

SOME OLD PUBLICATIONS

Which Came To Dunwich Settlers
A Century Ago

For the past week memories have been recalled and scenes reviewed of events occurring in Dutton during the past fifty years. The "antiques," facial and otherwise, have now been laid away for another jubilee. The Advance has been privileged to peruse some papers which came to this district almost one hundred years ago. There was then no Dutton or Wallace town, only a few scattered settlers throughout the township, most of them residing in the Talbot Settlement. These papers, which have been preserved by Mrs. B. E. Sifton, were handed down by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Backus, and are religious publications, with enough general news to give one an idea of events in Upper and Lower Canada at this early period. Although discolored by age the reading matter is quite distinct.

The oldest of these is that of "The Christian Sentinel," published weekly at Three Rivers, Quebec, dated February, 1831. In a discussion on the Episcopacy the editor reprints Rev. Charles Wesley's letter to Rev. Dr. Chandler, just previous to the doctor's embarking for America, and near the close of Wesley's life. The opening sentence is quite pathetic, "As you are setting out for America, and I for a more distant country, I think it is needful to leave with you some account of myself and companions."

The letter is dated 1785. "The Sentinel" was a small eight-page paper, the subscription being 15 shillings per annum. Evidently each issue was prized as they were carefully preserved and bound and no doubt were passed among the then congregation of St. Peter's.

Several issues of "The Church," a more pretentious Church of England publication, have also been preserved. "The Church" was published at Cobourg and the earliest date is 1843, which was the sixth year of its publication. "The Church" carried considerable advertising at this early date, mostly of Toronto professional men and educational institutions. Of interest to Western Ontario settlers at that time was no doubt the advertisement of the Canada Land Company, who were offering "Eight hundred thousand acres in Canada West. No money down." The land varied in value from 2s. to 13s. 9d. per acre.

The Clergy Reserves, management of Crown Lands and Free Schools were the subjects of warm discussions in the Legislative Assembly in 1845.

In 1843 there were troublous times in Upper Canada, following the rebellion of 1837. Meetings were being held in various centres of the province to protest against special rights and privileges being granted to certain persons. At a largely attended meeting at Kingston the following is one of many resolutions passed:

"That we repudiate and condemn all systems of Government tending to exclude any man from office, power, or influence in the Province, on account of the place of his birth, the religious creed he professes, or the political party to which he may be attached; we respect all loyal subjects, of all political parties; and we support no Administration that confines the patronage of the Crown to partizans—that prefers party to the country; or that neglects loyalty, integrity, talent and merit, to exalt the undeserving, the disloyal, or the ignorant."

CANADA IN 1662

What was our lovely Canada like two hundred and fifty years ago, you ask. Well, it just happens that we are in a position to partly answer that question, because quite lately the Archives Department at Ottawa sent us a translation from the French of a journal, kept by one Asseline De Ronual, who probably was the first honest-to-goodness tourist that Canada had, for he seems to have come, not for fur trading, the usual reason then, but purely to see what Canada was like—our First Tourist, now it keeps our authorities busy building new highways to accommodate the throngs, "See Canada" has really become an obsession with our American cousins, and we are all heartily glad to welcome them.

But it was a wild and woolly Canada that Asseline De Ronual found in 1662, a Canada where scalping your enemies was the order of the day—and more especially the night—a Canada where the whites found a fierce and relentless enemy in the savage Iroquois Indians, who harassed the white settlements for over fifty years, until Count De Frontenac, the then French Governor and a bonnie fighter, headed a French force right down into the heart of the Iroquois homeland—now Central New York State—and gave them a taste of their own medicine, for when Frontenac and his force turned homeward again—they must have come around 600 miles to punish the Iroquois—the Indians' settlements were a blackened waste, and they never bothered the whites on the island of Montreal again. It was too bad that such stern measures were found necessary, because the Iroquois, unlike all other Indians, had real settlements and living quarters, had even fine fields of corn, they seem to have been at one and the same time the fiercest, as well as the most civilized, Indian tribe that the white men found in possession of North America. This was all recalled to us the other evening, when we heard a really splendid lecture by a full-blooded Iroquois, Chief De-yo-kah, and his opening words were, "I belong to the Iroquois people, the dark and bloody Iroquois, and I am dark, but I hope not bloody." Now, please keep this a deep, deep secret, before he reached the end of his lecture he was telling jokes about the Scotch. This is positively the last straw, shades of Sir Walter Scott and Robbie Burns, not to mention Wallace and Bruce—an Iroquois chief poking fun at the Scotch—our ain guid Scotch bluid hae reached the boiling point.

But let us get back again to Asseline De Ronual—the first Canadian Tourist—and the year 1662, here is how he found our Canada then:

"In 1662 on the twenty-second of May, I embarked from France and set sail for Canada, we arrived safely at the River St. Lawrence and we ascended with a favorable wind until off Tadousac, where the wind

became contrary, which forced us to drop anchor. Tadousac is the first place that one meets which has been inhabited. I do not know how it may be at present, but at that time there were a Catholic chapel, a few houses and two water-mills there, all rather in disorder on account of continual bands of Iroquois, who, however, live far off, coming from two hundred and fifty leagues away. In order to give full satisfaction to the reader, it is right and convenient that I should not forget to give them a true, just and faithful account of what I saw myself during my voyage to Canada. I shall begin with what happened at Tadousac when we were there, as being the first place we passed on making this voyage.

"It seems that two young Iroquois were in love with the daughter of one of their chiefs. They agreed that he should marry her who first brought back the scalp of a woman or girl of their enemies, the French, on condition that they should go alone on the scalping mission, each going his own way and finding his own woman or girl victim. It is to be noted that they consider it more courageous to kill a woman or girl than to kill a man, since one must be pretty bold to go and look in their houses, or very nearly so, in order to find them, because in that country the women hardly venture out at all on account of the continual forays of the redoubtable Iroquois, who are usually in the bush somewhere to catch the whites. And they are such patient and dangerous enemies too, if they thought they could capture anyone, they would wait a whole week in the one place and eating only a handful of flour a day.

"Although their country is very far from Tadousac, nevertheless one of these Iroquois lovers went there, and, when the bell was ringing for Mass on Sunday morning and all the people assembling, this Iroquois came out of the bush and went on to a little eminence which is near the land, and which is covered by the sea at high tide, and where you may go on dry feet when the tide is out. On this little eminence he saw two white women looking for shell-fish. When these two poor women saw their enemy coming they ran as fast as they could, nevertheless there was one who was unable to escape, the Iroquois downed her with a spear he carried, ripped off her scalp, which seemed to come off easily, and hung it at his belt as coolly as if nothing had happened. But meanwhile the tide was coming in and the little eminence was almost surrounded by water, and besides the other woman, who had escaped, gave the alarm to the people going to Mass. These men, all armed even going to Mass, ran swiftly towards the Iroquois, wounded him first and then captured him alive. The next day they delivered him over to a band of Algonquin Indians, who are our friends and who very conveniently happened to be nearby. The Algonquins put him to slow death by

torture, after he had confessed why he came such a long distance to get the scalp of a white woman, and during the two hours nearly of slow torture he sang lustily in order to show that he was not sorry for what he had done. He must have been a very passionate lover to have taken such a deep resolution for her."

There, that was our Canada in 1662, but we have changed greatly since, even the "dark and bloody Iroquois" have changed, because Chief De-yo-kah told us the other evening in his lecture that when he went out last summer among the few remaining remnants of his forefathers—he hoped to pick up some old and lovely Iroquois lullabies—and there he found the Iroquois mothers putting their babies to sleep with this doggerel, "Yes, We Have No Bananas Today."

Verily, Romance seems to have quite fled this sordid world—any old jingle will do.

MALCOLM.

A LONDON VIEW OF CANADIAN CONDITIONS FIFTY YEARS AGO

Canadian Pacific Railway Plan Called Worse Than Plan to Utilize Icebergs; Canada Was Branded as Most Over-Rated Colony

The following article was taken from a copy of Truth (London) in 1881. In view of the fact that at that time Truth led the field in England in financial circles, it is very interesting and amusing to read a Britisher's view of Canadian conditions at that time, as compared with Canada's present-day status:

"The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has begun, I see, to launch its bonds. A group of Montreal and New York bankers have undertaken to float ten million dollars' worth of the company's land grant bonds, and the Bank of Montreal, with its usual courage, has taken one-fourth of the entire loan. This announcement looks as if the Canadians are going to raise the necessary capital on the other side of the water, but I have a shrewd suspicion that they have no real intention of doing anything of the kind. The New Yorkers are keen enough gamblers and reckless enough at times, I admit, and yet it is impossible to believe that they are such fools as to put their money into this mad project. I would as soon credit them with a willingness to subscribe hard cash in support of a scheme for the utilization of icebergs.

A Frost Bound Country

"The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if it is ever finished, through a country frost bound for seven or eight months in the year, and will connect with the western part of the Dominion, a province which embraces about as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth. British Columbia, they say, have forced on them the execution of this part of the contract under which they became incorporated with the Dominion, and believe that prosperity will come to them when the line is made. This is a delusion on their part. British Columbia is a barren, cold, mountain country that is not worth keeping. It would never have been inhabited at all, unless by trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, had the 'gold fever' not taken a party of mining adventurers there, and ever since that fever died down the place has been going from bad to worse. Fifty railroads would not galvanize it into prosperity.

"Nevertheless, the Canadian Government has fairly launched into this project and I have no doubt the English public will soon be asked to further it with their cash. The parade of selling bonds in New York and Montreal is the new way of doing business that 'syndicates', bankers and loan contractors have adopted in order that it may seem that they have faith in the schemes they father. I doubt if ten millions of dollars of ready cash could be found in all of Canada for this or any other work of utility at a pinch, but the Canadians are not such idiots as to part with one dollar of their own if they can borrow their neighbors'. The Canadians spend money and we provide it. That has been the arrangement hitherto, and it has worked out splendidly—for the Canadians—too well for them to try any other scheme with the Canadian Pacific, which they must know is never likely to pay a single red cent of interest on the money that may be sunk in it. A friend of mine told me—and he knew what he was talking about—that he did not believe the much-touted Manitoba settlement would hold out many years. The people who have gone there cannot stand the coldness of the winters.

"The Great Lone Land"

"Men and cattle are frozen to death in numbers that would rather startle the intending settler if he knew; and those who are not killed outright are often maimed for life by frost bites. Its street nuisances kill people with malaria, or drive them mad with plagues of insects; and to keep themselves alive during the long winter they have to imitate the habits of the Esquimaux. Those who want to know what it is like should read the not-yet-forgotten books of Colonel Butler. His 'Great Lone Land' is the land of which the Canadian Pacific Railway has yet five and twenty million acres to sell, and it is through a death-dealing region of this kind that the new railway is to run.

"As the bonds 'secured' on this land or others guaranteed by the Dominion Government are sure to be offered in this market by 'Bankers' and others forming the company, I think a word or two on Canadian finances in general would be in season. Canada is one of the most over-rated colonies we have, but is heartily 'loyal' and makes the loyalty pay. Its astute inhabitants know well how to work on John Bull's susceptibilities, and I have seen nothing finer in the way of advertising than poor Lord Lorne's 'Tour' now in progress. He has gone to the north but just at the right time and the gushing accounts we are to create from the 'specials' who are accompanying him are admirably adapted to create a belief that the true land of promise is to be found there at last. With such a soil to till, and among such queen worshippers, the distressed British farmer would be in bliss. Of course, they who choose can believe all that. For my part I know of only one province in the whole Dominion—that of Ontario. 'It is the only province,' as a shrewd land jobber said to me once, 'where you can lend money on land with any hope of ever seeing your own again.' As for the country as a whole it is poor and it is crushed with debt. The supreme government owes about thirty-five million pounds altogether, and every province has its separate debt, as also has almost every collection of shanties calling itself a city. The province and city of Quebec are

both notoriously bankrupt, and the latter was obliged to go to Paris with its last loan, probably because nobody would lend it here.

Saw Bankruptcy Ahead

"Last year the country had the benefit of a good crop and a good market here so that it did a little better, but generally it has had hard work to make both ends meet, and often couldn't. Nearly every year it comes for a new loan or two and once it is fairly committed to making this new railway I see nothing before it but bankruptcy. While the money is being spent all will go well enough, perhaps, but in the end the Dominion will have to go into liquidation. It amazes me that its stocks stand where they do as things are, but if people took the trouble to look beneath the surface, prices would be very different. One of these days when the load gets too heavy, Ontario is pretty certain to go over to the States into which it dovetails and where its best trade outlet is. When the day comes the 'Dominion' will disappear. With the contingency ahead and with the prospect of another fifty million pounds or so to be added to the debt, can it be said that Canadian unguaranteed four per cent. are worth their present price? This 'Dominion' is, in short, a 'fraud' all through and is destined to burst up like any other fraud. Then, and not I suppose till then, the British taxpayer will ask why we 'guaranteed' so much of this sham government debt."

XCII

Singing School

MR. JAMES CAMPBELL conducted singing school in the early days when the country was new. He had a fine clear tenor voice and lead the singing in the Presbyterian Church when they had neither choir or organ. He was seized with the idea to introduce principals of music to farmers and their wives in the fall evenings, when the busy season was over, and they could gather at the different schools, Willey's, LARGIE AND CAMPBELLTON.

He would carry his little blackboard under his arm and walked through the woods to the schools. His only instrument was a little tuning fork that he would tap on the desk and hold it to his ear, and he caught the key note, from which he started any tune that he had in mind. In this way he taught them many grand old hymns.

His sons, DONALD AND ROBERT AND JOHN followed in his footsteps and sang in the choir for many years. [As told by his son, JOHN C. CAMPBELL]

Forty Years of Band Life

IN THE YEAR 1869 the enthusiasts of WALLACETOWN suddenly decided that a brass band would be a good assistance to their town, as well as a good entertainer to its citizens. Consequently a subscription list was circulated and in a short time the necessary sum was subscribed to warrant the purchase of a set of band instruments from PETER GROSSMAN, band instrument dealer in Hamilton. The next thing required was the boys to manipulate the instruments. A public meeting was held when the following were chosen to form the charter members of the WALLACETOWN BRASS BAND - OLIVER CRUISE, E. L. BASS; J. E. CRANE, B. L. BARITONE; DAN McBRAYNE E. L. ALTO; DAN CAMPBELL, 1st B. L. CORNET; WM. H. MORRIS, BASS & DRUM; JAMES BRADY, SNARE DRUM. PROFESSOR WALKER who was already instructing bands in IONA AND FINGAL was chosen as teacher. ON JULY 6th the instruments were distributed. A more pleased audience never listened to the best professional bands than listened to that small band on its first appearance on the street about three months after organization. Brass bands concerts were not so common in those days, and it is not any surprise that the citizens went into ecstasies when they heard their own band play.

As is the fate of every village band, the WALLACETOWN band through loss of members, could not maintain existence until in year 1875 it finally expired.