

ISSUED 1914



TRANSACTION NO. 8

OF

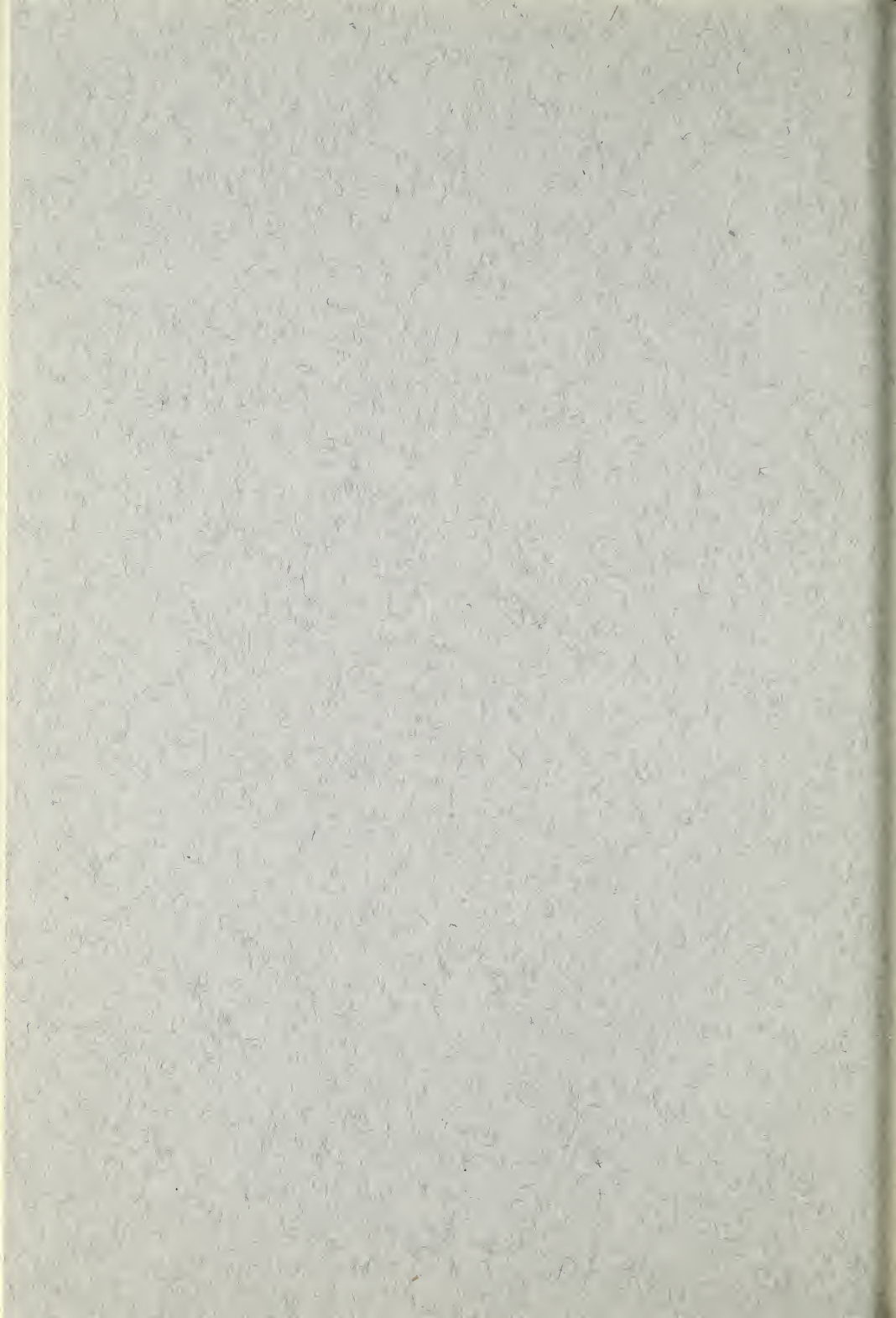
**THE
WOMEN'S
CANADIAN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY**

OF TORONTO



Organized November 19th, 1895

Incorporated February 14th, 1896



REPRODUCED BY W.C.H.S.



"Deeds Speak"

Women's Canadian Historical Society
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 8

CONTENTS

1. Sketch of Lady Edgar's Life, Late President.
The Explosion of the Magazine at York, now Toronto, 27th April, 1813.
2. The Colored Citizens of Toronto. By Mrs. Agnes Dunbar Chamberlin.
3. Account for Lighthouse on Gibraltar Point, 1817.



LADY EDGAR

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

Sketch of Lady Edgar's Life

Past President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society

Lady Edgar, *née* Matilda Ridout, was born in Toronto on September 29th, 1844. She was the fifth child and the second daughter of Thomas Gibbs Ridout, cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada from 1822 to 1861, and Matilda Bramley, his wife. Her grandfather was Thomas Ridout, of Sherborne, Dorset, who became Surveyor-General of Upper Canada in 1810. In 1865 she married James David Edgar, who had a few years previously come from Lower Canada to study law. Of this marriage there were nine children, eight of whom are still living.

For many years Lady Edgar devoted herself to her young and numerous family, and having also her husband's political career at heart she did not early discover the literary talent with which she was so amply endowed. This discovery came only in 1890, when she undertook to edit an interesting collection of the Ridout letters. The resultant volume—"Ten Years of Upper Canada" (William Briggs, 1895)—revealed her sense of historical perspective, her easy mastery of detail, and her possession of a literary style that was at once limpid, nervous and strong.

Politics once more thrust letters into the background. Mr. Edgar was at this time one of the most able and active workers in the Liberal Opposition, and was naturally marked out for important office with the advent of his party to power. The change of Government took place with the elections of 1896. Mr. Edgar's health had meanwhile seriously broken down, and he retired from active political life with his acceptance of the office of Speaker of the House of Commons. The wife's sweetness of manner, her energy and her talent, no less than her husband's dignity and judgment, contributed to make that Speakership though tragically brief yet memorable, and subtly different and removed from the accustomed type.

Sir James Edgar died at Toronto on July 31st, 1899. Several years later Lady Edgar went abroad with two of her daughters, visiting England and living for some time on the continent. She had accepted a contract from Messrs. Morang & Co. to contribute a "Life of General Brock" to the Makers of Canada series. This book, a really masterly monograph, appeared in 1904, and served still further to enhance her literary reputation. She was not, however, permitted to centre her activities in the field of literature. Elected

President of the National Council of Women in Canada, it fell to her lot to administer the quinquennial meeting which was held in Toronto in the summer of 1909 under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen. To the end of her life Lady Edgar retained office in the Women's Council, and was consequently brought actively into touch with all its charitable and social affiliations. The Women's Historical Society also claimed a large share of her energy and devotion, and she will always be remembered as one of the most effective Presidents of that Society.

In spite of these many and varied demands upon her time, it is astonishing how much historical writing Lady Edgar succeeded in accomplishing. She had long been interested in the romantic story of a branch of the Ridout family which had settled in Maryland in pre-Revolutionary times. A book on Maryland history, therefore, she completed before her death, and two years later, in 1912, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. undertook its publication under the title of "A Colonial Governor and His Times." The book received most eulogistic notices in the leading journals and reviews, and enjoyed a steady though quiet sale.

The literary work which Lady Edgar had most at heart in her last years connected itself with the most romantic period in English history—the early Hanoverian time—which, needless to say, is not romantic from any light reflected upon it from the thrones of the early Georges. An ancestor of her husband, James Edgar, had held for more than forty years the office of Private Secretary to the Chevalier St. George. By good fortune a large mass of his correspondence is preserved at Windsor Castle, and Lady Edgar enjoyed the privilege of working in the King's library throughout one whole winter. In 1910, with the book all but completed, Lady Edgar returned to London to do some research work in the British Museum. At her death upon her birthday of the year 1910 this work, the most masterly and fascinating of her writings, lacked only the three concluding chapters. Though only her own competent pen could adequately bring the book to a conclusion the chapters will at no distant date be supplied, and so a life's work will be rounded out which will give Lady Edgar an assured place among the distinguished women of Canada.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MAGAZINE AT YORK (NOW TORONTO) 27th APRIL, 1813

WAR OF 1812.

There is one point relating to the capture of York by the Americans on the 27th of April, 1813, which has never been made clear in any of the well-known histories of the war. I refer to the destruction of the powder magazine by which, it is alleged, so great a loss of life occurred, not only to the enemy, but to the British-Canadian forces engaged.

Thompson, James, Roger, Coffin, McMullen, Anchinleck, Ryerson and the numerous minor historians that followed in their train, speak of it as having occurred at a time when it not only destroyed many of the attacking party, but also some of the defenders of the fort.

In order to account for the seeming stupidity of General Sheaffe in risking the lives of his own troops while destroying the enemy, some of these writers have reasonably concluded that the explosion must have been purely accidental, or at least not effected by order of the General. This was the view taken by the writer before obtaining fuller information from the original sources.

Lossing, the American historian, relates that "when the smoke floated away the scene was appalling. Fifty-two Americans lay dead, and one hundred and eighty others were wounded. So badly had the affair been managed that part of the British also lost their lives by the explosion."

The fact that the accidental explosion early in the day, at the western battery, of a travelling magazine was the one in which the loss of life occurred to the British troops, and that the explosion of the grand magazine by order of General Sheaffe, at the close of the engagement was alone fatal to the enemy, is made clear by the following letters.

The first is from General Sheaffe, the British commanding officer, written on the 30th of April on his way to Kingston. The hurried, almost illegible writing bears witness to the state of mind of the General, still smarting from the mortification of his defeat:—

“HALDIMAND, 30th April.

“MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I have the mortification of reporting to you that York is in the possession of the enemy, it having on the 27th instant been attacked by a force too powerful to resist with success. Sixteen vessels of various descriptions filled with men, including their

new ship 'The Madison,' formed their flotilla. The Grenadiers of the King's suffered first in the action with the enemy (in which Captain W. Neale was killed), and afterwards severely in connection with other corps, at the accidental explosion of a battery magazine, which at the time disabled the battery. I caused our grand magazine to be blown up, and have reason to believe that the new ship and naval stores were destroyed. We met the light company of the King's four or five miles from York. The troops, consisting of the flank company and Captain Eustace's of the King's and Captain McPherson's of the Glengarry Light Infantry, and some of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment are about a day's march in the rear. They were but ill-supplied with provisions for the first and second days, but by going forward myself, assisted by Major Rogers (a member of the Provincial Parliament whom I had sent for to York to employ him in superintending the improvement of the roads), a sufficient quantity has been provided for them. I am now in his house, and am this moment interrupted by the arrival of Captain Munday with letters from the Military Secretary of the 6th and 7th instant. I cannot inform your Excellency what our loss has been. I shall as soon as possible get the returns, and from Kingston do myself the honour of writing to you in a more efficient shape.

"I am, my dear Sir George,

"Your ever faithful and devoted servant,

"R. H. SHEAFFE.

"P.S.—I did not bring anything from York except a writing case containing Your Excellency's despatches and some other papers."

The second letter from General Sheaffe, dated Kingston, May 5th, gives a more detailed account of the action of the 27th, and states:—

"Our troops could not maintain the contest because of the greatly superior and increasing number of the enemy. They retired under cover of our batteries, which we engaged with some of their vessels that had begun to head up towards the harbour when their troops landed, occasionally firing, and had anchored at a short distance to the westward of the line from the barracks to Gibraltar Point. From that situation they kept up a heavy fire on our batteries, on the block-house and barracks and on the communications between them, some of their guns being thirty-two pounders. To return their fire we had two complete twelve pounders and two old condemned guns with trunnions—eighteen pounders—which, after being proved, had been stocked and mounted under the direction of Lieutenant Ingomelli of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, whom I had appointed assistant

engineer; a twelve pounder of the same description was added during the engagement. With these defective means the enemy was kept at bay for some time, when, by some unfortunate accident, the travelling magazine at the western battery blew up and killed and wounded a considerable number of men, many of them belonging to the Grenadier company of the King's regiment. The battery was crippled, the platform being torn up and one of the eighteen pounders overturned. The magazine was replaced and the battery restored to some order, but it was evident that our numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of maintaining possession of York against the vast superiority of force brought against us, though providentially little mischief had hitherto been done by the long, continuous cannonade of the enemy, except to some of the buildings. The troops were withdrawn towards the town, and the grand magazine was at the same time blown up. The enemy was so near to it that he sustained great loss, and so, for a time, driven back by the explosion. Some of our troops were not beyond the reach of fragments of the stone, though they escaped with very little injury. Captain Loring, my aide-de-camp, received a severe contusion, and the horse he rode was killed."

Captain Loring, in the following extract from a despatch to General de Rottenburg, aide-de-camp, gives the number of those killed by the first explosion at the western battery. He writes:—"We had a battery magazine blown up, which destroyed thirty or forty men.

"Our grand magazine exploded before we retreated."

A detailed account of the two explosions is given by P. Firnan in a curious little book entitled "Journal of Voyage to Quebec and Recollections of Canada During the Late War," published in 1818.

Firnan was a son of one of the soldiers engaged, and, though a boy at the time, gives a lively account of the whole affair. The misfortune that happened to our troops and guns at the western battery seemed to have so much crippled General Sheaffe that it may be said to have decided the fortune of the day. Firnan's account is as follows:—

"While this part of our forces was contending with the enemy in the woods, an unfortunate accident happened in the battery opposite to the fleet which proved a death blow to the little hope that might have been entertained of a successful issue to the proceedings of the day. A gun was aimed at one of the vessels, and the officers, desirous of seeing if the ball would take effect, ascended the bastion. In the meantime the artilleryman, waiting for the word of command to fire, held the match behind him as is usual under such circumstances and the travelling magazine, a large wooden chest containing

cartridges for the great guns, being open just at his back, he unfortunately put the match into it, and the consequence, as may be supposed, was dreadful indeed. Every man in the battery was blown into the air. The officers were blown from the bastion by the shock, but escaped with a few bruises; the cannons were dismounted, and consequently the battery was rendered completely useless.

"I was standing at the gate of the garrison when the poor soldiers who escaped the explosion, with a little life remaining, were brought into the hospital, and a more affecting sight could scarcely be witnessed. In consequence of the loss of the battery and the reduction that had been made in the number of our troops, their ground was no longer tenable, but after nobly and desperately withstanding their enemies for several hours a retreat towards the garrison became inevitable, though every inch of the ground was obstinately disputed.

"The government house, with some smaller buildings, formed a square at the centre battery, and under it the great magazine, containing a large quantity of powder, was situated. As there were only two or three guns at this battery, and it but a short distance from the garrison, the troops did not remain in it, but retreated to the rear. When the Americans, commanded by General Pike, reached this small battery, instead of pressing forward, they halted, and the General sat down on one of the guns; a fatal proceeding, for in a few minutes his advance guard, consisting of about three hundred men and himself, were blown into the air by the explosion of the grand magazine.

"Some time before this horrible circumstance took place the vessels had commenced firing on the garrison, which obliged the females and children leaving it. We therefore retired into the country to the house of an officer of the militia, but feeling anxious to know the fate of the day I left the house without the knowledge of my mother and was proceeding towards the garrison when the explosion took place. I heard the report, and felt a tremendous motion in the earth, resembling the shock of an earthquake, and, looking towards the spot, I saw an immense cloud ascend into the air.

"At first it was a great confused mass of smoke, timber, men, earth, etc., but as it broke it assumed the shape of a vast balloon. When the whole mass had ascended to a considerable height, and the force by which the timbers, etc., was impelled upwards became spent, the latter fell from the clouds as it spread over the surrounding place.

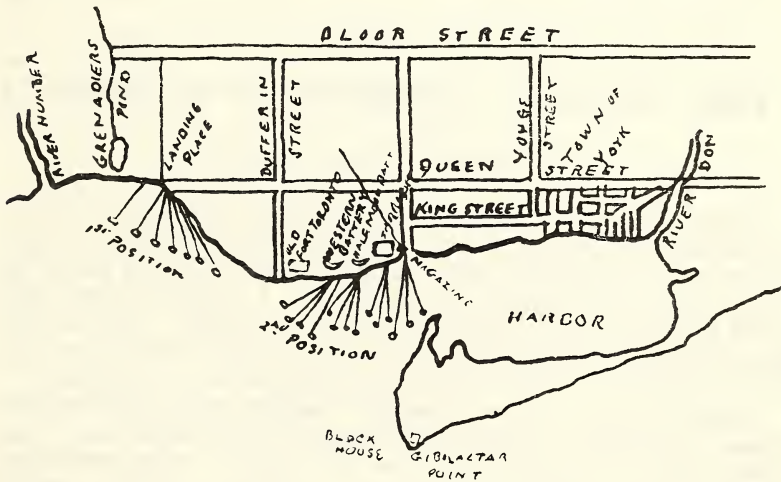
"I then advanced towards the garrison. I discovered our little party between the town and that place which latter they had not proceeded much further when had been obliged to evacuate."*

* Sentence obviously obscure.

The above extracts from the original reports of the British General and his A.D.C., together with the vivid description of an eye-witness to the affair, will, I think, be proof enough to convince the reader that the damage done by the explosion of the grand magazine was confined entirely to the Americans, who were entering the fort.

It is a curious fact that in the despatch sent to the British War office, where it arrived on July 24th (to be found in Annual Register, 1813) no allusion is made to the tragic death of the unfortunate American General and his men. The original letter from General Sheaffe of May 5th. now in the archives at Ottawa, refers to the incident, but in the despatch signed by him, forwarded to Sir George Provost, it is ignored or suppressed.

The despatch reads:—"By some unfortunate accident the magazine at the western battery blew up and killed and wounded a considerable number of men and crippled the battery. . . . The



troops were withdrawn towards the town, and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston; the powder magazine was blown up and the new ship and the naval stores destroyed."

In The Chronicle of Events for 1813, also contained in the Annual Register for that year, the following account is given, which has no doubt proved misleading to many historians:—"When the Americans had advanced within sixty rods of the main work of the town, an explosion took place from a magazine, the effect of which was to injure

or destroy about one hundred of the assailants and forty of the defenders. General Pike lost his life on this occasion, and was much regretted as a brave and skilful officer."

When history written at this time is so inaccurate as to facts, it is not surprising that, in order to screen the British General from the charge of wantonly destroying so many Americans after his own retreat, many subsequent writers have found in the supposed loss of British lives at the same explosion a plausible ground for believing that it was accidental.

The accompanying rough diagram will make clear to the reader the positions of the American fleet, their place of landing and the defensive works on shore. Some of the public streets, as now laid out and named, are shown in order that the localities may be better understood.

M. EDGAR.

TORONTO, April 20th, 1893.

THE COLORED CITIZENS OF TORONTO. |

BY MRS. AGNES DUNBAR CHAMBERLIN.

Many papers have been read to this Society on many subjects, events and people connected with Old Toronto, but none about a class who were of considerable importance, not only at election times, but during the spring cleaning of our homes. I mean the people who called themselves the "colored inhabitants of Toronto." And nothing struck me more forcibly upon my return to Toronto after being away for over twenty years than the almost total absence of the blacks.

Elizabeth Street, Centre, Chestnut, Teraulay, in fact all the streets between University Avenue—then known as Park Lane—and Yonge Street, north of Osgoode Hall, were all "black." There were some notable people amongst them, too, in the fifties. The first time I especially noticed them was when they were celebrating "Emancipation Day"—a long procession of carriages with flags flying drawn by one, two, four, and in one instance eight horses, and filled by gaily-dressed, smiling colored people. It was, I was told, the anniversary of the passing of the Bill in England for the emancipation of the slaves.

In the first carriage drawn by the eight horses was George Mink, who owned and drove, or had driven for men, all the stages in Upper Canada. He had put in a lower tender than William Weller, whose father was the original of Dickens' "Sam Weller." William was an

Englishman of the time-honoured type of John Bull. He had owned and driven the stages and carried the mails for us as long as I can remember. I am, however, wandering from his successor, George Mink. He was a very rich man, and I think his wife must have been a white woman, for his only and much-loved daughter was what was called "a yellow girl"; and yellow she was most decidedly, something the shade of yellow ochre. This was the only time I ever saw her in her father's carriage, dressed most gorgeously, and she really was a very handsome woman.

The gossips said (for this I have no personal knowledge) that Mink had said he would give his daughter \$5,000 if she married a white *man* and \$10,000 if she married a white *gentleman*. The poor girl did neither. She married a man of colour, but not very pronounced colour. George Mink was furious, refusing to give her anything; whereupon the husband, who had probably married her for her money, took her down South and sold her. Poor old Mink was broken-hearted. He dare not go to the States to buy her back, as he was a runaway slave himself, but he sent someone who bought her back for \$3,000. I do not remember what became of the old man, as "Weller" was the successful tenderer for the stages and carriage of mails the next time they were to be re-let.

In the second carriage came an equally well-known black—Richardson, the "Spring water ice man." He also made a fortune. He owned land among the hills near Davenport, and made a number of tanks into which he conducted a spring. When full they were allowed to freeze solid. The ice was taken out and they were filled to freeze again. I believe he supplied the whole city; I do not remember getting ice from anyone else. He also had a daughter, of whom he was very, very proud, especially of her education. He said she wrote "a most bookful hand, to be sure she could not read it herself, but it was bookful to look at."

Then followed the perhaps best-known man in Toronto. He described himself as "Lemon John on week days and the Reverend John Stokes on Sundays."

When I saw him first as "Lemon John" he carried a small tin pail and was calling "Lemon ice cream! Lemon ice cream!" The children ran to ask for coppers, and the coppers evidently paid him, for shortly afterwards he carried two buckets, with "Lemon ice cream and vanilla, too!" for his cry. John had a very good voice and was witty also. He varied his call, taking notice of anyone at a window. A neighbour of mine was much annoyed at his calling out "Come down, Sal"—a common expression of his; but her name happened to be Sarah, and her brothers both named her "Sal." It

was some time before she could be pacified. If the children took saucers out with their coppers or pennyworth, he would give them a spoonful and then say, "Are you a good girl? Did you know your lessons to-day?"—and if the answers were in the affirmative he would say, "Wall, I allow I'll give you a little more to-day."

John's next appearance was with a wheelbarrow and eventually with a handcart. Then I lost sight of him.*

One day the children had been promised if they were very good and made no noise to disturb their mother, who was ill, that when Lemon John came they should have an extra treat. As my window was open, I heard the following conversation. He was telling my husband that he intended to go to Hayti, that there was opening for "*intelligence there*," and enlarged more fully on the possibilities. Mr. FitzGibbon said, "By jove, John, I have a good mind to go there myself, if it is as you describe it."

"Oh, sir, but *you* could not hold land or an appointment without you were married to a coloured person."

"Then it would not do, as I have a wife already!"

"But, sir," said John, "if you should have the misfortune to lose your present good lady, *then* you might marry a coloured person!"

It was a common saying that at an election the candidate who secured Lemon John's support was sure to get in. He spoke well, and all the blacks (there were then large numbers) would vote as he told them.

Another incident connected with the blacks in those early days recurs to me. We had moved into a new house, and the man who had promised to come and cut up the firewood disappointed us. The children were crying for their tea; my husband was not home. I suggested that the nurse might try and cut a little, but this she pretended she could not do. I went out to do it myself. I dare say I made a poor attempt at it, but was so intent on the effort that I did not hear anyone come into the yard, and was rather startled by a voice saying, "If you will allow me, ma'am, I think I could do it better." I looked up, to see a *very* black man standing beside me.

Of course I gladly gave him the saw. He cut up a quantity, and when I asked what I should pay him, he raised his hat and said: "Nothing at all, lady. It is a little service any gentleman would do for a lady." I was always sorry that I did not ask his name, for it was a courteous act, whether he was black or white.

As the new house was on what was then called Avenue Street, now

*He was probably lost sight of because we moved further west in Toronto, as I remember him on Jarvis Street, with a covered cart and white horse.

College Street, we were near the headquarters of the blacks. We employed them in various ways.

There is a natural refinement in their manners and language. I never had to reprimand woman or boy for saying anything before the children that was not delicate. Very often their language is flowery and their speech absurdly affected.

For a long time we employed a black woman as laundress and her son to clean boots and peel potatoes. As everything went on satisfactorily I never asked who did the work, till one day I heard George making a bargain with the cook that if she would peel the potatoes he would iron so many shirts or do so many yards of crochet for her; and on making enquiries I found George did the fine work and Bridget did the dirty work, and, in addition, he could do all kinds of fancy work, especially crochet edging for trimming.

A short time afterwards I heard George speaking very indignantly to Bridget.

"What are you going to leave for? You never had a cross word spoken to you in this house." And the reply: "Well, I haven't any fault to find, but you are going, so I'll go, too—it would be such fun to see the mistress trying to do the work herself."

"That you will never see, for if I lose ten places I will never leave this house till I see the mistress suited."

I should explain that during the summer George got high wages on board the steamers, in winter taking lower wages in private houses. He kept his word. I sent Bridget away, and then George's talents showed themselves. He did everything—cooked, scrubbed, was parlor maid, waiter, and would have been chambermaid had I allowed him.

He certainly had the artistic taste, his kitchen showed it. He polished the tins till they shone like silver, had a peculiar way of ornamenting them by twisting his thumb to make patterns on them; even the covers of the blacking boxes, well polished, were hung in patterns on the walls. The china on the kitchen dresser was arranged in the same way; this was nearly his undoing, for the cook I engaged only stayed one day. He was giving a finishing touch to his tins, and she said: "Who will brighten those tins when you are gone?" He answered: "I geth you will now and then have to give them a *rub*."

She said no more, but went to her room, put on her bonnet, and left. I never saw her again.

The next one I engaged, George came to me and said: "I geth, missus, I better not make the tins so bright this time!"

One day my little boy, aged three years, was beating George. I told him he was a naughty boy.

"Oh, please do not correct Marsa James, he is not a bad boy; he's only so glad he's alive!"

George Williams must be an old man now, but whatever his after life, I know he has been faithful and true in whatever state of life he has been called upon to fill. His mother told me the reason he was her darling.

"You see, lady, I was Miss Eliza's slave, and when she got married ole massa gave me to her, but she had to promise I was to be free whenever I wanted to leave her. I never wanted to leave Miss Eliza till she got married a second time. He was a northern gentleman, and so cruel to all the slaves. Miss Eliza wanted me to go then, but my husband was a slave on the old plantation and all my children were slaves. But I bought them all. I worked the skin off my hands washing for white trash to earn money. I bought seven. My husband ran away and got safe to Canada.* Then I said to Miss Eliza I would take my freedom, and came here. You ask why George is my pet. I worked hard for the other boys, but George he was *born free*, and he does not seem exactly the same."

This was just after the publication of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and everyone was interested in the slaves.

You can understand that it hardly needed Lemon John's eloquence to make them loyal to the British flag.

Another coloured man who was whitewashing for me, and had been in Toronto only a few weeks, told me of hardships and hair-breadth escapes in getting to Canada, and ended by saying, naively:

"You know, missus, I used to think that all white people were bad, but after the Underground Railway† helped me so much I began to think that some white folks were as good as the coloured."

Another instance was that of a nice-looking fair girl, whom I engaged as a domestic without any suspicion that she belonged to the race, but I found she quite identified herself with the aristocracy of colour. When the couple, also coloured people, who did my laundry came for the linen, Arreetta was never to be found. On asking them if they knew why, they expressed the greatest surprise at "Miss T—— being in service." She told me her father had decided that the names of all his daughters should begin with the first letter of the alphabet, so then Adelaide, Agnes, Alicia, Augusta, Arreetta and

*John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of the Upper Province, came straight from discussions in England on slavery and anti-slavery, and secured that one of the first Acts passed in his Legislature in Upper Canada should be an Anti-Slavery Act. Thus the British flag in this Province has never floated over legalized slavery.

†There was an organization in the Northern States known as "The Underground Railway," which helped runaway slaves to reach Canada.

Ascinda. "The last," she said, "ma wanted to call Lucinda but pa insisted on its being Ascinda!"

She used very fine language on all occasions, and when one day my son said, "I am sure it will rain to-morrow," Arreetta exclaimed, "Oh, Master James, do not be prognosticating a storm!"

While the Black Swan, a celebrated singer, possibly now forgotten, sang in Toronto, Arreetta asked leave to go out to practice, as she was to sing in the chorus. She and some friends also practised in my kitchen in the evening. Their voices were sweet and true, so we enjoyed it.

One Sunday evening, when I came home from church, I opened my sitting-room door, to find one of the blackest men I ever saw seated by the fire in my special armchair. I shut the door quietly, went upstairs and rang my bell. When Arreetta came I said to her that when she had visitors, her kitchen, not my sitting-room, was the place in which to receive them." Her eyes flashed indignantly, but with a bow like an Eastern princess she said:—

"It shall not happen again, madam!"

The next morning she borrowed \$2.00 on account of her month's wages, and asked leave to go out. She never returned, and I never heard of her again.

Another notable character among the coloured citizens was Mrs. D'Orsay. She was a handsome, clever woman, who had known and was known and respected by all the best people in the Toronto of her day, but she had no interest in Emancipation Day and its procession. "She was bawn free." She was devoted to her husband, who died after a lingering illness. When friends went to sympathize she loved to tell how, as he grew weaker, "he grew beautiffeller and beautiffeller every day, and when he died he was sweet as a rose!"

A rumour got about that Mrs. D'Orsay herself had passed away. Many notes of condolence, wreaths for her loss, and other tokens of respect reached her. These were a great joy to her. "Twasn't given to everybody to receive their own funeral wreaths nor to know what her friends thought of her after she's gone!" And the fat, kindly woman shook with the joyous laugh of satisfaction.

She is gone now; with the changing population, the district that had been a home of freedom to the runaway slave, has gradually altered its complexion and the coloured citizens have been much reduced in numbers.

GOVERNMENT (FOR USE OF THE LIGHT- HOUSE ON GIBRALTAR POINT).

1817.		To William Allan,	Dr.
March 3	To 4 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	10s.	
10	" a Barrel best Train Oil, 37 gs. at 9s. 11½d. ..£17	6s. 10½d.	
"	" Barrel, with Do., cost	10	
"	" a Hambro Line for Hawlyards	8	9
21	" 2 lbs. Soap for Washing the Glass, 3s. 1½d., and a Broom, 7½d.	3	9
"	" 2 yards Cotton, for Ditto	3	9
"	" 2 balls Cotton Wick, at 1s 3d.	2	6
27	" 2 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	5	
April 12	" a Tin Pot for carrying oil	7	6
May 1	" 1½ lbs. Putty for windows, at 1s. 3d., 2 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	6	10½
20	" 6 lbs. Candles, at 2s. 6d.	15	
"	" 5 large Balls Cotton Wick, at 2s.	10	

£21 10

June 30	To 6 months' Rations, issued to Justian Bertrand, in charge of the Lighthouse under the auth- ority of a Letter from the Lieut.-Governor's office, Dated 7th January	9	7	6
"	" cash paid Justian Bertrand, his wages as keeper of the Lighthouse from the 1st Janu- ary to this date—both days inclusive—182 days, at 2s. 6d.	22	15	

Provincial Currency£53 12 6

Amounting to fifty-three pounds twelve shillings and six pence. Pro-
vincial Currency.

W. ALLAN.

Received from Wm. Allan, Esq., Collector of the Customs at the Port of
York, the above named articles, amounting to twenty-one pounds ten shil-
lings, Provincial currency. Also my rations for the above period of six
months.

WITNESS
H. HEWARD.

his
JUSTIAN X BERTRAND.
mark.

William Allan, Collector of the Customs at the Port of York, maketh
oath that the within account, amounting to fifty-three pounds twelve shil-
lings and six pence Provincial currency, is just and true, to the best of
his knowledge and belief.

Sworn before me at York, this
twelfth day of July, 1817.

WM. DUMMER POWELL, C. J.

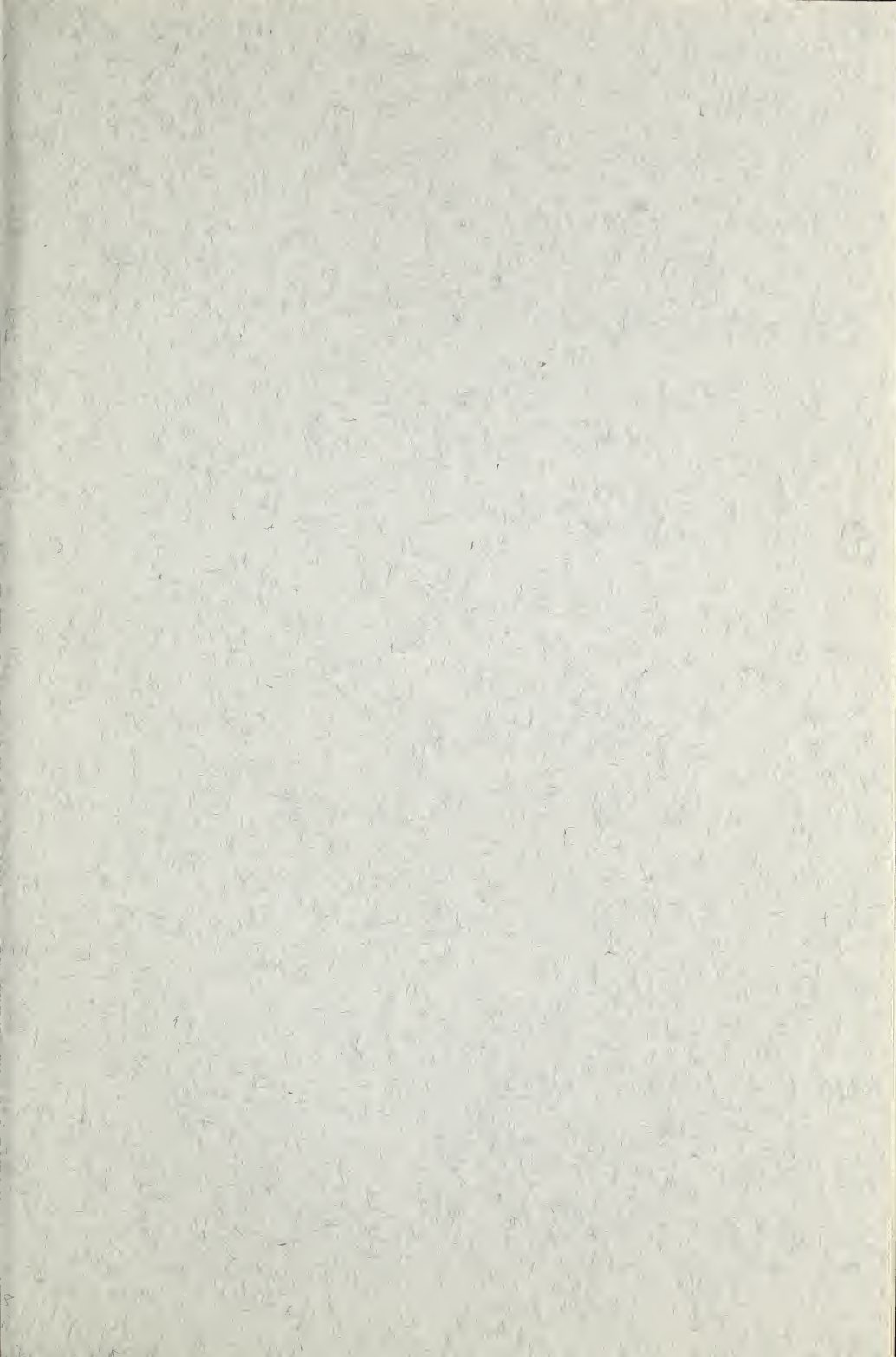
W. ALLAN,
Collector.

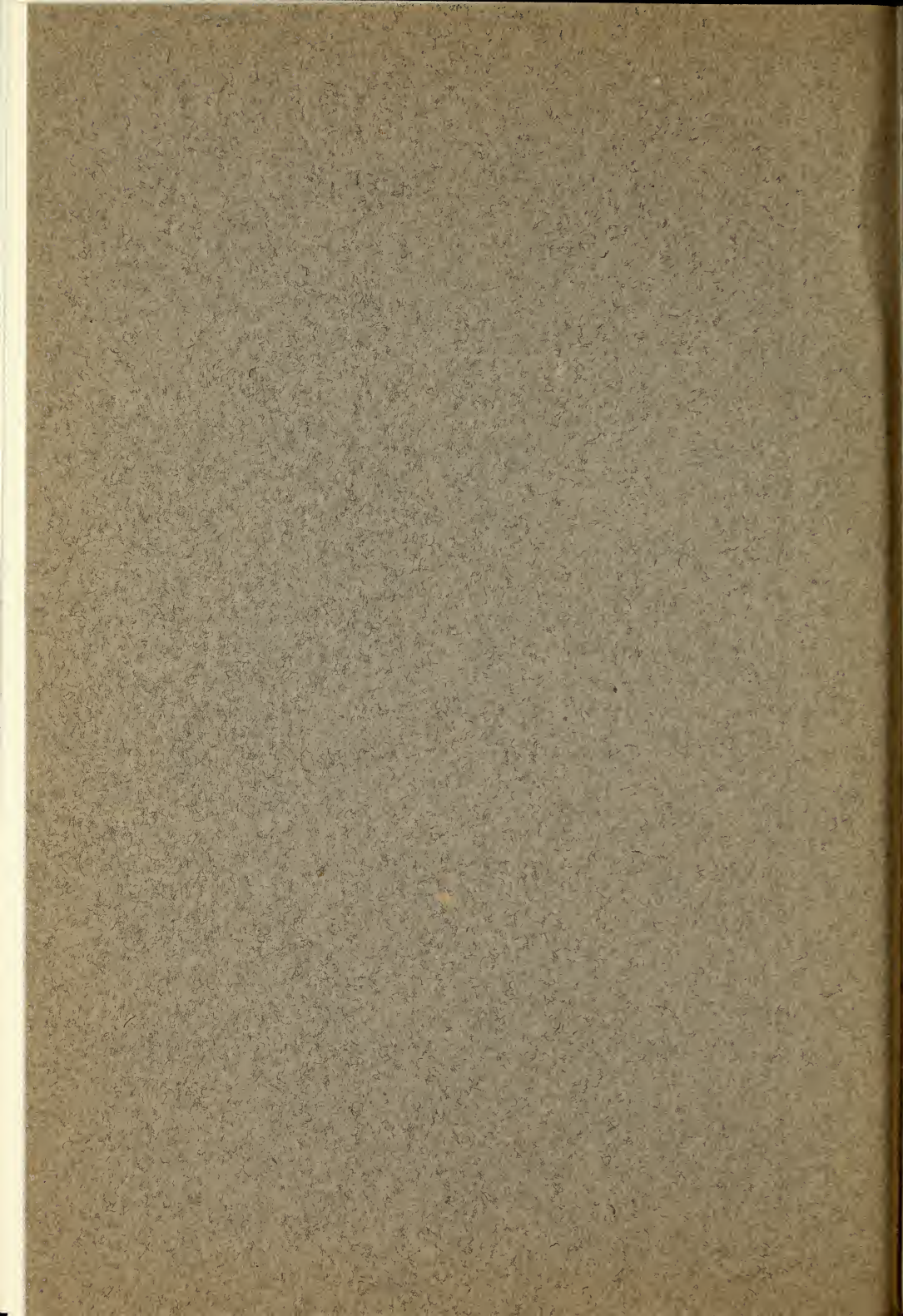
Amount of this account	£53 12s. 6d.
Deduct 2/6 from Bertrand's wages, the half year having only 181 days	2s. 6d.

Currency£53 10s.

Examined, J. BABY, *Insp-General*.
Audited in Council, 1st August, 1817.

WM. DUMMER POWELL, C. J.







“Deeds Speak”

Women's Canadian Historical Society

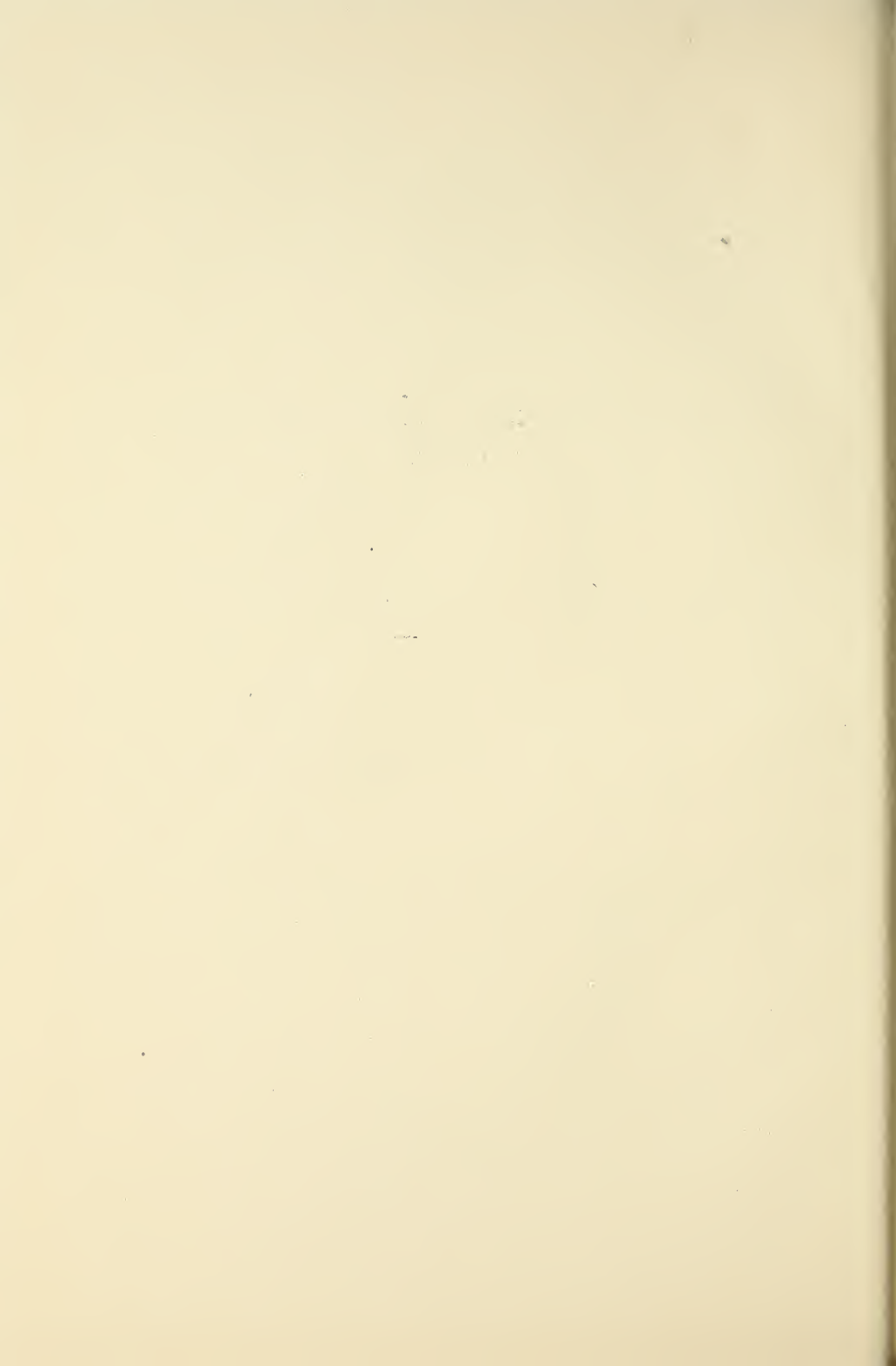
OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 9

CONTENTS

1. Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto, William Price, of
Wolfefield, Quebec.
2. Extracts from the diary of Robert Woolf, of London, Eng., later
Accountant-General of the East India Co.
3. Lady Colborne's Bazaar. By M. Agnes FitzGibbon, Hon. Sec.

1909







William Price
Locke

WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO

WILLIAM PRICE, OF WOLFESFIELD, QUEBEC.

William Price, though born in England in September, 1789, at Laparck, near Elstree, Herts, always called himself Welsh, his father being a native of Glamorganshire and his mother, Mary Evan, of Longside, Cardiganshire. He was educated at Hammer-smith College, in the vicinity of London, and subsequently was articled to his father's cousin, Mr. Lloyd Jones, of the Inner Temple. Ere six months had elapsed family troubles and losses obliged him to give up these studies. His father had become security for some one, who the disturbed condition of affairs, owing to the wars with Napoleon, and consequent losses in business, had ruined, and he died from the shock.

Among the valuables sold were paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of them a portrait of William's youngest sister, Mary, entitled, "The Age of Innocence." It is now in the National Gallery in London. Others are in the large private collections in England.

After the father's death the family was scattered, one son going to Rio Janeiro, another to Chili, another to Peru, William and his mother going to London, where he lived till her death. William entered the counting-house of Christopher Idle & Co., merchants, London. After six years spent in their service in England he was sent out to Quebec, where he landed on May 10th, 1810. He was charged with the responsible duty of carrying out their contracts for supplying the British navy with timber, deals, masts, spars and staves.

After the termination of his engagement with Messrs. Idle & Co., Mr. Price entered into partnership with the Hon. Peter

McGill, of Montreal (after whom McGill College is named), Mr. Kenneth Dowie, of Liverpool, and Messrs. James Dowie and Gould, of London. The business thus established was an extensive one, the timber being obtained not only on the Ottawa and its tributaries, but from the shores of Lake Superior to Gaspé and the coast of Labrador.

In 1838 he severed his connection with this firm and founded one of the largest lumber firms in the world, that now known as Price, Brother & Co.

The Saguenay, sometimes called "the River of Death," is one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. It rises in Lake St. Jean, a lake 360 miles square, and discharges into the River St. Lawrence at Tadousac, after a course of one hundred miles. It varies in width from one to three miles, and in depth from one hundred to eighteen hundred feet. A well known geologist says of it: "The Saguenay is not properly a river; it is a tremendous chasm like that of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea, cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountainous wilderness. Everything is hard, naked, stern, silent. Dark grey cliffs of granite rise from the pitch black waters; firs of gloomy green are rooted in their crevices and fringe their summits; loftier ranges of a dull indigo hue show themselves in the background, and over all bends a pale, cold, northern sky." The writer must have known the Saguenay only during dull, stormy weather, for tourists who visit it now know differently, and that our bright Canadian skies hang over the Saguenay as elsewhere.

The richness of the great Saguenay district attracted him. He saw its enormous possibilities, its untouched wealth, the beauty of its scenery, its unique grandeur, and possibly felt that with energy such as he possessed, strong will, and knowledge of his business, that it was a world to conquer for the future. Entirely shut off from the world of travel, practically inaccessible, dense forests, an unpeopled domain save by the scattered Indians, it had defied the several attempts of exploration by Government parties; little or nothing known of its wild, mountainous region, its stern cliffs and rugged shores. What wonder that the conquering and peopling of such a district appealed to his imagination, his business instinct and ability. William Price did a great service, not only to Quebec, but to Canada, when he opened

up the grand Saguenay district. It was truly a herculean task, when one remembers that in the early half of the nineteenth century there were not the facilities for moving men and families. He built mills, cleared spaces in which to build houses for the workmen to live in, provided for the long and terribly cold winters, housed, fed and supplied them with work, and cared for these people in a manner not only to secure the success of his business, but to make them content when times were hard or prosperous. When one thinks of the difficulties he had to contend with, the trials he met and overcame; of the devastating fire which swept the district for miles, the first in 1846 and the last in 1870 (this was a terrible disaster; from Ha Ha Bay to Lake St. Jean the flames swept everything before them, destroying their mills and settlements); the winter of famine—we can realize something of the courage, the perseverance and ability which characterized the opening up of the Saguenay district, to which the tourist now sails up this wonderful stream—the “water going out” of the Indians—to palatial hotels in flourishing towns and villages on its shores.

The first sawmill was built at Ha Ha Bay, Mr. Price sending the men and families in his own schooners, and before long had half a dozen other mills at different places on the Saguenay—shops and other needs for increasing population, and commercial development followed.

The French-Canadian can never settle anywhere without his priest and the means of exercising his religion. Mr. Price appealed to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec to help him and send down priests to the new districts. Two parishes were soon established—St. Alphonse and St. Alixis. These are now the oldest in the district, and owe their establishment to Mr. Price. Although not of the same religion, he built several churches for these people and gave them some valuable pictures with which to decorate the walls.

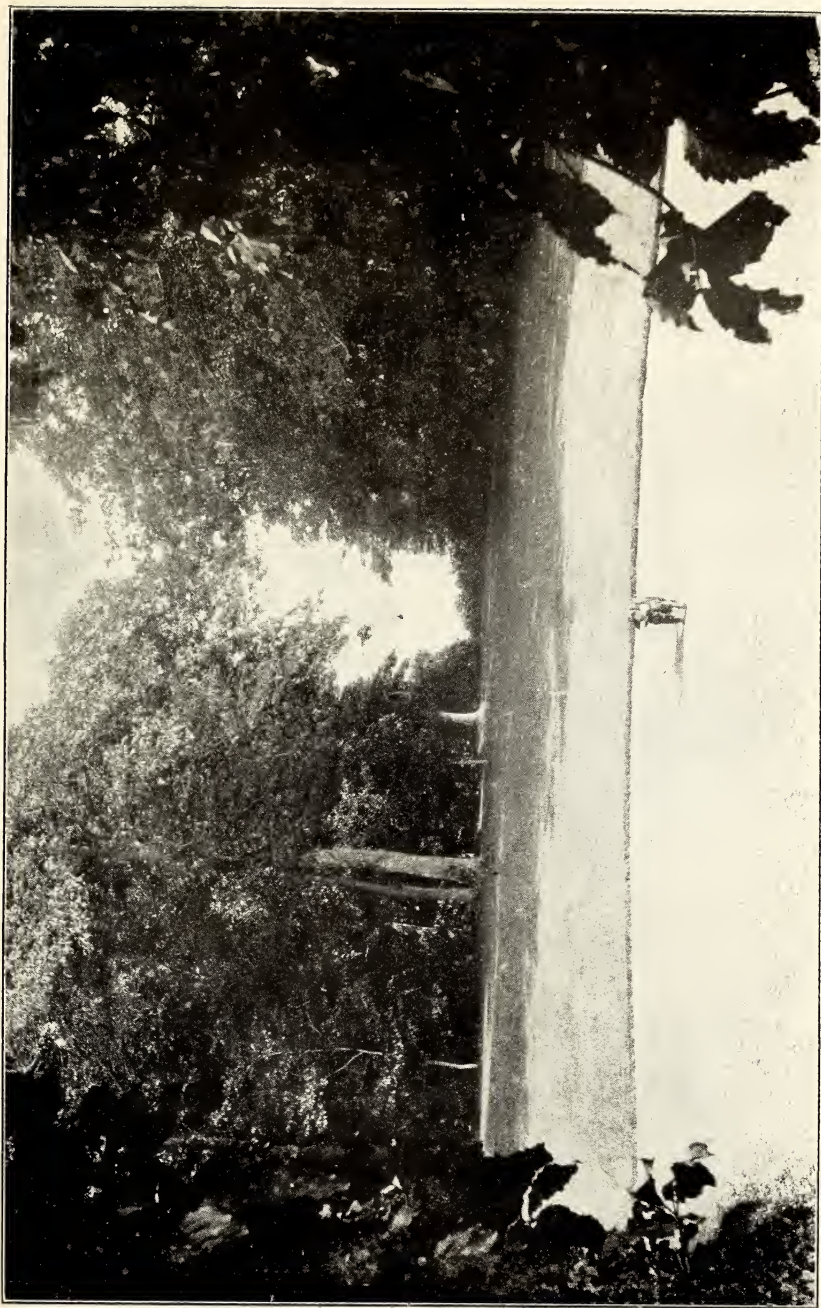
In 1844 the first sawmill was built at Chicoutimi and workmen and their families brought up to it. He encouraged the tilling of the land, providing seed and other facilities, and later built a flour-mill that the grain grown might be ground. Here, too, he helped them with their church and means to procure both their beloved curé and teachers for their children. Chicoutimi

thrived and grew more rapidly than any of the other settlements, and soon became a town of considerable importance. It obtained its charter in 1879.

There were also during this time other foes to contend with, as well as the forces of nature. The Honourable Hudson's Bay Company had a small station at Chicoutimi, and there were many amusing and interesting tales told of the fights with the Hudson's Bay Company, who did not at all approve of anyone else trespassing on their ground. Although their lease had expired, they did everything they could to discourage colonization. To put an end to these fights Mr. Price paid over \$7,000 to the Company—a large sum in those days. In 1842 he opened lumber yards at Grande Baie.

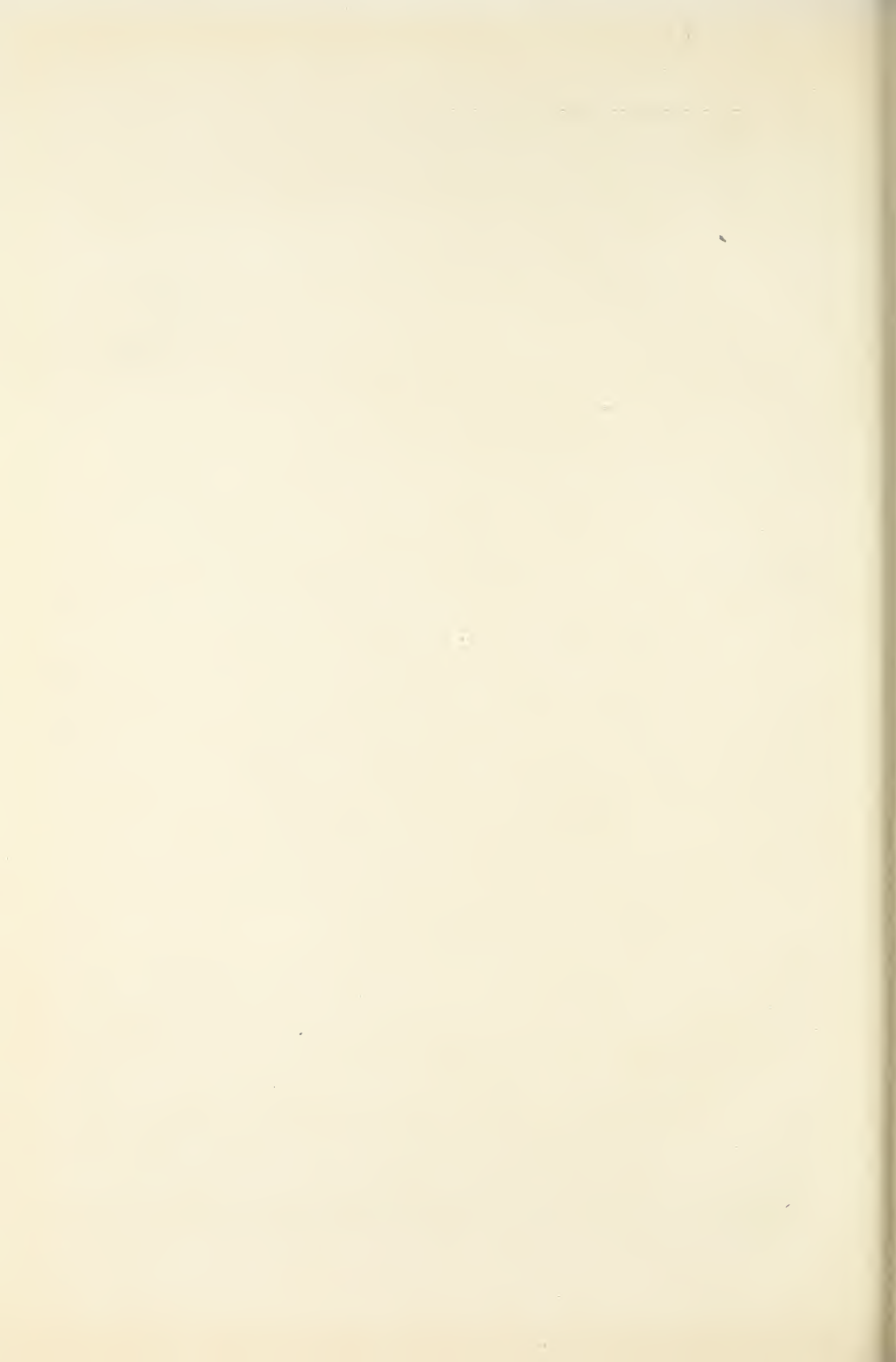
William Price was known as the head of the firm, and by the people as "Le Roi du Saguenay." In 1882 the people of Chicoutimi erected on the highest part of the town, overlooking the river, a large monument to "Les Rois du Saguenay, as a memorial of their gratitude and respect; the founder, Mr. William Price, his sons, William Price, the Hon. David Price, and the Hon. Evan John Price." This column, I am sorry to say, has been allowed to be greatly abused. The present generation of French-Canadians seem to forget all that Mr. Price did for them, and, of course, the family themselves can neither repair or speak of it, as they had nothing to do with its erection. The older French-Canadians always speak of William Price with great reverence and devotion.

Although such enterprise must have taxed all his powers, during the earlier years he had other interests and occupations in which he served his country. In 1812, having received the King's commission of Major, William Price raised a troop of cavalry, and later organized a battery of artillery at Quebec. He was a hardy sportsman and walker, and during the winter of 1813 was sent by Sir George Prevost with important despatches to Halifax. It was necessary to go through British territory. He and his companion, a ship's carpenter, went by sleigh to St. André, thirty-five miles below Quebec; then on snowshoes to St. John, New Brunswick; thence across the Bay of Fundy to Halifax, having accomplished the distance—seven hundred miles—in the remarkably short time of ten days. After delivering up his despatches he



WOLFESFIELD

The Spot to which Wolfe and his Men Climbed, September 13th, 1759.



remained to enjoy himself, and while there saw the *Chesapeake* towed by the *Shannon* into Halifax harbour, with the Union Jack floating above the Stars and Stripes. The extraordinary excitement which that heart-stirring scene occasioned used to repeat itself in his description as he told how well Vere Broke had fought his ship "in the brave days of old."

As a Canadian politician Mr. Price was liberal and tolerant, hence his name is cherished as a household word in many a cottage in French Canada. So indifferent was he to mere local issues that for nearly fifty-seven years he was not known to vote at an election. He was content to recognize differences of opinion on many points, if all agreed that the Provinces should remain part and parcel of the British Empire. He had no inclination to enter political life, and though repeatedly urged by one Governor-General after another to take a seat in the Legislative Council, he declined the honour.

He was the founder of the St. George's Society in Quebec, and through it benefited many homeless poor, while his acts of private charity were numerous.

He married Jane Stewart, third daughter of Charles Grey Stewart, Comptroller of Customs at Quebec. They had fourteen children—eight sons and six daughters. Of the sons two became Senators; two went to South America, one remaining thirty-five years, the other sixteen, before returning to Canada; another had a captain's commission in the Prince of Wales Royal 100th, raising his company at his own expense—the usual practise then—and died at Gibraltar. Two daughters married. Of the fourteen, five are now living, and his and their descendants in Quebec City are legion.

William Price went to England after forty years' absence, and his pleasure was that of a boy coming home from school. He paid a visit to Oxford, and there met the present King, then Prince of Wales, and had the honour of dining with him. It was during the latter part of Mr. Price's life that the King paid his visit to Canada. On the way to Quebec the Prince stopped at Tadousac, where the Hon. David Price, William Price's eldest son, took His Royal Highness up the Saguenay to the St. Marguerite River in a tug and gave him some fishing. The Prince, while fishing from a point, was cut off from the mainland by the rising tide,

and Mr. David Price, having on long rubber boots, carried him on his back to the mainland. A number of Americans were there, and they offered him large sums for his coat! However, they went away disappointed, as Mr. Price had no desire to see his coat end its days in an American museum. At Tadousac the Prince nearly ended his days by falling off the rocks into a place known as "the Devil's Hole." The Prince and his party were watching a shark in this hole when his foot slipped, and he would have joined the shark if Mr. Radford, a resident at Tadousac, had not been near enough to seize him. Mr. Radford was given a gold watch, with an inscription commemorating the event, by the Prince.

William Price was well read and a man of culture. At the age of ten he could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained," and remembered it all his life. He knew Milton, Shelley, Scott, Shakespeare thoroughly, and corrected his children with quotations from them. He had apt quotations for every beautiful scene, and had a really wonderful memory.

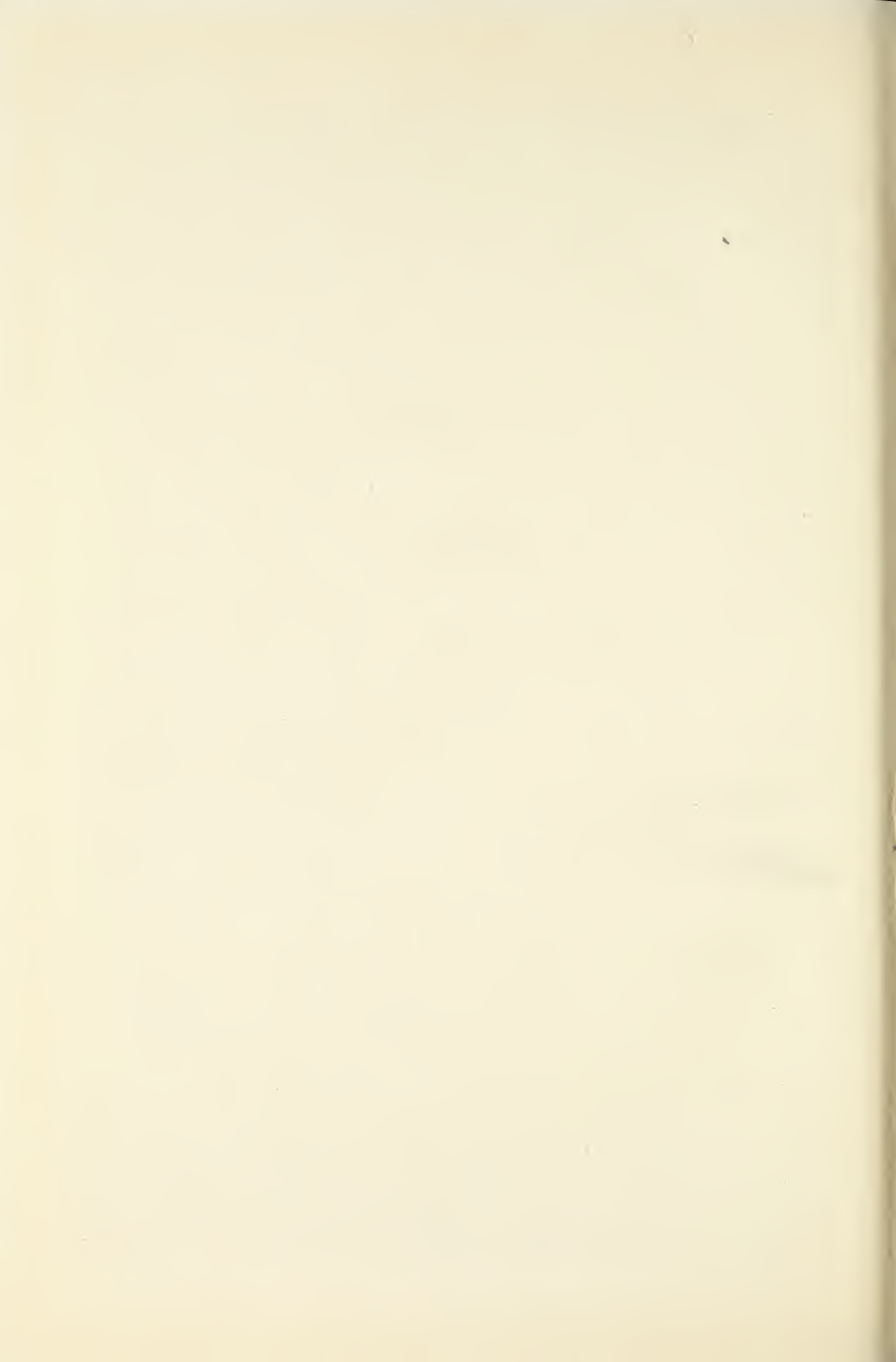
He was renowned for his hospitality. On one occasion, on the arrival of a regiment at Quebec, he learned that no mess had been prepared for the officers, and immediately ordered dinner to be served at his home. No stranger of note visited Quebec without receiving his kindly hospitality and welcome. Spencer Wood, the Governor-General's residence, is separated from Wolfesfield only by the little stream over which Wolfe crossed. English regiments were stationed at Quebec, and many balls and garden parties were given at Wolfesfield in those olden days. Nor was his hospitality confined to the rich. Any old habitants who came to see him from any of his establishments were always invited to dinner, and they were treated as courteously as any more distinguished guests. Sailors whom he saw wandering about the grounds, having come up from the cove below, were sent to the house and entertained with bread and cheese and beer. He was a man of simple tastes, guileless character and deep religious feeling.

He died in March, 1868, in his seventy-ninth year. The roads were in a shocking condition, the breaking up of the winter snows, yet all the night preceding the day of the funeral the *habitants* were arriving, many of them coming fifty miles in their little red sleighs, to pay their last respects to the dead. Mrs. Price had died seven years before.



WOLFESFIELD

Hillside up which the path to the Plains Winds.



I cannot end my paper without giving some account of Wolfesfield, Mr. Price's home. It is a beautiful place on the St. Louis Road, about a mile from the city limits. At the foot, on the river side, lies Wolfe's Cove, where the great general landed on the night so eventful for British history, crossed the little river (now no more than a stream), and climbed the cliff, now part of Wolfesfield, and surprised the French picket at the top. The old trenches are still to be seen there, the only trenches of that battlefield remaining. These are amongst Miss Price's most cherished possessions, and she is afraid they are to be taken from her to make part of the new park. They have been kept in splendid order, with the trees still about them. Every year the fallen leaves are carefully taken out that the trenches may not become leveled with the rest of the ground. Nothing is spoilt; it has been private property, and no one goes there without Miss Price's permission. At the edge of the lawn overlooking the cliff where Wolfe climbed up are two small cannon out of one of the ships—very possibly of the same style as the cannon pulled up by the sailors with him. They are about one-fourth the size of our ordinary cannon of the present day. The cliff side has been preserved in its natural beauty, as wild and wooded as it was in Wolfe's time, many of the old trees still standing.

Amongst the many things of interest in the house are two chairs that came out in Wolfe's cabin. They are quaint in shape and made of some rare wood. They are in great request by visitors, who like to sit where the hero of that day so often sat.

May I add that it has given me great pleasure to read this paper for the author, Miss Price, and to add that it is to the record of such noble princes of industry, the lives of such courteous, educated gentlemen, whose vision was so far-sighted as to see Canada's destiny, whose courage was sufficient to undertake herculean tasks, and to whose indomitable perseverance in overcoming difficulties, we owe what Canada is to-day. It is such records we should study and derive from them inspiration to do our share in making the Empire a great and united nation.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF ROBERT WOOLF,
OF LONDON, ENG., LATER ACCOUNTANT-
GENERAL OF THE EAST INDIA CO.

In April, 1775, although only nineteen years of age, I was intrusted by a London merchant (Sir George Wombwell), in whose counting-house I had been placed, with a sum of £4,000 (four thousand pounds), to proceed to Boston, Mass., U.S., to pay some part of the King's troops there. I accordingly embarked at Portsmouth on the frigate *Cerberus*, and found Generals Howe and Clinton, with their aides-de-camp, were also passengers.

The captain of the frigate apologised for thus not being able to accommodate me at his own table, and placed me with the lieutenants, one of whom was afterwards the late Admiral Burney, who also accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage round the world; and I carry the remembrance of that gentleman's musical skill on the violin, frequently dissipating, as it did, the melancholy occasioned by the monotony of the voyage. Nothing remarkable occurred worthy of observation beyond the swiftness of our frigate's sailing, compared with that of other vessels with which we fell in, and the extremely thick fog on the banks of Newfoundland, with the astonishing abundance of fine codfish caught there by the sailors.

On our arrival at Boston we were surprised to find the town blockaded and surrounded by the rebels (as they were then called), cutting off all communication with the country, and the town nearly deserted by its inhabitants; those who remained with the King's troops thus deprived of all supplies, with reason to dread an approaching famine, which would in all probability have occurred had not the approach by sea been kept open.

A first and severe action had taken place a few weeks before in the neighbourhood, when several lives were lost on both sides.

This unexpected state of affairs threw me into much perplexity, from which I was partly relieved by Captain Horsfall, of the Welsh Fusiliers, to whom I had letters. He kindly took me to his quarters and gave me both board and lodging. I also received very friendly attention from Major Pitcairn, commanding the second battalion of marines on shore.

I had not been many days settled with the family of a gentleman in the custom house when, early on the morning of June the 17th (1775), we were awakened by a smart cannonade from one of the ships of war! This was no less than the prelude to the famous and bloody battle of Bunker's Hill, so well recorded in all the public documents of the time that it requires no comment. I, however, lost a valuable friend, Major Pitcairn, killed on the field, and the cries and groans of the great number of wounded brought into the town, as they passed our house, were heart-rending.

Affairs now remained quiet until the following year, the town strictly blockaded by the Americans, the troops and remaining inhabitants suffering many privations up to the beginning of March, 1776. Then began a heavy cannonade and bombardment, many of the shot falling so close to my quarters that we were obliged to remove to a more distant part of the town, and soon afterwards orders were issued by the Governor for the troops and loyal inhabitants to evacuate the place. This was accordingly done without molestation by the enemy, and all embarked safely in transports provided for the occasion. The troops quitting the town was a beautiful sight, the whole coming off at one and the same time by signal! All then proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, which, being a small place, caused no little confusion. The troops, however, remained but a few days and then proceeded to attack the Americans at New York, leaving two battalions in Halifax, with whom I was stationed, and became one of the mess of the second battalion, and there I remained for two years, thus having an opportunity of exploring some parts of that wild and (at that time) unsettled country, the extensive and impenetrable woods coming within two miles of the town. At last we embarked for England with part of the marines, and after a most boisterous passage (at one time being five days unable to carry any sail, or to cook any victuals) we landed safely at Plymouth, where I remained a week, and then, proceeding to Portsmouth, a few days more saw me safely set down again in London! October, 1778.

LADY COLBORNE'S BAZAAR.

By M. AGNES FITZGIBBON, HON. SEC.

The reports of the meetings of our Society which have appeared in the daily papers attracted the attention of an old lady then living in Toronto, and resulted in a letter to me asking me to call upon her. I gladly accepted the invitation, especially as the bait held out to me was the interest she expressed in our work and aims. I found her in full accord with our ambition to rouse in others a patriotic appreciation of the value of our past and of the importance of a more careful preservation of our historic records and relics.

The outcome of this visit was her kind permission to make use of the pages of MS. reminiscences gleaned from diary and recollections which she had jotted down for the information and entertainment of her grandchildren, and compile from them a paper to be read at a future meeting of our Historical Society.

The bazaar which has given me a title to this short paper was the first ever held in Upper Canada, possibly in the then whole of Canada, but I cannot ascertain the latter.

Lady Colborne, wife of Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, then Lieut.-Governor of the Upper Province, found no Dorcas Society or organized relief society of ladies who worked for the poor, and when the need arose was not long in providing many yards of red flannel and calling the women together to turn it into garments for the poor. So great was the enthusiasm for the work, one* of them still with us has told me, that they were soon dubbed "the Red Flannel Brigade."

Some especial need for funds, however, required greater efforts, and Lady Colborne met it by holding this, the first bazaar, at present, on our records.

There are one or two short extracts which I should like to read before coming more particularly to the bazaar, little touches which in a few words will give graphic glimpses of the school life of the early days of this century.

* Mrs. John Ridout. Since writing the above I regret that Mrs. Ridout has passed away. As the result of a fall by which she fractured her thigh bone she died on October 26, 1909 at the ripe age of 86.

"My school life commenced early," she writes; "mothers had too much to do to teach, while their husbands were clearing the forest and burning the bush. My grandfather came for me every morning, placed me on the saddle, my little basket of lunch tied to the horn; then he would lead the horse a mile to the little log school house. There I learned my first lessons from Daniel Cummings, a young man with snapping black eyes and whip in hand. I feared him. At the noon hour we would wander near the edge of the wood, seeking wild flowers and swinging on the small trees.

"Grandfather came for me at four, and on our way home entertained me with stories. I can see him now as he walked beside me, leading Black Bess, carrying his wide-brimmed home-made straw hat in his hand, fanning himself, his clear red and white complexion, no baldness on his head, his soldierly tread and fine figure. How I loved him and listened to his stories with breathless interest."

I will pass over the entries descriptive of the country life, the birthday and Christmas festivities, when "the tables were loaded with meat pies, pork and beans, wild fruit pies and milk; tea and coffee were not so much used then, for such supplies had to be fetched from Kingston in rowboats." The decorations of evergreens and mountain ash berries and the plays acted, "Sophia Babbleton" and "David and Goliath," appearing to be the chief favourites. Of the latter the writer naively remarks: "I was always glad when my brother was finished with the sling. He was left-handed, and I felt like dodging it. Goliath was a young Irishman dressed in a leopard skin tunic; his pleasant Irish accent added a charm to the play."

At the first school she attended after a removal to the neighbourhood of Brighton, Ont., where she was weekly boarder, she "learned to read well and worked a sampler with all a sampler glories," and "admired the sunlight on the lake and the moon rising beyond Presqu'ile Point."

Later, when she was thirteen, she was sent, much against her grandfather's wish, to an American seminary, where she "learned rapidly everything except arithmetic."

"It was the universal thing for all to paint a mourning piece, a tombstone in the centre under a huge weeping willow shading a lady in weeds holding by the hand a little boy. I could not put

an inscription on mine, as there had been no death in our family then."

It is pathetic to find later on in the MS. that, after a few days' illness, and before she could reach home, the devoted old U. E. Loyalist grandfather died, lamenting the absence of his darling.

Home was no longer the same to the bereaved child. "I was broken-hearted; I could not bear the sun to shine."

"On May 18th I was sent to Little York to a ladies' boarding school, kept by Miss Purcell and Miss Rose. We drove through in one day, woods all the way or nearly so, arriving at the Queen's in time for tea, after which we took a walk and went into Stewart's jewellery store, where my father got me a little gold ring and my name carved on it.

"The next morning I was taken to Miss Purcell's, and with my head on my trunk I cried most of the day. I was let alone. There were twelve boarders in this highly respectable school, daughters of the best families. Miss Purcell was a connection of Bishop Mountains, who had two daughters there; the school was under the patronage of Lady Colborne.

"I look on those days as the most happy of my life. My lonely feeling all vanished, and the change in my young life was marvellously complete. Instead of the intense quiet of country life, I found kind appreciation, interest and happy companionship. I wondered if it would last. IT DID. Miss Purcell was a mother to us all. Miss Rose was the German teacher, Mr. de la Haye the French master. Prof. Drury taught us drawing. Miss Sherman, a sister of General Sherman, was English governess, and had two assistants. Beautiful, indeed, was Eva Burgess, with her coal black hair and deep blue eyes. I never knew what became of her, nor knew of her after I left school."

"On a lovely day in June, pupils and teachers had all been invited to Lady Colborne's bazaar. The school had a holiday and, two by two, with two teachers at each end of the column, we marched to Government House, the scene of the bazaar. How like fairy-land it was to me, child of the woods, to hear the band of the 79th Highlanders. I was passionately fond of music, and had never heard a band. Soldiers lined the corridors and rooms. I was shocked at their bare knees and looked aside.

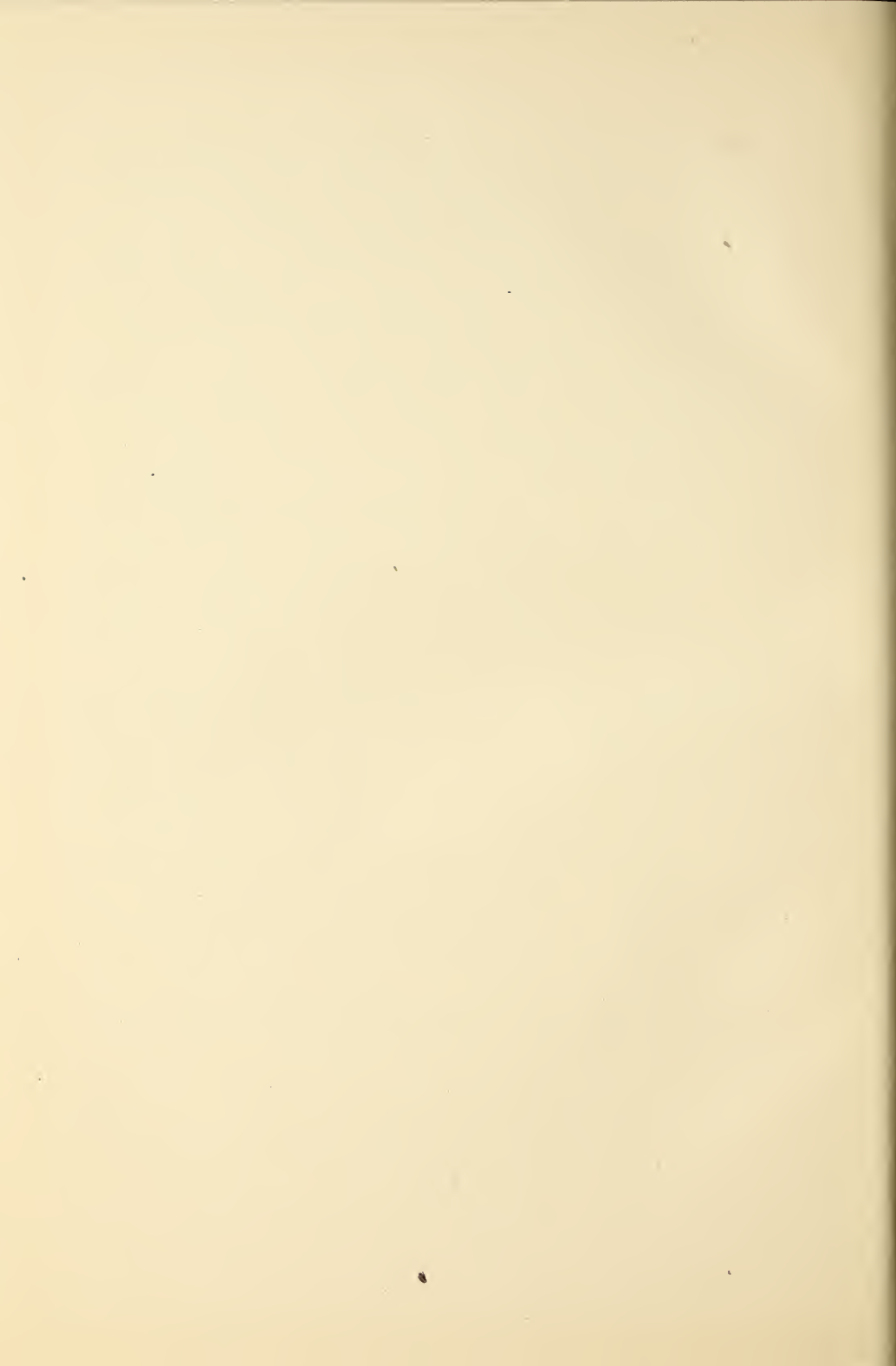
“ I was entranced, charmed; I thought of grandfather, Lord Cornwallis, Lafayette. I crept into a corner to THINK. The band struck up ‘ The Campbells are Coming,’ my *own* last music lesson. I could scarcely contain myself, I was so overcome.

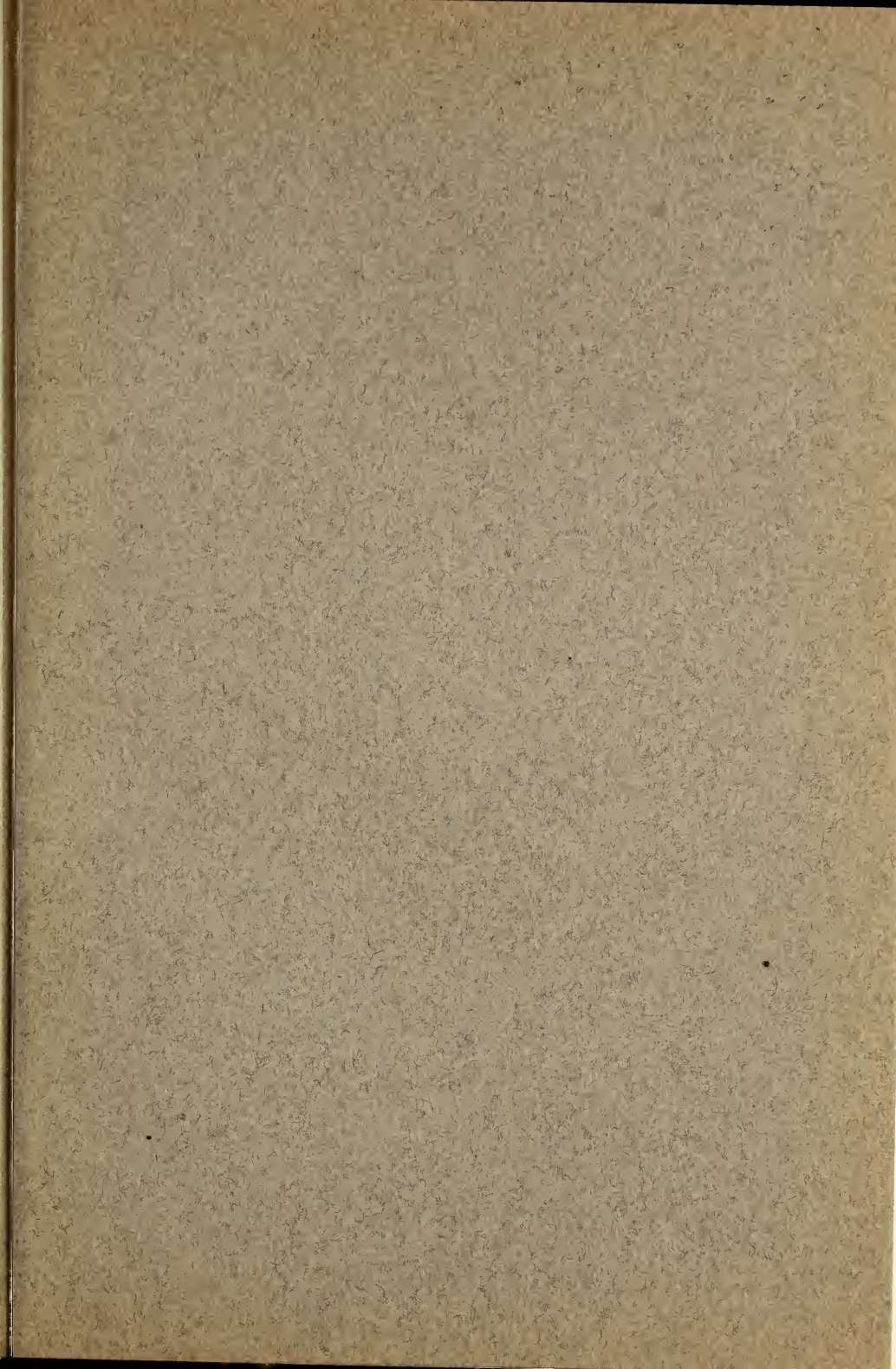
“ A teacher came and took me into the sale room. I saw Lady Colborne seated at the head of one table, her sister, Miss Young, at the other. Lady Colborne was a tall, slight, pretty woman; Miss Young the reverse, very coarse and dark. The tables were a miracle of beauty, laden with fancy and useful articles. But the lovely girls selling surpassed everything—such beauty, grace and quiet dignity of manner prevented anything like flirting or levity. I doubt if it was ever done by the ladies of Little York—not in those days. Many officers in full dress were about the lady servers; no laughing, no confusion. The ladies were all in white with little black silk aprons, pockets each side and lapels over the shoulders trimmed with points on each edge. Can you fancy the scene: beautiful women, gay officers, Sir John Colborne with plumed hat in one hand, tall, erect as marching at Waterloo; his son, Young Colborne, so like his mother; Colonel Philpotts, a very handsome man, with his little daughter Sibella by the hand; a maid behind, hands full of toys; the governess, carrying an immense doll.

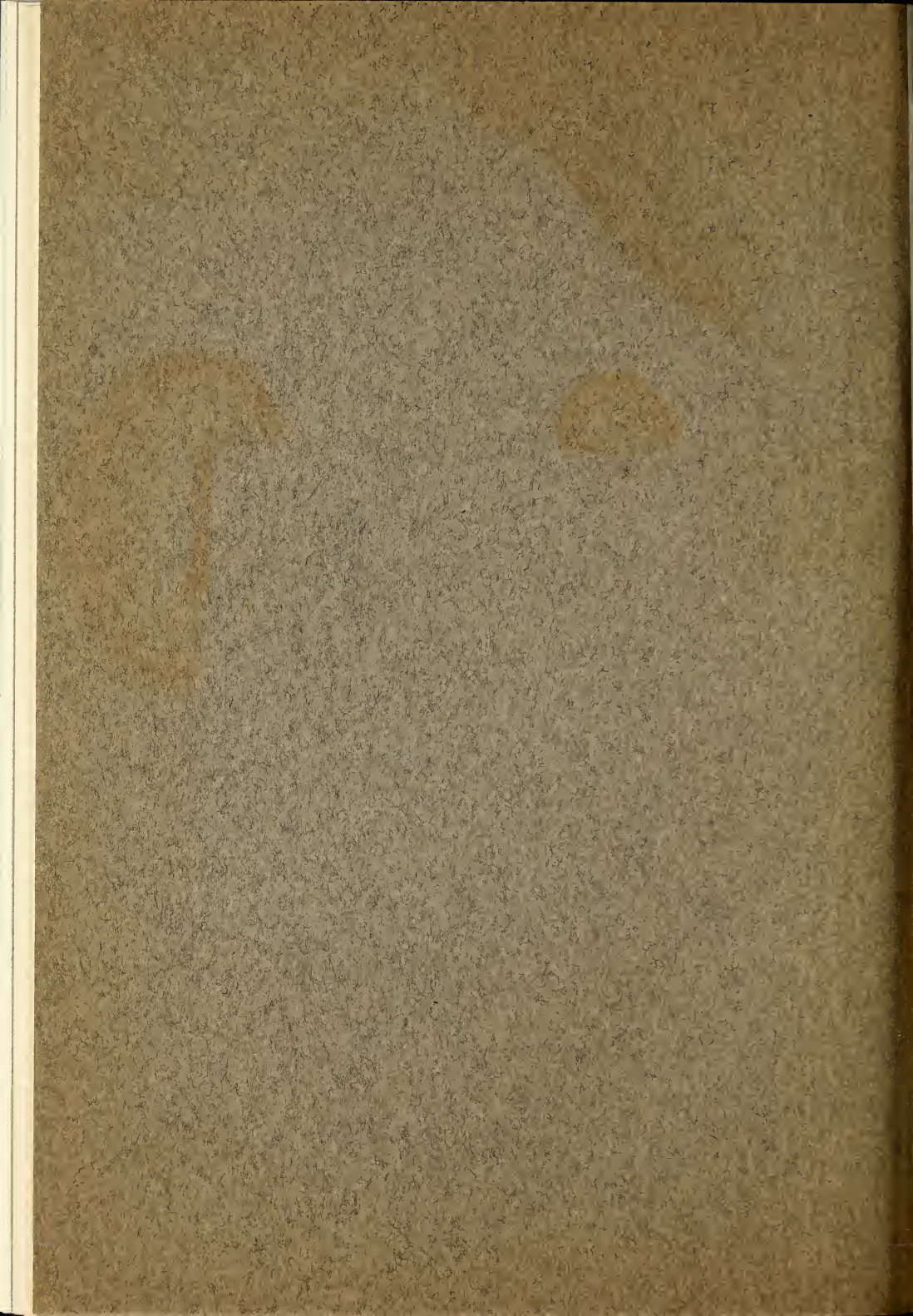
“ The popular Chief Justice Robinson; his two young girls, in white leghorn hats, a lemon-coloured ribbon with a bow round the crown, and strings the same. They were like my own EXACTLY.”

“ Miss Sherwood, Miss Crawford, Miss Boulton, and lovely Emma Boulton, and two ladies in deep black, Miss Sophia Shaw and Miss Givens, who a few years before were belles in all the gay scenes of Government and military life in York. Miss Givens became engaged to Captain Maitland, who, being in ill health, went to England for advice, and died on the ship coming over. Miss Sophia Shaw was engaged to Sir Isaac Brock, who fell at Queenston. These young ladies never married, but always wore black.

“ At the playing of ‘ God Save the King ’ we marched back as we came, sad that Lady Colborne’s bazaar was a thing of the past.”







ERRATA

Page 15, line 41—Bogert.

Page 17, line 9—Arundel.

Page 19, line 11—Royston.

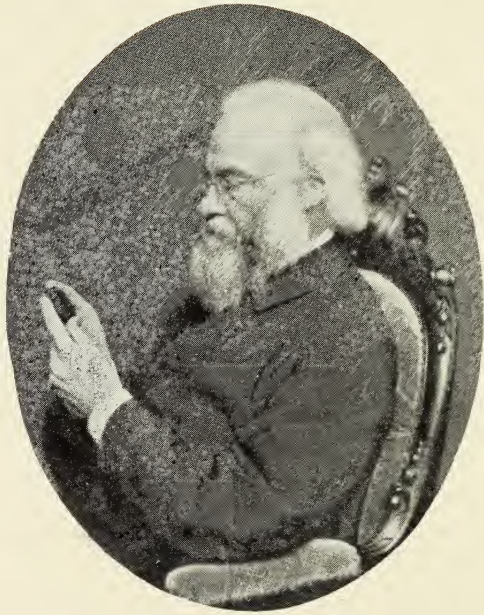
Page 19, line 37—Almissima.

Page 20, line 7—Mullioned.

Page 20, line 27—in artibus magistris.

Page 21, line 20—Bibliotheca.

Page 24, line 35—Babbicombe.



REV. DR. SCADDING



" Deeds Speak "

Women's Canadian Historical Society

OF TORONTO

TRANSACTION No. 10

CONTENTS.

1. "Gleanings." From the Journal of Miss Anne Powell, written for her cousin, Miss Eliza S. Quincy, in 1785. Read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.
2. Further Extracts from the Rev. Dr. Scadding's Diary, 1838 to 1844, with letter from Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian, Public Library, Toronto, in response to Mrs. Sullivan's request. Read by Mrs. Sullivan.

1912.

SECRETARY'S NOTE

When making up the proposed contents of this Transaction, it was decided to include a paper on the "Explosion at Fort York, 1813," by our Past President, the late Lady Edgar, with an introductory biography and her portrait. Owing to the difficulty of procuring a copy of this paper and the expense of printing, we have been obliged to postpone the publication of the paper, and I have judged it wiser to withhold the biography and portrait that they may be printed together in our next Transaction.

M. AGNES FITZGIBBON.

“ GLEANINGS ”

From the Journal of Miss Anne Powell, written for her cousin, Miss Eliza S. Quincy, in 1785. Read by Mrs. Forsyth Grant.

Let me first explain that the copy of this Journal was sent to Mrs. Ridout when quite a young girl. She came with her father to Albany to see her mother's family, the Bleeckers and Van Ransselaers. During the long trip by stage they discovered that a Mr. Quincy and his daughter were relatives. Miss Quincy on her return to Boston sent her cousin *Charlotte Powell* (now Mrs. John Ridout, and in her 91st year—May, 1904) a copy of the old journal of her great Aunt, Anne Powell.

“ We left Montreal on 11th May, 1785, a large party, including my brother, the Chief Justice, and Mrs. Powell, the children, two maids, myself, and Mr. Clarke; including the boatman, we had eighteen in one boat; the other was reserved for the luggage, provisions, and bedding.

At first we stopped over night at the houses of the settlers on the banks of the river, some of them being military men; but as our party was large, and the houses often small and close, we one night had tents made of the sails from the boats and blankets, and were so much more comfortable that we gave up going to the houses and pitched our tents on the shore, or on an Island. On one of these we wandered away for a walk while the tents were being pitched, and supper prepared, to see the sunset, and on turning back we found the dry leaves and grass on fire before us; we did not take many steps to fly over the burnt ground, our shoes being little the worse for the scorching. On the tenth day we arrived at Kingston and went to the house of Mr. Forsyth, a young bachelor, who very kindly begged us to consider it as our own. Here we stayed three days and then sailed with a fair wind for Niagara. At Kingston we were overtaken by two officers of Artillery, one going to Niagara, the other to Detroit; Mr. Meredith we had been introduced to at Montreal. Mr. Suckling was a stranger. They both expressed themselves pleased with joining our party and preferred accepting an offer my brother made them to cross in a vessel appointed for him, to waiting for another, where they would be much less crowded. My brother had also given a passage to another young man, and Captain Harron, a gentleman who commanded a ship on Lake Erie. We were fifteen in a small cabin where there were only four berths, so when the beds were put down at night

everyone remained in the same spot he or she had first taken, for there was no moving without general consent. One night after we had all laid down and begun to be composed, Mrs. Powell saw one of the maids standing where she had been making the children's beds, and asked her why she stayed there? The poor girl, who spoke very indifferent English, answered, "I'm quazed, Madame." Sure enough she was wedged in beyond the power of moving without assistance. I heard loud laughing among the gentlemen, who were divided from us by a blanket partition. I suppose thy, too, were "quazed." We were four days crossing Lake Ontario with a very good-humored set of people, no one complaining during the voyage; nor seemed rejoiced when we arrived at Niagara. Here we passed some days very agreeably at the house of Mr. Hamilton. We regretted very much that Mrs. Hamilton, an amiable, sweet, little woman did not live at Detroit instead of Niagara.

We received the most polite attentions from General Hunter, the Commander of the Fort, and from all his officers. Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been some months there before us, and was making excursions among the Indians, of whose society he seemed particularly fond. *Joseph Brant*, a celebrated Indian Chief, lived in that neighborhood; Lord Edward had spent some days at his house and seemed charmed at his visit. Brant returned to Niagara with his Lordship.

He was the first and indeed the only savage I ever dined at table with; as the party was large he was too great a distance from me to hear him converse, and I was by no means pleased with his looks."

On a later occasion Miss Powell met a "Captain David," a noted Chief, whom she liked much more, and thus describes: "He spoke English with propriety and returned all the compliments that were paid him with ease and politeness. As he was not only the handsomest but the best dressed man I saw, I will endeavour to describe him. His person is as tall and fine as it is possible to conceive; his features handsome and regular, with a countenance of much softness; his complexion not disagreeably dark, and I *really* believe he washes his face, as it appeared perfectly clean and without paint; his hair was all shaved off except a little on the top of his head to fasten his ornaments to; his head and ears were painted a glowing red; round his head was fastened a fillet of highly polished silver; from the left temple hung two straps of black velvet covered with silver beads and brooches. On the top of his head was fixed a long white fox-tail feather, which bowed to the wind, as did a black one in each ear; a pair of ear-rings which hung below his shoulders completed his head

dress, which I assure you was not unbecoming, though I must confess rather fantastical. His dress was a shirt of coloured calico, the neck and shoulders covered so thick with silver brooches as to have the appearance of a very rich net; his sleeves, much like those the ladies wore when I left England, fastened about the arm with a broad bracelet of polished silver, and engraved with the arms of England; four small bracelets of the same kind about his wrists and arms; round his waist was fixed a large scarf of a very dark coloured stuff, lined with scarlet, which hung to his knees, one part of which he generally threw over his left arm, which had a very graceful effect when he moved; his limbs were covered with blue cloth to fit neatly, with an ornamental garter bound below each knee. I know not what kind of being your imagination will represent to you, but I sincerely declare to you that altogether "Captain David" made the finest appearance I ever saw in my life. On leaving Niagara several gentlemen offered to escort us to the boat which made the journey very cheerful—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Humphries, of the Engineers; Mr. Robinson, of the 60th Regiment; Mr. Meredith with Captain Warren, Mr. Smith and my brother went in the boat with us to the landing (now Lewiston), which is eight miles from the Fort; here the river became impassable, and all the luggage was drawn up a steep hill in a cradle, a machine I never saw before. We walked up the hills and were conducted to a good garden with an alcove in it, where we found a cloth laid for dinner, which was provided for us by the officers of the Fort. After dinner we were to get to Fort Schlosser—seven miles—by any means we could; two calashes were procured; in one of these my brother drove his family; Mr. Humphries and myself took our seats in the other, Mr. Meredith got a horse, and the rest of the gentlemen walked. All our party collected about half a mile above the Falls and walked down to them. I was in raptures all the way. "The Falls" I had heard of forever, but no one had ever mentioned the Rapids, where for half a mile the river comes foaming down over the rocks. Turning away regretfully from this magnificent view, the party all walked on to Fort Schlosser, where we were well accommodated by Mr. Foster, of the 60th Regiment; one of the most elegant young men I ever saw. The next day we went in a batteau to Fort Erie. On arriving there we found the Commanding Officer, Mr. Boyd, had gone with Lord Edward FitzGerald and Mr. Brisbane to the other side of the river, where the Indians were holding a Council. The gentlemen were so pleased that the next day the ladies accompanied them.

It was at this Council that "Captain David," before described, was seen.

They only remained to hear two speeches. "The Indians spoke with great gravity and no action, frequently making long pauses for a hum of applause." (This is most interesting, as the Journal corroborates the description of the Indians as given by the novelist, Fenimore Cooper, now rather doubted and smiled at. We must also bear in mind that this Council was of the famous Six Nations Indians who afterwards proved such brave and trusted allies of the British. The seed of loyal friendship sown by Lord Edward Fitzgerald at that time proved veritable "Dragon's teeth" during the War of 1812-13, when the Indians stood so firmly by the British.)

To return to our Journal:

"We were detained at Fort Erie for several days by a contrary wind; on the fourth of June as we were drinking the King's health like good loyal subjects the wind changed and we were hurried on board; we were better accommodated than when we crossed Lake Ontario. The weather was so fine the gentlemen slept on deck; we were five days on the passage. The head of Lake Erie and the entrance to the river are uncommonly beautiful, the Fort lying about half-way up the river, which is eighteen miles in length; in drawing the line between British and American possessions this Fort was left within their line. A new town is now to be built on the other side of the river, where the Courts are held, and where, of course, my brother must reside."

(While their house was being put in order they remained for several weeks at the Fort making many new friends. Miss Powell goes on to say: "The 65th Regiment is a corps that would improve any society." She gives a description of a picnic given for them by the Regiment; the many boats, and the music, and the great heat after a severe thunderstorm, during which they were all drenched, and then urged "To dance to prevent taking cold, with the thermometer at 98 deg. in the shade—like the 'Black Hole' in Calcutta.")

On the return trip she gave up the boat and went in a carriage, which broke down; she was much bruised and broke a tooth. After making many friends in Detroit, this interesting young lady returned to Montreal and married Mr. Clarke, who had travelled with them from Montreal to Niagara, and no doubt helped to "make cheerful" the way. There was more "couleur de rose" than that seen at sun-

set from the Thousand Islands, or reflected in the calm waters of Lake Ontario and Erie during that happy journey.

Mr. Clarke afterwards became Commissary-General.

Copied for my dear friend, Miss Anne Gwynne, a great-granddaughter of the Chief Justice Powell, whose first journey as a Judge is here recorded. M. J.

May 12th, 1904.

W.H.S., November, 1910.

Further extracts from the Rev. Dr. Scadding's Diary, 1838 to 1844.

1838.

September 5th. Received letter from the Archdeacon as President of the College, announcing formally my election. Gloria Deo in excelcis! Rode in and saw him and received his warm congratulations and kind directions and advice. Wrote him an acknowledgment of the receipt of the notification and expressing my thanks. Visited and examined the house and premises, which are very superior. Made some calls and received hosts of congratulations. Spent the evening at Mr. Maynard's, meeting a musical party.

September 8th. Rode to the Humber and from there to Weston, to Dr. Phillips'. Found Mr. W. Bolton there.

September 9th. Went to the Mimico Church with Dr. Phillips* and preached. Saw Dr. Dade, Miss Brenchley and Mrs. W. Gamble, both of whom I saw so lately at Quebec.

September 18th. The Grand Annular Eclipse took place this day. The sky was covered with flying clouds which barred and greatly improved the effect, enabling the naked eye to look without pain. The ring was very perfect and the whole spectacle was very grand. The darkness at the time of the greatest obscuration was not nearly so great as I had expected. The day was chilly and rain was threatened but did not fall.

September 21st. Visited Mr. and Mrs. Osler in Tecumseh. Found them both at home in their new cottage on a hill overhanging

* (1) Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., Queen's College, Cambridge, Vice-Principal of Upper Canada College in 1829. His personal appearance was very clerical in the old fashioned sense. He was one of the last wearers of hair powder in this country. He died in 1849, aged 68, at Weston-on-the-Humber, where he had organized the Parish of St. Philip. He was borne to his last resting place by old pupils.

a mill pond. Road rough, foliage of the woods very beautifully variegated, crops all in except buckwheat and potatoes. Saw fall wheat coming up. Passed Lount's* house. Returned at 8 p.m. The fires on the different clearings around had a fine effect.

September 25th. Made some purchases for my house. Received letter from Mrs. H. Simcoe; one from Lady Colborne, full of warm congratulations; one from L. Robinson and C. FitzGibbon.

September 28th. Another anniversary in my life. Took my seat in the long room as one of the clerical masters of Upper Canada College; got through the day well, very thankful for such a cheery beginning. Was congratulated by my former masters.

October 2nd. Actually moved into my house and commenced residence. The loneliness and stillness of my rooms remind me especially of the Cambridge life which I used to enjoy so much.

October 4th. Attended at Grasett's between 12 and 2 and again between 4 and 6 to be examined for Priest's Orders.

October 7th. Had class in College for religious instruction, then met at Kennedy's rooms at the North American, the candidates for Deacon's and Priest's Orders, where we had prayer and reading. Returned to my rooms and then went down again to St. James, where I was ordained priest, with Green, Athill and Kennedy being at the same time made deacons. On entering the vestry room after receiving the right hand of fellowship from the Bishop,† the Archdeacon‡ approached me and shook my hand, adding in a low tone, in such a feeling fatherly way, that tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes: "May God bless you, my boy." Between the morning and afternoon services I read prayers and preached at the Jail. Mr. Bethune § preached the ordination sermon. At the afternoon service the Bishop preached. Confirmation was then held and presented a most interesting spectacle. About 100 of the flower of the congregation presented themselves. The Bishop then addressed them extemporarily very clearly and beautifully. This has been to me a most interesting and important and awful day.

October 11th. The Bishop visited the College. Saw Dalton's remarks on my appointment in "The Patriot." It was also announced in "The Church." Spent evening at Mr. Maynard's. Met

* (1) Lount. One of the leaders of the Rebellion of 1837.

† (2) Archdeacon Strachan. Afterwards Bishop of Toronto.

‡ (2) Charles James Stewart. Second Bishop of Quebec. He paid periodical visits to Toronto; a man of saintly character and presence.

§ Alexander Neil Bethune, Dr. Strachan's pupil. He was second Bishop of Toronto.

there Mr. Jameson,* the Vice-Chancellor, a very superior man and very cheerful. Walked out this afternoon to Colonel Givin's† house to return the Colonel's call. Obtained my Priest's letter.

November 2nd. Waited with the Archdeacon, etc. on the Lieutenant Governor with the address of the Clergy, resolved upon at the late function. A very plain, straight-forward, gentlemanly person His Excellency is. Spent the evening at Mr. Hepburn's,‡ meeting the Vice-Chancellor; some pleasant conversation. Clear, lovely moonlight.

November 4th. Sunday. Walked with Mr. Matthews§ to the Six Mile Church|| on Yonge St. Preached for him. A soft, mild, Indian Summer day.

November 5th. Spent the evening at Barron's, meeting the Solicitor General, Mr. Draper, Colonel Thomas, etc.

November 9th. The town full of reports of a general rising in the Lower Province, particularly at Beauharnois. Many killed. Mr. Ellis kept a prisoner, the Seventh Hussars having been engaged near St. John's. Time will show how true all these things are.

November 20th. Gazettes posted everywhere in the streets stating the result of the affair at Prescott,¶ which was lamentably bloody. The rebels are also routed in the Lower Province.

December 21st. The day of the distribution of the prizes. A goodly concourse of the respectability of Toronto; all went off very spiritedly and interestingly. McKenzie certainly obtained the greatest eclat of any. The attendance of quondam pupils was very large. In them lies the strength of Upper Canada College.

* (2) Mr. Jameson. Was successively Attorney-General and Vice-Chancellor. Possessed great conversational powers. Had been the familiar associate in his younger days of Southey, Wordsworth, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

† (2) Colonel Givins. One of the companions of Governor Simcoe in the first exploration of Upper Canada. Was Superintendent of Indian Affairs down to the year 1842.

‡ Wm. Hepburn was one of the Commissioners appointed to administer the oath to members on the opening of the first Parliament at Kingston in 1841.

§ (3) Rev. Charles Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Principal of Upper Canada College at that time.

¶ Six Mile Church. Probably the Church at York Mills, mentioned in Toronto of old, of which Mr. Sanson was in charge.

Affair at Prescott was Battle of the Windmill on 16th November, 1838. (Dent, Rebellion of 1837, vol. 2, p. 257.)

1839.

January 1st. A bright and most cheerful day; everyone apparently in good humor. Went my rounds with Mr. Maynard and called on all the world and was greatly interested. Lunched at Government House. Dined at Maynard's, meeting McKenzie.

January 2nd. The bright weather continuing. At five, waited on His Excellency * to receive his commands respecting his son, who is to be my private pupil for a while to prepare him for the College. He is to attend at my house on Monday next. Spent the evening at Mr. Maynard's, meeting Mr. Tucker and Mr. Jameson, etc.

January 6th. The most calamitous event that has occurred for many a year to this town fell on this day. At an early hour St. James church was found to be on fire. When the doors were thrown open and the air admitted, the whole room burst into flames, and nothing now but the bare walls of the building remain. It was a heart-rending sight, and all seemed to feel it. Everyone feels as though he had lost some near and dear friend. The new organ was entirely consumed. The congregation met at three at the City Hall for service, when the Archdeacon preached, and here at the College long room they are to continue to meet. The Kirk and the Wesleyans both offered their places of worship for our use.

January 8th. Sir George Arthur's son first came to be tutored by me.

January 10th. Mr. and Mrs. Osler in town; dined with them at Mr. Champion's.

January 14th. Received two letters from England; one from Mrs. Simcoe, Sr., and the other from H. Simcoe. Mrs. Simcoe warmly congratulated me on my appointment to the College. This sets her quite at rest, and I am thankful. Henry's full of Penkeale news. He had not heard of my appointment. News in town that Sir John Colborne is made Governor-General.

January 23rd. Received invitation from Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis for Feb. 11th, when I am to dine. Dined at Mr. Matthews', meeting Mr. Crookshank, Judge Macaulay, Capt. Strong, etc. First heard of the arrival of Dr. McCaul, the new Principal of Upper Canada College.

January 26th. The new Principal arrived last night. Called on him to-day at Mr. Matthews'. Find him to be the brother of the Dr.

* (3) Lieutenant-Governor: Sir George Arthur.

McCaul whom I met formerly. A very gentlemanly and clerical-looking person.

January 28th. The Principal took his seat and Mr. Matthews resigned. A holiday given. A bright, sharp, cold day. Received a parcel of letters, etc., from Dr. Harris, by Dr. McCaul.

February 27th. A whole holiday. Attended at the opening of the House; a large concourse. Mild, delightful day. Evening, at 9 went to Government House, when a grand rout was given. The music exquisite.

March 10th. In the morning the whole surface of the ground appeared glowing and flaming with heat; no misty appearance, but a quivering like that visible in a vertical South, or on a hot day in summer. The morning was very cold; the sun very bright, and the earth very dry. Great evaporation has been going on for many days, so that the surface must be chilled, dry and arid.

March 12th. A strange phenomenon of a variety of halos above the Heavens to-day, some having the sun for their centre, others touching these, all bearing the distinct prismatic colors of the rainbow. They were visible for nearly the whole of the day. The atmosphere is filled with vapor from the earth, the whole resembling the appearance described by Helvetius in one of the volumes on Natural Philosophy of the U. K. Society.

May 11th. The session ended; the receivers re-invested in the Crown and Upper Canada College made in effect the University pro tem., both measures on which we may congratulate ourselves.

August 7th. The College this day broke up for the long vacation, to meet again September 27th. All separated very quietly. Evening, visited the boarding house and heard them sing "Dulce Domum" again, and saw them enjoying their parting supper, which Mr. Cosens gave them.

August 27th. Set off for the Lower Landing through beautiful pine woods, and embarked in the steamer "Simcoe"—Captain Laughton—to take a trip around Lake Simcoe. Wound seven miles down the Holland River, and then entered the Lake at Keswick. The banks of the lake fine and bold and covered with picturesque wood. Went down Kempenfeldt Bay to Barrie, passing three churches partly finished. Reached the Narrows in the evening, walked about the Indian village there and slept on board the "Simcoe."

November 4th. A holiday on account of the Principal's return from his marriage tour. I received letter from Lady Colborne, written on board ship, "The Pique," six miles below Quebec, wishing me farewell.

November 9th. Walked with Foster over Castle Frank property. Heard that the Bishop arrived this morning in the St. George.

November 10th. Preached at the College and City Hall. At the latter place the Bishop present, and Dr. McCaul at the College service this morning. A large congregation. Fine, bright day. Dined at Grasett's, meeting Athill.

November 13th. Paid my wedding visit to Mrs. McCaul, then called again on the Bishop. He will still require my services. He made me a present of a most beautiful set of communion plate for the sick, bought for me in London, with which I am greatly delighted.

November 21st. The Governor-General arrived and took up his abode in the Chief Justice's house.

November 22nd. The Governor-General sworn in; salute. A bright, cheerful day, but very sharp.

November 25th. Attended the levee of the Governor-General, a tallish, thin, sickly-looking young man in a splendidly blue uniform. His bow to each individual was so excessively low as to amount almost to a quiz, and seemed to express "Your most obedient, humble servant" rather ridiculously. The presentation was over in a moment. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi* The Bishop, Dr. McCaul, Mr. Matthews, Grasett, Maynard and myself went in procession from the College. His Lordship presented us. There appeared to be a very great rush of people thronging Government House. My communication on the Cross of St. James in "The Church" very nicely printed, but one misprint—peace for grace.

December 3rd. A whole holiday at the request of the Governor-General. Attended the opening of the House—a very large assemblage. The speech vague enough, as Throne speeches generally are. His Excellency certainly at this rate will not satisfy the rebel party. He is an interesting, thoughtful, melancholy man with a sleepy eye, great self-possession and dignity. Evening, a great rout at Government House; did not attend.

December 15th. Preached at the City Hall twice. At the College, notice was given out that Sunday next the congregation would assemble in the Cathedral. Sir Geo. Arthur ill.

December 19th. The session drawing to a close. I have heard that the Union has this day passed both Houses. What will become of us in these days of experiments?

December 20th. A large concourse of people assembled at the College to witness the distribution of the prizes, and everything went off with spirit. The Governor-General was present, but not Sir George, who was ill. The address of the Principal presenting each

prize was very appropriate, and no doubt the impression on the public will be beneficial to the College. Some of the recitations were not perhaps very judicious. The selection from Burke was too political, and the laughing French piece not in good taste. Rattan spoke particularly well, as also did Hagerman. The prizes were splendid. Patton and Cosens obtained the scholarship prizes and Vidal and Read the conduct prizes. The Bishop was present.

December 22nd. Heavy snow falling. The Bishop installed in the Cathedral. A very large congregation. Dr. McCaul, Dr. Phillips, Messrs. Magrath, Matthews, Maynard and myself waited in surplices and hoods at the door. The Bishop came in his carriage, attended by Grasett. The clergy then proceeded towards the altar before the Bishop, immediately before whom the Verger walked, bearing his silver wand. On arriving on the platform of the altar, Dr. McCaul read the Royal Commission appointing A. Strachan, M.A., D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Dr. Phillips and Mr. Magrath held the Seal. An oath only to defend the rights, etc., of the Cathedral church was administered, and his Lordship was then conducted to the Throne, where he remained during the remainder of the service. Mr. Matthews read prayers and the Bishop preached on: "Ye are my epistles, known and read of all men." The whole ceremony and service passed off with good effect, and the people were very still and attentive. When the Bishop entered, all stood and remained standing until he took his seat. The singing was very fine. Afternoon, I preached. His Lordship looked remarkably well in his robes. The church was very dirty and the pews unlined, consequently our canonicals became grievously soiled. In the evening the clergy dined with the Bishop. Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman and some others were also present.

December 30th. Attended with the Bishop at the House of the Governor-General to present a congratulatory address. He (Mr. Thomson) received the Bishop sitting and with his hat on. "*Credete posteri.*" To be a Minister of the Most High God is nothing respectable in the eyes of a Whig. Evening, had my little party. J. Robinson, J. Cameron, Foster, FitzGerald, FitzGibbon, Alex. Strachan, W. Powell, H. Bolton, Read, L. Robinson, Geo. Wells, etc., attended. Everything went off pretty well, considering that I felt indisposed.

1840.

February 4th. Eighteen years ago this day I went to the old Royal Grammar School—an important era in my life.

February 5th. Waited with young Mr. Allen * on the Governor-General to solicit for the new Tract Society a donation, and obtained £5.

February 17th. Walked across the bay on the ice to the Inn and enjoyed the booming lake, which was dashing up upon the shore finely. Toronto looked very city-like from the bay.

March 14th. Fine, bright day. Walked with Maynard to the Humber. Visited Mr. Howard's cottage.† News of the Queen's marriage about town.

March 17th. Beautiful, mild day—St. Patrick's—whole holiday. Maynard and myself took a jaunt in a gig along the lake road to Captain Harris' beyond the Credit. Passing through the Indian villages. Saw Peter Jones and his house. The house, generally, looking uncomfortable. Had a long and interesting conversation with an old woman at Ogden's Inn. Fine view of the lake and the entrance to Toronto Harbor. The steeple a good object. Dined at Captain Harris' and walked about his pretty property. Returned in the afternoon by the macadamized Dundas road through Springfield. Enjoyed it exceedingly. Reached Toronto at dusk. Fell in with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunn and Mrs. Maynard on horseback, together with little Alexander § on his Shetland. Took tea at Mr. Dunn's and walked home by delicious moonlight—a pleasant and eventful day.

March 24. Heavy snow. A royal salute to celebrate the Queen's marriage.

April 2nd. Thursday—a whole holiday in honor of the Queen's marriage. The town very gay. An ox roasted at the foot of Yonge Street and eaten by multitudes in the market square. The streets lined with carpeting, plaid, etc., and gay with flags. Last night a large party at Government House in honor of Her Majesty's marriage, at which I was present and enjoyed the evening much. Conversed with many and particularly *one*. The sky and air to-day have been most spring-like. A pleasant and perfect holiday. Evening, walked through the town. Every house brilliantly illuminated; streets crowded and a variety of fireworks in all directions. Judge Sherwood's carriage horses plunged into an open drain, and with great difficulty were extricated.

April 8th. Had conversation with Shaw, B.A., a Cambridge

* (9) Allan. W. Allan, Junior, son of the Honourable W. Allan.

† (9) Howard. Mr. J. G. Howard, who gave High Park to the city.

§ (9) Little Alexander. Son of the Honourable J. H. Dunn, afterwards Major Dunn, so distinguished during the Crimean War.

man and catechist of the Propagation Society, on the subject of taking my duties in the College during my absence, which, with the Bishop's approval, he promised to do. I now feel more confident than ever of seeing England this summer. The weather very brilliant and delightful.

April 12th. Sunday before Easter. The Bishop of Toronto's first ordination—four deacons, four priests. A very solemn day, the large congregation intensely still and attentive during the whole of the long service. Grasset, Mr. Matthews and myself assisted in the Imposition of hands. The Bishop preached. Evening, dined at the Bishop's, meeting all the parties concerned to-day.

May 17th. Officiated in Scarborough at Colonel McLean's, and administered the Lord's Supper. Returning, officiated at the Golden Lion, Rogers Four Mile Tree. A warm, delightful day. The foliage beautifully out. Norris officiated in town. Flood ordained deacon.

May 22nd. Had my final interview with the Bishop, previous to my going to England, when his Lordship gave me his blessing and presented me with my commission as one of his domestic Chaplains, also letters of introduction to numerous individuals in various parts of London, Oxford, New York and Halifax. His Lordship sets off to-morrow for Niagara on his first visitation. Had Mr. Shaw, my substitute, in with me to show him my method of teaching, etc.

May 25th. Rose early and completed my packing. Set off at nine in the St. George, for Oswego, on my way to England. Many friends came down to see me off. Mrs. and Miss Parsons also on their way to England, Mrs. Thorne and family accompanying them to Cobourg, and Mr. Parsons to New York. Arthur Wells on his way to Avignon, France, placed under my care to New York. Sailed gallantly out of the Bay, the town looking beautifully. Touched at Port Hope and Cobourg. A whole congregation of ladies walked into the boat from Cobourg to see Mrs. Parsons. Had a pleasant conversation with Mrs. W. Bolton, Miss Bowen, Henry Covert, etc. The Queen's birthday, flags and bunting making every place look gay.

May 26. Found ourselves about 5 at Oswego. The lake very calm. Proceeded soon after 7 in the "Medusa," canal boat, to Syracuse. Arrived at Syracuse at 4 o'clock. Took the railway instantly to Utica and Schenectady. Travelled at a rattling speed all night at the rate of twenty miles per hour.

May 27th. Arrived at Albany early. Took passage by the Albany steamer, full of passengers, for New York. Discovered on board Mrs. Bogart, late Miss Ford, whom I once met at Mrs. H. J. Bolton's.

Reached New York after a pleasant sail about half past five. The city very imposing. Broadway thronged and full of omnibuses. One might easily fancy himself in the heart of London. Walked to the Post Office. Put up at Howard's Hotel, Broadway—a clean, new, elegant house.

May 29th. Dined with Dr. Wainwright; visited with him Columbia College, and had the great gratification of a conversation with Professor Anthon, a quick, lively, gentlemanly person; would be in his element in Oxford or Cambridge, neither of which glorious places has he ever visited. The expression of his eyes reminds me of Mr. Simcoe.

June 1st. Wound up my affairs at New York. Set off at half past eleven from Howard's Hotel with my luggage for the "British Queen." Found the wharf crowded with people, and also the steamer itself. The gongs, bells, etc., sounded, the signal for passengers to move off, and the "Queen" moved in majesty away clear of the quay. The surrounding quays were filled with spectators. After a brief delay we found ourselves fairly under way, and found the different points which we passed crowded in a similar way. Two small steamers, the "Osceola" and "Lansard," bearing friends of the passengers on the "Queen," accompanied us with music and flags to the Narrows, passing around our bows many times, and on parting with us gave three cheers, which we returned. Found Captain Domville, Mr. and Mrs. Bogert, Mr. Napier, Mr. Harcourt. Had a pleasant dinner; made my way to my berth, which I found airy and comfortable and the bed clothes of linen and very clean.

June 8th. We are about half way over to-day; several sails in sight. Saw many nautilus and Mother Carey's chicken.

June 15th. Morning bright, wind fair, land seen from the mast-head this morning at six. At nine it became very visible, numerous ships and fishing boats in sight. One from Falmouth came up and asked if any passengers were wishing to be landed at Falmouth. Rather regretted afterwards that I had not landed. Saw the land stretching out to Land's End and Mounts Bay, passed close by the Lizard Light onwards in the afternoon to the mouth of Plymouth Harbor, entered close to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the deck crowded with passengers, gave three loud cheers to the man of the Eddystone, which he duly returned, waving his hat. Saw the breakwater and ships at anchor. Once more beheld England, the dear fields still existing in all their beauty, villages, cottages, farm houses and Seats. Forgot the early vows of my voyage, and felt I must cross the Atlantic

occasionally, notwithstanding the misery. The sight of the beautiful island enraptured me and I could have wept.

June 16th. Rose at four a.m. Had an exceedingly fine view of the Needles, passing through them. We then coasted along the Isle of Wight and enjoyed the exquisite shore, the truly English fields and hills, the antique houses and ivy mantled castles. Lay too in quarantine near Ryde. Enjoyed the sweet views on both sides, then anchored at Spithead, while many passengers landed at Portsmouth. Passed on outside the buoys, by Arrondel, Shoreham, a fine view, Selsea, Bell, Beachy Head, Hastings. The ship had much thinned.

June 17th. Wednesday, off Margate, entered the Thames; bright, lovely day, scene on both sides most sweet. At length reached Blackwall, landed in boat, took omnibus through beautiful streets, noticed the Blackwall Railroad. Reached No. 2 Trettan Terrace, Goodman's Field, and found Munjeam at home and married. Felt exquisitely and indescribably happy. After dinner rambled through the thronged streets and gazed upon the richly stored windows. Must sign the total abstinence pledge to assist me, I see so many things I want. Oh, the books!

June 18th. At three started for Canterbury, on the tally-ho, a most excellent drive, the fields sweet, hay out, beans, rosy sweet briar, lovely little fruit gardens teeming with flowers. Felt intensely happy at every sight and sound. Reached the venerable City at ten, the sweet, clustering honeysuckles, the genial, jovial Englishmen on the coach.

June 20th. The Queen's accession, flags flying from the gate tower. Went to the glorious old Cathedral; anthem was—Zodak the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, crowned Solomon King and all the people rejoiced and cried, God Save the King, etc.; exquisite beyond description. The Bishop of Oxford present as Dean. Walked up and down, loitered on the closely shaven grass, happy, longing for some method to express how I felt—longed for someone, but I should have talked twaddle to a person destitute of the same feeling. The music, the triumphant, joyous music of the anthem (Handel's) helped my feelings. The people rejoiced. The idea of walking on soft grass under shady trees in a balmy, aromatic atmosphere, no care on the mind, caused the holiest associations—and happy! How seldom do these things concur! A slight tinge of unhappiness from the reflection that I should see it all but for a short time.

June 21st. Attended service in the Cathedral, Dr. Wood preached; did not use the Bidding Prayer, and he pronounced the blessing.

He wore lavender gloves and used much gestures. The Bishop of Oxford and nearly all the clergy wore lavender gloves, the Bishop also used a *brown* pocket handkerchief, he wore no wig, wore the cross of some Order suspended around his neck by a blue ribbon. The thanksgiving for the Queen's escape was read. Dr. Wood preached in surplice; felt myself deeply and solemnly interested.

June 24th. Waited on the Bishop of Exeter, had an hour's conversation with him, which I found very interesting. His Lordship complained strongly of the want of information which the Canadian Church allowed to exist here in England; there was no church in the world that ever allowed itself to remain unrepresented at such a critical time when its existence as an establishment was not only at stake, but known to be so. There has been plenty of time for full information. There ought to have been an accredited agent in London to whom one could have applied for facts. Facts are what we want. Lord Seaton in town. The Bishop gave me an admission into the House of Lords. At one, went to Thatched House Tavern to attend the procession of the Cambridge men conveying the address of congratulation to the Queen. Got into the Palace, whose interior quite comes up to my ideas of a palace. Saw the Governor of the Guards, marble staircase, magnificent halls, etc. Saw the Duke of Wellington in his Chancellor's costume; seemed to come down the stairs in an infirm manner. Had a fine and magnificent view of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, disappointed with the latter. A large crowd of great people. The Cambridge people seem altered very little, recognized many of them. The people in the parks seemed to stare at the gowns. Her Majesty's voice most distinct and melodious; looked unwell and very young and was in mourning. We entered backwards to the door, returning went into the National Gallery and over it.

June 25th. In the evening, an Italian opera, with Mr. Hastings, whom I accidentally met with Hagarty and Mr. Leach. Witnessed the *Barbiere De Séville*. Saw Grisi, Tajlione, Persiani, Cerito, Rubini, Lablache, etc. Such a crush at entering; music exquisite beyond description, and the singing.

June 26th. Sat in a good part of the day writing. Wrote several sheets to lay before the Bishop of Exeter, whom I am to meet by appointment at Athenæum. Saw the Bishop and had conversation. Went to the House of Lords; nothing of importance going on, something about land drainage. Saw the Duke again, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Duke of Richmond, Lord Normandy, Lord North, Lord Holland, etc., etc.





June 27th. Breakfasted with Lord Seaton * and saw the family; all delighted to see me. Had my private conversation with Lord Seaton. Saw Colonel Greenwood and Major Head. Had a walk with James and lunched with him at the Army and Navy Club.

July 2nd. Started from Bell and Crown in Beehive for Cambridge, some sprinkling occasionally, but luxuriated in the ride and excessively happy. My heart blessed every honeysuckle, every dog-rose, in every hedge, every goldfinch, every lark, even the pleasant sound of the hollow hoofs of the horses along the beautiful and solid roads. My soul yearned with affection over every object I saw. Passed through Edmonton, Ware Boiston and Melbourne. My emotions become more and more intense as I approach the sacred spot and begin to recognize the mills, the turnpike gates, the trees, the walks, the cottages. Dear Trumpington! Every object looked inexpressibly beautiful, the trees so heavy, so deeply green; an air of solemn beauty about everything. The sun was not strong, but my heart was most happy. How deeply thankful ought I to be; here are my desires being accomplished. The approach to Cambridge is beautiful and unchanged—the trees look grown. How familiar looked the walk by the water and the lamp posts, and the houses as you enter; then the colleges as you passed them: Fitzwilliam, new and fine, up past St. Mary's, The Senate House, the narrow, winding street, Trinity Gate, the Blue Boar; luggage down, into St. John's, everything looking a welcome, and most sweetly familiar, yet a solemnity about all. I can scarcely believe it is all a reality. The porter and various people recognize me. Walked rapidly around Market Hall, entered Trinity Church and saw Mr. Carus once more. Saw Mr. Kingdon and spoke to him and to Mr. Carus; back to Mr. Hymer's. Gave me rooms No. 2 Second Court; took tea with Mr. Hymers, then to my rooms, and here I actually am writing within the walls of St. John's in silence and solitude, hearing at intervals the well-known sounds of the quarters of the Trinity clock, and also of St. Mary's. My God, I praise and bless Thee for Thine unspeakable mercy vouchsafed to me. Thou hast filled my soul with gladness and given me my heart's desire. Oh! how these sounds, the quarter hours, bring back feelings and associations in my mind, square quarter sheets of scribbling paper, terrors and fears of examinations, low spirits. Oh! Alma almissma Mater, how thou welcomest back thine unworthy sons and art no longer stern and severe, but wearest benign and pleasing smiles.

July 3rd. Woke very early, enjoyed every sound that occurred

* (15) Lord Seaton. Formerly Sir John Colborne.

in the quiet of these blessed rooms, the quarters both of St. Mary's and Trinity, then the chapel bell, then the whetting of the scythe and its sighing sweep over the daisied grass plots. At length heard steps in the sitting-room, looked out and welcomed Griffin, a friend not changed, some hearty shakes and cordial talk. Oh! blessed is the day that I am able again to visit these sacred spots. How I enjoyed the shape of the millioned partitions of the window this morning. At half-past eight, breakfasted with a number at Mr. Carus' rooms, the same as ever, the same yearning feelings of happiness and gratefulness at seeing everything again. Went to Mr. Kingdom's rooms—Fellow of Sidney—to Mr. Harris'—not at home. Lounged at *Deighton's and Johnson's. At three, walked with Griffin through Downing. Dined in hall at Bachelor's Table, silver cups, enjoyed the old spot, gazed round with intense gratification. Went to Lane's rooms, kept chapel which is renovated, a new organ, painting gone, candlesticks on table.

July 4th. At 11, went to the Senate House, the magnificent building very full, paid certain fees and signed certain declarations, recognized many faces, but etiquette denied an address, however much my inclination desired one. Went to the library and claimed my privilege and got out some books. Bought some scribbling paper. At two went again to the Senate House where, after certain Doctors of Divinity, etc., had assembled, we were led up in our Bachelor's gowns, hoods and bands, took the oath, and after being presented by our respective college Fathers, knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Totham, a splendid looking man, Master of St. John's, and were admitted "Artium Magistros"—how solemnly grateful I felt at that moment. God was answering my prayers.

July 6th. Sunday. Went to St. Mary's, where Dr. Jones preached, organ fine as usual, everything most familiar. St. Mary's lit with gas. Waived my right to sit in the pit as an M.A., sat in the old place, recognized many faces. At three went to Christ's Church, Banwell, and preached for Lane; pretty church, inscription around the gallery, back to chapel, sat amongst the Fellows in the highest place, enjoyed the new organ; anthem was "Oh, Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness." Dined at Lane's rooms with Hickman and Ellis, then rambled through the fields. Was overtaken by Griffin and enjoyed a most pleasant discourse, strolled along recalling a thousand reminiscences.

July 7th. The long-looked for day. Went at half-past seven to

* Deightons & Johnsons, booksellers, Cambridge.

the Senate House in Master's hood, bands and cap; took the oath and was seated by the Senior Proctor. Was asked *the question*. A large number present, all in good spirits. At half-past ten breakfasted with Lane, meeting Mason, Dack, Hickman and many others, afterwards went again to the Senate House, where there was a large assemblage to hear the Recitations and see the distribution of Medals. I am now a full and complete Master of Arts. My object is accomplished. Visited the library and secured some books. Went into the new library. At a quarter-past eight dined at the Fellow's Table in Hall, a grand entertainment, drank from the venerable silver cups, everyone seemed happy. Goulbourn and many strangers were present. After dessert walked with Griffin through the walks and through the Fellows' Gardens—beauteous spots—and around by Queen's to his father's, where I met Brunel. Spent a pleasant evening. I believe I shall have been duly remembered to-day by friends in Toronto. It has been a day much to be commemorated by me.

July 8th. Visited Johnson's, read the debate on the Clergy Reserves in the Lower House, very enlightened and conciliatory though not in accordance with my own views. Visited the Library of St. John's. "O Antiqua et Religiosa Bibliothecæ"—dark with age; obtained hints from the librarian as to method. Saw Dr. Wood's bequest of books—then examined the gallery of portraits, etc., in the Master's Lodge. Saw and sat in King Charles' chair. Next with Hickman down the Trumpington Road, called on Mr. Hind, on Mrs. H. Harris and on Mr. Geo. Harris at Leighs, a sweet place. Went to rooms and wrote for a while, then to Hall, dined at the Fellows' Table. Took wine and tea at Mr. Bushby's, meeting Griffin, etc., a pleasant party.

July 10th. At nine bade adieu with very solemn feeling to St. John's and to Cambridge. By Beehive through Royston, Ware, Edmonton, etc., London at half-past three. Found letters at Dick's from the Bishop of London, Mr. and Mrs. Packington, enclosing the Archbishop of Canterbury's note.

July 12th. Afternoon, went to St. Paul's, was just in time—it was very full. The sermon took place immediately after the Anthem and was preached by the famous Dr. Sydney Smith on "Honor thy father and thy mother," an exceedingly striking, searching, pathetic and useful discourse. I felt its point very deeply, and the people were very attentive. A fine looking gray-headed old man preached in surplice and Oxford Hood. Said "Father" broad and "ye" for "you." Again not the bidding prayer after the sermon.

July 13th. Fine morning, went on omnibus to High Park Corner, and then walked down to Chester Square and called on Lord and Lady Seaton, found both at home and all the family, including my old friends, Edmund and Graham. Walked with Edmund, afterwards dined with them all. Lord Seaton just going to the House and intended to speak. The Union Bill expected to pass to-night. Walked with Edmund to the House of Commons, sent note to Mr. Colborne, who gave us an order for admission to the gallery, some business relative to Cracow and Poland going on; Sir Stratford Canning speaking, saw Lord John Russel, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Dudley Somerset, Hume, etc.

July 14th. While at breakfast in walked, to my great delight, Edmund and Graham Colborne, who had walked from the West End to see me. After breakfast walked up with them, met Lukin Robinson, Robert Crooks. The Union Bill passed the House of Lords last night.

July 15th. At half past three set off in the Vivid for Honiton, was driven across the Vauxhall Bridge to Nine Elms Railway Station for Southampton, passed through Hampton, had fine view of Winchester Flats, evidently marshes drained by immeasurable cuts, wheat being out in some places, several tunnels—most terrific rate, seventy-six miles in little more than three hours, had good glimpse of Southampton and Southampton Water. Then off on the Coach bound for Exeter, through the new forest to Ringwood.

July 16th. At a quarter past eight in Honiton, through Dorchester and Axminster enjoyed intensely the sweet vale, the foxgloves, the heath, the dog-roses and pretty gardens, the dialect flying from the lips by the wayside, admired the new church. At Golden Inn, everything in statu quo—the same waiter, the same pictures on the walls. Sweet pinks and carnations in the windows. After breakfast took fly and set off for Wolford, a most beautiful morning, every portion of the road teeming with old recollections and associations. I blessed every object I saw. Oh! the sweet, rich straw-colored honeysuckles hanging out from every hedge—the foxgloves towering over the luxuriant ferns, upon the high sheltering hills, the broad sweet vale to the right, the nestling roofs, at length the dark fir plantations—and then the furze bordered road, and then the wide gates, and at last the circular ends of Wolford opening through the trees looking unaltered and most familiar, men making hay in the field. Only Miss Caroline Simcoe at home—the house being painted. All things in the interior looking so quiet and unaltered. Again in the room I

used to occupy, feeling the old associations coming over me as I used to feel when here before, a degree of solemnity mingled with happiness. Evening, Miss Katharine returned in post chaise from Pines. Visited the Chapel which has been much beautified and improved.

July 17th. Feeling most happy and thankful and looking with emotion upon every object. Rode through Dunkeswell with Henry over to Clayghdon on to Pitminster over the hills, through Bladon. Evening, returned by Taunton Road to Wolford.

July 18th. Gloomy without and looking like rain, enjoyed myself within, but very cold and chilly. After dinner rode to Clayghdon again, Mr. Clark at home and his brother, also a clergyman, made arrangements for to-morrow and returned. Arrived at nine o'clock at Wolford, Miss Katharine carving oak. Had letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury yesterday.

July 19th. Sunday, rode to church, preached in the church of my childhood in the pulpit which I used to reverence, a large congregation, all very still and fixedly attentive, a moment that will be remembered long. After service went to the school until the afternoon service, when I read. Rode to Wolford in the wet.

July 21st. Went to Mr. Coplestone's, where I had lunch and had long conversation and was introduced to the Bishop of Llandaff, who was staying with his brother, much gratified with my interview. Immediately after dinner Mrs. Simcoe and Miss Simcoe arrived from Penheale, bringing with them Henry expressly to see me and to return with me, a pleasure this which was indescribably great, so unexpected. I was most gratified, he has grown quite a young man, walked with him up and down the garden walks.

July 27th. Walked with Miss Simcoe and Henry, examined old maps of Canada, "Toronto, formerly an Indian village, now abandoned." After dinner left with Henry in pony carriage, then by "Coronet" to Exeter, sweet ride to old London Inn, found Miss Hake, Mrs. Hake, Mr. Hake and Mr. H., etc., etc.

July 28th. At half past six off for Launceston, reached at 12, very joyous ride. Took fly for Penheale, but half way up St. Stephen's hill met van coming for us with James. Exquisite sensation on approaching the familiar spot, met Mr. Simcoe, looking much as usual. At length the dear children behind the laurels and then at last Mrs. Simcoe herself. The children wonderfully grown and looking mysteriously strange, and yet familiar to my eyes. Visited very nearly all parts rambling, great changes, new gates, new walks, new islands in the fish pond, the Lime trees in blossom and swarming

with bees, the same routine, the same bells. Associations of joy and sadness rushing over me, the dear boys twining around me.

July 29th. The 29th of July again, and at Penheale too. This is sufficient commemoration of my twenty-seventh birthday, which I doubt not is remembered at home, a bright, warm summer day. Rambled with Mrs. Simcoe and several of the family to various woods and walks on the Penheale property. Dined in Bay Park, returned at three, wrote numerous letters to-day. Yesterday had letter from Mr. Cartwright, of Kingston, read Archdeacon Howard's letter on Cathedral Reformation.

July 30th. Fine and warm, amused myself at Penheale reading and working in the garden, examining the flowers. Evening, I preached in Egloskerry church.

July 31st. Very fine and warm. Went with Mrs. Simcoe to Trejean, Mr. Lethbridge not at home, read in the lecture room with Mrs. Simcoe and the children. After dinner to Badharlich to a new farm house, fine dining room.

August 2nd. Warm still and bright, an exquisite Sunday. Preached at Egloskerry. Church improved by the new East window, the Penheale pew newly varnished and a table put in it; a new vestry. Evening I read and Mr. Simcoe preached.

August 20th. Sky rather overcast, but still pleasant. At 12 o'clock left Penheale; a most painful separation from all. Was driven by James in the gig. While waiting for the Coach went into Launceston Church. The Communion table a white marble slab, the floor within the rail white and black marble, a chair on each side; high pulpit, of a wine-glass character, moved from side to centre, a most exquisite piece of art, carved with empty niches, the reading desk the old pulpit of N. Pethuwin. On the side door is painted: "Please to take off your patens." Before reaching Exeter, a dense wet fog; horn blowing; slept at New London, No. 25.

August 21st. At 7 went to Cathedral, after breakfast went over to Miss Hake's, at half past eleven set off for Torquay by mail coach, Passed Powerham Castle, saw Exmouth, passed through Dawlish, Tamworth, saw Babicomb Bay; an endless variety of the sweetest scenery that can be conceived, rich red earth, deep green foliage and fields, quiet, bright towns, villages, cottages, and farms embosomed in shady vales, grape vines, hydrangeas. At Torquay found Dr. Harris, walked round and over the town and neighborhood, conversed much about Canada.

August 22nd. Walked about again with Dr. Harris, saw Mrs.

Harris in her room (some difficulty in permitting me to get here). At 12 set off in the "Vivid" for Exeter, a delicious ride, towards end a slight rain. Just as I reached Exeter the coach started for London, went on it to Honiton, then took fly to Wolford, reached about 8, found myself expected, but Mrs. Simcoe not at home, but she arrived about an hour afterwards with Miss Simcoe and Miss Anne; fires lighted in great parlor. I slept in blue room.

August 24th. A brilliant, lovely, warm morning, rose early, looking out upon the clustering woods flooded with sunlight, the broad lawn and park sweeping down to the right, glistening with dew, distant rooks cawing, sweet pigeons uttering their plaintive cooing, everything looking the picture of peace and happiness. Had morning prayers in the Chapel, where a good congregation of worshippers assembled. At 12 set off with Mrs. and Miss Simcoe in carriage for Ottery, to call on the Bishop of Barbadoes. Found his Lordship and Mrs. Coleridge at home; felt very thankful and gratified; many preconceived notions swept away; a very pleasing person and very condescending; furnished me with some valuable information relative to Colonial Orders; room full of fine portraits, a bust. Went to the church and examined the beautiful structure, formerly a collegiate church; fine old carving; a sweet summer day. Clematis on the cottages and vines, red earth with white lime heaps, rich yellow grain of the sloping fields brightened up by the bright sun, the deep, heavy, dark foliated trees painted upon the beautiful surface, the dark shadows, the red cattle. Met Mr. Smythe of Deer Park. Went around through Buckerell to call on Lady Pattison, not at home; curious inscription over the doorway. Met Judge P. and son and Mr. Porter and Mrs. Porter, of Humber Fort; saw Feniton, where Lord Seaton is likely to be. Returned home from Humber; a most delightful excursion.

August 26th. At half-past six called by Bailey, luggage all carried down, no one up in the house, said my adieus last night, gazed my last at the great hall, the pictures, the busts and into the long room, the door of which was open, then up the long stone passage to the store room, where breakfast was waiting for me. This despatched, proceeded to the coach-house yard, where was the pony carriage; bade Bailey and Mr. Barrows, etc., goodbye and started, driven by Edward; a mist on the beautiful hills, but rolling off, everything appearing sad but lovely. Various fields tented over with shocks of corn. On reaching Honiton, the Forester drove up, on which I immediately, after writing a note to Mrs. H. A. Simcoe, mounted. The

sun shone out, went through Credroch, Charmouth, Budport, Dorchester; through beautiful and often very grand scenery, chalk hills with various Roman Forts and various ancient mounds, saw Winbourne, Minster and many fine churches, and the sea from the tops of the hills. At length we found ourselves in Ringwood and the New Forest; very pretty, a quantity of deer, the Isle of Wight in the distance. Southampton, on to the railway station; great bustle and hurry, and off at the sound of a bell. Trains full, the rate most amazing. Passed Winchester, Budover, etc., driven up by the "Vivid" and at last put down at Dick's Coffee House, where I verified almost the proverb that "you find the warmest welcome at an Inn," I mean I was instantly recognized and welcomed and found myself in a few moments perfectly at home.

August 27th. Walked about the hustling city, winding up my affairs. Accidentally met one of the Rowsell's of Toronto.

August 28th. Purchased Font, etc., sent books to Rowsell's. Saw Prince Albert going to Guild Hall to have Freedom of the City presented, and then to Mansion House; immense crowds and crush, splendid liveries and carved Mayor's Coach (then at Munjeam's); a fine day.

August 29th. Called on Mr. Shaw and found him, door opening of itself when bell rang. Went to Mrs. Shaw's, who is lodging close by. Saw Lieut. Shaw from India; looked at map of Canada, &c.

September 2nd. At 8 o'clock bade adieu to "Dick's Coffee House" In chariot cab for Euston Square, took place had luggage put up; entered car 43, place 22 and rushed to Liverpool. Most astounding journey, but we travelled along. Proceeded to the Hotel Adelphi, where I found Lukin Robinson in the Coffee room—an agreeable surprise.

September 4th. At 12 left the pier in high spirits; bade adieu. Lord and Lady Falkland and family and suite &c., are on board. Found Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, of the firm of Torrance & Co., Toronto.

September 16th. Rose early, found ourselves entering the harbour of Halifax. After breakfast a Guard of Honour of the 37th Regiment came down to escort Lord Falkland, &c.; a Royal salute fired. Lord Falkland's arrival unexpected, but the wharf was quickly thronged.

September 18th. Arrived at Boston, thus completing our journey in a little more than thirteen days. Took train in the afternoon for Stonyton, where we arrived at 9 p.m., and immediately embarked on

the "Rhode Island" for New York. Reached New York about three, and at five left in the "De Witt Clinton" for Albany.

September 20th. Reached Albany at 7 in the evening.

September 21st. Rose early and proceeded by "Fast Transit" to Schenectady, and from there by train on to Syracuse, where we arrived at 7 p.m. Took the Packet Boat and proceeded to Oswego, where I arrived at 6 a.m. the morning of the 22nd. At 7 we reached Cobourg, and shortly after, Port Hope. I now trust to be in Toronto to-morrow morning when I wake.

September 24th. Awoke and found all still, leapt down from my berth and looked out at the stern windows and saw the silvery surface of the Bay and the distant Island lying along upon its bosom, and soon I heard the familiar sound of the City bell ringing for six o'clock. Quickly put my luggage in a cart, set off to the College, where I walked in high spirits, the grounds looking a beautiful welcome, my flower garden in perfect order and gay with autumnal colours. Everything in my house most neat and clean. Sank into my old arm chair, and luxuriated in indescribable feelings of delight and thankfulness. During the day was welcomed home by many friends.

October 1st. College opened.

October 14th. Dined at Mr. H. J. Boulton's. Met the Principal, Sir Allan MacNab, Judge Jones, &c., &c.

October 16th. Dined with the Chief Justice, meeting the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Allan MacNab, Dr. Rolph, Mr. Joseph, &c.

October 24th. Called at Mr. J. S. Baldwin's and saw Dr. O'Brien. Old Mrs. Ridout buried to-day.

November 2nd. Smoky Indian summer weather.

1841.

January 21st. Had my evening party of old College Alumni—George Wells, A. Strachan, J. and W. Jarvis, two Hewards, Fitzgibbon, G. Powell, Breakenridge, C. Foster, J. Cameron, G. Philpotts; everything went merrily off.

January 22nd. Dined at Mr. Justice Macaulay's; met Judge and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Braham, Mr. Younghusband, and several officers.

February 1st. Received most distressing intelligence of the death of Mrs. H. A. Simcoe.

February 10th. The "deed is done"; the two Canadas are re-

united. A royal salute has just been firing announcing the fact, striking dismay into thousands of hearts. I fear this will prove a woeful day in our history, but God grant it may not.

March 15th. Elections commenced; Messrs. Dunn, Buchanan, Sherwood and Munroe the candidates.

March 18th. Went into prayers, when another holiday was announced in consequence of Sir George Arthur's departure. Sir George passed down through the town without much notice being taken of him. The town in great commotion in consequence of the elections.

March 22nd. Collision between the election parties; one man killed, several wounded.

April 13th. Spent pleasant evening at Mr. Baldwin's; Grasett and several others there. Had letters from Wolford.

April 23rd. St. George's Day, holiday; preached to the Societies. In the evening dined at City Hotel, sat between I. Buchanan, M.P., and Mr. Sprague, and near Loring and the Vice-Chancellor, which was pleasant.

April 24th. A sweet summer day. "*Declaratione facta*" accepted.

May 1st. Married at 8 a.m., Mr. Wilson * and Miss Dalton. A fine, bright day; grass green.

May 16th. Bright, glorious summer day. Morning I preached, evening, Grasett. Between the services I stood Godfather to Arthur Henry, † son of Mr. John Spread Baldwin. Bishop arrived to-day, consecrating the church at Weston.

The 34th band played for the last time.

May 22nd. The 34th took their departure, the steamer resounding with cheers and martial music.

July 23rd. Dined at Mr. Justice Jones'. Had long conversation with Mr. Kent, Editor of "The Church."

August 11th. College closed to-day for seven weeks. Rain poured down most unpropitiously. However, all were happy.

August 13th. Mental ups and downs. Everything arranged most happily, when it was discovered that no licenses were to be had in the town. Rode 18 miles to Richmond Hill and back to procure one. Mr. Parsons kindly accompanying me from Thornhill.

August 14th. Was married by the Bishop. The day glorious and brightly propitious. The church was crowded. Dr. McCaul escorted

* (28) Mr. Wilson. Afterwards Sir Adam Wilson.

† (28) Arthur Henry Baldwin. The late Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Rector of All Saints' Church, Toronto.

me down, Mr. Matthews acting as best man. *Dejeuner* at Mr. Baldwin's—Bishop and the rest present. At 2 o'clock left Toronto in the "Britannica" for Hamilton. Lake smooth as far as Oakville, then rough. Burlington Bay again smooth. Went to Burley's, found the house in bad condition, having just exchanged possessors. Left it much improved by our directions and advice.

August 17th. Set off early from Hamilton in the "Queen Victoria," on board of which was the band of Colonel Kingsmill's Regiment, giving additional zest to the pleasures of the sail by their music. River particularly beautiful. Landed at Queenston, saw the Riven Monument; proceeded to the "Clifton" at the Falls in a stage. Here we remained, enjoying ourselves by investigating the extraordinary beauties of the spot for a week. Walked once through the woods to the whirlpool. We went by stage to Chippewa, thence by steamer to Buffalo, passing Navy Island and Schlosser's &c., and amused by our fellow passengers. At Buffalo we stayed a week at the "American," thronged with strangers. Dr. Shelton very kind and attentive; Captain Trescott, also. Returned to the Falls, stayed a short time at the "Cataract," visited Goat Island, &c., &c. Saw General Scott. Was introduced at Buffalo to a good many strangers of note. Proceeded to Lewiston, and from there to Toronto.

Since this date many happy months have passed. After our appearance at church our house was thronged for many days as though a levee were being held in it.

The Christmas examinations have passed. New Year's Day was energetically observed as usual, but such a succession of happy moments have been mine that I find I have neglected my journal, and I re-commence it with the auspicious visit of Sir Charles Bagot to Toronto on April 21st, 1842.

1842.

April 22nd. Levee at Government House, which has been temporarily furnished by contributions of furniture, &c., from several persons. Went with the College. In the evening a grand ball.

April 23rd. St. George's Day. Having preached to the Societies, afterwards went with the procession to King's College grounds and witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of King's College, conducted with all possible solemnity. *Dejeuner* given by Principal and masters afterwards—old pupils joined the table. In the evening St.

George's Society Dinner. This whole day one of the most completely and supremely happy of one's life.

April 28th. Diocesan Church Society formed; met in the City Hall, numerous speakers; evening, soiree at the Bishop's.

May 4th. Attended meeting of the central branch of the Diocesan Society. Received five letters from England—one from Mrs. Simcoe, Sr. Dear Johnny going out as a midshipman in the "Agin-court," to China.

May 5th. Bright, beautiful day, leaves appearing rapidly. Called on Mr. Dickens (Boz) and his lady at the North American, and had long conversation—neither very distingue in appearance, and quite unaffected. They are on their way to Montreal and Quebec, then to New York, and so home by sailing vessel.

June 1st. The honourable name of father became mine.

August 7th. The christening after the evening service of our little daughter. She was christened Henrietta Melicent—Mrs. Cosens and Louisa Baldwin God-mothers, and W. A. Baldwin, God-father. Robert Baldwin, Mr. John Spread Baldwin, &c., present. Mr. Bartlett officiated—six others baptised.

August 14th. Anniversary of our marriage.

August 15th. Set off by the "Transit" for the Falls. Some of the Chief Justice's family on board, Elliott Grasett, also. Beautiful sail across the lake and up the river. From Queenston to the "Clifton" by the railroad over beautiful valley. Found many visitors at the "Clifton."

September 3rd. Letter announcing the death of Miss Charlotte Simcoe.

September 22nd. College re-opened; cold, fires necessary.

September 30th. Spent pleasant evening at Dr. McCaul's. Mr. Braham* and his son sang several songs.

October 12th. Evening, went to concert. Mr. Braham and his son sang selections from celebrated Oratorios; in aid of the House of Industry. Very large attendance; 83rd Band there.

October 13th. Whole holiday in consequence of the birth of a son to the Principal. Lovely day, leaves changing their colours.

October 25th. Grasett arrived from England in the "Princess Royal" at 6 o'clock in the evening. Negro wedding.

October 27th. My two parcels arrived from England, containing books, &c.—great treat.

* (31) Mr. Braham. John Braham, of England, tenor singer and musical composer. Born 1774; died 1856.

November 20th. Stood God-father to Robert Russell Baldwin son of Mr. W. A. Baldwin. Mr. R. Baldwin and Mrs. Hayden the other sponsors.

December 11th. College broke up yesterday week on account of scarlatina, until January 4th.

1843.

March 2nd. Shrove Tuesday. Half holiday. Dr. Beaven, Professor of Divinity, spent the evening with us.

March 10th. Rain at 4. Scarcely intended to go out, when suddenly determined to do so. Called at Mr. Baldwin's * to inquire after him—found him worse. Doctors Widmer, King, Primrose and Shortt present, and a few moments after my arrival announced the case hopeless. Stood by until he calmly breathed his last.

March 20th. Dr. McCaul left the College as Principal.

March 22nd. Presented our farewell address to Dr. McCaul.

March 26th. Morning Dr. Beaven preached for the church next the toll gate; collection £60.

April 17th. Baptised Mr. Beaumont's child Charlotte.

June 28th. Received a communication from Kingston, appointing me one of the school examiners of the City of Toronto.

June 29th. Attended the Board for the first time, and was put upon a committee to determine upon plans and systems.

July 5th. Had letter from Penheale, brought by Great Western; cost me 5/7½.

July 20th. Witnessed the laying of the corner stone of Trinity Church by the Bishop; exquisite day.

July 29th. Lukin Robinson called on his return from England.

August 10th. Set off with Harriet and Louisa Baldwin for the Falls. Had delightful sail across and enjoyed the journey, but the next day Harriet taken ill and there we had to remain for two weeks all but one day, when we were able to carry her down stairs and got her into a carriage; returned home in the "Transit" on the 24th.

September 12th. Governor-General Sir Charles Metcalfe arrived in Toronto from Kingston by land about 6 o'clock; great crowds, carriages, dragoons, &c., &c. Lodges at Mrs. Ellis' Coffee House—a very plain old gentleman. Saw Hagarty's marriage in "The Patriot" to-day.

September 24th. Sunday. The Bishop kindly preached for me. I

* (32) John Spread Baldwin, his wife's father.

did not go to church all day from Harriet being in such a precarious state. The prayers of the Church were requested for her; stayed up with her.

September 26th. On this sad day the episode of my life, which on the 14th of August of 1841 had opened so auspiciously, and continued for two years so happily, was brought to a painful close—my dearest Harriet, my earthly all in all, was taken away from this earth. On the 28th of September she was laid by the father whom she so dearly loved, at St. Martin's Road, Spadina.

November 5th. In administering the cup to-day the recollection of the sweet face of my dear departed Harriet suddenly recurred to me and quite unmanned me. Oh with what a holy feeling of love had I from time to time presented to her the sacred emblems of Christ's Body and Blood. With what a pure and yearning sincerity used I to pray—"The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Yea, truly, "I know in whom I have believed and that Thou art able to keep that which I have committed unto Thee, even unto that day"—Then wilt Thou restore again that treasure to me, when Thy saved ones shall be as the angels in heaven, Amen, Amen.

November 20th. A holiday. We assembled in the great room. Dr. McCaul took the chair, made a speech slightly laudatory of Mr. Barron and then vacated the seat, which Mr. Barron took and made a short speech. The Bishop, Chief Justice, &c., &c., were present.

1844.

January 1st. A beautifully bright, cheerful day—roads dry and good. Paid no visits; remained at Mrs. J. S. Baldwin's.

February 14th. Trinity Church opened; congregation large, 500. Bishop preached a noble sermon. The days becoming long, the sun strong, and everything quite spring-like.

My father was made the first rector of Holy Trinity Church in Toronto, on October the 27th, 1847. He was quite early appointed Chaplain to Bishop Strachan, and accompanied him on his far-off tours of visitation. I remember hearing him speak of journeying on Lake Superior in a canoe, and of the Indians making a fire on shore, and cooking fish for them very deliciously. In 1852 he re-visited England, taking his degree of D.D. Cantab.

In 1862 he retired from the College and took up his abode in the

quaint home which he built for himself in Trinity Square. There he wrote his "Toronto of Old" and many historical papers of interest. He was made a Canon of St. James Cathedral in the year 1867. From 1870-1876 he was President of the Canadian Institute, and was the first President of the York Pioneers.

In 1875 he resigned as incumbent of Holy Trinity, though frequently assisting in the services, and to the end of his days was a constant worshipper in the old church. The partial loss of his sight for some years before his death was a sore trial, but was borne by him with great patience and gentleness—always so grateful to those who assisted him.

He passed away in his home, which he bequeathed to the Parish of Holy Trinity, on the 6th of May, 1901, in his 88th year beloved by all who knew him.

H. M. SULLIVAN.

March 16th, 1911.

Letter from Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian, Public Library, Toronto, in response to Mrs. Sullivan's enquiries.

MRS. R. SULLIVAN,
20 Prince Arthur Ave.,
Toronto.

Dear Madam,—I give below the information asked for by you.

Bishop Strachan was Archdeacon of York in 1827. (Mockridge. The Bishops of Canada, page 84.)

Alexander Neil Bethune, Dr. Strachan's pupil. Appointed Chaplain to Dr. Strachan in 1839, when Diocese of Toronto was formed. He was second Bishop of Toronto. (Mockridge, Bishops of Canada, p. 232.) Affair at Prescott, 1838, was Battle of the Windmill, on the 16th November. (Dent, Rebellin of 1837, Vol. 2, page 257.)

Wm. Hepburn was one of the Commissioners appointed to administer the oath to members on the opening of the 1st Parliament at Kingston in 1841. (Only mention found.)

Hon. Wm. H. Draper was Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in 1838.

Mr. Barron was Principal of Upper Canada College from 1843-1856. Was not Principal in 1838.

We can find no mention of the Six Mile Church, but think it

must be the church at York Mills, mentioned in "Toronto of Old," of which Mr. Sanson was in charge.

The only Mr. Mackenzie whom we can find likely to be in Toronto in 1839 was Kenneth Mackenzie, afterwards Judge. A short sketch of him is to be found in Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. 4, page 133.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. LOCKE.

