 1892, at his residence on Lot 12, Concession III. Interment was in the Vernonville Cemetery.

John married Isabella Laing, often called Auntie Bell (a sister of Robert's wife, Jessie). From their union there were ten children. John met an untimely death at the age of 48. He had taken a load of pigs to Grafton for sale. Late that evening his team returned home on the run without a driver. A search was started immediately and John's badly beaten body was found on the side of the road, near the top of the hill, approximately 1/4 mile from home. All his money had been taken. Rumour circulated for some time that a neighbour to the west was involved. The following Sunday at Centreton Church the minister spoke of the horrible crime and during his remarks, the same neighbour stood up and left the church. Isabella died on March 5, 1900. Both are interred in the Presbyterian Church yard at Grafton, now the United Church.

Robert's son, Robert (known as Bobe), his grandson William and his great grandson, Gordon, all served on the Haldimand Township Council.

*William Fenelon Broomfield and Isabella Mary (Bella) Robson on their wedding day, April 8, 1903.*

Photo loaned by Alex Broomfield.



William Fenelon Broomfield was born near Fenelon Falls, Ontario, the first son of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Broomfield. Following his father's untimely death in 1881, William came to Vernonville, at the age of five, to be raised by his aunt and uncle, Isabella and Robert (Bobe) Broomfield.

Preceded by a letter telling of his arrival, he came by train from Brechin to Grafton. He arrived at the Grafton Railway Station with a tag pinned to his coat which read "William Broomfield - Grafton." Patrick Cooney who lived near Burnley had met the incoming train to pick someone up. He found William and realizing that there was no one there to meet him, spoke to the boy. He took him to the Grafton Store, purchased some candy and then took him to Vernonville to the home of Robert Broomfield. This was, of course, his destination but his arrival was unexpected as the letter had not arrived. It didn't arrive until some days later. In 1939, when William Broomfield ran for councillor in the township, Patrick Cooney asked for the privilege of nominating him and related the above story.



*Some of the Thomas Coffey Sr. family.  
Photo taken at Eddystone, probably  
in the early 1930s.*

Photo loaned by Roger W. Reid.

## THE COFFEE FAMILY

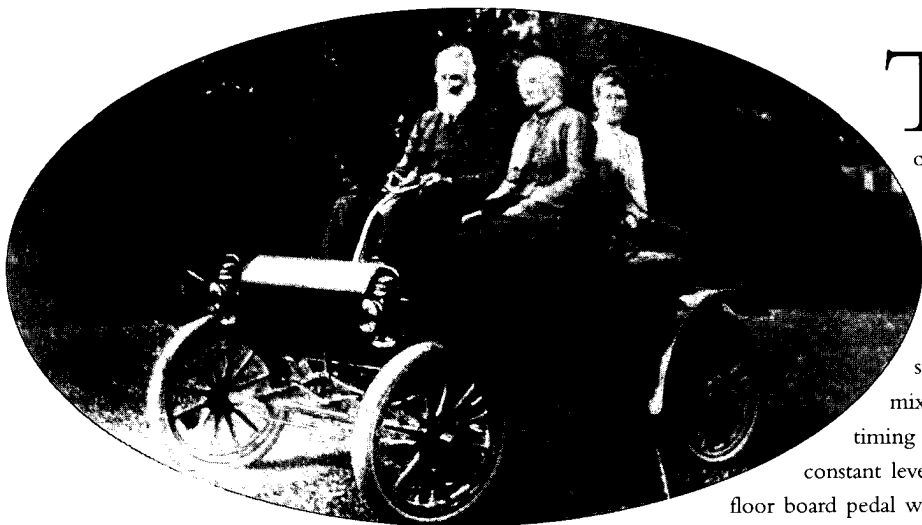
*Extracts by Bob McBride and Roger W. Reid*

Thomas Coffee and Martha McBride, were married in Grafton on November 24, 1853. Thomas came to the township in 1848. He and his bride settled on Lot 18 in Concession VI on a farm of 100 acres with a one storey frame house. By 1861 the Coffee farm was all under cultivation and was then valued at \$3,000. By 1878 Thomas owned 50 acres on the northwest half of Lot 17, Concession VI, as well as 50 acres on Lot 18, Concession VI and 100 acres on Lot 18, Concession IV.

Thomas and Martha had a family of four children. One of their daughters, Jane, married George William Creighton and they had a son whom they named George Maxwell. When Jane died at the age of 28, little Max was given to Jane's sister Elizabeth to raise.

Roger W. Reid, a great-grandson of Thomas and Martha, remembers that couple's 50th wedding anniversary. At the celebration, they were presented with two rocking chairs, which Roger now owns. He also recalls going to visit Elizabeth and Max with his uncle and aunt, Harold and Velma Coffee. They would wait at the bottom of the long, winding driveway to listen for horse bells before continuing to the house, blowing the car horn all the way up the hill. Thomas and Martha are buried in the Presbyterian cemetery in Grafton.

Max Creighton recalls a very early automobile, one of the first ever seen in the area, which a relative Robert McBride would drive to Grafton from Toronto. This 1903 Oldsmobile became a local conversation piece.



*Thomas and Martha Coffee with  
Elizabeth (Lizzie) Coffee in  
Robert Hillier McBride's 1903  
Curved Dash Oldsmobile.*

Photo loaned by Roger W Reid

The one cylinder engine was mounted horizontally with the cylinder head at the rear of the car and the flywheel below the seat. Inlet and exhaust valves were at the side of the cylinder head and were operated mechanically by rockers worked off cams on a shaft turning at one half crankshaft speed. There was a high tension ignition system powered by 6 volt dry cell batteries. The current passed through a tumbler coil and at the time of firing was controlled by a commutator on the half speed camshaft. A spark plug in the end of the cylinder ignited the gasoline mixture when the piston was at top dead centre. The spark timing could be advanced by a lever at the driver's right. The constant level float type carburetor had a throttle valve connected to a floor board pedal which regulated the speed of the engine. Cooling fins and a water jacket surrounded the cylinder. The radiator was a long tube suspended beneath the floorboard and covered with hundreds of radiating disks, twisted so as to be intertwined. Water was circulated through it by a gear pump on the crankshaft. A starting innovation was the crank handle, so placed on the right side of the body that the engine could be cranked while the driver was sitting in the car. The planetary type of transmission offered the then usual two speeds forward and reverse. A brake pedal was connected to an external contracting bond on a brake drum mounted on the transmission shaft. It had a wooden steering tiller and wooden spoked-type carriage wheels mounting 28 x 3 inch clincher tires.

Max's cousin, Albert who used to drive the car on occasion, added his own recollections in a letter to Max. He said the car had "dos-a-dos" seats, that is a second seat at the rear that faced backwards, which caught all the dust when driving country roads. On one occasion, he was loaned the car to go from Toronto to Whitby to collect his future bride from the Whitby Ladies College and take her home for the weekend. He was told that he could have the car if he took his brother, Will, along who also wanted to take his fiancée, Nell. So they started out after lunch on that Saturday afternoon to go to Whitby. The car kept going slower and slower all the time, and they couldn't figure out why. At the Don Bridge Mr. Bulley of the Planet Bicycle Works caught up with them on his bicycle and asked them what was the matter. They told him they didn't know. He asked them to turn up River St. to his house and he would see what he could do. There was a slight grade on River St. but they made it in low gear and he investigated. He found the wire which connected the foot throttle lever on the floor to the throttle was slipping, so he put a new wire (stove pipe) in and made a good tight connection at each end, and they went so fast down River St. they didn't have time to turn onto Queen St. and went into the ditch on the south side! When they got to Whitby, Albert had to wait in the college to see Dr. Hare, the principal, before being allowed to take Laura home. While he was waiting, he heard an awful racket outside and looked out the window. Will had the car going in low gear (because he did not know how to change gears) around the circle road followed by Dr. Hare in his buggy so as to get the horse used to the smell!

## THE DEVINEY FAMILY HISTORY

by Douglas James Deviney

James Deviney was born in 1809 in County Antrim in northern Ireland and immigrated to Upper Canada sometime during the late 1820s. Records show that in 1830 he was living on Lot 29, Concession IV in Haldimand and was then unmarried. He was probably in the area before this date as his name appears in the local 1828 militia rolls.

In 1832 James purchased 100 acres of land (Lot 29, Concession IV) from George Stuart, the Archdeacon of the Anglican Church in Kingston. Having settled on his own farm, James then met and married Dorothea Muirhead, the daughter of a neighbour. She had been born in Quebec. Their marriage took place in 1833 at St. Peter's Anglican Church in Cobourg.

James's success may have prompted his brother Hugh Deviney to emigrate from Ireland. He too bought land from George Stuart but this property was in the Bomanton area along the present day Beagle Club Road.

The census of 1848 shows a profile of the James Deviney family. There were now seven family members. James and Dorothea had two boys and two girls who were attending school and a baby girl at home. They were listed in this census as being members of the Free Presbyterian Church of Canada. James Deviney now owned 87 acres: 25 acres were under tillage, 25 were woodland and the rest wild. The land was valued at five dollars per acre. Like most farms of the period, the products were wheat, Indian corn, oats, maple syrup, cloth and butter for market. They owned four horses, 22 sheep, eight hogs and seven neat cattle (oxen). After this census was taken another boy was born but he died in infancy. This baby and his parents are buried in Gilliland Cemetery in Concession IV.

James and Dorothea's first son, James II was born in 1836. He married Jane Hannah in the 1880s and moved from the family home to Concession III on parts of Lots 15 and 16. Two girls were born at this location before they moved again to Lot 9, Concession II. This farm, which was near Vernonville, was named Highland View. Three more girls and three boys were born here. James II and Jane are buried in the Vernonville United Church cemetery.

James III Alexander, was born in 1876 at Highland View. He attended the Stone School (S.S. # 9) before taking a business course in Belleville. James III then farmed with his brothers. In 1917 he married Olive Ventress, a school teacher at S.S. #9 who came from Salem, Ontario. Together, they farmed 70 acres adjacent to and west of his father's farm and named it Glendale Farm.

From this union there were three children, Douglas James IV, Marion and Ruth. James and Olive took a great interest in their church, St. Andrew's United in Vernonville. James was a member of

*The Devineys  
Highland View,  
c. 1897.*



the church choir, the Young People's Society, the Men's Club and was the superintendent of the church Sunday School for many years. He was also a school trustee and a Justice of the Peace and served on Haldimand Township Council from 1932 to 1938 during which time he was a councillor, then a deputy reeve and finally a reeve. James III died in 1941. Olive died in 1972. Both are buried in St. Andrew's United Church cemetery in Vernonville.

Their son Douglas James IV attended the Vernonville Public School and then Colborne High School. He later took a two year course at the Kemptville Agricultural College. After his father's death, Douglas James continued to do mixed farming with his mother. In 1950, he married Paula Ives, a local teacher from Pembroke Ontario. There were five children in the family. They are Barbara, Joanne, Regina, Laurie and James V David Earl. They all attended Haldimand public schools and then the Cobourg East High School before going on to university and college. The family has long been active in community and church affairs.

James V married Deb O'Rourke in 1989. They have one child, Jacob James VI. Because farming became a very specialized business when James V was growing up, he went on from high school to university and graduated as an analytical chemist.

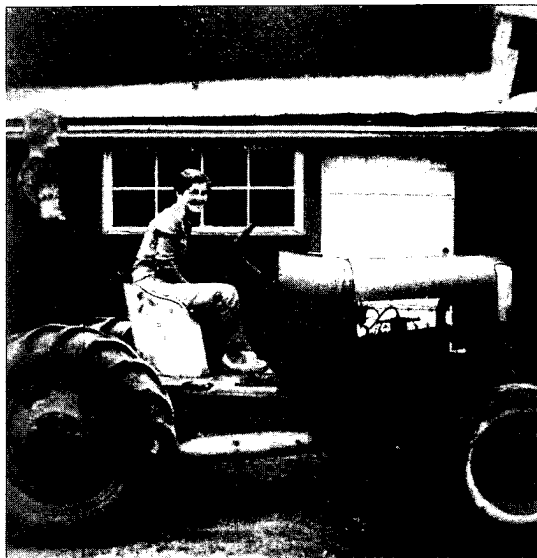
On October 4, 1975, Barbara Deviney, eldest daughter of Doug and Paula Deviney, married Allen Harnden and purchased the Deviney homestead, Highland View. In the next few years they restored the old house to become a fine home in the country.

In 1995 Laurie Deviney, youngest child of Doug and Paula Deviney purchased 40 acres of land from her parents which was part of the original sale to the Devineys when they moved to this area. On July 8, 1995, Laurie married James Martin and from this union a son Hamish was born in December 1996. Hamish will be another Deviney descendant to carry on in Haldimand Township.

This is a short history of the James Deviney line from 1828 to 1997 in Haldimand Township.

*Tractor built by George Ventress.*

Photo loaned by Gerry Smith



## FROM DOUG DEVINEY'S MEMOIRS

My first tractor was really a hybrid made up of car and truck parts. It was during the Second World War when farm labour was scarce and there was a request from the government to produce more and more for the war effort. Farmers knew about tractors, but there were few being made because factories were making vehicles for use overseas. This is where my uncle George Ventress, a natural born mechanic, came into the picture. He saw a need and began to put car and truck parts together to make a vehicle that could be used to speed up farm work.

The one he made for me in 1943, was created in the following way: he used the motor and front end of a Model A Ford car, welded this to a heavier truck frame, to which he attached the rear drive wheels of a truck. In between the motor and the wheels, he placed a truck transmission. Now with a seat behind the steering wheel, he had a home made tractor. He built 35 of these tractors, quite a few of them with Ford V-8 motors. He helped fill the demand for wheeled power during the war years. The lower gears of the transmission were used for land work, the higher gears for road travel. This tractor sure would go, in fact, it was a little dangerous.



## THE GILLESPIE FAMILY

by Gladys Gillespie

William Thomas Gillespie (1864–1930) from Killylea, County Armagh, Ireland, arrived at Grafton station in 1880 at the age of 16 and made enquiries to find his aunt, Jane Ralston. He was directed to the Shelter Valley where the Charlie Taylors, neighbours of the Ralstons on Lot 14, Concession II, invited him to stay the night.

The next day he met his relatives and they helped him to get settled. His first job was at the Tunney farm bringing in the hay. Later he worked on the railway. In three years he had saved enough money to buy seven and a half acres of land from the Ralstons for \$150. The property had a small house and barn and when he married Sarah Elizabeth Arkles on December 2, 1891, this is where they made their first home.

They raised a family of two sons and seven daughters. Across the road from his property was a frame house on half an acre belonging to the Cards. He bought this in 1893 and moved the family there.

Over the years he acquired another 210 acres of land. He owned an apple orchard, mostly Talman Sweets. The trees were pruned each spring and sprayed several times. There were cherry trees near the farm house.

He had a dairy herd and in those days all the milking was done by hand. If milk was not sent to the cheese factory, it had to be separated with a hand operated separator and the separator and milk cans washed each day. Water was carried from the creek behind the house.

He never owned a tractor. All his land was worked with horses and horse-drawn machinery. His team was called Boxer and Lion. He had this team when he went courting Elizabeth Arkles who lived up at Vernonville. One Sunday, when he tried unsuccessfully to catch the horses to go calling, he had to walk six miles up and back.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Austin Arkles (1836–1923) and Sally Ann Tucker (1848–1945). They are both buried at Eddystone.

Sometime after 1892 William's father and sister Jane came out from Ireland and stayed in the Valley for a time. A brother Walter arrived later. These people are buried at St. George's cemetery in Grafton.

In 1920 William returned to Ireland for a visit and took two of his daughters with him, Mabel and Hazel.

William and Elizabeth are buried in Fairview Cemetery, Grafton.

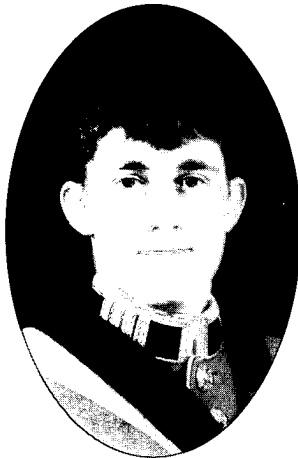
William and Elizabeth's three grandsons inherited the Shelter Valley farm that William amalgamated over the years, but only Donald, who married Jean Somerville, remained in Haldimand and farmed. Don and Jean also have three sons, of whom Tim is the only one still interested in farming. Today the Gillespies no longer carry on the mixed farming William did. Occasionally they raise a few head of beef cattle, but for the most part they grow hay and oats for their horses.

## HALDIMAND'S ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE ALUMNI AND CADET OFFICER

by Cecilia Nasmith



*Dwayne Hilson*



*Brian Frei*



*Mark Nasmith*



*Michelle Knight*

Photo loaned by Cecilia Nasmith.

Three young men, all of whom were raised in Grafton and attended the Grafton Public School, are today serving Canada as graduates of this nation's prestigious military colleges. Successful candidates for the Royal Military Colleges, who are chosen from thousands of applicants every year, undergo almost a full year of interviews and psychological and physical testing before being offered a place at a college. Here, they study for an academic degree and military specialty while preparing for officer training in one of Canada's three armed forces.

Duane Hilsden was the first to succeed in this very tough organization. A 1989 graduate of Cobourg Collegiate West, Duane, the son of Graydon and Linda Hilsden, lived in Grafton since the age of one. He entered the Royal Military College in Kingston. Having graduated in 1993 with a degree in mechanical engineering and signals/communications, Captain Duane Hilsden is currently located at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Brian Frei of Grafton, also attended the Kingston college following graduation from secondary school in Cobourg in 1991. A life-long Grafton resident, he is the son of Danny and the late Judith Lynne Frei. Brian is an accomplished athlete, being a three-time Canadian champion kayaker and a member of the Canadian national team. At the military college, he distinguished himself by graduating near the top of his class with two honours degrees in physics. He then attended the International Space University in Spain, and has since obtained a Master's Degree in astrophysics from Queen's University in Kingston.

Mark Nasmith graduated from the Cobourg Collegiate West in 1992 and was chosen to enter the Royal Roads Military College in Victoria, B.C. The son of Ted and Cecilia Nasmith, Mark grew up in Grafton. Mark was a member of the last class in Victoria, before it merged with the two other national military colleges. He then completed his final year of studies in Kingston and graduated in 1996 with a degree in military and strategic studies. Mark Nasmith is now an air force second lieutenant in Winnipeg, where he is currently engaged in navigational training.

Michelle Knight, daughter of Ron and Dianne Knight, a graduate of Grafton Public School and CDCI in Cobourg, has been accepted by the Royal Military College to be an officer cadet in the fall of 1997.

## HARES and FERGUSONS

*Extracts from notes on their families*

Stephen Hare (1748-1824) arrived in Prince Edward County from Albany, New York in 1785. He was two years too late to be officially recognized as a United Empire Loyalist. Some records, however, do recognize him as such and one report refers to him respectfully as the "Old Grandee." The relationship of Stephen to the 11 Hares shown on the official U.E.L. list is not known but one of the two Peter Hares on the list may have been a brother or a cousin.

When Susan Greeley spoke at the hoisting of the Empire Flag at S.S. #2 in Grafton on January 1, 1891, she remembered Stephen Hare in this manner:

The first settler in this neighbourhood was Stephen Hare, who came here in the latter part of the last century. I am pleased to know that we have with us here today some of his grand-children, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren. In making his way up here through Prince Edward county all the seed wheat he could purchase was one bushel, for which he had to pay a guinea. At that time a deer track was his only guide, and I can remember him telling of an encounter with a bear at the place where the village of Colborne now stands.

Miss Greeley had taught many of the Hare descendants.

It would appear that Stephen Hare and Richard Ferguson, U.E.L., had been friends prior to and following the revolution. Most likely they had been neighbouring farmers near Albany. This is suggested by the similarity of Christian names of the two families, and the relationships brought about by intermarriage.

Richard Ferguson was a captain in the King's Rangers, an army unit which supported Britain and which made many successful strikes from the north against the American rebels. Six of his sons were also member of this distinguished fighting unit.

The Fergusons settled in Prince Edward County and their enthusiasm for the area may have prompted Stephen Hare to make a visit in 1785. On this occasion he was alone and he stayed two years during which time he obtained a land grant of 200 acres on which he set up a log house and barn. In 1787 he returned to Albany in order to accompany his wife and nine children on their trip north. He was then 39 years of age and his son Richard was 10 years old.

*A handwritten marriage certificate found by Katherine I. Ferguson among her grandmother Osler's papers belonging to her grandmother's aunt, reads as follows:*

Newcastle) To wit  
District)

Whereas Charles Arkland and Celina Ewing both of the township of Haldimand were desirous of intermarrying with each other and there being no Parson or Minister of the Church of England living within eighteen miles of them or either of them they have applied to me for that purpose. Now these are to Certify that in pursuance of the powers granted by an Act of the Legislature of this Province passed in the thirty-third year of his Majesty's Reign, I, Richard Hare, Esquire, one of his Majesty's of the Peace [*sic*], having caused the notice by the Statute be given have this day married the said Charles Arkland and Celina Ewing together and they become legally contracted to each other in marriage.

Haldimand 17 August 1816  
Rich'd Hare, J.P.

Celina was the daughter of Benjamin Ewing.  
Charles was a brother of John Arkland.

## THE HARNDENS

by Shirley Johnston

The Harndens originated in Holland and immigrated to the United States in the mid 1700s. Early records show that Samuel Harnden married Johanna Draper in Connecticut. Family legend states that Samuel's progeny remained loyal to Britain after the War of Independence and this was the cause of their settling in Haldimand Township.

Three sons came to Haldimand: Zaddock about 1800; Ziba, one of the first persons buried in Fairview Cemetery; and Orbin, whose descendent Joseph operated a butcher shop in the late 1800s on Danforth Road. Luella (Munroe) Young was Joseph's granddaughter.

Ziba's descendants include: Albert, who had one of the early fruit orchards near Eddystone; Albert's sons, Arnold, who served in the Second World War, and Gerald, a school bus operator who took students to Cobourg Collegiate in the 1940s and 1950s. Other descendants were Bruce, a rural mail carrier in south Haldimand for over 30 years and Jack, a Second World War veteran who was active in starting the Grafton Legion. Jack's daughter, Ann (Harnden) Raymond has given much time to the Girl Guides and with her husband Dick, helps to organize the famous July ball tournament in Grafton. Another daughter, Brenda (Harnden) Kellar is a faithful supporter of sports and St. Andrews church. A son, David, is manager of the Haldimand Arena and is involved with the Legion. He represented Ontario Veterans on a trip to various Second World War sites and cemeteries in Europe during the summer of 1997.

Ebber, Zedric and William were nephews of the three brothers who moved to Haldimand. They settled on Lot 17, Concession I. William's son Ziba married Jessie Broomfield. He was an inn-keeper at various hotels in the area including the inn at Grafton during the 1890s. William's grandson, also named Ziba, was a farmer and served as the township Reeve from 1928–1929. Ziba's son, Floyd farmed near Vernonville with his wife Hazel Black. They moved to Grafton in 1934 and had a grist mill and feed warehouse on Aird St. In 1949 they sold the business to the Co-op and went into the farm implement and gift shop business where the Co-op is today. Floyd was an ardent sportsman and took a keen interest in the building of the new arena in 1949. Their daughters Eileen (Harnden) Harnden, Shirley (Harnden) Johnston and Pat (Harnden) Kernaghan were all ball players. Pat and husband Jack have both served for many years on the Haldimand Recreation Committee.

William's grandson Andrew operated a saw mill on Lot 18, Concession III, at the lower end of Clarence Jaynes' farm. Andrew's sons were the famous Harnden hockey team from Eddystone: Aylmer, who farmed for some time in Eddystone was reeve from 1940–1943 and started Harnden & King Construction Company in Grafton; Floyd E. who lived in Grafton most of his life, served in the Second World War and as a section-man with Canadian National Railway; Cameron, who operated a successful trucking business out of Grafton in the 1930s and 1940s (his grandson, Robert, lives on Lot 12, Concession V) and George, who farmed near Eddystone (one of his daughters Shirley (Harnden) Nelson resides on Lot 15, Concession I).

*Ziba and Jessie  
(Broomfield) Harnden.*

Photo loaned by Shirley Johnston

