

Osgoode Township

Historical Society & Museum

at the
Old Vernon School

Newsletter

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As I start to write this column, it is beginning to feel as if Old Man Winter is just around the corner. I hope he doesn't sneak up too quickly upon us.

Here at the museum it has been a rewarding year, as a great many people passed through our doorway.

One of our highlights was a group of about 60 people related to the Iveson family, originally of Metcalfe. The Ivesons were very instrumental in the developments of many projects within the Township of Osgoode. Some came from as far away as England and many parts of the U.S.A. I was honoured to be part of the welcoming committee. Besides a generous donation to our society, a Walton key wound watch of great vintage was also presented to us. We will be proud to display it.

I would like to extend a special thank you to members Lorne Craig and Bill Zandbelt for their antique exhibits at Metcalfe Fair.

On Armistice Day a very dedicated crowd paid tribute at our cenotaph to those who paid the supreme sacrifice in the two World Wars and Korea. A salute of gratitude to the members of the Osgoode Legion for their leadership.

As I close this letter, may Christmas bring friends to your fireplace, peace to your pathway and good health throughout the New Year.

Murray Little

OSGOODE TRAVEL - AN 1839 TOUR

The Rev. William BELL came out to Perth, Canada, in 1817, as a Church of Scotland Minister to the many from his homeland who were immigrating here during the depression following the end of the 25-year-long French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars. Mr. Bell kept a journal of his travels over his extensive pastorate, the area within a radius of 50 miles from Perth. The Journals covered events for 40 years 1817 - 1857. It is through the courtesy of Miss McDiarmid, former Archivist at the Kathleen Ryan Archives, Queen's University and the Queen's University Archives, that the following information is here.

DAY 1 On Tuesday I set out for Osgoode. Mr. Callender (North Gower) went some distance to show me the way. Three miles of tolerable road brought me to the Rideau River (Kars) up the bank of which I travelled two miles to Mr Garlicks, where I was ferried across the river on a cedar raft. The river, or canal as it is now called, is here about a quarter of a mile wide and raised about six feet above its natural level. I was now in the township of Osgoode, (near the "Light House") but could get no information of Mr. (Daniel) Cameron, the post master, to whose house I was directed. I travelled in a narrow path

over very rough ground, and in some places very soft, about three miles before I came to any clearing (near Reids' Mills). Then I went, by a zigzag path, from one clearing to another, two miles further, till I came to what people called the main road. This I expected would be a good road, but it was anything but that. It was indeed the worst I had ever travelled.

The land was good, and no cedar swamp here seen (Belmead area). But in this country when the land is best, the roads are worst. A Mrs Arch'd Campbell (lot 42 con 5) at whose house I called to get directions invited me to remain all night, but having been directed to that of the post master, Mr. Cameron, I went on to it, (lot 22 con 6) tho' it turned out to be two miles beyond the church (at Springhill). But post offices in this country are sometimes queer places. I found this to be merely a shanty in the wood, about a quarter of a mile from the public road (south of Metcalfe Corner). At this place I arrived a little after sunset and met with a very kind reception, and hospitable entertainment, from Mr Cameron and his family (of 8). I was very tired and after this wearisome day's ride, and no doubt my horse was more so, for, besides the length of the way, he had to wade for half a mile at a time, in black mud up to the belly and get fly bitten.

DAY 2 Next day the preaching was to begin at 12, and a little before that hour I went to the church with two of the managers. The people were pouring in from all quarters, some on horse and some on foot. I little expected to see so large a congregation in a place so thinly inhabited. The church was crowded and I preached to the congregation very comfortably and baptized one child (McNeil). The people own 200 acres of good land which they purchased for a glebe, for their minister when they get one. Some of the people being from Beckwith and other parts of Perth settlement, I knew many, recognizing others after the congregation was dismissed.

Having promised to remain at Mr Campbells that night, I retired to that place and had much conversation with him and his family, on religious subjects. About sun set, two men came from Mr McPhails, the Baptist preacher, to invite me to a prayer meeting, at a house about a half mile distant (perhaps Arch'd Fisher's). I went and was invited to take part in the exercises of the evening.

DAY 3 The next morning, Mr McPhail came over, by invitation, to breakfast with me. I found him a warm and sensible young man. A Mr (John) Ferguson, one of the Baptists, being going my way, we travelled together a mile, to his home (lot 42 con 3 - Allan's) and he afterwards sent one of his sons to show me through the woods, the nearest way to the ferry. I crossed the river on the raft as before, at 12 and proceeded on to a friend's house, Mr Thompson, five miles further. Here I dined, and rested myself and horse, an hour at least. I reached Richmond before sun set, drank tea, and had my horse fed, at Mr Malloch's and proceeded on to Mr (Moses) Gordon's,

where, as usual, I met with kind reception, and spent the evening comfortably. (Moses Gordon later lived at Dalmeny).

DAY 4 Next morning, Mr. Gordon accompanied me as far as Beckwith, and at 4 I reached home, very tired, but thankful that I had been favoured with fine weather, good roads, no serious accident, and enjoyed the care and protection of Divine Providence, so that no accident had happened. Finding all well at home, I felt additional cause for gratitude to God of all my mercies. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Here I found a letter from Mr Gall (?), urging me again to come up and supply some of the vacant congregations.

Rev WILLIAM BELL, SEPT 1839 (pages 10-13)

* The log church had been built at Springhill in 1838. The Presbyterian folk had to wait until 1846 to find a bilingual minister who could speak both Gaelic and English. The small Baptist group, 46 in number, had been organized in July previous to Mr Bell's visit. Note the care he took in inserting commas in his writings.

** Because of the great amount of swampy lands in Osgoode, it was necessary to travel an extra 10 miles to get from North Gower to Metcalfe corner. His route took him within a half mile of Mountain Township.

submitted by Elizabeth Stuart



Metcalfe

Taken from Winchester Press - Nov 2, 1911 issue

Mr. Wm Higgins of Cobalt is home on visit.

Miss Phillips of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs Robinson.

Mrs McGregor visited friends in Ottawa recently.

Miss Naddo spent Thanksgiving at her home in Morewood.

Mr John York of Ottawa spent last week with relatives here.

Miss J Campbell of Ormond spent Friday with Mrs S.S. Latimer.

Mrs (Rev) Torrens is confined to her home with an attack of typhoid fever.

Mr Edgar Good of Kemptville spent over Thanksgiving at his mother's here.

Mrs Saide Cowan of New York visited her sister, Mrs (Dr) Murphy last weeks.

Mrs J Haines and niece, Miss Mildred Kennedy, visited friends in Ottawa last week.

The young folk of this village enjoyed an "at home" in Simpson's hall on Friday evening.

Mr Siguin has erected a new kitchen to his dwelling and is also renovating the exterior of it.

Mr and Mrs J.E. Kyle of Russell and daughter Dorothy visited at Mr E Whiteside's last week.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed at the morning service on Sunday, Oct 22nd in the Presbyterian church.

Mrs (Rev) Hindston and children of Toronto spent the last two weeks with the former's parents, Mr and Mrs Frank Iveson, here.

Among those who spent Thanksgiving were Miss Daisy McGregor and Miss Annie Mullens of Ottawa, and Miss Eva Rolston of Morrisburg.

Rev Mr McDonald of Ramsayville conducted the annual service in connection with the W.F.M.S. Thank offering meeting in the Presbyterian Church on Monday evening.

Prof. Jones left this week for Ottawa where he has a position as violinist in the orchestra at the Family Theatre. Mrs Jones who is ill at present with her parents at Springhill.

Messrs J Haines, E Whiteside and S.S Latimer of Metcalfe and Rev. R Whiteside of Kemptville, left this week to join a party from Renfrew on their annual hunt near Folger Station.

Miss Minnie Rolson has given up her duties as teacher in the junior department of the Public School here and has gone to Kingston Hospital to train for a nurse. Mr Kenneth Waddell will take charge of the school.

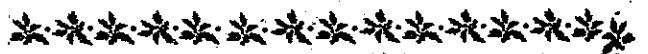
compiled by Donna Bowen

MUSEUM NOTES

* Memberships for 1997 are now available. If you haven't already done so, now is the time to sign up for yours, to continue receiving your Newsletter.

* Winter opening hours are Thursday to Saturday, 11:00 p.m to 5:00 p.m.

* The Annual General Meeting of the Osgoode Township Historical Society is scheduled for Feb. 4, 1997. Be on hand to hear yearly reports and vote on directors and offices for the coming year.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The letters below were donated by Neil McDonell of White Plains, N.Y. Neil is a direct descendant of Archibald and Catherine McDonell, through his great grandfather Charles Foster McDonell, born at Metcalfe in 1832.

As a young man Charles moved to Kentucky and many of the letters were written to him by his sister Susan (McDonell) McKay, who with her husband Hugh lived with her brother Allen's family on Lot 25 con 7, now the home of Mac Morris. In 1895 Susan and Hugh moved to the Wm Doctor property and lived in the brick house behind the town hall. In one of her letters she described the property and the village as it appeared in 1895.

The letters were transcribed by Patti Mitton and historical research involving the McKay connection was done by Donna Bowen.

April 16th, 1944

Dear Cousin Malcolm (MacDonell, Covington, Ky);

Jimmie MacDonell at Lime Ohio recently wrote to me asking for some data on the MacDonell family. It seems that in moving to his Mother's old home, and the process of discarding a lot of accumulations to the trash pile, all the data that his Mother had spent years in assembling are lost. She had a photograph and the complete history of every MacDonell that she thought might be a kin in some degree.

I am sending Jimmie the Carleton County Atlas, that is very complete in the history of Osgoode, where our family was very active in affairs during the pioneer days.

I made a condensed and brief copy of some of the high points regarding the Township of Osgoode, where our Grandfather Archibald MacDonell first settled. I thought you and Edwin might be interested in this data and that your information about your early ancestors might not be 100%.

My Mother kept in good order many articles that are now interesting, both as history and antiques; a violin that dates back to 1700, it came down to me from Uncle Allan, who had kept during his life, which his father (Col Archibald MacD) had done before he became custodian. She also kept in excellent condition two Deeds for tracts of land that Father and Uncle Alex bought in 1832 - the old homestead; an old Indian gun, that an Indian Chief gave to Father when he was a boy; Grandfather Col Archibald stood in well with all the Indians at that time - I can see where it was good policy to do so, to keep from being scalped. That early bunch of MacDonells were decidedly Scotch as my father could not speak a word of English until he was eight years old - it was all Gaelic.

We hope that Edwin has completely recovered from his operation and that he has had no serious aftermath trouble.

Ed is getting along very well - he is well taken care of, and he makes no effort to do anything - not even exercise- he eats well and sleeps well, so he ought to live a number of years - he will be 83 years old on the 22nd of April. I hope all the MacDonells are well in your circle - please remember us to all. I am feeling much better this spring than any time since I came to Florida.

Kindest regards and best wishes to all.

Yours very sincerely

A.D. MacDonell (Winter Haven Florida)

Metcalfe, May 30th 1878

My Dear Brother

You will no doubt think me dilatory in replying to your kind letter.

I have been down at Vankleek Hill visiting and did not receive your letter until I came home the day before yesterday.

What a providential escape you had from being

blown up. I trust your hand is quite better.

I feel sorry to hear you say you purpose making your prominent home out there - it seems so far from us all - it will make it harder for us to visit often if indeed we ever do; you promise to come and see us. I do hope you will come this sumer (sic). It is a long time since we have met and there has been so many changes and no doubt we are all changed in looks - although they tell me I do not change much. I know I am much thinner and Janie has got to be such a great stout woman, I can scarcely think she is the same person. Baker still continues to be the Member for this county. Allen looks well but poor George I think will not live long. He has been sick ever since we returned from the States. He is in the decline. Alix and Duncan (are) old men now. Alix has aged very fast since his wife died. We have not heard from Pages since the time Margaret died. They are in Indiana. Tis strange they do not write. You say, dear Charles, you like the place and some of the persons out there. I am glad to hear you say that - and do not be displeased with me Charles, nor think me medlesome (sic) but I would like to see you settled again in a home of your own. You know what.....

Metcalfe, Thursday May 8th, 1891

My dear Brother

You will no doubt think.... your letter was not....We have had quite a time with sickness. I seldom have to give up and keep my room, but I did this spring. I am quite better now, and am house cleaning. Emili An(?)...Allen(?)...keeping(?) very sick. A bad cold and having the asthma so bad, he suffers so much. I do hope the warm weather will make a change i him. We were all so sorry to hear that you and Baby Cherly were so ill. I hope you both are quite well again. It is so hard that you are so far away, we cannot go to see you. Now I wish you would come this summer. Do try and come to see us, and bring Sister Mattie and children. We will all be so delighted to see them. I received Mattie's letter and was quite pleased to get it, and will write her in a few days. Dear Charles how much I would have to say if I were only speaking to you, so many things to tell you that I cannot put all on paper. So I must content myself to wait until I see you and I trust that we will soon see you. I have four letters to write this evening to the absent friends, one to Fannie, one to ...John's daughter Susie, one to Dan's daughter. So you see except poor Allen and he suffers so from Asthma when he takes cold.

Now dear Brother and Sister, I think I must conclude. Please excuse my writing with pencil. I use this...I can write more rappid (sic).

Hugh and Allen joins me in kind love to you, Mattie and the Boys. Write soon to your Ever loving Sister Sue. Allen will write you shortly.

Metcalfe, Oct 31st/94

My Dear Brother,

I received your letter in due time and am grieved to hear your health is so poor. I hope your Doctors exaggerate. I should have replied (sic) sooner. I am trying to get the twenty-five dollars for you. I have not got it myself, but have asked a person to lend it to me on interest. He said he could give it to me after a while and would let me know when he would have money on hand. I served the Executors with a suit of settlement that cost 20 dollars and this is a hard time to get money in this place. This year the storms destroyed all the grain on the farms round here. We must not complain. We do not want for anything but money and we have our Health. Are you trying any remedies for your complaint. I want you to try Dr William's Pink Pills. You can get them in your city I am shure (sic). I am confident they will help you or cure you, I hope, if you go strictly by the Directions. I have more confidence in them than in some of the Doctors. Dear

Charles, I will not write a long letter this time. Hope to write soon again. Hoping you are better; write soon.
Hugh joins me in kind love to you, Mattie and the Boys.
Your ever loving Sister, S.E. McKay.

Mrs Charles McDonell
60 Pleasant St.
Covington, Kentucky

Metcalfe, Ontario
April 22, '95

My dear Mrs. McDonell

Imagine my surprise when your telegram reached its destination bearing the sad intelligence of poor Charles death. Words cannot express on paper how deeply I sympathize in you sad bereavement. I well know that God will give you strength to bear your loss and Cross for your Children's benefit and Happiness for the future. I was not aware poor Charles was in such a critical condition, Sister Susan always informed us about his illness, but never thought he was so dangerous until I read a letter from his devoted Pastor. I trust that he is at rest. I would love to have one of Charles' photo if you will kindly remember me with one, Mrs MacDonell. Won't you try and make an effort to come and visit us all. We would be delighted to have you and see your children. And who knows but in the near future you will visit us.

Well you must know who is writing this letter, perhaps Charles has spoken (of) his brother Duncan - I am his wife. We live opposite, right across the road from Susan and Allen. I think my son Alex wrote to Charles some time ago. I hope that you will soon be able to write me soon and give me full details etc. I will now close.

Hoping that you will not fret too much for remember you must live to comfort your children. I've passed through the sad ordeal six years ago myself. I well know how to feel for other friends.

Your most affectionate Sister, Isabel

Metcalfe, Monday July 9, 1895

My Dear Sister

You will no doubt think I have forgotten you quite, not writing sooner. I have been very busy and keep no girl this summer. I have a little girl twelve years old. She is not much help. I send her to school. This is vacation now, so that I must teach her to work a little and purpose doing without a girl this summer. It is so hard to get help here and wages very high. We are going to move the first of October. We bought a Place, it is very nicely situated, a Brick House and 90 acres of land; the Village is mostly built on the place. The House is in the Village and yet we have quite a little farm to cultivate. I hope Dear Mattie you will come and see us as soon as you can. You know I have no family of my own. I want to see you and the Boys so much.

Are you quite Better of the Rheumatism. I should like so much to go and see you at once but Hugh thinks the journey would be too much for me to attempt alone. Had my Dear Brother lived I should have gone to see you all this month. Oh Dear, I can scarcely realize that he is gone, and that I shall never see him in this world. But I trust we will meet in Heaven. I often think of the lonely grave and wish I could just once visit and place a flower on it. If I could visit it once with you I should like it. Write soon and let me know how you are getting on. I will always be so pleased to hear from you and hope to see you as soon as you can come. Shurely you will come next summer.

Hugh joins me in kind love to you and the children.

Your loving Sister, S.E. McKay

p.s Please forgive this writing, I have a sore hand.

Metcalfe, May 7, 1898

My dear Sister,

I received your kind letter. I will always be so pleased to hear from you and the children. Dear Mattie, will you write and let me know just how you are situated and what you purpose doing. Believe me it is no idle curiosity makes me wish to know. I shall always have a deep interest in you and the Boys. I wish you would come to Canada and be near me. Did you get Post Office orders for hundred dollars. You did not mention in your letter. Did my Dear Brother make a will. I hope he did so for your sake, and when you write let me know everything. There is money in the Bank. Oh Mattie, how my heart akes (sic) to think he did not get that money before he died. There has been so many Deaths in our Family, but none is so hard for me to bear as Dear Charles. If I could have see him - but it is the will of God, I must submit. It is hard for me to write and not send a message to him. I must try and get over these sad feelings and I hope I may see you and the children. Write me soon and tell me everything.

Hugh joins me in kind love to you and the Boys
Your loving Sister, Susie McKay.

Metcalfe, February 28th/98

My Dear Nephew

No doubt you will think me very dilatory not answering your kind letter ere this. i have not been very well and I am not so prompt in replying to letters as I was when I was young, so I trust, Dear Edwin, you will pardon my seeming neglect. I was so pleased to hear from you all, I was afraid your Mother was ill or something wrong when I did not hear from you for a long time. I am pleased that you purpose coming to see us some time soon. I should like so much to see you all. It would do your Mother good to take a trip to Canada. You will not find many cousins here when you come, just two in this Place, Mrs A Kennedy nee Louisa McDonell and Allan McDonell, son of Alex McDonell, and Daughter of Duncan MacDonell *. You have a ...cousins in Canada and U.S and there are 3 cousins and their Mother leaving here next week for Bolivar, N.Y State. I think you correspond with Alonzo McDonell. It is his Mother, Brother and two Sisters who are going next week. I shall feel quite lonely. We were once a large Family here at one time. Now I am the only one left. Sometime, Dear Edwin, I shall send you a list of your cousins and their addresses, as I receive letters from them about once a year. I have not much to write about that will interest you. I shall try to describe this little Town. We have 90 acres of a Farm, a Brick House. The Front Street is built on this place, our House is built a short distance back an Avenue of Maple trees in front, an orchard, and out buildings. There are 4 Drygoods stores, 4 groceries, 1 furniture store, Baker's, Butchers and B.S (Blacksmith) shops, Tailoring Establishments, 5 churches, schools and 2 mills. We are 19 miles from Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion. So you see we have already many ... very well here ... a good many must be on the move. I hope your Aunt and cousins may do well where they are going. They are leaving a very comfortable house, the old Home where we were all Born, so you can imagine I feel sore over it. Hugh joins me in kind love to you, your Mother, and Malina and Charlie. Write again to your loving Aunt Susie.

p.s. I had to close my letter abruptly when callers came in.

* Note: Duncan's daughter, Mary Louisa McDonell, married Alexander Thomas Kennedy

submitted by Bob Usher

The Death Of An Irish Tradition

Excerpt from Associated Press, Donegal, Ireland appearing in Ottawa Citizen Sept 7, 1996

Pray for it, mourn for it, keen for it. Alas, even lift a jar to it. The Irish wake is slowly dying.

Indeed, you'd have to go deep into the Gaeltacht, the Irish-speaking areas of Connemara, and the Aran and Tory islands off the wild Atlantic Coast, to hire professional keeners – women in black shawls – to moan and wail for the passing of this burial rite, a boisterous blend of piety and hospitality.

At some wakes you might get only a cup of tea from the grieving family, much less a jar of whisky, a pint of Guinness or a clay pipe, fading because of government health warnings against tobacco.

The traditional Irish wake, where, as folklorist Padraic O'Farrell of Mullingar notes "the barrel of porter, the tray of clay pipes and similar hospitality equalled respectability in the eyes of the neighbours", has become the victim of liturgical reform, the high price of a pint and what James Walsh, a retired priest in County Limerick, calls "that blasted American abomination, the funeral parlour."

Hugh McGovern, an undertaker "for 50 years come next June, God willing," in Letterkenny, County Donegal, says funeral parlours like his have "sprung up almost overnight all down the coast to Limerick and Kerry. However, people in the countryside around here don't much go for it. They stick to the old-time setup of a two-night wake in the house."

But he admits the social side of Irish grief "is not at all like it used to be. Now you might get the odd sip of whisky privately in the back room. Well, I suppose the entertainment was getting a bit out of hand in recent years, leading to what you might call all kinds of involvements, fights and all that. So the Church stepped in and cooled it."

A number of Catholic dioceses now require that the body be brought into the church the night before burial.

"It's compulsory here in Mayo," says sexton Pat Cobbe at St. Mary's Parish in Westport.

"The bishops thought this might cut down on the drinking in the wake house, but now don't many go straight from the chapel to the pub for the final farewell?"

Cobbe thinks "the price of a pint, (roughly \$4.50) has done more to curb the conviviality" than any ecclesiastical reforms. Still the Irish do not go gentle into that good night. They revel against the dark.

"A quiet wake would be a poor reflection on the corpse," observed Mae Herrity, who runs a bed and breakfast in Letterkenny. "The old Irish wake may be in extremis, but it's not stretched yet," meaning not laid out for burial.

"Nowadays, tea, sandwiches and cigarettes might be offered until the priest came to say the rosary," Herrity said. "Once the priest was out of the way, the whisky would be going and flowing all night."

If the wake is in a house, sitting up all night with the corpse is still an emotional element.

"You never leave the corpse on its own," said Michael Murphy, an insurance agent in County Louth, who has sat up with many a corpse in his 45 years. Murphy outlined the protocol for the vigil: "Those leaving are gone by 1 a.m. Those sitting up arrange themselves around the coffin. The tea would be made, and generally there would be a bottle whisky, some Guinness and beer, provided by the family."

The mourners "recite a decade of the rosary (10 Hail Mary's and one Our Father), then talk about what a fine person the deceased was and isn't it a lovely looking corpse?"

Even if the departed was the worst of rogues, someone would be sure to say, "Ach, with all his faults, he was a decent old skin."

After another decade of the rosary, Murphy continued, "you might talk about the best wake you were ever at and whether the deceased was a great one for attending wakes. About dawn, you might stretch your legs, but someone always stays by the coffin."

And, "You must always leave a window open in the room with the corpse."

Rev. Lorenzo Cleary of County Wexford explained: "When I was a lad, a window was left open to let the soul fly to its creator."

The death of the Irish wake could be a near-fatal blow to the country's writers. From Brian Friel and Seamus Heaney, back to the Celtic bards keening for the high kings on the Hill of Tara, Irish literature has been rich in rollicking, not quite irreverent renditions of life's final curtain scene.

Having visited the Emerald Isle, the birthplace of my forefathers, I can relate to the above excerpt.

I recall going to one of my neighbour's wake, an elderly gentleman in 1944 with my father. Arriving on a cold, stormy, wintry night, by horse and cutter, we sat long into the night. I sat back and listened to the elderly gentleman reminisce of earlier times (50 years ago) when, and I quote "there was more fun at a wake than there is at a dance now."

In 1992, my wife and I returned to the Emerald Isle, our second trip to that enchanting Isle. On Sept. 25, on our way to tour the Dingle Peninsula, we stopped at St. Mary's Cathedral in Killarney. A beautiful Stone Church built in 1842. On entering the church at 8:30 a.m. to our surprise we sighted unattended, a beautiful hardwood casket set out in front of the main altar. On moving closer we could read an inscription on a brass name plate, "Catherine Doyle died Sept. 23, 1992", thus relating to changing custom in Ireland.

Although Ireland is a western democracy in good standing. Part and parcel of her charm is the eternal shroud of mystery she wraps around herself. Some call it blarney. No tongue is quicker or more witty, no storyteller anywhere takes higher flights of fantasy. One speaks of Ireland, remembered through grandparents' tales and others they tell of an illusive time when life was simpler and neighbours were neighbours from birth till death. Her suffering illuminated and glorified by the passage of time, and retelling has been a basic struggle for self-determination and the right to be and remain Irish.

Ireland's awesome seascapes, her misty farmlands in a dozen shades of green, her haunting ruins, the spider webs of stone fences and wee cottages are visual images of her romanticism. The land of Ireland today is not the land of fairies. Many of the old ways are gone, but the battle to preserve the past is never ending. Keeping that little corner of the world a place apart, is the nation's soul.

Michael Daley

OSGOODE TOWNSHIP HISTORICAL SOCIETY & MUSEUM NEWSLETTER

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MORE McNAUGHTONS CONCLUDED FROM LAST ISSUE

Dr Alexander McNAUGHTON M.D Surgeon of the Royal Navy, who was granted 800 acres in Osgoode Township, is no longer a complete mystery. I was sent the records of the Heir and Devisee Commission relating to his Osgoode Lands.

If a claim was made to property of a deceased person who had died without a Will, it was necessary to substantiate the claim. Dr McNAUGHTON had been granted his property when Osgoode was part of the Ottawa District with the administrative office at L'Original. When his son, Alexander Wainwright McNAUGHTON, was old enough to claim the property, Osgoode was in the Dalhousie district with Bytown its capital. The case was heard there in 1848. There were 10 pages of evidence to be considered. On seven of those pages the 800 acres of land in Osgoode is described. The eldest son and Heir at Law stated his claim. The claim was displayed for two months in the Court House in Bytown. The Claimant was then in Montreal, but a student of medicine in Albany. He would be present at the hearing.

Helen GRANT of the city of Montreal, Widow ... saith that "her late husband Alexander McNAUGHTON of the village of L'Original... The present claimant, Alexander McNAUGHTON is the eldest son and Heir at Law of her late husband." Claim allowed.

I already had the Marriage Bond for Alexander McNAUGHTON, Charlottenburg, and Helen GRANT, given 18 May 1825, signed by D. Cameron and John MacLaurin. This was a 2nd marriage. The eldest son was born before 1825.

Our records of the Kirk of Scotland for Lochiel Parish 1820-1884 give the birth of two sons:

Born: 2 June 1831 bapt July 1831-Alpin Grant McNaughton

s/o Alexander McNaughton MD, Royal Navy and Helen Grant, Longeuil

Born 15 Dec, 1832, bapt 30 Dec 1832 - John McNaughton s/o Alexander McNaughton, R.N. and Helen Grant

As well, there was the interesting marriage 6 June 1822 of Penelope GRANT d/o Alpin Grant Esq of the 42nd Regiment and the Rev John MacLaurin, minister of Hawkesbury and Longeuil. There was a posthumous birth to this couple. The Rev MacLaurin departed Jan 1, 1833 and he had a son born 10 Feb 1833. This son was named Alexander McNaughton MacLaurin. Evidently McNAUGHTON was Godfather to his wife's nephew. He was dead himself within the year leaving his wife with at least two very young children. Obituaries of these two brothers-in-law would give much more information.

I believe that Dr McNAUGHTON was indeed the physician for both the workers on the canal in Ottawa and the Rideau Canal. He had signed a statement 1833 concerning a worker near Carillon who deserved a pension from injuries received from an explosion. McNAUGHTON was born May 24, 1789, making him 6 years older than my great great grandfather, John McDONALD, born near Edinburgh of the Sappers and Miners. They got their land at Kenmore at the same time, January 1831.

A TOBIN descendant visited our Archives a few years ago. I advised him that as he went along the 5th Line Road to meet with Michael DALEY that he would pass by the property the TOBIN ancestors - lot 25 con 5. I see that TOBIN had made arrangements in 1847 to buy that property which would be available for purchase in 1848.

Elizabeth Stuart



ANOTHER STORY OF FOUNDING OF VERNON

Another story as to how Vernon came to get its name, is told by Mr Alex Stewart, J.P. of Vernon. Mr Stewart was born in Osgoode in the year 1850, and knows more about the history of Osgoode and the surrounding townships than most men in the township. Mr Stewart was for most of his life a farmer in the environs of Vernon, but for the past 15 years or so has been retired and a resident of the village.

Mr Stewart does not agree with the story printed recently that the name Vernon was given to the village by John Imlay, the Ottawa stonemason who opened the first store there.

Mr Stewart gives Imlay the credit of being the virtual founder of the village, but says the name of the village was selected by a meeting of the villagers and not by an individual.

Mr Stewart tells the story in this way. He says that between 1865 and 1870 (some time), the people of the village decided to press for a post office. One was granted by the P.O.D. and then the people were asked if they cared to suggest a name for the new office.

One scotsman (they were mostly Scottish) suggested the name of Vernon, to commemorate his old home in Scotland. His father (Mr Stewart's father, John) suggested the name Ava. A minority of the meeting approved of Ava, but the majority chose Vernon, as sounding more euphonious. Vernon it became and under the name of Vernon it prospered for quite a few years.

WOULD -BE GROOM HAD LONG LICENSE SEARCH

The pioneers did not mind walking. The story is told that in the late thirties or early forties, Duncan Campbell of Osgoode wanted to marry a Miss Dow, also of Osgoode. To get a marriage license, Duncan Campbell and Alex Dow, brother of the girl, walked through the forest trail to Bytown.

When they arrived at Bytown the official who issued the licenses was not at home. Nothing daunted, however, the young men walked ahead to Perth, another sixty miles. The road from Ottawa to Perth was then also a mere trail.

The condition of the travelling made the long trip after the license all the more striking. It is not told how long the trip from Osgoode to Perth and return occupied.

From Old Time Stuff, Ottawa Citizen year (?)

submitted by Donna Bowen

