

Agricultural Museum, Vernon, Ontario

Osgoode Township
 Historical Society & Museum
 Vernon School
 Newsletter

Volume XX No. 1 1993

HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNUAL REPORT

Once again we are able to look back at a year of activity and progress in preserving and exhibiting the history of Osgoode Township. Thanks to the dedicated work of our volunteers and support from Osgoode Township Council, the Ministry of Citizenship and Culture and especially our loyal friends in the community, we have been able to collect restore and exhibit artifacts and also increase our archival records. We have been fortunate to have interesting and informative speakers at many of our meetings. Members have enjoyed entertainment provided by community people on several occasions.

During the year an updated record of Metcalfe Union Cemetery was published as well as Vol. XIX of Pioneer Families and more extractions from the Kemptville Advance. The Iveson Collection has been recorded and we are now putting together an inventory of materials in the Archives which should be very useful in locating information and responding to request for material.

Our members attended meetings and seminars to learn what others are doing and to publicize the work of our group. Displays were set up at Gene-O-rama in Ottawa, Heritage Day in Kemptville and Metcalfe Fair.

We were pleased to open the Archives as a research are for students and teachers and hope to become better known to young people seeking information on the Township and its people.

The celebrations for Heritage Day, Canada Day and Pioneer Day were well attended. These events promote interest in the work we are doing and generate additional funds for our projects. The special function of the year was the celebration of our 20th Anniversary and the unveiling of a plaque to name the research room in honour of Miss Elizabeth Stevens Stuart who has contributed so very much of her time and talent to the founding and progress of the Historical Society.

Thanks to Mike Daley as editor and Ann Leighton-Kyle as typist, our Newsletters continue to be a very important part of our work in the community and elsewhere.

Due to illness in the past year, Bob Usher has asked to be replaced as President. We thank Bob for his dedication and hard work during 4 very busy and difficult years. much has been accomplished because Bob so generously have his time and expertise to the society.

As we look to the future the two most pressing problems continue to be funding and maintaining a strong group of volunteers to work on the many projects ahead of us. We would welcome new members who wish to contribute to some area of the Historical program

Shirley Lowe, Recording Secretary

SLATE OF OFFICER OF 1993

Past President	Bob Usher
President	Murray Little
Vice President	Doug Hughes
Recording Secretary	Shirley Lowe
Corresp. Secretary	Harry Anderson
Treasurer/Curator	Ann Leighton-Kyle
Archivist	Donna Bowen
Maintenance	Bill Zandbelt
Membership	Alice Craig
Program Convenor	Elizabeth Stuart
Newsletter	Michael Daley
Social Committee	Alice Craig, Ollie Cameron, Edna Presley

DIRECTORS

Michael Daley, Fred Alexander, Lorne Harrison, Bill Zandbelt, Lorne Craig, Jim Bowman, Doug Hughes, Bob Usher, Don Lowe

APPOINTMENT

Auditor Joan Walker

100 YEARS AGO

ON 16 January 1893 the following councillors were sworn in at the Town Hall in Metcalfe;
 Allen P. McDonell, Reeve, Hugh Cleland, 1st Deputy Reeve, Duncan McArthur, 2nd Deputy Reeve, Alex Dow Jr., Councillor, John McEvoy, Councillor, Frank Iveson, Clerk

Compiled by Bob Usher

CURATOR'S REPORT

Since summer when it was decided to hire Patti Mitton, lately of the National Archives, to make an inventory of Archival Materials as a finding aid, a fine new and large bookcase now stands midway in our main room with our archival material in full view and fully accessible to researchers. It is a fine piece of craftsmanship by volunteer Lorne Craig to whom we are thankful. The bottom shelf houses the family binders for genealogical researchers while the top 2 shelves are for general research. The good part about this showcase is that in addition to having a finding aid and accessibility, some very fine books that were donated in the past, have been overlooked. In addition some new donations are out for all to see. A few recent donations are:

"Following the Furrow - A History of Plowing in Carleton County" by Georgina Tupper and Elsa Hyland, donated by Georgina Tupper.

"Garden of Dreams, Kingsmere and McKenzie King" by Edwinna von Baeyer donated by Ontario Historical Society 2 copies, 1 for fundraising.

"Valley Views" - by Nicole Mackie donated by Nicole Mackie, a selection of poems.

Some older donations:

"Dr. M.W. Locke and the Winchester Scene" by J. Smythe Carter

"The Way it Was" by Rowat C. Schwerdfeger about Morewood and Dundas (1902)

"Memoirs of Rev. J. Samuel Schwerdfeger - Saint of St. Lawrence Seaway" by Hazel Mae Schwerdfeger. All 3 donated by Wm. S. Bower.

"The Great Hunger" by Cecil Woodham-Smith (famine in Ireland in the 1840's) donated by David Gray

"Fond Memories" selection of poetry by Art Mussell donated by Mary Mussell

"Life of Rev. Armand Parent - 47 years of Evangelical Work in Canada 8 years Among the Oka Indians" donated by the Osgoode Library

"Searching for your Ancestors in Canada" by Eunice Reuter Baker donated by Estate of Frances Iveson

Ann Leighton-Kyle



IRELAND WELCOMES YOU

The year of the Irish; Irish Homecoming Festival, Clan Rallies, Genealogical Events, History Workshops and Seminars - a joint venture between the Irish Tourist Board and the Northern Ireland Tourist Board. Ireland is a small country, hardly measuring 300 miles from the north to the south, by 150 miles wide. The ancestral home of many of our pioneer families of Osgoode Township is an island on the western fringes of Europe. It's geographical isolation has created a unique people with a unique history and culture. Their birthplace is one of breathtaking natural beauty, rugged enough to withstand the assault of urban development to this day. Indeed the west coast of Ireland, such as counties of Mayo and Galway, washed by the Atlantic Ocean and neutered by soft acid-free rains, is one of the most pollution free environments in the world - a land span of 32,524 sq. miles with a population of 3.5 million people.

In the spring of '92, our oldest son Michael, phoned from Edmonton to say he was going to Ireland in September. Would I go with him? Thus it was that after being pushed and prodded, I found my self in the back seat of the family car (Sept.18) with my wife, Betty, with daughters Marie, Barbara and granddaughter Meaghen transporting us to Toronto International Airport. Arriving at the appointed time (10 p.m), over 400 people boarded that 747, destination, Ireland and beyond. Departure time 12:03, arrival Dublin Airport 10:30 a.m. A cold rain falling, acquired a B & B, 20 minutes from the airport, only to return to the Airport for 4 p.m for son Michael arriving from Edmonton. Imagine our dismay when he did not disembark from that airplane! He had missed his plane in Edmonton and had missed his connecting flight from London's Heathrow. He arrived in Dublin 2 hours late. We rented a car (550 pounds) and toured the city. Dublin, Ireland's capital, situated at the foot of the Wicklow mountains, was founded by Viking pirates over a 1000 years ago. The population of Dublin today is over one million people.

Sunday, Sept. 20 Beautiful day all day. A big day in Dublin (Football). The all Ireland finals between Donagal and Dublin. Went to church, then back into the city centre, parked the car and walked. Michael wanted to see this game. Everybody walks in Ireland. The stadium seats 65,000 people (I think we met them all). The crowds were tremendous. Dublin was the favourite, but they lost to Donegal. Sure'n there was nobody left in Donegal to cheer, they were all in Dublin.



FROM THE PAST PRESIDENT

With my resignation from the position of President of the Society, I wish to extend my best wishes to the new executive. I am sure Murray Little shares with me the desire to preserve and indeed to improve the existing museum and archives.

I also wish to thank all those who worked so very diligently during the last few years to produce a township museum and archives which are second to none and which would be a credit and source of pride to any municipality.

I feel that it is vital to preserve for future generations, evidence of the struggle our pioneer ancestors had and managed to overcome and which should be an inspiration to all succeeding generations, for as a great writer and statesman once said, "The further we can look back, the further we can see ahead."

The best of Irish luck and success in all endeavours in the coming year.

Bob Usher

Monday, Sept.21 Cloudy day, heading for Enniskerry. This pretty little village is the gateway to some of the loveliest scenery of County Wicklow, "the garden of Ireland." Beside the village is the celebrated Powerscourt, 34,000 acres of woodlands and gardens with a 400 foot waterfall shimmering down into a narrow glen. Continued through the Wicklow mountains to Glendalough, a beautiful valley with historic ruins of St. Kevin Church and a centuries old cemetery with tombstones with names like Keary, Keagan, Darcy, Kehoe, Nolen, Doyle, lots of Doyles, Windsor, Byrn, Brennan and many more Irish names just like home. Drove to Wicklow and Arklow coastal towns, following the main highway to Enniscorthy, to Wexford.

Tuesday, Sept.22 Beautiful Autumn Day. Headed for John Kennedy Park, changed since our previous visit in 1973. Took in a barn sale at New Ross, similar to ours but more open. In talking to a farmer, prices were good especially stock or beef. They had a wet August, there are crops still in the fields. Visited the world renowned Crystal Glass Factory in Waterford. Missed the tour but did see their fabulous show rooms. On to the Rock of Cashel (Co. Tipperary), a remarkable outcrop of limestone rising 200 feet. It was the seat of the Munster Kings from A.D 370 until 1101 when King Murtagh O'Brien granted the Rock to the church. St. Patrick visited Cashel 450 A.D and baptised their King Aengus. The buildings include a 10th C round tower, Cormac's Chapel, the cathedral etc. Our B & B hosts were Mr. & Mrs. Quin in Tipperary. Visited Corny's Pub, the oldest Pub in Tipperary (live music).

Wed. Sept.23 Showers all day. After a good breakfast, headed for Cork. Passed through some beautiful country, arrived in Cork, a coastal port city. Michael took pictures, headed on to Blarney Castle. The castle is famous for it's stone which has the traditional power of conferring eloquence on all who kiss it. On our way to Glengarriff, we stopped at the Castelle Hotel in Macroom for supper, registered at the Bayview B & B. Visited the Ekkles Hotel for a night of Celtic music and dancing.

Sept. 24 There are 3 peninsulas jutting out into the Atlantic; the Ring of Berra, the ring of Kerry and the Dingle peninsula, beautiful mountainous country. Driving into a little town, Kenmore, we came upon what they called a "Sheep Fair". The streets were lined up with trucks, car trailers, loaded with sheep. The

mountain farmers brought their sheep into town to be sold, some as breeding stock to the low land farmers who would finish them off or some to be slaughtered. The buyers just went along and did their business on the street. While viewing this sheep sale, I heard a voice say, "Oh, there's somebody from Ontario." I was wearing my Osgoode Township hat. This couple was from Blackburn Hamlet.

Sept. 25 Leaving Killarney, stopped at St. Mary's Cathedral, built 1842. A beautiful hardwood casket was set in front of the main altar. A beautiful brass name on the casket reads "Catherine Doyle died Sept. 23, 1992." On the road once again with an ever changing scene, we came upon ancient ruins and a cemetery. Cemeteries convey a history in themselves. There were quite a number of Daley's in that cemetery (deceased that is). Stopped in Millstown, visited an Agricultural Museum - old machinery. The Dingle peninsula took the Slen Head Route then up and over the mountains via the Conner Pass where no tour buses dare to go. Followed the coast line to Tralee, on to Listwell. The third week in September is their Annual Race Week (horses). We passed through good farm lands, registered at a beautiful B & B a mile from town.

Sept. 26 A day to remember (my birthday). I can still see the gleam in my mother's eye 66 years ago when I became a brother to my only brother Pat. Betty presented me with a pullover sweater stamped "Made in Ireland." Heading for Limerick in Co. Limerick, stopped in Adare a picturesque, very photogenic hamlet. Visited a huge church built like a castle. It was founded by Maurice Fitzgerald the second Baron of Offaly (Kings Co.) for the Trinitarian Order of Monks. The Monastery was suppressed in the reign of King Henry VIII, the entire community of 50 Monks being killed on Feb. 23, 1539. Next stop Limerick, walked around King John's castle, built 1210 and other historic buildings. Visited Bunratty Castle, Co. Clare built by the O'Briens of Thomond in the 15th century. Continuing on to Burren County also in Co. Clare, this barren stretch of land has a fascinating almost lunar terrain and is edged by the majestic 700 foot cliffs of Moher overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. Moving along the coast, we came to the city of Galway, ancient port city with its narrow streets and medieval lanes and gateway to the western Gaeltacht where the ancient language and customs of Ireland are still preserved and practiced. Two nights in Galway city and then next stop Westport. A retired gentleman was our host, Tommy Duffy was his name.



Sept. 29 Left Westport for Knox Shrine in Co. Mayo. Lunch in Hanly Pub in Claremorris, Castleria and on to Boyle, a lot of peat country. Next major city on Ireland's west coast was Sligo, situated beside the Atlantic Ocean in a valley at the mouth of the river Garavogue wedged between 2 mountains, Benbulbin and Knocknarea. We stopped early this day and drove around till we found a B & B. Our host, Mrs. B. Clinton, Kilforna Knocknarea Villas, Sligo. Michael and I went "sightseeing", Betty needed to rest. We couldn't find our way back till we got a "city map." When we got back, Betty had packed all the luggage, plus the money. We took in a singing pub that night.

Sept. 30 Beautiful day all day. Headed north along the coast to Ballyshannon. Swinging inland we came to a border crossing into the north at Belleek. Betty and

Michael reached for their seatbelts. A policeman standing there said, "You're too late. Sure'n I ought to run you in," while waving us through. Next came a barricade in the road where we were scrutinized by camera. We continued on, passing through some well built farms in Co. Fermanagh. We stopped in Belleek and did a walk around. Visited a pottery factory, driving on some back roads where we were stopped by 4 British soldiers who requested identification. We passed through a number of towns on the way; Inniskillen, Maguires Bridge and on to Clones, border crossing in to the south, Co. Monaghan. Heading for Cavan in Co. Cavan we registered at Glenlara House B & B, a farm house with a middle age couple operating a small cow, calf operation. A beautiful setting, a big house with a fireplace in every room. The Counties of Cavan, Monaghan, Westmeath, Longford and Roscommon contain a major share of the country's fertile farm lands.

Oct. 1 Heading south for Co. Offaly, from which my great great grandparents Michael Daley and his wife Elizabeth McGuire left in 1826 for Canada. Driving south through Co. Longford, we came to Ballymahon, "Barn Sale Day." Cattle were selling good, so I was told by an elderly farmer. There has been an overproduction of sheep in the last few years. In 1988 a sheep that sold for 68 pounds now a similar sheep is worth only 28 pounds. Farmers still bring their milk to the roads as the tanker trucks are unable to get into most yards. The transport driver just drops his hose in the farmer's tank and siphons it out. One driver told me he makes 50 stops to fill his tank. Passed through Co. Westmeath to Co. Offaly (formerly Kings Co), stopped to visit an ancient cemetery. In talking to a caretaker, he suggested we try the public library for marriage records. The public library directed us to the Offaly Historical Society. We found it just about closing time. They were very helpful, sold me a Directory of Parish Registers, indexed in Ireland. Issue No. 1, 1992 (Catholic and Protestant.) We found a B & B, our host Mrs. Doreen Corronn, Kilbeggan Road, Tullamore, Co. Offaly.

Oct. 2 Mrs. Corronn bid us a gracious goodbye. Her brother still farms the home farm, milking 40 cows in Co. Cavan. Stopped in Kilbeggan to go through Locke's Distillery established in 1757, believed to be the oldest licensed pot in the world. Our last destination - Dublin. Got a B & B 15 minutes away from the airport. Our hostess was Mrs. Margaret Farrelly. We spent some more time in the shops of Dublin.

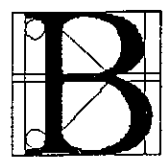
Oct. 3 Homeward bound. Left Dublin Airport 12:05, flying over to Ireland to Shannon for refuelling, we could still see Ireland's 40 shades of green. Landing in Toronto International at 5:30 p.m, daughters Marie, Teresa Jane transported us home. Our son Michael remained in Ireland for another 2 weeks. He took over 800 pictures.

Michael Daley

*Don't forget your 1993 membership.
single \$8.00
family \$9.00*

MUSEUM NOTES

- ▶ Museum winter hours: 11:00 a.m to 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays. For research at other times please call a member/volunteer and arrange an agreeable time.
- ▶ Volunteers needed: call 692-3648 (Shirley Lowe)

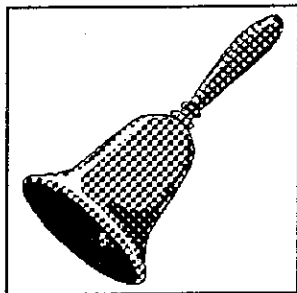


Bells: pause and think of "Bells," what they mean now and have meant to us, how they controlled our lives then and continue to do so today. Down through the years they have inspired us, they have brought us feelings of happiness and feelings of sadness!

Bells! We have them in every way and description. Door bells, fire bells, choir bells, it seems they have been with us since the beginning of time. They go too far back in time to research their use and when it began. Church bells do and still play an important part. The peal summoning worshippers to church - a steady toll, bright cheerful sort of lilting toll announcing a wedding and the slow mournful toll of a death. Living at the east end of the township, we listened to the church bell at Marionville. I remember our father listening to the toll saying "We lost a neighbour, I wonder who it is?"

We read of the Town Crier walking the streets of London, shouting to all and ringing his handbell, "Hear Ye!" as he reported the news of the day.

The first, used in school, especially rural areas was the hand bell. Advancement brought the bell on the roof and now the call to education summoned by the electric bell, controlled by the push of a button. In rural areas 2 rings called the pupils in - one at 15 to 9 and one at 9. The first ringing, awareness to pupils coming a distance not to loiter along the way. Today, bells pushed by buttons seem to be continual; opening and closing of the day for recess, break and class rotation.



Trains especially in rural areas we are hearing less frequently. many of us recall their bells idly ringing announced the train was and in and continued to ring until passengers alighted, baggage unloaded and the train on its way again.

Bells rang for the awareness of danger. Fastened on buoys to warn sailors of hidden rocks along the shores. The continued movement of the water tolled the bell. Poems have been written telling stories of disasters. We find bells playing a part some probably fictional but in many cases true. Many recall the poem in many elementary readers. "The Inchcapes Bell" (or was it Rock); through a villainous act the bell was silent and a ship and sailors was lost. Those early readers told so many times of the part played by bells. The story fictional or true. "The Bell of Atri" - a story of long ago and one of distress and caring. A bell was erected on a hill overlooking a small village. Anyone needing help rang the bell and assistance came. One night the bell rang consistently and the villagers rushed to help. They found a starving horse trying to bet a bite from the vines growing around the bell. The horse was taken to its owner and he was penalized.

Cow bells were used by early settlers. Most of whom owned a cow and the sound of the bell as the cow moved about, one could tell its whereabouts. In the Alps of Switzerland, bells were used on the goat heard as is told in the story of Heidi.

Many will still recall the sound of sleigh bells in winter. The bells were all sizes and each had their own distinctive sound. Some were fastened on the horse

collar and others along the shafts. Ours was a set of four round bells about the size of a small baseball. They had a low resonant sound, which you could tell a mile away.

Bells were very popular in songs and so many were written about them. Christmas is the time for these songs. Peace after war, the clang of bells resounded throughout the world.

At New Years time "Ring out the old and ring in the new" very common phrase announcing a new beginning.

Margaret Robb

BELL RINGING

Some notable historical information from Ronald Blythe's Akenfield concerning this past and all but forgotten craft is reproduced in part:

Handel called the bell the English national instrument with hundreds of bellringing societies, guilds and associations. Ringing to those few who have entered into the room under the bells is like an addiction. He can think of nothing else until again "the soft grip at the end of a rope leaps to life against the palm of his hand." What the bellringer needs most is not strength, but the ability to keep time. Many of those who walked miles just for the chance to ring for 5 minutes, couldn't read or write but were great composers and mathematicians. According to insiders who "ring" in all the great English churches with 8 and as many as 12 bells, "the maximum number of changes that can be rung on 8 bells is 40,320."

At one time the bells tolled not only for worship, they also tolled for death. It was 3 times 3 for a man and 3 times 2 for a woman. Then the years of the dead person's age would be tolled. People then were supposed to pray for the departed soul. This practice continued till the second World War when the bells were silence. The sexton was said to have gotten a shilling for ringing.

Before thermometers and precision instruments were around, bellmaking was a "hit and miss" affair. If the metal was too hot, the bell would split, too cold and it spoiled it. (By this account "all bell metal today as then is 2/3 copper and 1/3 tin") Tuning was done at the inside to flatten the tone and chipping at the edge sharpened it. For instance a bell can be in the key of D, but a keen ear could detect other tones which have to be gotten rid of.

Not only the bell itself but the towers were important in the best sounding bells. Old brick towers were said to absorb the sound and sweeten it, while steel and concrete give a harsh sound. Also, the taller the tower, the quieter, the shorter the tower, the louder. Hanging the bells lower in the tower made the peals rise up before spreading out over the land. Louvers on the tower also helped this distribution.

Any information on township bellringers would be appreciated in order to compile a list of past and present bellringers as well as the bells. Call Ann at 821-2301.

Ann Leighton Kyle