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A York Pioneer Looking Back

1834.



1884.

*At Youthful Days, Emigration and
The Drinking Customs of Fifty Years Ago*

Also

At the Cranks

Met with

In the Emerald Isle and Canada;

*With Amusing Incidents and Anecdotes of the Early
Settlers in the Latter Place, the Rebellion of
'37, and a Brief Sketch of*

The York Pioneers' Society.

By E. M. MORPHY,

Author of "The School Upon the Hill."

Mr.

With the Author's Compliments.

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 Rolled Gold Scarf Pins, 50c., 75c., \$1.

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 Silver Band Bracelets, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$4.
 Ladies' Silver Fobs, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50.
 Gents' Silver Alberts, \$2, \$3, \$5.
 Ladies' Silver Cuff Buttons, 75c., \$1.
 Gents' Silver Cuff Buttons, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.
 Silver Collar Buttons, 25c., 50c., 75c.
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CRANKS.

MET WITH IN THE
EMERALD ISLE AND CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

Uncle Sam, across the line, deserves a vote of thanks
For a word, new and unique, calling semi-madmen *cranks*.

SINCE publishing our little narrative of "The School Upon the Hill" we have received several complimentary letters, coupled with a request for a little more of our

HOME-MADE PROSE AND POETRY.

As we make no pretensions to literary attainments, and find it difficult to produce anything new, we have made a transition from "grave to gay," and selected for a text the new-coined word *Crank*, which our southern neighbors have applied to every oddity—a word so ominous in its meaning and so unique that it is being adopted in Canada and other countries.

We have a long list before us under the heading of

"ODD CHARACTERS,"

most of whom flourished in the past generation, but if living in the present time would be dubbed with the Yankee cognomen "cranks." We have selected a few well-known characters as a sample, such as Dr. Abernathy, Dean Swift, Daniel Defoe, Sir Andrew Selwood, Beau Marsh, Jos. Balsmore, Beau Bramwell, Sir Gerald Massey, Sir Samuel Smith, The Earl of Peterboro, the Marquis of Whartin, the Marquis of Waterford, Lady Hester Stanhope, Amazon Snell, Lady Mary Montague, Margaret Fuller, to which might be added many other names who were "off the track."

Most of the above were among "the upper ten's," but the oddities who were best known to the writer in his native town were of the humbler class, and became cranks by *indulging in strong drink*.

In order to introduce our bibulistic characters, we must ask the reader to take with us a retrospective view of our father's

carriage factory, where a number of men were employed. At the close of a winter day they assembled round a bright fire, and while passing the bottle and glass and smoking "the pipe," their lively conversation often turned to *the odd characters of the town*, most of whom were known to the writer.

The first portrait on our panorama of dissolving views we shall term

SANDY CAMPBELL, THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Sandy was the nephew of a resident painter of the same name with whom he learned the painting business, but, being of a jovial disposition, a good singer and flute player, he was often led into company where strong drink was freely used, the consequence of which was that he fell into intemperate habits, and exchanged the "paint brush" for the flute and a roving life, playing and singing all over Ireland for pence, which circulated from his pockets to the dram shop and left poor Sandy always "hard up."

One winter evening he came into the blacksmith's department of our factory, poorly clad and shivering with the cold; he was invited to a seat on the hearth which he gladly accepted.

While the sparks flew from the anvil other sparks of native wit dropped from Sandy, who when "thawed out" uncovered his flute and commenced to play one of Moore's melodies, termed "The Meeting of the Waters," then laying the instrument aside he sang the same piece, altering certain words to suit his own case, thus:

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale *where the whiskey and Sandy doth meet*;
O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
'Ere I give up the poteen which warms my old heart.

*I once had an uncle who lived in this town,
Who always was friendly when Sandy came round;
Now young Pat's the master and no lodging there,
So I must away to the plains of Kildare.*

Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, found a poor inebriate fiddling in a bar-room for pennies to buy strong drink. The lecturer led him to his meeting and induced him to "sign the pledge," which he kept. Some years afterwards Gough met the same individual, a governor of one of the states of the American Union. So much for total abstinence.

Alas for poor Sandy! it is doubtful if he ever reformed, as there were no Goughs nor temperance societies in those days.

HARRY OWENS, THE OLD MARINE CRANK,

was a pensioner who had served under Nelson, and, like most old sailors, was fond of his grog, which he would not do with-

out. When under its influence he would tell *some tough yarns*. One of them ran as follows: "Yes, Master Edward, I saw some hard fightin'. At the battle of Trafalgar, while we were hotly engaged, my comrade, Tom Brown, called out to me, 'Oh, Harry, I'm wounded.' 'What's the matter?' sez I. 'My ieg's shot off,' sez he. So I picks him up, and while I was carrying him down to the cockpit a cannonball came whizzing along and takes off his head and I didn't know it. '*Where are you going with the man an' his head off,*' sis the captain. 'I beg pardon, sir,' sis I, 'but there must be some mistake, for he tould me it was his leg.'"

While we smiled and doubted this ridiculous yarn, Harry would take another sip, and with a manly voice sing a verse of

A PATRIOTIC BATTLE SONG.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
 We saw the Frenchmen lay;
 Each heart was bounding there;
 We scorned the foreign yoke!
 Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men!
 Our Nelson met them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave—
 Nor thought of home and beauty;
 Along the line the signal ran—
 "England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty."

The open-hearted Jack Tars are generally favorites, but, alas, their drinking propensity often leads them among sharks who fleece them of their money and leave them to the tender mercies of the police. Of late years temperance societies and sailors' homes have done much to counteract this evil.

JACK MCKENNA, THE OLD SOLDIER CRANK,

is our next *crank*. He had served in the Peninsular War under Wellington and was now a pensioner, working at his trade of shoemaking, singing songs, drinking whiskey and telling sensational stories of the war, one of which we give but don't vouch for its veracity.

"Yes, boys, while on the march in Spain the hot sun and drifting sand was terrible! We had several cases of sunstroke; my comrade, Joe Moore, was struck stone blind and I had to lead him to the next town where he was sent to hospital. One day our captain was walking out and he espied *a big Spanish cat* with a splendid pair of eyes. Sis the captain to himself, 'I never saw such a pair of eyes since I saw Nellie Blake's in the Phœnix Park,' sis he, 'if Joe Moore had them in his head, who knows but he might be able to see again?' So with that he shot

the cat and brought him to the doctor of the regiment and tould him to dig out the cat's eyes with his lance and put them into Joe Moore. Well, sir, the doctor laughed and said he would do it. So he laid out Joe on a big table, tuck out his eyes and put the cat's in. After a while *Joe got well and could see as well as ever*, but he never could keep 'eyes right,' as he was looking every way, and when on the march if he saw a hole he would run out of the ranks and peep in like a cat watching for a mouse ; but he was a useful and good soger too, and was often sent on picket duty as he *could see the enemy round a corner.*"

While we laughed at this absurd story Jack would take another glass of whiskey and sing :

O, where is the country can rival ould Erin ?
 Or where is the nation such *hayraes* can boast?
 In battle as bould as the Lion and Tiger,
 And fierce as the Agle that flies round her coast.

Pity Jack could not see his enemy the tavern-keeper, who is to be found round every corner.

TOM HOLLIS, THE TRICKY DEAD-BEAT AND CRANK

is our next portrait. This wide-awake customer belonged to the army of "*Royal Tipplers.*" He was an itinerant hair-dresser, a good looking fellow, dressed foppishly in second-hand clothes obtained from the young gentry whom he often visited *professionally*. Being so much in their company he imitated them both by wearing their clothes and talking as they did, he could *act the gentleman to perfection*, especially among strangers from whom he obtained money and drink under false pretences, as the following incident will show : A newly arrived tavern-keeper, named

MIKE HOGAN

opened a house. Hollis, who, like the celebrated Micawber (always "waiting for something to turn up") called on him, presented a fictitious card and said "he just dropped in to sample his liquors." After doing so he smacked his lips and said : "By Jove, they are first-class. Allow me to compliment you, sir, and assure you that if you continue to dispense such pure beverages *you will be a public benefactor* and make a fortune in this town. By the way, Mr. H., have you a large sitting-room?" "Yes, sir, step up stairs." Hollis followed and exclaimed as he entered the apartments, "Capital! Just the thing." Then addressing the landlord, he said : "We have established a club in this town, consisting of sporting young gentlemen, and if you have no objection I will notify them to

meet here to-morrow evening in a convivial capacity; afterwards we can make final arrangements about rent, etc." "All right, sir," said the landlord.

The next evening *Hollis and about a score of dead beats* met in "the club room" and caroused till a late hour. Then the landlord was called and asked for the bill, (which was a pretty long one.) Hollis pulled out a purse well stuffed with paper and said: "Gentlemen, allow me the honor of paying the shot." "No! no! no!" from several voices, "we will not allow you *all* the honor." After much parleying Hollis proposed a plan, saying: "Gentlemen, when boys we all played *the game of 'blind-man's buff'*: suppose we renew the old game to-night by muffling the landlord's eyes, and whoever he catches pays the bill." A general laugh ensued, in which Mr. Hogan joined, and all agreed. The *president* then proceeded to bandage the proprietor, and while doing so and "leading him round" the schemers quietly moved out one after another till Hollis and the landlord were the only occupants, presently Hollis skipped out also.

The landlady, seeing the company leave in such a suspicious way, came up to see what it meant. On hearing her footsteps the blind-folded husband caught her in his arms, saying: "*You pay the reckoning.*" She tore the bandage off his eyes and we need scarcely say what followed.

We have introduced this and other anecdotes connected with the drinking custom not to cause a laugh, as we do not endorse mean and dishonorable actions even in the liquor traffic (where the value received is questionable), but to expose the low cunning of unprincipled ones, who lost to all sense of honor and decency, stoop to dishonesty for the purpose of gratifying *a craving appetite for strong drink.*

BARNEY CAMPBELL AND HIS OLD NAG.*

The subject of this sketch might be truly called *a crank of the cranks*. In personal appearance he was repulsive, being short in stature, quick tempered, with a squint in both eyes and having an unruly tongue, a lame leg and a crutch, which was often used as a "knock-down argument" when he got into a temper, which he frequently did through his ill temper and abusive tongue.

He was a carter by profession and owned the worst horse and cart in town. To Barney whiskey was the "elixir of life," a panacea for all its ills, and although it led him into many scrapes and privations he ceased to tipple only when time and means did not acquiesce.

* If we mistake not the old horse was a "white one" and may have been the progenitor of "Dinans" of Chicago celebrity.

Many a long hour his poor old horse and cart have stood opposite a tavern while Barney was imbibing within. Yes, many times have we seen that poor old nag (whose ribs you could count), standing cold and hungry, looking towards the bar-room to see if his cruel and unfeeling master was coming.

We have sometimes thought if such illused and neglected animals had the power of speech (such as Balaam's donkey received when ill-treated), he would make use of words something like the following:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! but I'm the unfortunate horse doomed to be the slave of this contemptible old tyrant. Little did I think when I skipped about as a colt that I would suffer so much hardship *through the influence of this cursed liquor*. I was brought up on a farm and well used by a kind master, but in an evil hour I was sold to the Dublin and Derry Coach Company, who ran me so much that I got spavined and broken-winded in three years; then I was sold by auction to my present whiskey-drinking owner. Yes, here I am, sick, hungry and cold, while my old drunken master is heating himself by the bar-room fire, and imbibing that "*firewater*" that is burning his inside out. I answer the end of my creation by eating the pure herbs of the field and drinking Nature's beverage, the pure, cold water, and am yielding a willing sacrifice (as far as in my power), to an unfeeling master, while he degrades himself far below my level by the *drinking of that abominable stuff* and treating me with cruelty as a consequence." I say, Barney Campbell, I'm tired standing here. *Come out of that tavern and come home*. You've taken too much of that poison already. If you could hear yourself *blatherin'* as sober people hear you you would consider yourself fit for a lunatic asylum. Do you hear me, Barney? Come home, *you ould blatherskite*, and don't keep me here all night shivering with the cold. If you don't come out soon I'll get the *Furqurtha** and then I'll not be able to draw you home. *Come out you ould crank or I'll go home without you*. You cross-grained ould sinner! Oh, that we had some philanthropic society that would take hold of my hard-hearted master and make him a sober man, then might I hope to have a good stable and be better cared for."

The above imaginary soliloquy may seem parabolical and *far-fetched*, but if all ill-used horses, mules and donkeys had the power of speech how they would protest against the liquor traffic as the greatest enemy of man and beast.

* An extreme weakness, caused by hunger.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads to fortune."
—*Shakespeare.*

THE EMIGRANT BOY.

IN the spring of 1832 the parents of the writer made up their minds to emigrate to Canada, and while preparations were in progress, a letter was received conveying the intelligence, that Capt. Macnamara, late of the Rifle Brigade (a near relation of our father's), had died and left him quite a sum of money.

This event put a stop to the proposed emigration for the present, as the legacy and proceeds of the carriage business were invested in house property, and our sire retired into private life.

The writer was then taken from *the School upon the Hill* and was sent to a classical academy intended for the medical profession. About the same time some relatives from England visited us, and among the presents to the family the writer received a little silver watch, called a "bull's eye." *This was the turning point of his life.*

On the way to school he had to pass a jeweller's store and often called to compare time. The proprietor, Mr. Matson, was a genial young man and allowed the writer the use of his eye-glass and other tools, and showed him how to dissect the *bull's eye* and replace the works. Being of a mechanical turn of mind he choose the watchmaking in preference to operating on the human machine.

TWO CRANKS IN THE WORKSHOP.

One of my master's workmen was a *singing crank* and the other was a *dancing one*, both too fond of whiskey, which at times unfitted them for fine work.

My employer was a *sporting crank*, and the writer often accompanied him on shooting excursions, having the game bag containing the lunch and a flask of whiskey strapped over his shoulders, from which we frequently took a nip; in this instance he showed me a bad example, as we were playing with a serpent.

AN ANCIENT RELIC FOUND BY A CRANK.

In business we often met cranks, as the following incident will show :

One day a well-digger from the country called at our store, and on noticing a brass handle on our work-bench, asked what it was, and upon being told he said : " I found a thing like that where I was digging. We then entered into conversation with him as follows : "How deep was it in the ground?" "About four

yards." "Was it bright when you discovered it!" "As bright as a guinea." "What did you do with it?" "I gave it to the children to play with and now they are *hoking holes in the flure* with it."* "You had better hasten home and bring it back with you as we think it must be solid gold." "*Gould?*" he exclaimed, and off he ran. Next morning he returned with the treasure-trove, and on examining it we discovered that it was *solid, fine gold*. Semi-circular in shape, with a little cup on each end, none of us knew what it was intended for, and all were puzzled. We then took it to an antiquarian in town who opened an old book and found a picture of it. He pronounced it *a Druid's weeping instrument*. The cups at each end were to hold the tears of the penitent, who, in performing a penance for some sin, *had to fill the cups with his tears* before he could get absolution from the priest. This is a corroboration of Dr. Wild's theory that the Celtic Irish of the present day are *descended from the Druids*, who were wandering Jews and part of *the Ten Tribes*. One of the characteristics is that the modern Irish are great on "the cry," especially the women at wake and funerals, where they can *fill and empty the cups ad libitum*.

The relic was sent to the Dublin Museum and realized for the finder about \$50, which like money "easy come, easy go," as the finder gathered the boys around him, got on a big spree and spent the last shilling drinking to the "glorious and pious memory" of *Ireland's ould stock, the Druids*.

EMIGRATION.

About this time there was an emigration craze, and many left for Australia and Canada. Amongst the rest, a respectable farmer, Mr. W., sold his farm and with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons and one daughter, emigrated and settled in the neighborhood of Little York, Upper Canada.

This movement affected both the writer and his master, inasmuch as the latter was engaged to be married to the lovely Miss W., who was "not lost but gone before."

In the following spring our business was advertised for sale, and the young jeweller with his brothers, who were farmers, had made arrangements to emigrate.

The writer was very desirous of accompanying his master, and after much coaxing got a reluctant consent from his parents who still had a notion of Upper Canada.

THE FAREWELL AT THE FARM HOUSE.

After an affectionate leave-taking we proceeded with our master to the farm house, where we found a large number of the

* Making marble holes in the earthen floor.

neighbors in their holiday attire, who had come to say "good bye." While some were busily engaged packing and loading the emigrant chests, the visitors, consisting of young men and maidens, middle-aged and old folks, were lounging on the green sward, some smoking pipes, others telling yarns and jokes, and some speaking of their relatives in America, during the intervals the whiskey bottle and glass were being handed from hand to hand and all indulged.

THE START.

At last the packing and loading was finished and the word "forward" given. The carts moved off followed by the jaunting cars on which the emigrants were seated, then came the neighbors on foot, forming a procession of four deep, this being the friendly Irish custom of *going a piece with you*, and thus we proceeded on our way till we came to a cross-road, on one corner of which stood a tavern. Here a halt was commanded by a prominent neighbor, who said: "Sorra a foot farther will yez go till yez *come in and have a Doughadhoris*."* No apology would be taken, so we had to alight and have a parting glass.

Then came the hand-shaking and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, some of which were used by the females to dry the tears of whiskey and affection, so we said good-bye to a kind-hearted and hospitable peasantry.

The same day we arrived at

ARMAGH,

the old classic city, where St. Patrick built the first Christian church in the 5th century. Here we discharged our jaunting cars and next morning took our passage for Belfast on

THE MAIL COACH WITH ITS CRANK GUARD AND DRIVER.

This old-fashioned vehicle was first used in Bristol, England, in 1784, for conveying His Majesty's mail. It was then introduced into all parts of Britain, and was the most popular public conveyance up to 1838, when it was superseded by railway carriages.

The old coach was drawn by four horses and had accommodation for about twelve persons. The inside was generally occupied by females and the outside by the sterner sex, including a driver and guard, both of whom were peculiarly dressed with broad squat hats, gilt bands, great overcoats with three or four red cloth capes, and their limbs encased in knee-breeches and leggings. In cold weather they were so muffled up that you could only see their red noses protruding. The guard carried a pair of antiquated horse pistols in his belt and a horn or trumpet

* A parting glass.

in his hand, whose shrill sound was the signal that the coach was coming. The arrival at the head inns of the little towns made quite a commotion as it rattled over the macadamised road, with the cracking of the whip, the sounding of the horn and the prancing of the reeking horses.

Crowds of eager and curious people assembled, expecting to meet friends from a distance, others to hear the latest news. The guard, a pompous official, satisfied their curiosity by sensational and exaggerated stories which were got up for the occasion.

While the horses were being changed a general rush would be made to the bar-room for drinks, and the guard and driver were always included in the treats. Such was mail coach travelling in the olden times.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGERS.

It was a lovely morning in June, and from our elevated position we had a magnificent view of that beautiful part of the country in the counties of Armagh and Down, noted for its bleach greens, partially covered with snow-white linen, and fringed with hawthorn hedges, little woods, rivulets and lakes.

"And here we heard the cuckoo's note steal softly through the air,
While everything around us was most beautiful and fair."

We were surrounded by all sorts of cranks, but the chief of that celebrated class was the burly guard and his satellite, the driver, who amused the passengers by their native wit and anecdotes, also an occasional verse of a song, frequently indulging in a nip out of a flask of whiskey which they carried in their capacious pockets.

Towards evening we arrived in

BELFAST,

and, after bidding good-bye to our fellow-passengers, and especially the burly and good-natured guard and driver, whom we never expected to see again, (as such characters who indulge so freely in strong drink don't last long,) we found our way to the ship and secured our berths.

On board we met several cranks, most of whom had bottles of whiskey which they used to keep off sea-sickness, but the cure was worse than the disease, as the over-indulgence brought on a different kind of sickness. On one occasion they made the black cook drunk, the consequence of which was that he spoiled the officers' dinner, and got a castigation with a rope's end; after that he abstained from Irish whiskey.

THE PASSENGERS NOT ALL TIPLERS AND CRANKS,

as there were honorable exceptions in the little band of pious men and women who assembled in the second cabin and held religious services regularly during the voyage.

OUR FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

After six weeks' tossing and tacking we came to *the banks* and had our first view of Newfoundland, like a speck in the distance. As we approached it the monotony of sea life was broken by the numerous small fishing vessels, with their white sails flapping in the calm waters, and here the old song of the sea was verified:

"The whale whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold."

From the deck of our vessel we had a view of both banks of the St. Lawrence, which were studded with white cottages, large churches, having tin covered spires, and red painted barns.

By the aid of our telescopes we noticed that the houses were peculiarly built, having antiquated steep roofs, with tier upon tier of small dormer windows.

In answer to our enquiries we were told that the inhabitants were the descendants of *the original French settlers*, a hardy, healthy, polite race of non-progressive people, in manner and habits resembling the Celtic Irish peasantry, being attached to their homes and their clergymen, and will not leave until they are necessitated to do so.

They are very sociable in their habits and visit each other's houses in groups, where they spend their evenings, smoking their pipes, telling stories, singing, dancing, etc. They wear the plainest home-made clothes, are content with the coarsest food, have no libraries, and little recourse to post offices, cheerful and happy in their poverty, and on the whole a harmless, good-natured people. Such was the account given us of the *Habitans, or French Canadians*.

After a few more days tacking and battling with the wind and tide we anchored alongside the Island of Orleans, and had a good view of "the lights along the shore."

We were awakened the next morning by the rattling of chains, the song of the sailors and the tolling of deep-toned bells. We rushed on deck and had our eyes dazzled with the tin-roofed houses and tall spires of the city built upon a rock, the far-famed

QUEBEC, THE GIBRALTAR OF CANADA,

The river here is not wide but deep, and on that summer morning it presented an animated appearance, with its numerous row, steam and sailing vessels, from the small bark canoe to the great man-o'-war with the Union Jack proudly floating from its topmast.

Looking upwards from the deck of our vessel we saw the citadel of Quebec, situated on a great rock at the height of three hundred feet, with its old walls, gates, ramparts and batteries, with cannons poking out their muzzles in every direction.

We were all delighted at the prospect of being once more on *terra firma*, but none more so than my young master, who was anticipating the happy meeting he would have with his dearest.

SURPRISE AND RECOGNITION.

Among the crowd on the wharf stood a young man who came forward and slapped me on the back, calling me by name. On turning round, Robert Dunlop, a late foreman of my father's, stood before me. We were delighted to see him, and he asked leave and was permitted to drive me to his house up town. We entered an antiquated gig, called a *calasche*, driven by a little crank, whose habiliments consisted of a grey coat, red sash and night-cap, dark visage and small sharp black eyes. We proceeded up the narrow crooked streets, between old-fashioned peaky houses, drawn by a little Canadian pony, who not only felt his load but the whip and the frequent *mushda* as he scrambled up like a mountain goat.

On arriving in "Upper Town" the scene changed. From the Plains of Abraham we had a delightful view of

THE MAJESTIC ST. LAWRENCE.

Point Levi, the Falls of Montmorency and the shipping in the river. We were then shown the place where General Wolfe and his gallant Highlanders scaled the heights; also the monuments erected to the memory of the conquering hero and his equally brave enemy, Montcalm. After doing the old city we drove to the home of my friend, and were greeted by his handsome, young wife, whom I had known in Ireland. After congratulations she took from a cupboard a bottle containing what she called

"RED RUM," WHICH REVERSED SPELLS MURDER.

well named, as the glassful she urged me to take nearly finished the writer, causing a choking sensation till his tears flowed for the loss of his identity, and for the time being he was a *reeling crank*.

After taking leave of my hostess, whose Irish hospitality overpowered me, we descended the zig-zag streets,* and with our company embarked on a steamboat at 6 p.m., and on the following morning we arrived at

MONTREAL.

In the lower part of the city we scarcely heard any other than the French language, which, together with the incessant tolling of bells, the narrow streets, crowded with all kinds of pedestrians, some wearing odd and fantastic habiliments and head dresses, the habitaus, with the regulation red sashes and night-caps,

* Artemus Ward said that the person who laid out Quebec must have had the delirium tremens.

shouting, whipping and cursing their little ponies in French made us think that we did not leave all the cranks behind us.

However as we proceeded up town we found wide thoroughfares, modern buildings and heard our own language then we felt at home. We noticed that most of the business houses had clerks who could speak "the dual language," and here we were reminded of a young Irishman who applied for a situation in one of the stores. The usual question was put to him: "Do you speak French?" Not wishing to be outdone, our countryman replied: "No, sir; but shure I've a cousin that plays on the *Farinin flute*."

On reaching the mountain top we had a splendid view of the city, the river, St. Helen's Island and the White Mountains in the dim distance.

THE DURHAM BOAT.

But as we were birds of passage we did not remain here. Our next move was to embark on a canal or Durham boat which was drawn by horses to Lachine, a distance of 9 miles. Here we were taken in tow by a small steamer and had our first experience of the Rapids. At this place there is a meeting of the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and they make a tremendous commotion, dashing their waves against the vessels which plough through the foaming trough.

We proceeded up the St. Lawrence till we came to a small French village, called *St. Ann's*, made famous by our countryman, Tom Moore in his celebrated

CANADIAN BOAT SONG,

which was composed on the spot, a verse of which we give in passing:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past."

We had now passed St. Ann's and were at the Rapids of *the Long Sault*, where the river became so turbulent that the steamer could not proceed any further. Our barge was then drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen, with a French driver to each yoke.

As we entered the troubled waters the scene became exciting and alarming. Above the noise and hissing of the foaming and angry cascades we ever and anon heard the drivers shouting at the top of their voices "Gee—haw—whoa buck." Had it not been for the perilous situation we might have enjoyed this extraordinary navigation of nine miles which took a long time to complete.

We were ordered to keep under the hatches while passing the most dangerous places, and while some of our passengers were nearly frightened to death, others, like cranks, were keeping up their spirits by putting down their spirits (whiskey).

At length we came to smooth waters and were thankful for Almighty deliverance from a watery grave.* Here we parted with our French guides and their patient and long-suffering creatures, and we were again attached to a river steamboat. After a pleasant sail of a few hours we entered among the far-famed

"THOUSAND ISLANDS."

The river here is several miles wide and studded with wood-clad islands of various sizes. The largest or grand one is about eighteen miles long and has lately become an International Park. The Thousand Islands have been the admiration of all who have visited them.

Tom Moore, the poet already referred to, when passing through this archipelago in 1804, wrote the following lines :

"Through moss-clad woods, 'mid islets flowing fair,
And blooming glades, where first the sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the presence of their God."

Passing through the mouth of the river we soon arrived at

KINGSTON,

one of the oldest towns in Canada, and a place of great interest. We then made our last embarkation on the steamer St. George and were soon on the blue waters of

LAKE ONTARIO.

On our way westward we passed the towns on the Canadian side of the lake, and on the following morning came alongside of a narrow neck of land, partially covered with trees, which divided the lake from a large bay on the other side of the peninsular. Situated about two miles distant on the mainland we noticed several buildings, conspicuous among which were a windmill and a church steeple. We asked the captain what was the name of the town and he answered with a smile: "Oh, that is called Muddy York; it has had several names, first the Village of Toronto, then York, or Little York, and now it is called

THE CITY OF TORONTO."

We told him it was our destination, and as it appeared to be a place of interest would he kindly explain why the name was so often changed.

* The present generation who travel from Montreal to Toronto in palace cars have little idea of what the early emigrants had to endure fifty years ago.

"You are doubtless aware," said the captain, "that the French were the first white settlers in Canada. In a little time they sent missionaries westward and afterwards erected trading posts at various places, viz.: Frontenac (Kingston,) Niagara and Detroit, at which places they carried on a lucrative business with the Indians, giving them in exchange for their valuable furs, gee-gaws, fire-arms, coloured beads, blankets, French brandies, etc., the latter being the worst thing that could have been given to those excitable creatures, which they named 'Firewater.' At Oswego, on the south side of the lake (then a British province), the English, following the example of their French neighbors, erected a fort or trading post and gave the Indians better value for their peltry's. The consequence was that the aborigines preferred to trade at Oswego and passed by the Niagara post. Fearing that a like result would take place on the north side of the lake the French erected another trading post on the shores of this bay near the camping ground of the Indians, called by them 'Toronto' (a place of meeting), hence the first name. The French named their stockade 'Fort Rouille,' afterwards called 'Fort Toronto.'"

After hearing the captain's graphic description of Canada, and especially that of Toronto (late York), we had a strange curiosity to see a place of such historic interest, especially my master who was also an attentive listener to the captain's story, and had a special desire to see the place where he expected to meet his lady-love.

We had now passed the lighthouse on the island, and on turning Gibraltar Point the captain pointed out the spot on which Fort Rouille stood and where the monument which has been lately erected through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. Scadding and the York Pioneers now stands.

As we sailed down the beautiful bay in front of the city we noticed several sailing vessels, a few steamers and *a horseboat*, the only island ferry. In a little time we were at Brown's Wharf, Church Street, where the St. George discharged her living cargo.

Thus the perilous voyage of months was o'er,
We thanked the Lord and stepped on shore,
With a warm Irish heart as light as a cork
The emigrant boy landed in York.

August 9th, 1835.

CHAPTER III.

THE LANDING IN TORONTO, LATE YORK.

AS the little band of emigrants, including the writer, wandered up the wharf, following the carter who was removing our baggage from the steamer to the hotel. He, like the light-hearted Irishman as he was, commenced to sing a familiar old ballad,

"Enniskillen Dragoon," which was composed in our native town. We involuntarily joined in the refrain and were more charmed with that old ditty than if we had been received by a military band and a salvo of artillery.

The first act of my master was to hire a conveyance and to proceed to West York, about ten miles from the city, where the family of W. had purchased a farm and located, and where he anticipated a delightful meeting with his fair enamoreta.

During his absence we had a good stroll through the town and were favorably impressed with the regularity of its streets and their royal names, also of the beautiful bay and island in front, and the friendly inhabitants whom we found to be chiefly from the British Isles and many from "the old sod."

The principal business part was around the old four walled market square and from thence along King to Yonge Streets and outside of this area you were in the suburbs. The houses were chiefly built of wood, brick houses being few and far between.

Only a few of the streets were macadamized, so that after a heavy shower of rain the virgin soil became a sticky clay, and hence the name

MUDDY YORK,

which the writer had a little experience of when he sunk knee-deep, leaving his old country shoe about two feet below the surface. He also saw an ox-team stuck in a hole on the corner of King and Yonge Streets which had to be hoisted out by fence rails. A ridiculous story is told of a person who saw a man's hat moving on King Street. By the aid of a plank he managed to reach the spot and to lift the hat, when, lo! and behold! there was a man's head! A number of persons then assembled and raised him up. His first word was: "Dig away, boys! *there's a horse and cart under me.*" We don't vouch for the truth of the last story, but the two former ones we were eye-witness of.

In due time my master returned to the city accompanied by Mr. W., the latter driving a team of horses and a large waggon which was soon loaded with our company, as Mr. W. prevailed on us to pay him a visit at his new house in the bush. So off we started up Yonge Street to Hogg's Hollow, then eastward over the old crooked road, 'mid stumps and ruts, then westward through woods and swamps, and over corduroy bridges, which nearly shook us out of our boots.

At length we came to a clearing, in the midst of which was a log house and barn. Here we alighted and received a hearty Irish welcome.

In a little time we were all seated round a fire of beech and maple and felt as happy as the sons of Irish kings.

The writer was very favorably impressed with Miss W., who, as before stated, was tall, handsome and graceful. As she assisted

in the preparation of the evening meal the reflection of the bright fire gave an extra charm to her modest and cheerful countenance.

After supper, and while relating the latest news of our native town, our perilous voyage, etc., Mr. W. broached a five-gallon keg of whiskey and we all had to partake of it.

This last act of mistaken kindness was unnecessary, as we needed nothing more to enhance our already cheerful conversation, but it was Irish hospitality and we had to acquiesce. The writer sipped very cautiously, as his throat had not recovered from the effects of the Quebec *Red rum*.

THE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE EARLY METHODIST SETTLERS.

The writer was now passing through a novel experience; everything around him seemed strange. The log houses, the zig-zag fences, the chopping down trees, burning log heaps, the stumps of trees in the fields, the oxen ploughing and hauling logs, the splitting fence rails and chopping cordwood, the cows with bells tinkling in the woods, the chorus of frogs, the chirping of grasshoppers, the wood-pecker tapping and the whip-poor-will, together with the music of the toads and frogs which must have emigrated when St. Patrick banished them out of Ireland.

On the Sunday morning we went to church, or *meeting* as they termed it. The sanctuary was a primitive one—a *log schoolhouse*, which was seated with rough boards, leaving an aisle in the centre. As the congregation assembled the men filed to the right and the women to the left. A devout little man, Mr. B., a local preacher, took his stand at the reading desk and in a clear, Munster accent gave out one of Wesley's hymns, a familiar tune was started and *all sang* with heart and voice. The prayer was earnest, and many were the responses. The sermon was practical and heart-searching, and, like "bread cast upon the waters," to be seen (if not at once), "after many days." Nor were those services confined to Sundays, as week-evening preaching, prayer meetings and revival seasons were attended to by the itinerant ministers, and in their absence by the local preachers who were men of faith and prayer.*

We made several calls at the neighboring farm houses, and in each place were invited to take a little *bitters*, which consisted of Canadian whiskey mixed with tansy and other herbs. So prevalent was the drinking custom that we found the whiskey bottle on every dinner table, in the harvest field and at all the public gatherings. Each house had its five-gallon keg in the cellar.

* We have heard the late Doctors Ryerson and Green relate some of their experiences in those days, when their circuits covered an area of thirty miles, their studio the horse's back, their rides long, their fare short and their remuneration \$100 a year. Such noble and self-sacrificing pioneer preachers deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by the present generation.

The drinking custom in those days was the besetting sin of the early settlers, as many of the habitual tipplers became drunkards and shortened their lives by exposure to the inclemency of the winter season and through accidents. •

THORNHILL,

Then as now a thriving village, was named after the late Mr. B. Thorne, who, in company with Mr. Parsons, were extensive millers and merchants. Here the surrounding farmers found a ready market for their produce, and in return patronized the storekeepers and artizans. We commenced here and were agreeably surprised at the amount of business we did.

The writer associated with the farmers' sons of his own age for the purpose of learning all he could of the manners and customs of the people so that he might transmit the same to his parents with a view to emigration.

Our enjoyment and pastime consisted of fishing, shooting, squirrel and coon hunting and sleighing parties in the season—the latter so well expressed by a Canadian poet :

“ The sleigh bells ring their merrie sound,
The panting horses onward bound ;
With wraps and furs around us tight
We joy when home's at last in sight.”

THE BEES.

Another source of amusement and profit to the early settlers were “the bees,” consisting of a number of farmers assisting each other on certain days. Their wives also had quilting, apple paring and corn-husking bees, where the young men assisted, or pretended to do so, on the evening of the bee day. The worst feature of the farmer's bee was that too much whiskey was drank, and many were unfitted for work on the following day.

THE TRADING SYSTEM.

In those days we had very few banking institutions, and money being so scarce, the system of trading or bartering was extensively carried on. All kinds of goods were exchanged or swapped, and here I am reminded of

A YANKEE TRADING CRANK AND HIS TWO GRACELESS SONS.

This cunning old genius did nothing but “trade around.” When asked what he intended to do with his idle and mischievous boys, he replied that “he would just make traders of them.” “Why,” said he, “there an't smarter boys in all creation than they are. ‘Yes sirree.’ You may lock them up in a barn,

and I'll be jiggered if they don't earn \$5 a day trading clothes and jack-knives with one another."

A FEMALE CRANK AND A PROTESTANT COW.

Another instance of trading occurred in the neighbourhood, which terminated in a very ridiculous farce.

A farmer, named Graham (who was an over-zealous Protestant, and attended the lodge-room oftener than the class meeting), had a hired man who was of the opposite persuasion. This man, like most of our countrymen, had a wife and a number of children. One day he asked his employer to let him have a milk cow and he would pay for her by giving work. His master agreed, and the bovine was brought to the shanty. The milking scene would have made a good subject for a painter. At the cow's head stood Mick, holding on to her horns, the children stood around looking on. Bidly, before taking her seat, spoke (in a whisper) the following words: "Now, Mick, *bring out the bottle of holy water* and sprinkle her, as you know she belonged to an Orangeman, and her milk might not be the right thing for the childher." Mick obeyed orders, ran in, and by mistake picked up the black whiskey bottle which he kept alongside of the other when he commenced to throw its contents on the cow, whose back was tender with the summer flies. The whiskey smarted so much that the cow jerked several times, then reared up, kicked, upset Bidly and the pail, spilled the milk, then ran round the field like a race horse, while the children screamed! Mick ran to the assistance of his wife, and picking her up said, "Och! Bidly, darlin' are you kilt?" "No, Mick, avick, but the life is scarred out o' me!" "Och, Bidly, darlin' isn't the Protestant deep in her!"*

One lesson we learn from this story at least,
That whiskey's not good for man nor his beast.

I had now been about two years at Thornhill, during which time I corresponded with my parents, strongly advising them to come to Canada, giving my reasons, that it was a wider field, and a better opportunity was afforded for the younger branches of the family to rise in the world, especially as the old land was overpopulated.

I was glad to find that my father concurred in my ideas, and as a consequence had advertised his property for sale, with a view to emigration.

ARRIVAL OF THE EMIGRANTS.

At length the long looked-for day dawned when the writer's relatives would arrive. As public conveyances were "few and

* We give this story as we heard it. In speaking of the Holy Water, we mean no offence to Roman Catholics. Water is an emblem of purity and of the Holy Spirit, and every Christian denomination uses it in their ordinances. When set apart for such purpose, it should be used as intended and not otherwise.

far between" we took advantage of a neighboring farmer coming to the city to ask for a ride, which was cheerfully granted.

The load consisted of the owner and his wife, the writer and some dairy produce, also a fatted calf who made the air vocal with music unappreciated.

Between Thornhill and Toronto there were about a dozen taverns, one to each mile. At several of those places we stopped for refreshment (?) The farmer invited me to have some bitters, and, while the hostler handed

PURE WATER TO THE HORSES,

the woman was treated to a glass of logwood mixture, called wine, and the poor (but not dumb) animal was neglected.

On arriving in the city, we learned that the steamer would not arrive until 2 o'clock, and having some leisure time, we strolled round looking into the shop windows. Near the junction of King and Yonge Streets, we noticed a number of persons gazing into a stationer's window. We also had a look. The attraction was a ridiculous picture of Satan with a pole over his shoulder, carrying off a number of well-known persons who represented the "Family Compact." The arch fiend was looking towards us with a satisfactory grin on his face, and the motto at the bottom of the picture was:

"CAN'T I DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN?"

The name over the window was W. Lyon Mackenzie. The caricature was worthy of a painter, or "Grip," and was an index of the versatile genius of little Mac.

At the appointed time we found our way to Front Street, and saw the steamer on the outside of the island. We watched every revolution of her paddle-wheels with an emotion which we cannot describe. As the vessel turned "the point" and sailed down the bay, we hurried to the end of Brown's wharf, and mixing with the crowd gazed intently at the passengers. Presently we saw a matronly and well-known countenance, and without waiting for the steamer to be fastened, jumped off the dock, and the next moment was in my mother's arms, and surrounded by my father, together with my brothers and sisters. Words are not adequate to describe that joyful meeting.

I was now happy, and had I known the butcher who purchased my travelling companion, I would have had "the fatted calf killed" to celebrate the occasion. After stopping a few days at a hotel, a dwelling-house was procured and the family settled in our adopted city, August, 1837.

INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION OF '37.*

On the 4th December, 1837, the writer while at work was startled by a great commotion that "the rebels were coming."

* It is now admitted on all sides that there was much need for reform in those days, but the means used to procure it was injudicious and unwise.

Their rendezvous was north of Thornhill, and on their way to headquarters they had to pass down Yonge Street and through our village.

An impromptu meeting of the loyal inhabitants was called, and a home guard formed for self-defence. My master was chosen as captain and the writer his *aide-de-camp*. The advance guard of the patriotic (?) army consisted of about 300 yeomen, without any regard to uniform or arms. They halted opposite the Greenbush Tavern, and had a drink of whiskey and were addressed by a local demagogue, then passed on.

GALLOW'S HILL.

While the skirmish (or battle so-called), of Gallow's Hill was being enacted, the inhabitants of Thornhill were greatly excited, especially the writer, who was anxious for the safety of his family in Toronto. However, in a little time we saw several of the poor misguided people retreating up Yonge Street in disorder, wiser and sadder men than they were a few days before. The more intelligent and moderate reformers took no part in the rebellion, and in after years under the Baldwin administration obtained all the reforms the others had been rashly contending for.

The coast now being clear, I asked a few days' leave and hurried to the city, where I found every person excited and laughing about the Battle of "Gallow's Hill." Numerous stories were afloat that the city was to be attacked from other quarters. Volunteers were being drilled and formed into regiments. Ever and anon we heard the sound of bugles and the music of fifes and drums leading companies from place to place.

"Soldiers through the town marched gay
And all rose up at the sound of the drum."

As we looked into the taverns with their bar-rooms full of volunteers, smoking, drinking, carousing, singing and fighting, we got some idea of how

THIS RASH AND FOOLISH REBELLION

had upset law and order.

On the Sunday, three days after the Yonge Street affair, the writer, his father, brothers and others, were standing in a group in front of the City Hall, when we heard the shrill notes of a drum and fife coming up King Street East. In a little time we heard the tune "Protestant Boys." They were at the head of a long procession of about two thousand men, some carrying guns, others poles, shelelahs, etc. We gave them three cheers, and they responded with interest. The Chief Magistrate (Mr. Dixon) stepped up to the captain, when the following dialogue took place: "Where are you from?" "Monaghan, Cavan, Port Hope, and all along the line." "Are you loyalists or rebels?" "True blue

and Cavan Black Reds, not a rebel in one of our lodges." "Then you are Orangemen?" "Av course we are." "Did you come to help us?" "To be sure we did." "Why did you not come sooner?" "We did not hear of it till yesterday morning, then we started, and we have been on the road ever since, picking up the boys as we came along, and are sorry we're too late, but can't you get up another skirmish, and give us a chance?" "I find that your band are playing party tunes, and as we have good loyal Roman Catholics amongst us, perhaps you will kindly ask the musicians to change the tune." "Yes, sir, we'll do that to oblige you." Then turning to the band he said, "Boys, change the tune." They did so, playing "The Boyne Water." "Why," said Mr. Dixon, "that's no better than the other." "Well, sir,

SORRA A TUNE THE BAND CAN PLAY BUT TWO,

and you can have your choice." A general laugh, and the music went on.

By this time a great crowd had gathered and wanted to "treat the boys," who were both hungry and thirsty after their long march. An order was immediately given for cart loads of loaves and cold meat which was

WASHED DOWN WITH BARRELS OF BEER AND KEGS OF WHISKEY

(the worst act in the drama). The new comers were then billeted off, and those who wished were attached to the three regiments which were being formed, namely the City Guards, the Queen's Rangers and the Royal Foresters; the latter a "rough and ready" lot of "bush whackers." Such a Sunday I never spent. Instead of it being "a day of rest" it was a day of unrest, excitement and frolic. From such Sabbaths, "Good Lord deliver us."

THE WRITER A PRISONER IN THE "GUARD HOUSE."

A few evenings after the above occurrence, my father invited some volunteer friends to dine with him. Loyalty and liquor being trump, the last named ran short, and the writer was deputed to procure a fresh supply. It was then after 10 o'clock, when he sallied forth with jug in hand, omitting to get the password or countersign for the night. He had not gone far till he was challenged by a sentry to "advance to the point of the bayonet, and give the countersign, or else he would be run through." He did not relish the last-named operation, and surrendered at discretion, saying he had not the word. I was then taken prisoner and

MARCHED INTO "THE GUARD HOUSE,"

where a number of the "Royal Foresters" were sitting round a large wood fire, singing, smoking and chatting. The prisoner was introduced to the sergeant of the guard, who interrogated him at some length. He told the whole truth, and showed the empty jug. The sergeant said that was "all very fine, Mr. Ferguson, but it would not work." I was his prisoner, and must remain so till the next morning. The rest of the guard laughed and asked me to give them the money and the jug, and they would soon find the beer and drink my health, although I was a rebel. I felt very much annoyed, and told the sergeant I would not be insulted by his men, that I was no rebel, but a loyal volunteer and the son of a captain in the City Guard, that if he wished to test the truth of my statement he might send a man with me to the house on Yonge Street, and if my story was not true, I would return to the guard house with him. He said that was a fair proposition, and as my story was so straight, and I was such

A DECENT LOOKING YOUNG FELLOW,

he did not think I was a rebel, and I might go. I thanked him for the compliment, and bid adieu to the guard room. I need scarcely say I arrived home in double quick time, and suiting the action to the words, I threw down the money and the jug and said it was the last time I would go

HUNTING FOR BEER.

Some laughed at my adventure, others were annoyed at my imprisonment. But, speaking of the countersign, reminds me of another incident that happened about the same time. One night a half drunken man was proceeding homewards, measuring the sidewalk on Queen Street. The password was "Nelson." At Osgoode Hall a colored man was on guard and challenged the straggler in the following words: "Who came dar?" "A-a-friend." "Ib you don't advance to de point ob de bayonet

AND GIB DE NELSON

I'll shoot you." "Nelson," said the stranger. "Den pass on de Nelson," said the darkey.

Another anecdote connected with the rebellion, and then I must resume my narrative from which I have so much digressed.

BILLY DYER'S STORY ABOUT THE FRENCH PRISONER.

Amongst the regular soldiers who were suppressing the outbreak in Lower Canada, was the 30th regiment, who were stationed at St. Eustache. One night a sergeant's guard was being relieved and another substituted. The retiring officer handed his papers to the incoming one called "Dyer,"

A ROLLICKING IRISHMAN.

As I had the story from Dyer himself, when in Toronto, I'll give you his own words: "As I was sayin', Sargint Cooper handed me the papers saying, 'Dyer, there's twelve prisoners in the guard room, all Frinchmen. You are responsible for that number.' 'All right,' sez I. So after he was gone I counted, and could only make out eleven. So I counted the boys over and over again and sorra one more could I make. Then sez I to myself 'Billy Dyer, as sure as your name is Billy, so sure will you lose your three Vs. in the morning if you don't return twelve Frinch prisoners.' So with that I took my firelock in my hand, and goes out into the street. Every man I met I sez 'Good evening,' and if he answered me in English, I passed on. At last I met

A LITTLE 'SPISAUN' OF A FRINCHMAN.

'Good evening,' sez I. 'Parly voo Franche,' sez he. Then sez I 'Your a Frinch rebel, and you're my prisoner. So I takes him to the guard house and runs him in among the rest. Then sez I, 'I have made up the count, and I'm all right for the mornin'.' Well, sir, sich gabbling of geese as was carried on all night, I never heard the likes of it. I suppose the fellow was tellin' the other fellows how he was nabbed for nothin'. Well, sir, they made such a row that none of my men could get a wink of sleep, nor hear their own ears. Next mornin' I got a note from Sargint Cooper, sayin' that he had made a mistake in the number, that one of the twelve prisoners was bailed out, and there should only be eleven. So with that I went to the room where the fellows were and beckoned to my prisoner. He came to me trembling all over, and thought I was goin' to murder him. So I takes him by the shoulders and runs him out on the street, 'and now,' sez I, 'run for your bare life.' So with that he started to run, and he ran, and he ran, and he nevir looked back, and whoever sees him

HE'S RUNNIN' YET.

Dyer took about an hour to tell this yarn and drank several horns of whiskey and rubbed the perspiration off his face, during its recital. Many more ridiculous stories might be told of the Rebellion of 1837, but I must proceed with my narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THORNHILL TO TORONTO.

THE writer had now bid adieu to Thornhill, and having secured a good position in Toronto, soon formed a number of acquaintances. Amongst the rest he became a member of the St. Patrick's Society, and on the 17th March, 18—, attended

A ST. PATRICK'S DINNER.

About this time the three national societies were inaugurated; the St. George, St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's. Their object was a benevolent one. Each society was to assist their needy and newly-arrived emigrants by counsel and material aid. The national days were observed by marching in procession to each other's churches alternately, where a charity sermon was preached. The day finished up with

A PUBLIC DINNER

in the principal hotel in the city.

The writer has a distinct recollection of one of those St. Patrick's Day dinners which was celebrated in the North American hotel. The military band which escorted us to church was also engaged for the evening, and several officers of the garrison, especially

THE NATIVES OF "THE OLD SOD,"

were among the invited guests, which consisted of representatives of the sister societies and other gentlemen of the city, amongst whom were several members of our club. I need scarcely say that the menu and decorations of the room were got up in style. During the dinner the band discoursed several lively national airs.

After the usual loyal toasts were honored with hip, hip, hip, hurrah! and music by the band, a song by so and so, the toast of the evening was proposed:

"THE WARRIORS, POETS AND STATESMEN OF OUR OWN
GREEN ISLE,"

was drunk with loud cheers and "The Kentish Fire." The late Dr. McCaul, president of the Toronto University, was called on to respond. The doctor's speech was loudly applauded, as all the great men that Ireland ever produced were made to pass like dissolving views before us.

About midnight the excitement had reached its highest pitch. Then came the loud laugh, the jokes and the report of champagne corks, interspersed with strains of music.

Towards morning the drugged champagne and other liquors

OVER-HEATED THE CELTIC BLOOD

and the scene became uproarious. All were talking and none were listening. Some yelled like Indians and the whole company acted like persons under the influence of mesmerism or laughing gas, and thus the assembly broke up in confusion. How they reached home remains a mystery to this day. So ended the St. Patrick's dinner.

HAD TEA AND COFFEE OR LEMONADE

been substituted for intoxicating liquors the affair would have ended as it began in an instructive and social entertainment.

THE FOUR YOUNG DRAPERS.

About forty-five years ago Toronto was a small city. The largest dry goods or drapery establishment was kept by a Mr. M——, who did a large business and kept a number of smart and gentlemanly young men as clerks. Amongst the latter were four whom the writer knew very well, seeing them almost daily. Two of the four hailed from Old Scotia and two from the Emerald Isle. The two Irish were not the two lively ones nor the two Scotch the quiet and "cannic" ones. The grave and gay were equally divided between each country. For instance, J. Mack, from the "land o' cakes," was a good representative of his country—steady, cautious, thoughtful, a Sabbath-school teacher, and, consequently, a Bible student. W. Little, the other Scotchman, was the opposite of Mack in many respects. He was genial, social and fond of lively companions, especially those who were musically inclined. With such he felt at home, enjoying his pipe and glass of toddy, while he sweetly sang a Scotch melody or one of Burns' bacchanalian songs.

And now for the sons of Erin. T. Crew, like J. Mack, was reserved, studious and a teacher in the Sunday-school. Notwithstanding this he was of a lively disposition, fond of a well-timed joke, but always kept within the bounds of propriety. R. Maunt, we will call him, the last of the quartette, was thoroughly Celtic in disposition, hailing from the south of Ireland. He still retained the Munster accent and was very lively, impetuous, witty and genial. Like Little he was very fond of lively company, and was always welcomed on account of his oratorical ability and his patriotic and comic songs.

Such were the "Four Young Drapers" who commenced their business education with equal chances of success. But mark the divergence of their career in after life. Little, the sweet singer of Scotch airs, was invited to public and private parties on account of his good singing and social disposition. Burns' anniversary was not complete without Little, and at midnight or the sma' hours of the morning his musical and, by that time, mellowed voice might have been heard leading in the "Barley Bree:—

"The cock may craw and the day may dau,
But we will lou the barley bree."

It has often occurred to the writer that there has been as much intoxicating liquor drank over Burns' songs as would float the "Great Eastern," and if Burns were permitted to re-visit this earth, especially on one of the anniversaries got up in his

honor, how he would denounce the custom which not only shortened his days, but many other great geniuses, such as Byron Shelley, Sheridan and others who might have lived to the full allotted time of man and been a blessing to their kind had they been total abstainers.

Little's convivial habits soon became as chains to bind him. Late to rest and late to business brought him into trouble, and after many derelictions of duty he was discharged by his employer and left the city. Some years after this the writer was passing through a neighboring town, and, while waiting the arrival of the stage coach, he with other passengers was standing round a log fire in the bar-room of the hotel. Presently the outer door was pushed open by the hostler, who was carrying a stick of cordwood on his shoulder which he threw on the fire. This individual was dressed in an old grey coat with a hood or *capote* of the same color pulled over his head. As he turned round the writer caught a glimpse of his bloated countenance, which seemed strangely familiar though sadly changed. "Surely I have seen that face before." Then, turning to him, I accosted him thus :

"Is your name Little?" "Yes, sir, that's my name." "Did you ever live in Toronto?" "Yes, sir." "In Mr. M——'s dry goods store!" "You seem to know me, sir. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" "My name is Edward M——." At the mention of the name he was overcome with emotion, and with tears in his once handsome but now bloodshot eyes he extended his hand, saying: "I am all that remains of poor Willie Little whom you knew in my happy days; but, alas! I have fallen, and all through strong drink." After a few minutes' conversation in which words of advice and encouragement were given him, the stage drove to the door, and taking hold of his feverish hand I parted with poor Willie Little and never saw him again.

And now for R. Maunt. What became of that whole-souled Irishman? Alas! poor Maunt! He, too, made a wreck of life. The drinking habit grew on him. His jovial manner, sparkling wit and good singing were a curse to him instead of a blessing. He was invited to nearly all the convivial parties in the city, especially the public dinners, where he was considered the life of the party. To all the usual loyal toasts Maunt had an appropriate song, which was received with great gusto and loud applause. Maunt was often toasted at those dinner parties, and called by his companions as they sang "a right good fellow, which nobody can deny." This fulsome praise of a present guest is unreal, and none but persons under the influence of strong drink could use such unmeaning flattery. Even Maunt himself realized the hollowness of such professions. When in business for himself he sometimes called on the very chairman of the meeting where he was toasted to borrow a \$100 for a few days as he had

a note to pay. That gentleman "would be very happy to oblige but he really could not at present," and he referred him to Mr.—the vice-chairman, and he to another, so that "they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." Finally, poor Maunt could not borrow \$5 from one of those who called him "a right good fellow." So much for professions when men are under the influence of alcohol. As stated above, Maunt started in business on his own account but was a slave to habits which mastered him and injured his credit. The result was that the sheriff sold him out, and he went on from bad to worse, and like poor Little his sun went down under a cloud.

The first two of our quartette, as already described, like many young men of the present day, made a great mistake in neglecting the Scriptural injunction, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." They ran with the giddy multitude and sought pleasures in worldly amusements and the indulgence of the wine cup which has allured so many to their doom. But we have something better to say of J. Mack and T. Crew, who, as stated above, denied themselves of those indulgences and became total abstainers. They connected themselves with the Sabbath-school and Methodist church, where they found the pearl of great price, and became not only consistent members, but successful teachers, exhorters and local preachers. They also proved in after life "that godliness was profitable to all things." For instance, Crew, after faithfully serving his employer to the end of his term had a choice of lucrative offices. One of these he accepted and was entrusted with the full management of the establishment, the duties of which he faithfully discharged. He might have been a partner or have risen to be a first-class merchant had he continued in business, but he felt he had a higher calling and gave up flattering worldly prospects for the high and honorable calling of a minister of the gospel.

Like Crew, Mack thoroughly learned his business and would have also gone into the Christian ministry but his health prevented the accomplishment of this cherished purpose. His aim now was to become a successful merchant, so that he might not only enrich himself by the profits of an honest and honorable business, but have something to give for the cause of God. Having this aim in view he was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord." Some say that he made a vow like the patriarch of old "that of all the Lord gave him he would give a tenth to the Giver." Be that as it may, but we think he carried it out in after life. Being possessed of an excellent character he had good credit and commenced business in a modest way. Gradually he rose to success, removing to larger premises, began to import stock for himself, went to Europe, made excellent arrangements with the largest manufacturers. Then he opened a wholesale house, then larger and more extensive premises, and

step by step rose to be one of the largest merchants in the Dominion. His good business tact and sterling character brought him into the notice of his fellow-citizens, who solicited him to become their representative in the Local Legislature and afterwards in the Dominion Parliament and finally to the Senate.* Amid the many engagements of public life and of his immense business he found time to devote to the interests of the cause of God.

The moral of this true story—for true it is in every detail, the names only being disguised—lies on its surface. Had those two talented young men, who so early made shipwreck of their lives, been total abstainers from strong drink and God-fearing members of a Christian church they might have been among the successful wholesale merchants of to-day. The lesson that the young men who read this sketch may learn therefrom is this: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Reader, if not already engaged in temperance, Sabbath-school and church work remember the words of Holy Writ: "He that is not for us is against us."

"Do not then stand idly waiting for some other work to do,
Lo! the field is ripe to harvest and the laborers are few;
Go and work in any vineyard, do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere."

—E. M. M.

THE REV. PAUL DENTON'S APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

"This is the liquor which the Eternal Father brews for His children. Not in the simmering still over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life.

But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and child loves to play, and down, low down, in the deepest valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing.

And high up on the tall mountain's top where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash.

And far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweep the march of God.

* The reader will have no trouble in locating Mack, who was no less a person than the late Hon. John Macdonald, a name that is now a household word, who, by his many acts of private and public benevolence and his large bequests, has erected for himself "a monument more lasting than brass."

There he brews it, this precious essence of life, the pure cold water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, sparkling in the dew-drop, shining in the iceberg, sporting in the cataract, dancing in the hail-shower, singing in the summer rain, spreading its soft snow-curtains about the wintry world, and wherein the many-colored Iris, that seraph zone of the sky, made all glorious by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, this blessed life-water. No poison bubbles in its brink, its foam brings not murder and madness, pale widows, and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths, no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair.

Speak out, my friends. Would you exchange it for the demon-drink—alcohol?"



A BRIEF SKETCH OF
THE YORK PIONEERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE York Pioneers' Association was formed in 1869 for the purpose of more intimately uniting in friendly relations those who are natives of or emigrated to the original county of York in the former province of Upper Canada, or to this city previous to its incorporation March 6th, 1834, and change of name from York to Toronto, and their descendants on attaining the age of forty years. Also for preserving and perpetuating, by re-publication and otherwise, such historical recollections and incidents, documents and pictorial illustrations relating to the early settlement of this country and city aforesaid as are worthy of being rescued from oblivion, and by the contribution of communications on these and kindred subjects to be read at the meetings of the society, and afterwards printed in the public journals and otherwise.

The writer being one of the early settlers and now "in the sear and yellow leaf," was induced to become a member of this society which has on its roll of membership many of the old residents of Toronto and the county of York, consisting of several

members of the legal and medical profession, ministers of the gospel, retired gentlemen, merchants, farmers and others.

For several years the society has been presided over by the Rev. H. Scadding, D.D., author of "Toronto of Old," and to whose untiring efforts we are indebted for the monument lately erected on the Toronto Exhibition grounds, showing the exact spot on which the first white settlers commenced to trade with the aborigines when Toronto was an Indian camping ground. Those early French settlers called their stockade "Fort Rouille" or "Fort Toronto," which was the nucleus of our Queen City of the West, and consequently a place of interest to the present generation.

As above stated the members of the association at their meetings read interesting papers about the early settlers, many of whom were the U. E. Loyalists who were driven from their homes at the time of the American Revolution, but found an asylum under the British flag, and for their loyalty were rewarded by grants of wild land which has now become valuable to their descendants.

At one of those meetings the writer was requested to contribute a paper, and he condensed his ideas in the following lines which we reproduce, entitled :

YORK PIONEERS,

Instituted 1869.

(This poem, by E. M. Morphy, one of the York Pioneers, was respectfully dedicated to Rev. H. Scadding, D.D., on his being unanimously elected as president of the society for the fifth term in succession, March 2nd, 1886.

When but a lad and in my teens some fifty years ago
I bade farewell to Erin's bowers and mountains crowned with snow,
Then westward steered for Canada with mingled hopes and fears
To join the youths now grown to men and called "The York Pioneers."

A name derived from town of York and county of the same,
Once an Indian camping ground, but now of city fame ;
Whose growth of late unparalled both stimulates and cheers
Our revered worthy president and all the "York Pioneers."

The writer planted on this soil like sapling soon took root,
And now the branches of the tree have yielded plenteous fruit ;
Who, proud of their Canadian birth, all hope to spend their years
In Canada, their native land, and home of "York Pioneers."

A country blessed with inland seas and rivers long and wide,
Broad prairies, mines and timberland, our heritage and pride ;
While farms so rich produce such crops her sons need have no fears,
But faith in God of Providence and join the "York Pioneers."

Nor do we trust in this alone, but trade and commerce too—
Our factories are numerous and exports not a few ;
Of fruit and dairy produce, good horses and fat steers,
The product of our cultured fields and skill of "York Pioneers."

This Canada of ours ! Bright jewel of the crown
That sways the sceptre far and wide "where sun can ne'er go down" ;
Our fathers loved the British flag (the U. E. volunteers)
Whose patriotic sons to-day are loyal "York Pioneers."

Some veterans of "eighteen twelve" still live to tell the story,
How noble Brock, Tecumseh, Brant have led them on to glory ;
And volunteers of later times, with such we have no fears,
They stood the test when in North-West—"Well done," say "York
Pioneers."

Our friendly Southern neighbors we envy not, nor wish
For annexation to them, nor shall they steal our "fish ;"
In good laws and self-government we count them not compeers,
Our "Magna Charta" liberty's the boast of "York Pioneers."

The York Pioneers have extended the time so that persons
who came to Canada up to 1844 are eligible for membership.

The Association also suggest that similar societies should
be formed in every county in Canada, which may be affiliated
with the parent one.

Already Peel and other counties have organized. Full
particulars may be obtained on application to any of the office
bearers or the writer.

P.S.—The reader will please preserve this CARNIVAL NUMBER, which
may be followed by another, entitled : "A RE-VISIT TO THE OLD SOD,"
ETC.

—E. M. M.

Dominion Day, 1890.

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Gold Pen and Holder, \$2.50, \$4, \$5, \$6.
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"WM. HAWKINS,
"DIXIE P.O."

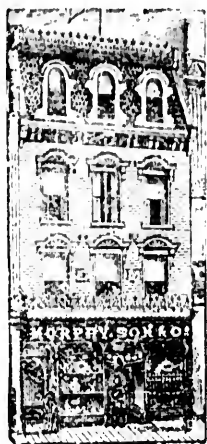
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