

The Pioneer Times

(News vehicle of the Cloyne and District Historical Society)



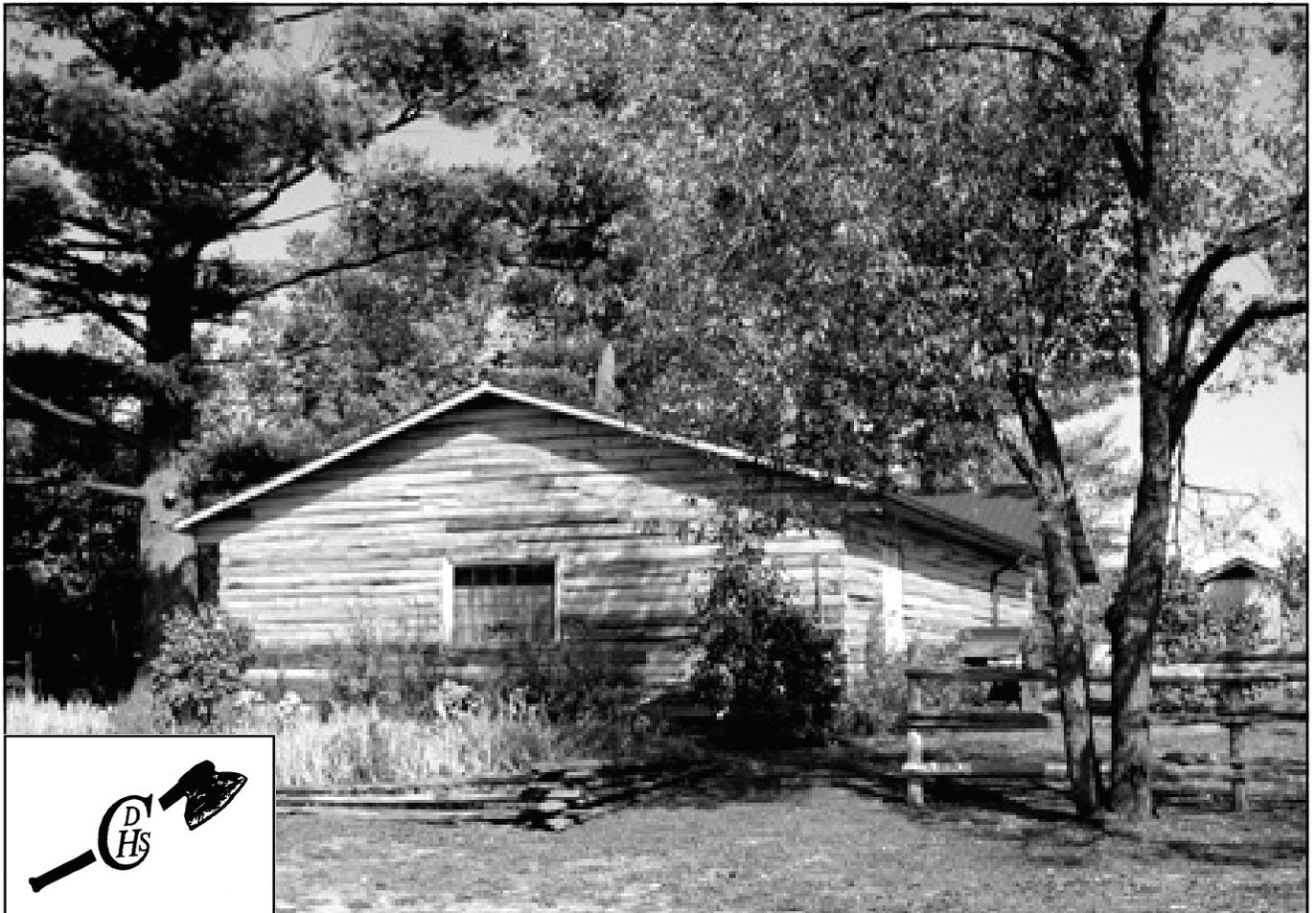
Cloyne and District Historical Society

Box 228

Cloyne, ON K0H 1K0

Tel: 1 (613) 336-2203

E-Mail: pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca



Preserving the Past for the Future

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Editors and Production Committee

Margaret Axford
pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca

Carol Morrow
ncmorrow@sympatico.ca

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Cloyne and District Historical Society

Box 228
Cloyne, ON K0H 1K0
Tel: (613) 336-2203
E-Mail: pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca

Co-Chairs

Margaret Axford
Carolyn McCulloch

Secretary

Eileen Flieler

Treasurer

Ian Brumell

Directors

Dorothy Pethick, Muriel Vanness,
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Chairperson's Message

Margaret Axford

Good news ! In our last issue, I mentioned that we had applied for a grant from the Ontario Trillium Foundation for an archiving project. Our application was successful and now we have started to gather together as much information as possible about the hows and whats of archiving. To learn more, we have been to Campbellford, to talk to Ann Rowe and Ian McCulloch (yes, a cousin of Gord) about their archive, we have joined the Archives Association of Ontario, been to short lecture at U of Toronto on archiving in the digital age and most importantly made the acquaintance of Carolyn Bart-Riedstra of Stratford, who is an advisor for the AAO and a great fount of knowledge. She spoke at our March meeting and then to the Archives committee afterward. Patiently and with good humour, she answered countless questions, and we learned a great deal from her. We are now ready to buy some equipment and get on with the project.

In other news, the editorial board of *The Oxen and Axe*, which has been working to edit the fourth edition for over a year now, is getting much closer to completion. Through the efforts of Cathy Hook, we (that's the royal we - I mean Ian) have learned how to get rid of some of the "moire" effects on a few of our older photos. Others are going to be replaced because there is nothing that can be done to enhance them. Because of technology, photographic skills today are light years away from what was available in 1974, when the book was first published. However, even with the techniques possible today, some photos just can't be improved.

We are hoping for a great book launching ceremony at the traditional June BBQ which heralds the opening of the museum for another season. You are invited, of course!

You will notice a strong Irish theme to this edition of *The Pioneer Times*. This is our tribute to the many Irish pioneers who settled in the area.

There are lots of other antique irons in the fire, so stay tuned. If the weather gods are with us, we hope to have a good summer in the museum. Even if those notoriously unpredictable gods are not with us, we're hoping you can be! Until then..... □

Margaret

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The Spirit of Mazinaw in the 1980s

by Margaret Aikins

To encourage cottage families to participate in sports and other activities with other residents of Lake Mazinaw and environs, this idea of an events week was born. With many young children around in those days, and fewer “fast boats”, this was a perfect time to create both entertainment and challenges for the young. A wide variety of activities resulted, some of which are explained here.

A wind surfing race was organized by Jim McDermott, an outstanding windsurfer. A course was marked out and the day was eagerly anticipated. Of course, that first race brought in rough and freezing weather! The Shepherd boys from Hungry Bay did well, as did Glen Pearce, an interloper from Shabomeka Lake! At the end of each event, the trophies, duly ordered from Belleville, were presented with great gusto and ceremony.

Swimming events were held at Brown’s at the north end of the lake, aided by Sandi Brown.

Among the other events, not all for children, were sailing races, organized by Riel Richard, a sailing instructor, a golf tournament, a horseshoe tournament which was conducted at three different cottages, and in the middle of all the events was the Fun Fair. In early years, this was held at the home of Jan and Richard Foy, in their field at the north end of the lake. Hot-dogs and pop, face painting and games were all very popular. The biggest hit seemed to be the rope pulling contest. Participants would rush from one side or the other to balance the weight. The children loved this, and there was lots of screaming and laughter. The children always won, with a little help of course from a few husky men. And then there was the “leg identification” contest, involving a sheet, behind which lurked the men, with their wives doing the “identification”.

Also at the Fun Fair, the “Cottager of the Year” award was presented, a bell which was originally donated by John Hilliker in Campbell Bay. This award was given in recognition of the contributions of an individual through a special deed during the past year or in general to the spirit and betterment of the lake.

The events ended with a fishing derby, hosted by John and Betty MacDonald. John would weigh in the fish while Betty served pickerel canapés and refreshments. This event was popular and a lot of fun. Event organizers really appreciated the fact that they could call on John for help at any time.

I would be remiss not to mention my two grandchildren, Ethan and Jennifer, who painted signs, did all the advertising, ran games, cleaned up and took a lot of orders. Today, they tell me they benefitted from the experience and we all laugh, recalling our warm memories.

The lake is more sophisticated now and the Property Owners Association more structured and equipped with good and dedicated people. We had our time and now the change is at it should be. Still, we all honour our commitment to preserve and treasure this wonderful, unique lake. □



Planned Events for 2008

- * June 16, *Field Trip to Stirling* Agricultural Museum; check posters for details
- * June 21, *Museum Opening*, BBQ, 11 am, Pioneer Museum
- * June 21, Release of 5th Edition of *The Oxen and the Axe*
- * Sept 27, *Heritage Bus Tour*, 9:30 am departure from the Pioneer Museum
- * Oct 11 *Bake Sale*, 9am - 12pm, Barrie Twp Hall
- * Oct 20, *Annual General Meeting* of the Cloyne and District Historical Society, 1pm, Barrie Twp Hall

Financial Report
Ian Brumell, Treasurer

The past year of 2007 has once again been good to the Cloyne and District Historical Society. We ended our year with a net income of \$870. This is somewhat lower than in past years due to the lack of summer student salary assistance from the Federal Government and their turning us down for the Young Canada Works programme in 2007. However, we were very successful in acquiring Trillium funding for a couple of projects we have undertaken. As a result, our bank account ended the year with a balance of just over \$19,000. In January, funds in excess of our immediate needs have been invested in a reserve fund which can be drawn upon as needed. The reserve fund at year end was around \$15,600.

The work of the Patron committee has paid great dividends with regard to funds coming in. Also our various fundraising endeavours over the year have made our financial situation very encouraging.

As we have mentioned in past financial reports, the Cloyne and District Historical Society has an endowment fund in the name of **Cloyne and District Historical Society Fund**. The value of this endowment at year end was just over \$30,000. It will, in good investing years, produce funds for our general operating expenses. In this new year we have already received a substantial gift for the fund which will add to this resource, enabling future expanded expenditures. We encourage any who are interested to contact us about contributing to our Society for an on-going charitable donation.

If you are interested, detailed financial accounting is available. An email request to the Society is all that is needed for us to send one out. □

Archive
Archive
Archive

Reserve June 21, 2008

A book launch party at the
Cloyne Museum

For the Fifth Edition of
The Oxen and The Axe

Please join us for a celebration
of this well-loved book, first
published in 1974. This latest
edition features biographies of
the authors, index and other
enhancements.

Be ready to pick up ***YOUR***
copy of the new edition!

Patron Committee Report

Marcella Neely

Many thanks to those of you who have sent us your 2008 donations and renewals. We rely on these funds to help us maintain and run a quality museum. To those who have yet to renew, thank you in advance. We hope to hear from you soon.

This year the Cloyne and District Historical Society received a Trillium grant for archiving and is currently in the process of setting up an improved system for recording and preserving artifacts, records and genealogy. This means that all family histories will be assured of a safe and accessible home in the museum. It also means that everyone can confidently leave family histories with us for preservation for future generations.

Many of us struggle to trace our roots. We can make it much simpler for our own descendants if we record what we know thus far.



The Ulster Plantation

British colonization of Ireland in the early 1600s

Scots who migrated to Northern Ireland in the 1600s are known by history as Ulster-Scots, or Scots-Irish, settling in Ireland during “The Plantation” era. Historically there were Scots in Ireland before 1600, such as Highland Clan McDonald who migrated into County Antrim in the 1400s, and the Galloglass warriors (mercenaries) who fought Ireland in various raids on the island. In his reign (1603-1622), James the 1st settled English and Scots there to replace the rebellious Irish Catholic population with Protestant peoples deemed more loyal to the Crown.

The idea behind the Plantation was to remove land from the Catholic Irish and substitute English and Scottish settlers to weaken native Irish resistance to English rule. Historically Ulster was the region and ancient kingdom of Northern Ireland. Largely annexed by the English Crown during James’ reign, it is now divided between the Republic of Ireland in the south and Northern Ireland (Ulster). People of Ulster with Protestant Scottish origins are called “Ulster-Scots”. Ulster consists of the six northern counties that were kept under British rule. The Republic is the southern 26 counties that gained their independence in 1921.

Settlement of plantations in Ulster was accomplished in two stages. A private venture first settled Counties Down and Antrim with fortune seekers. The 2nd stage of settlement, planned and closely supervised by the British government, was in the former six counties of Ulster. Scotland was only too willing to participate as a means to rid Scotland of the hordes of lowland Scots who comprised the lawless Border Riever clans. The landlords encouraged the Scots to take as many horses and cattle as possible to the new colony, obtained by whatever means - a small price to pay to eliminate the lawlessness.

Globally, the Scots-Irish are descendants of lowland Presbyterian Scots who immigrated willingly or unwillingly to Ulster during the 1600s. Their progeny began to migrate in large numbers to America early in the 1700s. The term is used to distinguish them from the massive number of Roman Catholic Irish who migrated to America as a result of the Great Famine in Ireland in the late 1840s. Some writers would like to deny that there was this unique ethno-cultural group but such contentions have been largely struck down. The 17th century migration to Ulster also included English, Welsh, German Palatines and French Huguenots. The latter two were Protestant refugees fleeing the Rhine river basin of France, Germany and Switzerland to escape persecution by King Louis of France who sought to impose total Catholicism throughout his domain. Over time there was some intermarriage between the 16th century immigrants and their descendants with the longer established native Irish. But the main core of this group claimed to be lowland Presbyterian Scots in origin.

The impact of the migration to Ulster was the creation of a tightly-knit pool of folk with a particular set of characteristics. They were hardened by conflict. They had left the feudal system of Scotland for a more individualistic way of

life. They became commercially aware, engaging in the linen industry - producing, processing and marketing. Their intellectual leaders expounded socially and politically about individual rights and governments that supported such. They shared the Scots belief in the importance of education. They were wary of rulers, and especially of ecclesiastical forms of religion. Perhaps most important, they shared the brand of conservative, evangelical, Bible-based Presbyterianism that evolved in Ulster.

The first Scottish settlers arrived in 1605/1606. After 1630, Scottish migration to Ireland waned for a decade. Indeed, many Scots went home. In 1641, the native Irish broke out in armed rebellion, and Highland survivors rushed back to Scotland. In the summer of 1642, Scottish soldiers (about 10,000) arrived to quell the Irish rebellion. Thousands of them stayed on in Ireland, thus expanding the Ulster gene pool. [Source, The Ulster Plantation: <http://www.cyberus.ca/~bharvey/plantation.htm>]

In the decision to migrate to Canada, economic factors were more important than religious or political ones. There had been periodic crop failures in the 1820s and ‘30s, rents were increasing and terms of leases decreasing, population was growing rapidly, and demand for Ulster’s major exports of linen, cattle and whiskey were declining. The new industrialization of the linen industry was making the small farmer/weaver family group uneconomic. What had been done by many hands could be done by a single machine.

Ulster Scots did not begin immigrating directly to Canada in significant numbers until after the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815. They migrated primarily to Upper Canada (Ontario) because of the British connection and the fact that many ships, returning to Quebec after discharging their cargoes of lumber, wanted passengers for the return trip. By the time Ulster-Scots began migrating here, the Orange Order had been founded and many of the Ulster immigrants to Canada were staunch Orangemen. The antagonism between the two distinctly different cultural groups in Ireland was carried over to Canada. Catharine Anne Wilson in her study of Ulster-Scot families from County Down to Amherst Island near Kingston during the 1800s, concludes that these emigrants were quite different, taking a more cautious, rational and family-based approach to the migration process than their distant cousins who had emigrated from Ireland roughly a century before to the American frontier.

Traces of a more lasting legacy of the Ulster-Scot may perhaps be found in the non-material culture—in the folk language and music, in the belief in the importance of the family unit, in individualism, and public education. But the chief legacy of the Scotch-Irish is their religion. The brand of evangelical Presbyterianism that developed in Ulster was unique. Ulster Presbyterianism was strongly influenced by the concept of Predestination and a Covenant between God and his chosen people. The concept of the covenant was a fundamental feature of the Ulster-Scot mindset in order to rationalize the paradox of combining strong expressions of loyalty to the State, with an equally strong tendency to defy authority. Go figure!



Our Irish Roots

by Margaret Axford

An attempt to trace the history of the Irish in our area begins with what our standard sources have to say, beginning with *The Oxen and The Axe*. The Sessional Notes in Donald Perry's account of the building of the Addington Road observe that in 1859 there were 26 families from Ireland living along the Addington Road, out of a total population of 699. Unfortunately, this isn't a particularly useful piece of information, because the Addington Road ran from the village of Clareview, at the Clare River north through Erinsville, to Denbigh and as we know, the village of Erinsville was heavily populated with Irish immigrants.

Also from *The Oxen and The Axe* are notes that the Thompsons from Harlowe came from Ireland in 1865, that Louise King's maternal grandfather, Patrick Mulvilhill, was from County Kerry, and that the four Lane brothers who ended up in Denbigh were from Ireland as well.

In *The Village on The Skoot*, Wilfred Lessard notes that several families were of Irish descent, naming the Kennelly, O'Donnell and James families in particular.

The Methodist/United Church records have provided the following names:

Margaret Cornwell, Oris Cole, John and Ellen Roache, James Roy, Edwin Humphries.

Finally, the 1861 Census for Barrie Township reveals the following immigrants from Ireland: Elizabeth Dempsey, the James Roy Family, John & Sarah McKittrick Winters, Ann Hillier, the John Matthews Family, William & Mary McFarren McCausland, Daniel & Mary Morgan, Mary Jane Pye.

These are certainly not the only Irish to have come to the area; other municipal census records will reveal more.

The Roy family is perhaps a good example of the immigrant experience in general. With their 5 children, James and Elizabeth immigrated to Barrie Township sometime between the birth of their twins, Catherine and Elizabeth, in 1851, and birth of their next child, Mary Ann in 1854. We don't know exactly when they arrived, but let's pick 1853. In 1853, James was 37, Elizabeth 33. Thomas was 13, William 9, James Jr. 4, the twins 1 year old. In 1854, Mary Ann was born, George Henry in 1857, and Isabella in 1862, all in Upper Canada. Eight children in 19 years, born in two countries an ocean apart! Taking the year 1853 as a guideline for the arrival of the Roy family, let's con-

sider how they got here.

The Addington Road hadn't been started yet, so their means of arrival was a trail leading from "out front" which they probably walked. A careful reading of Carol Morrow's article "An Irish Immigration Story" will illustrate the conditions under which the Roy family arrived. Another account from *The Oxen and The Axe*, an article written by Gene Brown verifies these rough experiences; she tells of "Grandma McCausland telling her grandchildren of coming over from Ireland, up the St. Lawrence to Bath and Napanee, then walking back over rough trails with her family to settle on the Marble Lake farm."

David Trumble, the man who once had the title of the oldest man in Canada, and who lived in Northbrook, says in his narrated book that his family moved from Ireland to Ohio and then up to Canada from there, following another familiar pathway to Canada, one which

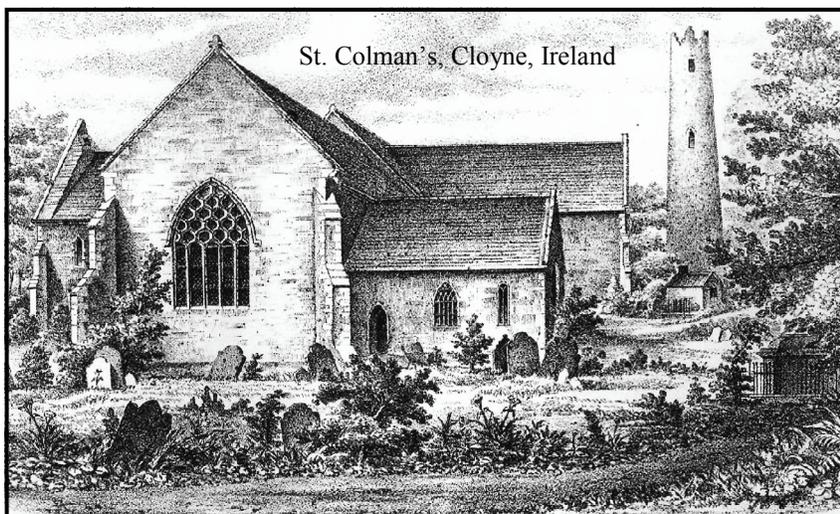
began by arriving first in the United States.

The most obvious local connection with Ireland is the name of this village, Cloyne. Cloyne is named for Cloyne, Ireland, which is located in the south, in County Cork. In the Irish Cloyne, there is a literary and historical society. Our organization has had correspondence with them, in the late 1990s and early 2000s. A look at the book which they sent us reveals some names of

interest to us. These are early Cloyne, Ireland names on tombstones in the Cathedral Cemetery: Kenneally, Connor, O'Connell, Edwards, O'Brien, Lane, Hill, Clancy, Kennedy, Pringle, Roach, Wise, Stone, Mahoney, Maguire, Mackey, McGregor, Simpson. Some of these are familiar names in this region of Ontario.

There would have been many people in Cloyne who would not have been buried in the Cathedral cemetery, which would have been used primarily by those who were Church of Ireland, and by those who were relatively wealthy. The person who brought the name of Cloyne to Canada was probably not in this group. The major point here is that we really do not know who named this village except that whoever did had a connection with Cloyne, Ireland. I doubt that we will ever find that connection, but in this business, one can never be too sure.

There is another, rather fanciful connection between this Cloyne and the Irish one. The Gaelic version of Cloyne means "Meadow or Place of the Cave". Now in Cloyne, Ireland there are caves underneath large parts of



the town. There are one or 2 caves around here as well, though none that we know of at any rate under the village itself!

Notes in the book about the cathedral tombstones offer some insight into reasons why people emigrated to America. Times were not good in Cloyne in the mid 1800s. While the countryside was rich and fertile, some of it was not cultivated at all. Reasons? For one thing, people could not afford to own land. Only the wealthy could do that. However, many of them also couldn't afford to even rent plots of land, as the rents were too high. The ugly fact of absentee landlords raises its head here.

Elsewhere in the book is a comment concerning the agricultural fate of the Cloyne area, written in relation to the tombstone of a family named Mullany or Moloney, who had been in the town since 1766. The fortunes of the family decreased significantly between 1850 and 1890. The reason for their decline was that they were barley growers. Therefore, they were subject to three factors which affected their fortune - several wet seasons, competition from cheap American grain and the Temperance movement, even in Ireland!

Because of the caves in the Cloyne area, there were several quarries. Many of the quarry workers caught gold fever in the 1840s and 1850s and headed west to the Colorado and California Gold Rushes.

In 1846, there was a food riot in Cloyne, when a country mob descended on the town and sacked the bread shops and provisions stores. There was nothing that they could afford to buy and so had to feed their families somehow or watch them starve.

In a note about the other end of the economic scale, a man named Francis Wise was the last private owner of the North Mall Distillery and the richest man in Ireland when he died, unmarried, in 1881. His estate was estimated at around 300 million pounds in today's currency. The fact that he died unmarried means that he obviously was not the ancestor of the Wise families around here!

[This article is based on a recent presentation to the Historical Society on St. Patrick's Day.]

People Watchers

This spring I've been watching the robins,
And as I will presently tell,
These robins consider it part of their job
To watch over people as well.

There's the postmaster robin who's built in the eaves
Of the post office. Couldn't be better,
For keeping a critical beady black eye
On all who come mailing a letter.

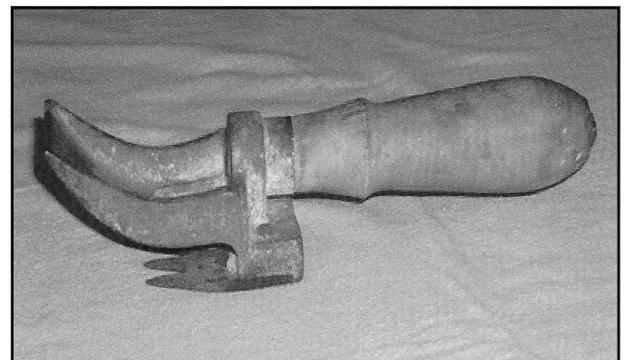
There's the library robin who's chosen a site
In the very best possible spot,
On top of the railing beside the front door,
To take note of just who's reading what.

The general store robin has lately hatched out
A brood that is all beaks and legs,
And each little head from its nest on the porch
Is observing who comes buying eggs.

And then there's the robin who nests near my house,
And wakes me each dawn with his cheeping,
As he views the matter, if he can get up,
There's no way that I should be sleeping.

So while you are coming and going,
Use all circumspection, pray do,
In case there's some beady eyed robin
Who's keeping his eye right on you.

Barbara Lester
Cloyne
June 28, 1984



If you have any idea what this is and what it is used for, please contact us at (613) 336-2203, or email [pioneer@mazinaw.on.ca]. Thanks for the help.

An Immigration Story

By Carol Morrow

In keeping with our “Irish” theme is an account of one family’s immigration experience, abridged from a journal unearthed many years after the journey. Typically, immigrants from eastern Ireland sailed for America from Liverpool making a trip by ferry across the Irish Sea to England first.

The year was 1844, the 5th of June, and the family was that of John and Sarah Kinney, and their nine children: William 14, John 12, James 9, twins Sam and Eliza 7, twins Esther and Lavina 5, Robert 3, and little Catherine at 20 months. William had worked as a shipping clerk in the port of Belfast until two weeks before. They had packed all the worldly goods they hadn’t sold into 5 trunks and were leaving behind all they had ever known. They had a dream of a better life in Canada, and more opportunity for their children’s future. There had been some crop failures in recent years and the effects were trickling down to the urban centres. (Note: The Great Famine did not start until 1846.) Working on the docks, John had heard about opportunities in the lumbering business in some place called Upper Canada, and so their plans were hatched and their destination was predetermined.

Two days before departure friends and relatives threw a big bon voyage party for them. Amid wishes of success and misgivings about the great adventure ahead of them, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Everything was in readiness and provisions bought, for families had to supply most of their own needs for the passage across the sea. It was busy on the wharf that June morning, boatloads of commerce were coming and going, several ferries were departing with passengers and livestock on board, a great ship was under construction nearby as well. Belfast was a busy commercial centre before the famines came. Sarah made one last head count before the whistle for departure blew. The older children had their duties. Sarah was an organizer and her instructions were clear. Complaining would not be tolerated on this trip.

Their transportation was only a steam-powered ferry boat, a little the worst for wear and very crowded. The holds were full of produce for sale in England. Sarah was dismayed to find out that many of their fellow passengers were sheep and pigs. These were crowded on deck in the centre while human passengers thronged along the sides or clung to the rail as there were no benches. John and Sarah each had a babe in arms and the older boys each had a younger sister to hang onto. As the shores of Ireland receded in the distance, a stiff wind picked up and soon passengers were being jostled to and fro with every motion of the vessel. The drovers tried to keep their animals bunched together but soon the deck became slippery with their detritus and the stench was awful. At first Sarah had both her hands full, holding baby Edward - and the folds of her gown. She soon gave up on the gown.

On into the night they sailed across the Irish Sea, a rough crossing on a good day. As bad luck would have it, the wind was gusting and the vessel was throwing up salt spray as it braved the waves. The night was miserable on the open deck. Esther and Eliza were the poorest of sailors, and had thrown up on themselves pitching around in the dark, despite everyone having only a dry biscuit for food since departure. Only their pinched faces spoke their shame; they were such brave little girls. Luckily, no one washed overboard. With morning, the wind settled down and it was a bright sunny day as the shores of England beckoned in the distance. Before noon the boat docked in Liverpool, and every passenger breathed a sigh of welcome relief.

Ashore, it was John’s task to find a place for the family to stay until passage could be booked for the ocean voyage. Successful in his quest, William returned to the dock in the evening to find his family huddled on their trunks, weary, hungry, filthy but uncomplaining. Accommodations were very limited and theirs was a dingy and dank below-ground apartment in a tenement building in a squalid sector near the dock. It was all John could find; better places weren’t renting to Irish immigrants. Oh well, they would only be there a few days before their boat sailed. Wrong – they stayed in that unsanitary place for 24 days waiting for their ship to be provisioned and fully booked with passengers. During that time, Sarah discovered that Liverpool was a crowded city of slum housing, squalor, crime and disease. She noted that though most didn’t arrive sick in the city, many picked up the typhus or dysentery during their time there.

June 29, 1844 dawned bright. All was busy on the dock – passengers gathering for the journey, luggage being hauled on board, friends and relatives bidding adieu, mates bellowing out orders, sailors rigging the huge white sails, and the captain surveying all. Tickets were examined, passenger names recorded, large trunks inspected for stowaways. All being right, the “Fair Haven” sailed down the Mersey and soon lost sight of Liverpool. For the first few days the weather was fair and the sea calm, with only a few instances of sickness. Once out into the high seas and the sight of land only a distant memory, the winds picked up and one night a stiff gale beset the lonely vessel. Some people think a sea voyage a wonderful experience, but after seven weeks it can progress into an intolerable state of affairs. The secret is to keep on deck as much as possible. Nights were dreadful – the lamentations of the sick, children crying, the stench of vomit, everyone crowded together on beds and boxes and lying about in complete, abject misery. One of the crowning glories of the trip was the invasion of unbidden guests in the bed and bedding, despite the strict rules of the crew about a daily turning out of the berths and a general house-cleaning of the cabins. No cabin class on this ship.

Over the next three tedious weeks, there was no rough weather, nothing but calms and head winds, and generally chilly. Sarah and John's children grew to be tolerable sailors. Only little Esther never quite got the hang of it. Without warning she would rush off to the rail with her faithful James in tow, keeping her safe. Each of the three little girls had an appointed older brother as a guardian; Robert and Sam were John Sr.'s charges, while Sarah had her hands full with baby Catherine. Ships provisions were given out twice a week, and water every morning, three quarts daily for each person to do for cooking, drinking or bathing. The provisions consisted of sour flour, pickled fat pork, coarse oatmeal, hard biscuits, black vinegar and rice – dainties enough to swear off food forever. One day the ship was accompanied by a large drove of porpoises leaping out of the water to a great height, and playing about the ship's prow. The little girls squealed with delight, and even the boys elbowed each other in amazement.

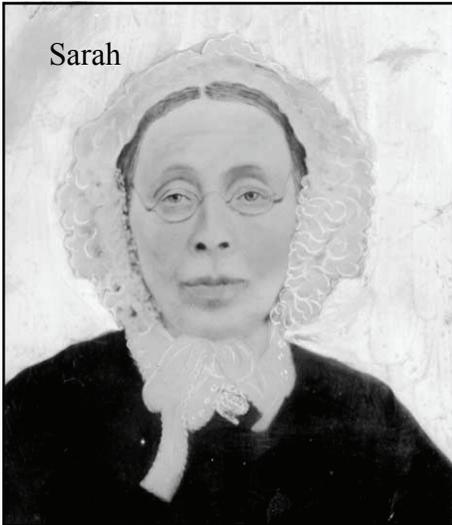
The lowest point for the Kinneys came with baby Catherine's sickness and subsequent death. She had always been a delicate child from birth but since learning to walk, she seemed to strengthen, an encouraging sign. She had no seasickness but in the 5th week at sea, she mysteriously developed a high fever which stubbornly did not respond to any of the on-board treatments. Towards dawn on the third day of the ailment, the poor little thing succumbed. To prevent contagion, the burial at sea was conducted within hours. Wrapped in her shawl, and covered in a regulation sheet, the tiny body disappeared down the chute and was swallowed by the churning waters of the ship's wake. Sarah, the strong one of the family, was heart-broken at the barbaric disposal of her baby. She descended into a despair for the rest of the sea journey, imagining the shroud and its contents ravaged by all sorts of sea monsters. What had started out as a move of hope had turned into agonizing reality.

After being on the water for six weeks, an east wind sprang up, most wonderful, and blew them steadily to Canada and up the St Lawrence. One Sunday about sunset, they sighted land and next morning, were met by a steamer which towed them safely into the bay. Sarah marveled at the misty purple mountains rising on the mainland's north shore in the distance. At Grosse Ile the ship underwent quarantine, and the passengers were inspected for sickness and processed for immigration. Hospitals waited for the ailing. The inspectors and doctors found no problems on this ship, so all passengers were transferred by steamer to Quebec City. This old walled city was a place of immense business activity – endless stores and warehouses, horse-drawn carts bumping along pot-holed and stony or muddy streets, delivery vehicles jolting and shaking uphill and down again, ships tied to wharves, and the docks swarming with passengers like themselves arriving or others dickering for passage on tramp steamers to continue on up-river.

From Quebec they took a barge up the St Lawrence River to Montreal, starting out in the fog. There were no beds on this boat as it was a luggage boat. They had to sleep or pass the time as best they could on hard seats in the open for three days. Montreal was crowded and poorly paved, a town of dirt and squalor. On the streets care-worn, sickly newcomers were a common sight. Ready-made coffins were on display in undertakers' windows and prices of funerals were posted on placards beside them. Many people were in the "death business". An ominous pallor hung over the streets. John was returning from booking seats on a stagecoach for the next leg of their journey which would by-pass the river rapids, when from the shadows of an alley stepped a sad reprobate of a man dressed in a filthy cloak, with stale slobbering breath, a wracking cough, and strange staring eyes. Thankfully, all he wanted was a penny for some food.

Their stagecoach had canvas sides and could accommodate everyone, closely packed in. They passed farmhouses and surveyed farms with splendid orchards of trees laden with fruit of all kinds and neatly aligned along the river. Livestock were grazing in the pastures, stooks of hay and grain crops were stacked in the fields awaiting storage. The barns and sheds of the homesteads in the distance gave evidence that there was a reward for all their efforts. After a few hours, they arrived at a small roadside inn which served meals. The hostess had a filling lamb stew served up with hominy biscuits and maple syrup; for dessert they had blueberry pie. The first day they covered 50 miles, arriving in a driving rainstorm at a tavern for the night. Three other coaches and their passengers were there as well. The best that could be said for the place was that it was dry inside. The meal was soggy bread dipped in beans baked to a mush. Sleeping quarters was a common room, the men divided from the women and children by a only paltry curtain – not unlike the crowded conditions they suffered in steerage on the ship. They arose to a bright sunny early-September day and set out. Their next stop would be Brockville. At this point they would again transfer to a lake ship for the rest of their travel.

When they stopped for lunch that day, John was thinking he was starting on a bit of a cold, for he had a headache and felt feverish. He slept most of the way to the tavern stop. All that night Sarah could hear him coughing on the men's side of the partition, and by morning he was seized with wracking spasms, and he was shivering uncontrollably. There was no way they could see about boat travel that day. Sarah fussed over John all day and worried for her children. The inn-keeper didn't want John on the premises with that cough, so laid out a pallet in a horse stall. John died that night in a stable. He had probably taken "the fever" from the Montreal beggar. Heart-broken, Sarah indulged her grief for only a short time. John was buried in the pioneer cemetery of that little town in a shallow grave with only a wooden cross for a marker. Young John carved his father's name on a plaque. For his sake they had sought a home in this far-off land, and just at the onset of their new life, the disease took him from them forever. After a respectful time, the family turned their backs on the fresh grave and set sail along Lake Ontario past the Thousand Islands to Kingston, Port Hope, and Toronto to their final port of call, Hamilton.



Sarah

Sarah did not buckle under adversity; her energy and hard work could overcome calamity. She resolved to use her mind and body to fulfill the destiny that she and John had planned. Reflection con-

vinced her that Providence had presented the situation, and that it was her duty to obey that call, to exert herself to whatever was necessary to maintain her family and keep them together as a group. To complete her journey, Sarah had one more mountain to climb; she was compelled to apply for financial assistance to the immigration department. She had a difficult struggle with pride before asking for that money. Her independent spirit rose above the disgrace of poverty and she had faith that the family integrity would prevail. Sarah did find a home for her family, somehow provided for them, and saw that they were educated. All but Robert had families. Samuel, John and Lavina each established dynasties of their own. Sarah lived to see her children and grandchildren spread their wings and make their own adventures. □

Archive

“a collection of public, corporate or institutional documents or records”

It's Spring House Cleaning Time !!!!

Bring your unwanted items to the

Pioneer Museum

On Friday afternoon, May 16th

for the

May 17th Yard Sale of the Year

In Memoriam

This winter saw the deaths of two women who had been members of the Cloyne and District Historical Society, Louise Mills of Harlowe and Alma Thompson of Northbrook.

Louise had been a member of the Pioneer Club, the precursor of the Historical Society, for quite a number of years. Full of energy, she had a remarkable amount of Harlowe and area history at her fingertips. In what is becoming an all too familiar irony, she was at the top of the list of people whom we needed to interview; that interview never took place. You could find Louise at most of the musical events in the area, or behind the pie table at church or community suppers. Over the course of the last couple of years, she attended fewer and fewer meetings, leaving that task to the younger folks, but she never lost the brightness in her eye or her willingness to talk about history.

Alma joined the organization only briefly, but in that time she left us a legacy, a detailed account of the restaurant which she and her husband built on Highway 41 south of Northbrook, today known as Keller's Kountry Kitchen. Many people shy away from writing their stories, but after a little encouragement, Alma provided us with another glimpse into the past, one which outlined her years of working in the Wickware Hotel in Cloyne. She seemed to catch fire, and soon was bringing in newspaper clippings of events long past which had special significance for her, and which brought a valuable dimension to our archives. Alma's move to Pine Meadow meant the end of her time of coming to meetings, but her contributions had been significant.

We remember both of these women with affection and respect. Each brought her own experiences and knowledge to the preservation of the past and for that, we thank them. □

The Pioneer Cemetery at Cloyne

By Carolyn McCulloch

Our Pioneer Cemetery stands on a hilltop on the east side of the village of Cloyne, where the last burial was probably seventy-five years ago. With no caretakers, the small rectangular piece of land gradually became desolate and overgrown with weeds and trees. The tombstones and simple wooden crosses had long collapsed and were covered with humus. As happens with most small rural cemeteries, it was abandoned.

Although local children gathered there at Halloween, and the Easter Rabbit visited annually, the people who lived near it despaired as it fell deeper into disrepair.

Fortunately, the recently formed Land o' Lakes Garden Club saw this early burial ground as an increasingly important part of our heritage and worthy of preservation. The "orphan" cemetery is now in the process of being lovingly restored.

The project gained momentum from the moment it was conceived. The township of North Frontenac funded the project, designers produced a plan, neighbours volunteered, work bees formed, backhoes appeared, refreshments were served, shrubs and trees planted, pea gravel spread, and benches built.

The only two remaining wooden crosses were donated to the Cloyne & District Historical Society and will be displayed in the Museum. Replicas of them have been built and placed in the cemetery. The two remaining tombstones are being fenced off from the garden.

Viewed historically, we must remember what life and death were like here when the first pioneer was buried, probably around 1863. (Methodist burial records from 1863 to 1899 were destroyed when lightning struck the parsonage, the large white house immediately south of Cloyne United Church).

We know that when the loggers died in logging accidents, they could not be brought home, and were buried along the river beds. The remains of such sites have almost disappeared because of the decayed wooden markers or flood damaged rock piles. Those who had difficulty reaching the Cloyne cemetery buried their family members on their own property. As roads were built and transportation improved, families brought their loved ones to Cloyne for burial.

When someone died, the body was "laid out" on a board until the coffin could be made. A friend or neighbor would take a stick and measure, and then take the measurements to a coffin-maker. It would be made of plain pine, and left without a lining. The shavings that were left over were placed at the head and covered with a white cloth, thus making a pillow.

There was no embalming, (leaving a much smaller impact on the environment) but friends would keep cloths with cold water of camphor over the face. Of course, the body could not be kept long—usually just a day or two at the most. Neighbours would come to stay. If the family were fortunate enough to have a mirror hanging on the wall of their little cabin, it was covered up so that no one could see the corpse in the "looking glass", for that would have meant bad luck.

Little children were always buried in white, and usually an adult was buried in the "good clothes" that he or she had worn while living. When it was time for the funeral, the lid was nailed to the coffin and it was placed on a big wagon, with family and friends riding in the same wagon. Everyone followed on foot, as the whole village would go to the funeral.

Friends always volunteered to dig the grave, and it was dug down to a certain depth in a rectangular shape, larger than the coffin. It is probable in the Canadian Shield that oxen would be used to move the huge granite boulders that were encountered, and that most coffins could not be buried deeply. Heavy boards, the ends resting on this solid earth were laid across from side to side. When the funeral arrived they would take the reins from the harness and lower the coffin into the grave.

The resting place of the loved one may have been marked with a wooden cross, a boulder, or by memory. The names of those interred in the Pioneer Cemetery are currently being researched by the Cloyne & District Historical Society, and eventually there will be a memorial erected to remember those early pioneers who silently record the past.

The members of the Garden Club are owed a huge debt of gratitude for taking on this most worthwhile cause. This cemetery has been in need of tender love and care for many years; it now has it, thanks to them. □

WHY?

Having an archive will allow us to catalogue all the print, text and photographic holdings which we have accumulated over the past 3 years. When this has been done, researchers and anyone else will be able to find what they are looking for. Eventually, this material will be available on line (but this will not be soon).

Check further newsletters for more information about archives.

The Cloyne and District Historical Society
Box 228
Cloyne, ON, K0H 1K0

We invite you to show your support for local history by becoming a patron of the Cloyne Pioneer Museum, and/or becoming a member of the Historical Society. For all donations, including Patron fees, charitable receipts for income tax purposes will be issued for amounts of \$10.00 or more. Membership fees are ineligible by law for charitable receipts.

I wish to be a Patron of the Cloyne Pioneer Museum. New _____ Renewal _____.

The annual fee of \$25 includes 2 newsletters, mailed free of charge.

Enclosing \$25.00 Patron Fee + _____ Donation = Total _____

On patron acknowledgments, my name or my company's name should appear

as _____

I wish to become a member of the Cloyne and District Historical Society

Annual Membership is \$5.00 per person. New _____ Renewal _____.

Membership\$ _____

Donation\$ _____

Postage\$ _____ (Add \$6.00 if you wish newsletters mailed.)

Total\$ _____

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For the Year _____