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All my childhood I had heard about Glengarry. When my mother spoke of it, a picture emerged of a warm and peaceful place, where friendships lasted from generation to generation, and a mystique peculiar to it alone endued the whole county. But at that time, mother had never been to Glengarry. She grew up in Vancouver, and it was from her mother, born Margaret Cattanach at Laggan, that my mother learned about this place that was just a little this side of heaven.

And well it might have seemed to my grandmother. She was a daughter of Donald Cattanach and his wife, Flora MacKenzie, who were the first settlers at Laggan. Margaret and her brother and four sisters grew up in the warmth of a busy and affectionate home. Visitors were frequent, and "the Squire of Laggan" and his wife were noted for their hospitality and for their participation in church activities and the life of Glengarry. When Margaret married a young Scot named Malcolm MacLean, the young couple set out for the west, and homesteaded in the Qu'appelle valley. In 1885 their life was thrown into a turmoil by the Northwest Rebellion, and after the Indians had camped on his property, terrified his young children, and stolen all his horses, Malcolm MacLean decided to move on to Vancouver. He became interested in the affairs of the town, and on its incorporation as a city, became the first mayor. But five years later he died, and his wife was left with a young family and slender means. Life was exciting in Vancouver in the early days, but Margaret Cattanach MacLean must often have looked back to life in "the white house on the hill" at Laggan as a haven of peace and security.

When my mother married and left British Columbia to move to Ontario, it was twenty years before she visited Glengarry. Perhaps it was because we did not have a car in those Depression days, or was it really because she felt the real thing might fall far short of the idealistic picture she had in her mind? Anyway, during the Second War, my parents were invited to a St. Andrew's Ball held by the Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Regiment and were treated with true Highland hospitality. Several more visits followed. My own trips to Glengarry have, until recently, consisted of dashes through the county when we were on our way to the Laurentians to ski, and one trip to the Maxville games.

But following two visits to Scotland, and reaching that time in life when one's roots become more important, I found myself immersed in family history and all roads led to Glengarry. On the Saturday of Thanksgiving weekend, 1980, my daughter Catherine and I set forth on a pilgrimage to Glengarry. The new highway between Ottawa and Montreal was flanked in autumn colours, but the sky gave forth rain and promised more. Our first stop was to be Dunvegan, where my great-great-grandparents, John and Anne MacKenzie had settled on their arrival from Skye in 1830. Once we were away from the main highway, we were intrigued to see the number of log cabins that had not only survived, but had been restored, and presented themselves as homes or weekend retreats. Dunvegan appeared quickly, and we found the principal buildings to be the stone church on the northwest corner of the crossroads, and the log museum diagonally across the way. Neither one was open. Undaunted, and excited by the fact that we had actually come upon the place where our forebears had first settled, we walked round the church, threading our way through the gravestones. A handsome grey stone building dated '1870, it was the successor to the log church which John MacKenzie had plastered in 1840. Then we turned our attention to the graveyard itself, green and welltended.

"Now, how many are we looking for?" Cathy asked.

"Well, principally John and Anne MacKenzie, and any of their children. Glen MacKenzie says they are here. Anne was born Anne MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Skye, and she was a niece of Flora MacDonald."

It was pouring rain now, and we prowled round under one umbrella, as the water squelched in our Wallabies, and trickles of rain ran down our necks.

"Here they are!" I cried. "Here are John and Anne, and here's great-great-uncle James Roderick, their son, the one who was learned in the law, and a ladies man."

Yes, there they were, large as life—or almost—and with our fingers we traced the names carved on the moss-flecked stone. And just behind was the grave of another son, Alexander, who was the great-great grandfather of Glen, mentioned above. We took photographs, recorded names and dates, then said goodbye and crossed the road to the Dunvegan Museum.

Though the Museum was advertised as being open until Thanksgiving, it certainly was not on this Thanksgiving Saturday. We walked round and peered through each
rain-dropped window, hoping to catch a glimpse of James Roderick’s account books, or other MacKenzie memorabilia, but no luck, so we shook the rain from our umbrellas, got into the car, and drove away from Dunvegan. As we left the village, we were able to determine from map references where the original MacKenzie property had been.

Our next destination was Laggan, a village founded by great-grandfather Donald Cattanach, and the place that was always spoken of as “home” by my grandmother and her sisters. Donald’s wife Flora was the daughter of John and Ann MacKenzie, whose graves we had just visited at Dunvegan. He himself was known as “the Squire of Laggan”, and his white house was the place that the five daughters dreamed of returning to from their far homes in the west. The house, we knew, had gone, and today at Laggan on the northeast corner of the crossroads stands a modern school that looks very much part of the 80’s -- the 1980’s. The reference I had for Donald Cattanach’s property was Kenyon VI, which is not near Laggan, but several miles to the south, near Fassifern. We felt more research lay ahead on this point, and the joys of the chase promise another mystery to unravel.

We left Laggan, and drove south on Highway 34 past fields still green, and bordered by autumn trees, until we reached Alexandria. A restaurant on the west side of the street appeared to be just what we were looking for, and when we emerged, filled with homemade soup and apple pie, the rain had gone and the sun had come out.

“There’s a bookstore, Cathy! We must go and see it.” As a bookseller myself, it is as difficult for me to pass a bookstore as it is for a drunk to walk past a tavern. Glengarry Books looked most inviting, and the inside lived up to the promise. Current books stood on the shelves, with that touch of individuality in their selection that makes a good bookstore stand out from a mediocre one. The atmosphere was such that one could be lured into several hours browsing. Out from the back came the proprietor, who greeted us in a friendly manner. To my astonishment, she turned out to be Mrs. Harriet MacKinnon of the Glengarry Historical Society, with whom I had been trying to get in touch. We had a good chat, and I gleaned much information from her. Promising to keep in touch (which we have), we said goodbye to Mrs. MacKinnon and her Glengarry Books, and headed east towards Dalhousie Mills.

This village is literally on the border between Ontario and Quebec and is important to us because the Cattanach family settled there when they first came out from Scotland in the 1800’s. Aside from great-grandfather Donald, the only Cattanach of whom I had any knowledge was his brother, Col. Angus Cattanach. From obituaries in my possession, I knew that the Cattanach burial grounds were at Dalhousie Mills, and from Dorothy Dumbrille’s Up and Down the Glens, I knew that there should still be a Cattanach house standing. As we approached the village, the sun was bright in my eyes from the west, and so when I thought I saw a silo, I realized that the stones surrounding it bespoke a church. We turned west at a road marked by two lovely old grey stone houses, and I suddenly felt as if too many good things had been served up to me at once. But the houses would have to wait. When we got near the church, we saw children running round outside, playing and chasing each other.

“Is this building still used as a church?”, I called as we got out of the car.

“Oh yes,” came the reply, “and our mothers are inside getting it ready for Thanksgiving.”

We turned first to look round the graveyard, and in the bright October sun it was easier to make our way among the gravestones than it had been in the pelting rain at Dunvegan earlier in the day. The place was filled with Cattanachs, - figuratively speaking. Cattanachs we had heard of and Cattanachs we had never known. And then as we completed our tour we saw what we had missed at the beginning; - close to the church was the gravestone of Donald Cattanach and his wife Flora MacKenzie! These were the great grandparents who had lived at Laggan! Beside them was the stone of Angus Cattanach, Donald’s brother, and his wife Elizabeth, dead in her 37th year.

But in the search for one’s ancestors, it is not only the finding of what one has long sought that brings delight; it is also the stumbling over the unexpected. On the other side of the Angus Cattanach stone was carved the name of John Cattanach, who died in 1862 in his 93rd year. Surely this must be the father of Donald and Angus, of whose coming to this country we had no knowledge. Another thread to trace. We photographed the gravestones and then went into the church. There we found more friendly Glengarrians. Mrs. Ethel MacKay and Mrs. Esther McNaughton were indeed preparing the church for Harvest Homes. They were interested in our pilgrimage and showed us round the church: - the reception hall that had been made at the back, the new kitchen, the improvements that had been done through a LIP grant, and finally the church proper, resplendent for Canadian Thanksgiving, and attesting to the loyalty of
the thirty families in the congregation.

"Those two houses at the highway are both Cattanach houses," we were told, "and one of them is now a restaurant." We said goodbye and thank you to the ladies, and drove back to the highway to inspect the houses. One of them, a beautifully proportioned gray stone building with a curving roof showing the French influence, I recognized from a sketch in Dorothy Dumbrille's *Up and Down the Glens*. The other, more solid and less graceful, looked like an early dwelling for a large family. It may have been the first one built after the Cattanachs arrived in Glengarry.

We left Dalhousie Mills, feeling plenteously rewarded, as the Prayer Book says. We turned west, but we had one more place to visit before we returned to Ottawa. The renowned St. Raphael's, so tragically burned, was our goal. We knew disaster had been turned into triumph, but we were not prepared for what we found. Suddenly, as we reached the top of a little hill, it confronted us. The dark ruins stood silhouetted against a pale sky, and the late sun streamed in through empty, long windows. It was not stark and cold, but stood with warmth and dignity. As we walked in, we passed the huge bell, half of it melted away by the fury of the fire. Then we walked down aisles carpeted with green grass, and surveyed the place from where the altar may have stood. From its days as the Blue Chapel, then as St. Raphael's Church, and finally in its magnificent ruined state it is a great memorial to a great man, Bishop Alexander MacDonnell, Alisdair Mohr, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.

As we drove away, past the beautiful and gentle St. Raphael's Valley, we agreed that our pilgrimage to Glengarry had been successful beyond our fondest hopes. Perhaps it was because we had done our research, we had a realistic plan, and finally because we met such delightful people.

"Mother", said Catherine as we got close to Ottawa, "didn't you have a ghost story about the Cattanachs at Dalhousie Mills?"

"Yes, I have. It's in an old letter at home. But that is a tale for another time."

**A NARROW ESCAPE**

VELMA S. FRANKLIN

I don't understand how some people can long for the good old days -- even the fairly recent past of 40 years ago. It is not quite that long since we started farming by horse and by hand, until we could change to mechanization -- and I got a thorough introduction to doing things the hard way. Not enough to shorten my life -- just enough to make me grateful I missed the good old days, just by the skin of my teeth.

As my refrigerator hums quietly in the corner I remember the wet, dirty, and heavy cakes of ice I used to drive five miles to pick up once a week. Drip, drip, leak -- and overflow. The ice would keep the sausages from spoiling for about five days. And I remember too how we used to have to eat meat three or four times a day during the January thaw or a too-early spring, trying to keep ahead of the meat threatening to spoil outside.

For a few years we had the threshers and silo-fillers to cope with. We'd have to run around gathering up enough pots and pans, dishes and chairs for 20 to be used twice a year. And often after we were ready, a wet spell would set in and we'd be obliged to eat like starving wolves for a few days so as not to waste all that food. It always seems to me that people who long for the return of this kind of tiresome activity couldn't have had too much to do.

I reserve my unbounded admiration for those women who got their work done in days farther back than this -- the late 1800's. There are many old ladies who remember those days, but you don't hear them calling for their return! Walk into the kitchen of the county museum and think how it would be to use the equipment -- the heavy ironware, the woodenware that wore out, the tin that rusted. It takes me an hour to spin enough wool to knit one sock -- as a hobby. I mentioned this to our museum curator, admitting that I'd have been a flop as a pioneer. An old lady present, who must have remembered, said softly, "The work -- do you know, many of those women never left the farm?"

Woollen clothes were worn summer and winter. A few years ago I was asked to demonstrate spinning at our museum. The curator fitted me out with a long, heavy wool dress, and a thick woolly shawl. This happened to be in the middle of a fierce heat wave; the temperature was about 100. I thought I would melt before the afternoon was over.
She tried to insist on a poke bonnet, too -- but it looked too much like a parka to me, and I didn't need anything else to keep me warm. A friend of ours was the envy of the costume-ball crowd -- she had inherited a wedding dress of blue wool that was nearly a hundred years old. Unfortunately, it weighed twelve pounds, and with central heating and all she couldn't stand having it on long enough to win a prize anywhere.

Whenever I complain about the cost of drugs, I recall it was not long ago that the cure for pneumonia -- for us and our cows -- was a good old mustard plaster. The least over-enthusiasm in application took the hides off both of us. According to Mrs. Clarke who published her book of sickroom cookery in 1883, Shanks Jelly was a "remarkably good thing for persons who are weak." It was prepared by simmering for hours a mixture of twelve shanks of mutton, herbs, bread, and forty peppers. Twelve shanks would indicate three sheep -- certainly the woman preparing the jelly couldn't have been too weak!

In summer when the lawn needs cutting every three days, the flower beds are forever being invaded by weeds, and something is eating the roses again -- take a look through your old photograph album, at the farm homes of yesterday. Here were no lawns, few flowers, and most of the buildings including the house, were of unpainted, black-weathered siding. The old people simply didn't have the time to keep their places attractive.

And don't we take the electricity for granted! There are 11 windows in our house that you can see as you come up the lane at night -- and if the kids have been co-operating there will be a light in every single one of them. Less than 40 years ago there might have been two lamps. On the rare occasions when the power goes off we clean up and light the big lamp and set it safely in the middle of the kitchen table. Then we all sit around like moles peering near-sightedly at our books and papers.

But, to me, horses were the worst aspect of the good old days. Aside from our sturdy, quiet team, my acquaintance with the species was limited to one old driver that I took to the village once a week in winter. I used to tell people that the two of us got along well because we were both the same age -- 25 -- but she was actually a whole lot smarter than I was. She had a dozen mean and surprising tricks which she sandwiched in between an impressive number of good qualities.

She was a pretty horse, quick and light on her feet, and jet black. If I went out to the barn wearing my old jacket to curry and brush her, she would stand as tame as the tabby cat. But if I had my fur coat on she knew we were going to town, and she'd dance all over the stall, doing her best to step on my feet, jam me against the wall, or bite me. She never bit as long as you kept your eye straight on her, but try to get the harness on while doing this. The instant your eye moved so did her teeth, and off went another mouthful of coon fur. On a straight stretch of the ride she had a steady even trot. But at corners I learned to hold tight on the lines, because she knew that if she suddenly raced around at full speed she had an excellent chance of dumping her driver in a snowbank and being free to proceed home at her own pace. She had been raised in a valley subject to spring flooding, which probably accounted for her most provoking habit. She could not be driven through water, even if it was only an inch deep. She would follow anywhere you led her as willingly as the dog, even until she was swimming -- but you had to go first. Many a day in spring I came home soaked to the knees from leading her through 50 little pools of melting ice.

Certainly she wasn't the only less-than-perfect horse. I remember others that I didn't have to drive, like our baker's horse, who had been a racer. A good, quiet animal -- until another horse passed him. The he took off like a shot, scattering bread and buns to all the poor children in town. The baker eventually tired of this inadvertent charity and got rid of the animal.

We always loved Grandpa's account of the one time he had been worsted in a horse trade. He bought a horse that was as docile as a sheep, until he got her home. "She kicked, and bit, and struck with the front feet. -- But she was a wonderful riding horse." Certainly, with such characteristics, the only safe place would be up in the saddle.

I've listened to old men sitting in the sun, reminiscing about the horses they had owned or driven. All carried scars from being kicked, bitten, trampled, or run away with by these same animals. And I can think of six more men who are not sitting in the sun -- because they didn't survive being kicked, bitten, trampled, etc. If you've ever done research for the historical society or a family history, you'd be appalled by the number of accidents caused by horses. To the early settlers the horse must have been a hazard ranking just after falling trees and hostile Indians. In our own family, fatal accidents involving horses cost us one great-grandfather, one great-aunt, three great-uncles, and 11 assorted cousins.
Anybody who longs for a return of this kind of past is welcome to his dreams. I'm just glad I escaped into the convenient, comfortable, and thoroughly enjoyable present.

HUGE ST. FINNAN'S PIPE ORGAN IS RESTORED TO ITS ELEGANCE

Michael Hambraeus

In deciding to restore their pipe organ, the officials of St. Finnan's Roman Catholic Cathedral in Alexandria took a major step towards the preservation of one of the very finest examples of early 20th century Canadian organ building in existence in Eastern Ontario. Today, relatively few of the organs built before 1910 remain in unaltered and playable condition in all of western Quebec and Eastern Ontario. In this region, i.e. the Ontario counties of Glengarry and Prescott, and the western part of Soulages county in Quebec; there are, however, more than half a dozen organs that are of historical importance. Among these are the ones at St. Eugenes, built in 1893; St. Anne de Prescott, 1897; St. Telesphore, 1901-06; St. Polycarpe, 1903; and St. Finnan's in Alexandria, 1907.

The St. Finnan organ was built by Casavant Freres Ltee, of St. Hyacinthe, Que., a company founded in 1879 by Claver and Samuel Casavant. It was their 284th installation and even though both brothers passed away before 1935, the company is still in business. It has become one of the finest organ building operations in the world and has well over 3,450 organs installed all over the globe, to its credit. The original cost was $3,065, but today it would be nigh impossible to build an identical instrument for less than $50,000. There are two manual keyboards and a pedal keyboard controlling nineteen stops, which make for a total of more than 1,200 pipes. The action, i.e. the means by which the pressure of the organist's finger on the key is transmitted to the valve underneath the pipe to let it speak; which is employed in this case is known as tubular-pneumatic. This means that the pipe valve is opened by a sophisticated system of forced air relays rather than mechanical levers as in the case in the so-called tracker action. Pneumatic action is, however, extremely sensitive to air leaks, and just one small hole in one of the thin leather membranes in the valves will almost certainly render the note(s) silent. Airborne pollutants are among the greatest hazards to these valves, especially the heavy acidic bi-products that are the results of combustive reactions in gasoline engines and heating furnaces. These small leather membranes have often been compared to the channels in the lungs in mammals. After having seen how many organs in metropolitan areas have been destroyed by air pollution, one must understand that our biological organs will react the same way. It is a known fact that organs placed in churches erected along major traffic arteries are generally in much worse condition than those that stand in a healthy environment.

The specification was drawn up on December 17, 1906, but church officials could probably not imagine how durable their Christmas gift really was to be. It would appear as if the most recent overhaul was only the second one since 1907, the first one being in the forties. It was carried out in February of 1981 by Francois Caron Inc. of Montreal, a company which for many years has represented Casavant in western Quebec and eastern Ontario. The work which was done at the church was supervised by Mr. Robert Miller.

When the internal mechanism was dismantled, the workmen discovered that it was in much better condition than that which has been found in many other instruments, particularly those in larger towns and cities. Apart from the regular preventive maintenance, such as tuning, cleaning and adjustment, some work was also done on the internal wood-work, such as repairs to some cracked pipes and chests on which the pipes stand; the replacement of the pedal keyboard; some minor re-leathering work and the reworking of two stops.

While the restoration of this instrument was important from an historical point of view, one must not overlook the fact that it is still a musical instrument designed to be used. Therefore, no one should look upon it as being just a monument or museum artifact which may not be touched. All musical instruments need and deserve good care, just like an automobile or piece of farm machinery. It is satisfying for anyone who likes organs and organ music to see the preservation of an instrument such as this one.
It is even more so when one knows of the many churches that would rather throw out their old pipe organs and replace them with standardized, commercial electronic ones that are only rarely, designed for the acoustics of the buildings where they are installed.

This fine old organ is certainly an excellent example of how clean air can help to preserve something of value for the future. All of us in Glengarry, both parishioners of St. Finnan's and visitors alike, should be proud and happy to have such a well-kept instrument in the back gallery of the Cathedral.

Saint Finnan's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Alexandria, Ontario
Casavant Frères Ltée., Saint Hyacinthe, Québec; 1907, No. 284

1. Bourdon 16
2. Open Diapason 8
3. Melodia 8
4. Dulciana 8
5. Octave 4
6. Harmonic Flute 4
7. Fifteenth 2
8. Mixture III
9. Trumpet 8

- Swell Organ -
10. Open Diapason 8
11. Stopped Diapason 8
12. Viola di Gamba 8
13. Voix Céleste 8
14. Dolcissimo 8
15. Harmonic Flute 4
16. Piccolo 2
17. Oboe & Bassoon 8

- Pedal Organ - C-f'
18. Flute 16
19. Bourdon 16

- Couplers -
20. Great to Pedal, w. reversible
21. Swell to Pedal
22. Swell Sub Octave to Great
23. Swell to Great
24. Great at Octaves
25. Temulant to Swell Organ
26. Bellows Signal
- Eight combination-pedales
- Balanced expression-pedal
- Balanced crescendo-pedal
- Some display-pipes are Speaking
- Tubular-pneumatic action
CROSSING BORDERS

(Rev.) E.N. McCOLL
MAXVILLE

To the student of the history of Eastern Ontario there is a point of which he is very conscious. As he passes through the older established areas he sees on the mail boxes names; such as, MacLeod and MacDonell while beside them he finds a Gauthier or a Sauvé. There is a French fact among us. Naturally, we cannot evaluate ourselves or our part of the country without recognizing it.

Some questions arise in the mind because most of the history with which the student is acquainted tells of Scottish pioneers who, during the weak economic situation before the industrial age and for other factors left the country of their birth early in the 19th century. By hard work and with the minimum of resources they broke the land trying to carve a new life for themselves.

But through the years many changes developed. Little by little, one finds, some farms are being sold and new owners replace the pioneer families. Perhaps, there are some whose mother-tongue is French.

An example of this is found 5 miles North of Maxville. More than 30 families acquired land along the banks of a river which was referred to in time as “The Scotch River.” With the rise in pre-eminence of Maxville as a stopping place by the railroad, the area changed and now there is no Scot who farms at the Scotch River and the municipality bears the name of St.-Isadore-de-Prescott. The whole community is French-Canadian.

One reason for this developing change which, in part, still continues, is that many of the early French colonists in Canada came from Brittany and from Normandy which are productive in agriculture. Some were able to arrive in the New world as soldiers in the French army who having received their demobilization elected to remain in the country where they could receive a grant of land. The French government began to see the agricultural possibilities of its overseas colony in being peopled and not held simply as a source of wealth for the crown and the furrier. First some established themselves around Québec City, by degrees they moved to the West along the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

Maisonneuve established Montreal in 1643 and, in spite of many dangers, the community and its surroundings began to grow, to become an important centre in the life of New France.

With the colonies along the St. Lawrence River between Québec and Montréal firmly established, the river became a communication medium. Its tributaries became the means of founding other colonies to the North and to the South, a fact which was accelerated with the opening of the lumbering and mining industries.

One finds this illustrated by the movement of families. The Hotte family took up land at Lorette in 1663, but in 7 generations had spread out to Québec, Montréal, St-Laurent, Ste-Rose, St-Martin, St-Jérôme, then the comté d’Argeneuil, in the Province of Québec. Some members moved very far to l’Orignal, to Clarence, and to Ottawa in the Province of Ontario.

The Scottish colonies in Upper Canada ought to have been referred to, in a real sense, as New Scotland, although the name had been given to Nova Scotia. With the pioneers came their language, Gaelic, their music, the metrical psalms, the bag-pipes, their mechanical skill, and their home industry crafts of spinning and weaving. These were many of the graces they enjoyed at numerous gatherings. Some of them remain part of the culture in the county which is called Glengarry.

Progress through education was always in the minds of the Scottish people. Wherever they have taken positions of leadership in the affairs of the world one often finds men and women whose means have been those of humble origin, but with much sacrifice and hard work on the part of their families and themselves they have qualified for work in many fields of activity and have left the home area to fulfill their profession. One is cognizant of the lists of people of Celtic origin from this part of Canada who have distinguished themselves as graduates of our universities; such as, McGill and Queen’s, or as specialists in many enterprises.

It is interesting also to see the number of young people who early in the 20th century left Eastern Canada for the Western provinces which at that time were opening with enthusiasm.

Some left even 30 years earlier in the 1870’s as the lumber business was developing in the mid-Western United States.
Thus it was that the farms settled by pioneers almost a century before were bound to change. After 2 or 3 generations the farmers found themselves without enough help from the family to pursue the work.

The family farm at Maxville which my grandparents settled as newlyweds in 1867 is an example.

Before the turn of the century the family began to enlarge its vision. The grandparents and some of the younger members of the family left the farm in the care of the eldest son. They went to Ottawa and assumed other business interests. Also they were aware of great facilities to continue the education of the children. The son on the farm had two serious illnesses and with only two girls, still not old enough to pick up the reins, sold it in 1913.

The family of the buyer had settled along the banks of the Ottawa River after a persecution in Ireland about 1830. Their descendants still remain on what was known as the McColl farm.

The land which had been worked by the pioneer, and from which there was still a living to be made, appealed to many farmers in Québec, and so they continued their movement to the West, to the Province of Ontario.

One may presume that such reflection developed through Confederation. They came to Ontario and have contributed much to the life of the community with their English speaking neighbours.

Among the names of French-Canadian families prominent in Eastern Ontario are: Bouchard, Leduc, Duval, Mercier, Proulx, Lecompte, Lemieux and Trottier, to mention only a few. These are names current in the coastal regions of Western France, whose sons farmed in many corners of the Province of Québec.

When did they arrive first in Canada? What is their history before they came to this province? How did their members implicate themselves in the development of Canada? Have they been in the political arena, in agricultural community affairs, in the teaching profession, in business or the scientific arts? If you please, neighbours, tell us. Sing us your songs. Tell us your stories. Help us to assemble a completely documented history of our country.

GLEN GARRY VILLAGE

DR. JAMES G. BERRY

I sit down to take a look at this old Glengarry village which lies all around me. But, before they settle, my thoughts go wandering to other villages across in the Motherland -- well loved spots. Some of these, indeed, I have visited only in imagination; yet I have learned to look on them with affectionate feelings. There is Three-Mile Cross in Berkshire, Miss Mitford's "Our Village", whose houses and dwellers the little hard-driven woman observed so closely, and into which she breathed a fresh spirit of life, charged with pathos and humor. There is no order of procedure, but Selbourne comes next. Sometimes, I confess, I walk or drive into this eighteenth century village. Down the rough road I come, beneath the Hanger, the long beech wood, and presently I am on the village green where young and old are enjoying themselves round the great oak. There is just a glimpse of Rev. Gilbert White in the vicarage shrubbery, taking pleasure this summer evening in the birds that are so much at home. Then there is a far call from Hampshire north to Strathmore, and the braes of Angus, and the dim wall of the Grampians. This village, with its solid grey houses and gables, is Thrums, Barrie's village. One house will not soon be forgotten, for Margaret Ogilvy and her boy's sake. From Thrums it is not so far to the Highlands, to the ancestral home of those who live around me today in this Glengarry village.

They have a proud, brave tradition behind them, these men and women. At Culloden in 1746 there was fought the fatal battle between the Highland army and the Government forces. The Highlanders made a brave but hopeless stand, and were broken in irretrievable ruin. Prince Charles escaped, but it would have been better for him if he had died on the field of battle. After the cause was lost, harsh measures were passed. The Highland chiefs lost their autocratic powers. The clan system began to disintegrate. The wild and roadless Highlands had been becoming more accessible since the '15 rising. Life was hard for the clansmen, and many looked across the sea for a new home. Led by men of Clan Donald, some settled in the Mohawk Valley, in New
York State. A good beginning was made, and the future seemed bright. Then the Revolutionary War swept over the country. Those who fought in the war loyal to the Motherland, and others, decided to leave all and to seek new homes where peace reigned. They crossed the St. Lawrence, receiving grants of land along and behind the river. This was the foundation of Glengarry County in the year 1783. There were other waves of emigration from time to time, of which the story has been told.

Of these United Empire Loyalists some followed the course of the Black River through the forest, and settled on the site of this village. In the face of the slow, dark, river they found something of friendliness, reminiscent of the streams of home. By its banks they built their first homes, and by its banks the ring of their axes was heard as they cleared the bush for their small holdings.

More than a century and a half has passed since these early days; yet just as in a palimpsest one can see behind the more recent characters the faded letters of an older script, so here in the Glengarry village one is carried back from traces and suggestions in the present to the older days. Here, for example, the Gaelic tongue still lingers. There passed away a short time ago a typical old Highland woman of more than ninety years. She was born in Inverness, a few miles from Culloden, and came to Glengarry when she was a child. She was small in stature, but strong and hardy. She had worked hard all her life. She was bright and cheerful to the very last, and when she died, one more link with the past life of the village was broken. There is no Gaelic voice to be heard now, save farther back towards Dunvegan.

The faces and features of some of the people still betray their Highland ancestry. I have heard some of the old people recall with feelings of pride the fine build of the men who were to be seen in the village streets a generation and more ago. One I have in my mind at this moment, a huge figure of a man, tall and broad like the hammer throwers and caber tossers one sees at the Highland gatherings in Scotland, yet softer, I am sure, than the old fighting pioneer stock through living in softer days.

Social changes are taking place before one's eyes. In general, farming is not popular with many of the young people. They have seen too much of the hard, discouraging side of it. They have experienced some of the drudgery there often is on the farm, and the poor prices, and they would rather try some other kind of work. There are few children compared with the numbers half a century ago, and the young men and women still go forth and away. Several families, it seems, have simply come to an end.

With the spirit of change busy in the village, it is natural to recall the days of old. The pulse of village life was beating most strongly sixty or seventy years ago. The village by the side of the river was within a few miles of the St. Lawrence. It stood at a point that was central for the wide hinterland. Besides, the grist mill was the magnet which attracted many for miles around, to bring their grain and have it made into meal. In the cold clear winter mornings, steaming teams of horses and wagons waiting for their turn must have been a cheerful sight. Everything went briskly in the village then. A short distance beyond the mill there was a tannery. Its ruined walls can still be seen. The tannery had its own characteristic smell, and since the sense of smell seems to endure when much else has faded and been forgotten, the old, who were boys then, must have vivid memories of this spot. On the other side of the river was an ashery. There is an old-fashioned ring about the name. Here ashes were manufactured into potash for fertilizing the land. There was a large saw-mill too, close to the river, and one of the sights of the year was when the logs came down the river in the spring.

These days were the prosperous days of the village trades. There was a cooperage for the making of churns and pails, and a wheelwright who repaired the farm wagons, and more than one blacksmith who did a big business, and the harness maker, and the shoemaker, and the tinsmith, and the tailor who went round to the farms and made up the cloth. There were the general merchants who carried large stocks and who sold generous quantities of goods to last perhaps for six months.

As far back as the year eighteen hundred and eleven, there was a church in the village. The deed can still be read, signed and sealed by McDermids, McArthurs, McGregors, McKenzies, McMartins, in the presence of a notable pioneer minister, Rev. John Bethune, who exercised an apostolic ministry over a wide district, with his headquarters farther down the river at Williamstown. And with the Kirk, there was, true to the Scottish tradition, a school.

It is fascinating to picture the village passing through its period of growth to what was, it seems, the apex of its prosperity, before other places more favorably situated began to develop and the outstrip it, borne onwards by the tide of fortune. Rural depopulation began, and for many years now it has been going on. The goal of many seems to be the city. The result is that many villages are declining, and becoming little
more than the centres and focus of a shrinking country area. The old self-contained community life has broken down. The automobile has brought the once distant towns near for shopping and amusement.

That such and such a place is not what it once was, may seem a melancholy confession to make; yet that can be said of many a place in these days of change. I notice among the people not a few LAUDATORES TEMPORIS ACTI who flush with pride as they contemplate the brave days of old. That is natural, but they need not view with a kind of sad fatalism the workings of change in the village in the spirit of Ossian's "I have seen the walls of Baldutha, but they were desolate--desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers." As I stand by the river, I remember that it has slowly flowed on its way for centuries with little or no change, even though the life and the activities which kept close to it have altered through the years, ever taking on new forms and faces. And the land all around, some of the best and fairest in the country, is permanent. From it the village draws its life, as it has done ever since its first houses rose, and so it will be in the years to come, even though another pattern of life is laid over the old Highland one.

For the village has its life in the present too, in spite of the tendency, especially among the old, to dwell in its past. Let me give you a picture of the village in winter. It is fortunate in its wealth of trees, and one can look into a beautiful scene, transformed from its autumn bareness into a dazzling white world. The evergreens are pleasant to the eye, and even those trees which stand dark and bare receive some softening lines of beauty from the snow that lies all around them. Fortunate too is the village in its river. It is frozen hard, and has become a white silent way, away round the wooded bend.

How do the hours pass, these winter days? Early this morning the mail man was just running out the village street with his sleigh and pair of horses. A little later the boys and girls were passing on their way to the old school at the head of the village. Teams were waiting, as in the old days, at the mill, and the stores were open and the little French-Canadian girl who lives a stone's throw away had her sled out on the sidewalk.

Ten o'clock; it is a bright, crisp morning. The road in the centre is beaten hard already by the trucks and teams. A mile along it, and I must turn aside and go pushing along the farm lane where the snow is patterned in soft folds, and the walking is harder. But it is not long before I reach the farm house. The farmer I have come to see (really a little outside the village, but I interpret the name generously) has made his farm one of the best in the country-side. He could never have done what he has done unless he had come from a hardy, industrious, prudent, thrifty stock and had well employed the talent entrusted to him. The years have taken their toll. He looks tired, yet he has been used to working steadily all his life, and he craves the glory of going on to the end of the furrow.

Twelve o'clock: the mail has come in. As Christmas comes in sight, it is growing heavier. The post office is the gathering place in the middle of the day for many. What heaps of papers and periodicals!

Three o'clock: the sun is bright. The afternoon is going fast. Shoppers are busy in the stores. One or two travelling agents are busy on their rounds. Soon the voices of the children will be heard coming down the street. The bright lights of the service stations will be turned on, sending their reflection across the pale snow.

Six o'clock: all is dark and all is quiet for a time.

So much for the exterior of the village life. It seems very slight and insignificant, but there is much more. There is a good deal of hard work going on behind. The old mill is busy as of old. Perhaps it is the scene of the most continued activity in the village. The stores, too, keep long hours, for those on the farms do their errands late in the evening. The saw mill is never idle, and the blacksmiths, though they complain of changed times, have always work in a district noted for its horses. Winter is the busiest time for the garage men, for the automobile tires do keep going, the year round. I have already noted the dwindling population of children. The school seems small for the size of the village, but there are several schools in the concessions. As to the church situation, one longs for religious statesmen to arise, who will have the large vision and the desire to educate the people in the great things of the Kingdom of God, and to bring them together in the unity of the Spirit. EXORIARE ALIQUIS. One of the most recent advances is the establishment of a Community Club to foster a community spirit. One cannot help wishing it success. Its influence may well be far reaching, even as the Women's Institute has brought new interests and brightness into village homes.

There is a deep emotion which attaches us to places. I have met those who have spent some years in this old village, who could not help expressing what they felt. Other places might be good to live in, but there was a unique feeling in the heart when one was on the road that ran into the village street and home: And whether here or there, or east
or west.
That place you dwelt in first was holy ground; Its shelter was the kindest you have
found,
Its pathways were the best.

DR. JAMES G. BERRY
MINISTER, ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, MARTINTOWN, ONT.
1937-1943

JOHN McDONALD OF GARTH

INTRODUCTION BY GRANT CAMPBELL
TEXT BY ROBERT J. BURNS

Proceeding west ward beside the St. Lawrence River along Number Two Highway
towards Cornwall, just past Gray's Creek and the Glengarry - Stormont boundary, one
glimpses through a maple grove, the four chimneys of a white house whose gracious
symmetry is in striking contrast to the surrounding nondescript industry.

By the roadside on a huge boulder is a brass plaque, inscribed in French and
English -

“Inverarden”

“This house, built in 1816, is a fine example of Regence architecture and its interior is
a pleasing expression of Georgian symmetry with excellent detailing. In a wooded setting
and commanding an impressive view, this was a fitting home for a country squire. It was
built for retired fur trader John McDonald of Garth, an aggressive and successful North
West Company wintering partner during the rivalry with the Hudson’s Bay Company. In
1842 McDonald gave the house to a daughter, wife of retired fur trader John Duncan
Campbell and it remained in the Campbell family until 1965.

Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada”.

My great, great grandfather John McDonald of Garth or "Le Bras Croch6" as he was
called in the pays d'en haute because of his crippled arm and irascible temper, was the
last surviving Nor'West partner having outlived his associates by two generations by
dying in 1866 in his 94th year.

He built the new Fort Augustus where the City of Edmonton now stands in 1795, Rocky
Mountain House he completed in 1802, Chesterfield Fort in 1804 and Fort Gibraltar,
where the City of Winnipeg now stands, in 1806. In 1812 McDonald left Fort Augustus
(Edmonton) for London to take charge of the "Isaac Todd" and later the "Raccoon"
which sailed around Cape Horn and up the Pacific to take possession of "Astoria" John
Jacob Astor’s fortress at the mouth of the Columbia River. He then led his party back
overland to Fort Augustus. If Great Britain had been able to uphold Canada’s rights,
they established by occupation and conquest, all of the Pacific Coast from the Spanish
possessions in California north to the Russian possession in Alaska would now be under
the Maple Leaf flag. When the boundary was settled however the United States had one
million Civil War Veterans under arms and American settlers were pouring into the
Oregon territory.

Like Laird McNabb on the Ottawa River at Arnprior, McDonald sought to establish
the feudal or at least the clan system on the St. Lawrence. But all such efforts to
augment a land-lord’s finances were doomed to failure when free land was available
further West.

Unlike David Thompson who remained faithful to his halfbreed wife, McDonald
abandoned her sister Nancy to marry Amelia, niece of Hugh McGillis of Williamstown.
Both Nancy’s husband McDonald and her father Patrick Small were grand-nephews of
Major General John Small so that Nancy and McDonald of Garth were first cousins,
one removed.

In this greatest period of British Empire expansion many young subalterns and
District Commissioners of good families were consortimg with Moslems, Hindus,
Parcees and Pagans. On occasion, their half-caste progeny became heirs to
substantial fortunes if they could prove their legitimacy i.e. that their parents were
validly married. Court decisions are ambiguous and largely dependent on the facts of each case but the general consensus was that if a union was consistent with the customs of the country where consummated, English courts would recognize its validity despite its form not being that of a Christian marriage.

I recall my uncle John D. Campbell, a Cornwall and Williamstown lumber dealer, once having an altercation with a McDonald cousin, who, being too proud to work. Uncle John had frequently subsidized. The McDonald cousin taunted "You are just one of Garth's Indians" to which the Campbell replied "and you are just one of his bastards". They were both apparently quite correct.

Dr. Robert J. Burns of Parks Canada has done a magnificent job of researching the history of both McDonald of Garth and Inverarden. His final report is on public sale as No. 25 of the History and Archaeology publications of Parks Canada. The following account is from a preliminary Research Bulletin.

Fur Trade Career/

John McDonald was born at the family estate of Garth, near Callendar, Perthshire, Scotland, probably in 1771 or 1772. He was the son of Captain John McDonald and Magdeleine Small. Little is known of his formative years but he was probably educated by private tutor. A slightly crooked right arm, the result of a childhood fall, prevented him from pursuing a military career, the traditional occupation of his ancestors. Instead, in 1791 through the influence of his brother Angus and his grand uncle Major General John Small who was a personal friend of Simon McTavish, then chief partner and virtual general manager of the North West Company, McDonald was bound as a clerk to the company for an unstated number of years, following which he was to become a partner. Small must have been well acquainted with his young protégé's character and personality. When McDonald sailed from Granoch, Scotland in April 1791 he carried with him his grand uncle's admonition to be "modest, mild and unaffecting to your Equals and even to Inferiors" as well as "affable and Courteous to all you converse with." Small's words did not immediately have their desired effect; McDonald had challenged two individuals to duels before settling in for his first winter in the North West. Though pugnacious, McDonald was also intelligent and sharp minded; under the able tutelage of Angus Shaw, he quickly mastered the intricacies of the fur trade. Aggressive, bold and impetuous, McDonald was well suited to serve the North West Company during its years of intensifying struggle with the Hudson's Bay Company, and he soon gained the respect, if not always the admiration, of those with whom he worked. McDonald served as clerk at Lac d'Original, Fort George, and Fort des Prairies, building Fort Augustus on the North Saskatchewan River in 1795 and Rocky Mountain House further up the river in 1799. In the latter year he married Nancy, half-breed daughter of Patrick Small who was a North West Company partner and also a grand nephew of General Small. In 1800 McDonald himself became a wintering partner and in the following year his first child, William, was born at Kaministiqui (Fort William, now Thunder Bay). By 1802 McDonald had succeeded to Shaw's charge at Fort des Prairies, the largest department in the North West. With the exception of a year's rotational furlough in 1804 and a winter at Isle-à-la-Crosse, he remained at Fort des Prairies until 1808, building New Chesterfield House in 1805. Having fallen ill in 1808 McDonald spent the winter, at times contemplating retirement, in Montreal with his sister Magdalen, wife of William McGillivray, nephew and successor to Simon McTavish of the North West Company. McDonald was also acquiring the attributes of a gentleman in keeping with his plans for retirement. Though ill for a time, he managed that winter to accumulate the largest entertainment bill of any member of the famous Beaver Club. From 1809 to 1811 McDonald was in joint charge of the Red River Department and probably helped establish Fort Gibraltar. In 1811 he carried supplies to David Thompson in the Kootenays, thereby gaining a life-long friend. McDonald's last adventure with the North West Company was to participate in its campaign to wrest the trading post Astoria from the American Fur Company during the War of 1812.

Retirement to Gray's Creek

In November 1814, after 23 years with the North West Company, John McDonald
retired to Montreal where he sold his two shares back to the company for £10,000. For the next year and a half McDonald, now a gentleman of leisure, enjoyed the social life of Montreal while his children, William 13, Eliza 10 and Anges eight were boarding at a private school in Terrebonne. The youngest child Rolland, then four, probably remained with his mother who appears to have joined McDonald sometime after his arrival in Montreal. By the late winter of 1815-16 McDonald had determined to enjoy the fruits of his hard years in the North West by becoming a gentleman farmer, a sedentary occupation far removed from the rigours of his previous career. In his search for the ideal location for his new estate he was drawn to the eastern counties of Upper Canada which were close to Montreal with its business and social connections, and had the added advantage of being populated largely by fellow Scots. The piece of land which caught his eye consisted of 750 acres at Gray's Creek on the St. Lawrence River three miles east of Cornwall and in the very southeast corner of Stormont County. The property was part of a 1200-acre loyalist grant made to Major James Gray of the King's Royal Regiment of New York (Johnson's Royal Greens) after whom the creek was named. By mid-April McDonald was boarding with a nearby farmer, probably to reconnoitre the area and to supervise the planting of his first crops. In May he purchased the estate for £1,600. If McDonald was satisfied, so too were his new neighbours. Late in April the local magistrates, gathered at Cornwall as the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Eastern District, allocated £30 to open a road along the St. Lawrence between Gray's Creek and the town of Cornwall. McDonald’s influence first made itself felt before he had even taken possession of his property.

McDonald as Country Squire and Gentleman Farmer

During the summer and fall of 1816 McDonald supervised the construction of his first home at Gray’s Creek, Inverarden, which is now being restored by Parks Canada. Though originally constructed without its wings, Inverarden with its commanding view of the St. Lawrence was an impressive dwelling place and well suited to the needs and pretentions of a country squire. It was originally a one and half storey ‘cottage’ of rubble stone, and probably a stucco exterior, with an excavated basement for kitchen and larder facilities and several rooms for servants quarters. The main floor consisted of large dining and drawing rooms separated by an ample hall and an elegant staircase; two smaller rooms, probably bedrooms, formed the rear section of the main floor which was heated by three fireplaces. The upper half-storey was not divided into rooms; it probably served as added storage space or remained vacant. From the disbursements listed in McDonald’s accounts for 1816 one can deduce that he spent perhaps £1,500 to £2,000 in the construction of his home, this figure coupled with his expenditure for the land and his living expenses amounted to over one third of his capital. By the end of the following year McDonald had spent more than half of his original £11,000. These substantial drains could not be continued without dire financial results. The house was habitable, if not complete, by the fall of 1816 and McDonald and his wife were living there by the end of the year; their fifth and last child, Magdalene, was born in October, possibly at Inverarden, and baptized in Cornwall in December.

McDonald furnished his new home in a manner fitting to his position as a country gentleman. The furniture, much of which is now in the hands of descendants, was imported from England, probably through his brother Angus who was a London merchant and army agent. It included two sofas, a pair of pedestal card tables, an eide-boeuf mirror, a secretary-bookcase, and a dining table and chairs and matching sideboard, all in Regency style. One of McDonald’s finer acquisitions was a rosewood harpsicord by John Broadwood of London, “makers of pianos to his Majesty (George III) and the Princesses,” which he appears to have purchased shortly before leaving Montreal. The harpsicord was well used by his daughters and one can imagine that the new house soon became one of focal points of local society. McDonald’s social position was confirmed early in 1821 when he first took up his duties as a justice of the peace.

McDonald did not rely upon the prestige of a fine estate and inclusion in the local magistracy to maintain his position in local society. Using the example of his ancestral homeland and its landed aristocracy as his guide he began to invest in land in the Eastern District. By 1817 he was buying land to the east of his estate in Charlottenburgh and Lancaster townships. In 1818 he began a programme of clearing his own land for farming; he contracted to have 10,000 board feet of lumber sawn per year by a local miller on Gray's Creek. In the same year he purchased the 100-acre farm immediately to the east of his own estate and in Charlottenburgh Township; later in 1818 he successfully petitioned the government for a town lot in Cornwall, describing himself
as a resident of Charlottenburgh.\textsuperscript{18} By mid-1820 McDonald, in partnership with Alexander McDonnell (Greenfield), had obtained the government contract to survey Clarence, Cumberland and Gloucester townships in the Ottawa District.\textsuperscript{19} McDonald’s eldest son, William, did at least part of the surveying. In 1827 McDonald tried unsuccessfully to purchase the 70-acre island in the St. Lawrence immediately in front of his farm.\textsuperscript{20} By the mid-1840’s McDonald owned over 7,000 acres of land much of it unimproved and of immediate value only for its timber;\textsuperscript{21} this was especially true of his lands in the Ottawa District facing on the Ottawa River. As he was to realize later, McDonald erred in his effort to gain financial stability through land acquisition; in Upper Canada unimproved land was one of the cheapest of commodities and usually proved a poor medium for speculation. By 1823 only slightly over £1,100 remained in his Montreal account.\textsuperscript{22} Though he had begun installment payments on 20 shares of Bank of Montreal stock in 1817, valued at $1,000, it was becoming obvious to McDonald that he could expect little immediate return from land speculation and that he would soon need a new and substantial source of income.

In May 1823, though married ‘according to the customs of the country’ and presumably living with his wife Nancy at Gray’s Creek, McDonald married again, this time to a white woman, Amelia, niece of the relatively wealthy Hugh McGillis who had retired as a North West Company partner to Williamstown, Glengarry County. Whether or not McDonald’s sudden decision to fly in the face of convention and marry for a second time was the result of a conscious effort to improve his financial position will probably never be known with certainty. But the marriage did create problems for the head-strong McDonald. Shortly before his marriage he sold his home and 150 acres surrounding it to his eldest daughter Eliza and her husband John Duncan Campbell, also a retired North West Company partner and a personal friend of McDonald.\textsuperscript{23} McDonald left Inverarden, probably in the fall of 1823 and moved with his second wife to a house immediately to the east on his remaining 700 acres. It seems probable that Nancy McDonald, who did not die until 1856, remained with her daughter and son-in-law at the house John McDonald had built for them in 1816. One can well imagine the animosity which developed between the two families living as they did in such close proximity to each other. McDonald’s social peers, however, seem to have largely accepted his rejection of his first wife; two of Cornwall’s most prominent inhabitants, merchant Guy Carleton Wood and Clerk of the Peace James Pringle signed a £200 bond indicating that there was no earlier contract to impede the second union.\textsuperscript{24} Yet McDonald did not emerge completely unscathed from this episode. In 1826 he was forced to decline nomination as a Presbyterian church elder,\textsuperscript{25} probably because of the quiet pressure of his fellow Scots, despite the fact that with his Montreal social connections he had become one of the church’s chief benefactors. Certainly McDonald had not lost that stubborn determination which had served him so well in the North West. McDonald’s second marriage did not bring any immediate improvement in his finances, although he was able to use the McGillis connection many years later to save the farm from his creditors.

The method which McDonald finally hit upon to solve his money problems was quite in keeping with his position as a country squire. In 1826 he began to bring in tenants to farm parts of his estate, now known locally as Gart after his ancestral home. Two of the articles of agreement, signed late in 1825, have been preserved and they shed a good deal of light upon McDonald’s style of life and his relationships with his subordinates.\textsuperscript{26} The tenants, described as labourers in the agreements, were granted the right to farm specific parts of the estate for a set term of years, usually five or seven. McDonald provided them with farmhouses and barns, as well as livestock and agricultural implements, and reserved the right to dispossess them if they failed to care for their trusts in a “farmer like manner”. It was the tenant’s responsibility to clear any forested land, and crops and stock increases were to be divided equally between the two parties on an annual basis. At the end of the five- or seven-year term the tenant was to return to McDonald the land, buildings, implements and stock; any improvements made to the farms during the period of the agreement accrued to McDonald, not the tenants. By 1827 McDonald claimed to have 62 individuals living upon his farms.\textsuperscript{27} By this tenant-landlord arrangement McDonald received annually a surplus of agricultural produce which he could sell to satisfy his material needs as a gentleman, and each year he could be assured that his property would rise in productivity and value as a result of his tenants’ improvements. His tenants obtained a subsistence living, experience in farming and, depending upon climatic and agricultural conditions, some slight savings for the future.

McDonald’s second marriage was short-lived. After bearing four children, three of
whom would live to maturity, Amelia died giving birth to twins in 1830. McDonald was to spend the remaining 36 years of his life as a widower. By 1830 the male offspring of his first marriage were established and on their own; William was now a surveyor living in the Gaspe and a second son, Rolland, was soon to be a lawyer. Eliza was married and living at Inverarden while Agnes and Magdalene, 24 and 14 respectively, remained with their father. McDonald also faced in 1830 the added financial burden of raising and educating his three sons by Amelia, Duncan aged five, John four and DeBellefeuille two. The prospect of raising a second family when almost 60 years of age might have daunted a lesser man, but McDonald appears to have provided as well for his second family as he had for his first. Still, the expenses involved coupled with the costs of maintaining his situation as a gentleman played havoc with his now limited sources of income. McDonald refused to curtail his expenditures and continued to speculate in land. The inevitable result was the gradual accumulation of debts which threatened to overwhelm him in the 1840's. He received a good deal of assistance from Rolland whose law practice had prospered and who served as MLA for Cornwall 1844 to 1847. In 1848 Rolland attempted to persuade his father, then in his late 70's, to sell the family estate and move in with one of his children. In the minds of most men no stigma would have attached to a second retirement but, true to his character, McDonald refused even to consider Rolland's suggestion. He had come to view Gart almost as an extension of himself, and in his will would insist that the estate not be divided up. He left Gart to his youngest son DeBellefeuille with the understanding that he would provide for brothers John and Duncan. In 1849 John McGillis, brother of Amelia and McDonald's brother-in-law, paid all of McDonald's outstanding debts to save Gart for his nephews. For the last 16 years of his life John McDonald was relatively free of financial worries and was able to concentrate upon those interests, political and social, which had occupied much of his time since his arrival at Gray's Creek 34 years earlier.

McDonald and Local Affairs

John McDonald was never interested in a political career for himself; perhaps he realized instinctively that he could never succeed in a milieu requiring tact, subtlety and compromise. He did serve as a justice of the peace and, on occasion, as chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Eastern District between 1821 and 1855. The position was an appointive one and the court dealt with local administration and minor criminal cases. Between 1833 and 1844 McDonald was also the judge for the Eastern District's Surrogate Court which granted probates of wills and letters of administration within the district. The records of the latter body have not been found, but the minutes of the quarter sessions occasionally reveal glimpses of McDonald's inherent social and political conservatism. If McDonald never sought elective office, he did have interests to forward or protect. As a gentleman, a retired North West Company partner and a relatively wealthy man, McDonald in 1816 was immediately accepted into Cornwall's small and exclusive circle of prominent, powerful individuals. Even though he retained an account with a major trading house in Montreal until at least 1830, he also established accounts with William Mattice and Philip Van Koughnet, both important local merchants. Archibald McLean, a Cornwall resident and from 1837 to 1862 a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, was not only a close personal friend but also apparently a partner in land speculation and finally a creditor of McDonald. McDonald also developed a friendship with John Beverley Robinson when he was attorney general of Upper Canada. McDonald in 1827 enlisted Robinson's aid in an unsuccessful bid to purchase a small island, then part of the St. Regis Indian Reserve, in the St. Lawrence in front of his farm. McDonald complained to the attorney general: "I have never got one inch of Soil from the Crown, tho' I have added by discoveries many thousand Miles to it," and closed with the lament: "We poor North Westers are Out castes-We get neither grant nor emolument from our country - no - not even a sod to lay our Heads on." McDonald, ever enthusiastic and vigorous in the pursuit of his own interests, usually viewed the world in clearcut shades of black and white.

When Rolland McDonald unsuccessfully contested the Assembly seat for Cornwall in 1841 his father enthusiastically entered the fray. Following his defeat Rolland wrote to his father stressing that the important object now was to work for the following election but to do so quietly. He admonished his father that "there must be no hurry in forcing people...this must be done as it were of itself and not by any seeming efforts-the election must seldom if ever be talked about." From the tone and content of Rolland's letter of advice one suspects that John McDonald's electioneering style was perhaps a little heavy handed even for the 1840's. Whether or not his advice was followed is not known, but Rolland was successful in the 1844 election.
McDonald on the North West

McDonald's political involvement was not confined to personal or local issues. When the politicians and the populace of Canada West began to cast covetous glances in the late 1850's at the great expanse of territory controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company, McDonald did not hesitate for a moment in offering his views on what was a very complex and multifaceted issue. When a British parliamentary committee was established to inquire into the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1857, McDonald wrote to Edward Ellice, deputy governor of the company and a committee member, and to Chief Justice William Henry Draper, a Canadian witness before the committee. McDonald displayed an amazing grasp of the economy and ecology of the West and was optimistic about its future. However, in typical fashion he paid scant attention to divergent opinions. He wished to see the exclusive fur trading privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company continued in the territories north of the Saskatchewan River for he feared that competition would lead first to the decimation of fur bearing animals and then to the economic collapse of those Indian tribes who depended upon trapping. He also advocated the creation of an Indian reserve in the northern territories to help them maintain their traditional northern territories to help them maintain their way of life. McDonald also favoured controlled but large-scale immigration into the southern parts of the North West including the Saskatchewan and Red river valleys. Unlike many of his contemporaries he believed that the vast expanse of the prairies would also prove to be good grazing and farming lands. These areas, now largely denuded of fur bearing animals, he felt were no longer of use or interest to the Hudson's Bay Company. He did, however, foresee the need to preserve the vast herds of buffalo to insure both the future of the plains Indians, and an adequate supply of pemmican for the fur trade. McDonald also suggested the construction of a railway through British territory to the Pacific Ocean to accommodate the expected influx of settlers, a concept which the much younger Edward Ellice viewed as a wild fantasy. Though solicitous of the Indian's welfare McDonald brushed aside the interests of the Red River settlement with the words "of course we will govern Red River and establish there what Gov't we please in accordance with our Laws in Canada." McDonald later came to the conclusion that Canada could not manage such a vast territory as the North West; his suggestion then was that three colonies be set up directly under British supervision. McDonald did not live to see the acquisition of the North West, but some of his suggestions and prophesies came to pass, and some of his fears were realized.

McDonald's Last Years

In reading McDonald's lucid pleas for the protection of the native peoples and his enthusiasm for a railway to the west coast, it is difficult to keep in mind that these were the ideas and views of a man in his late eighties. It was not long, however, before McDonald's health began to crumble under the weight of his advancing years. By 1859, three years after the death of his spinster daughter Agnes, ill health forced him to return temporarily to Inverarden which he had built over 40 years earlier, and to the care which his daughter Eliza could provide. McDonald had often found it difficult to get along with others; time did not mellow his personality. He began to find fault in his children and grandchildren. As soon as he was able McDonald left Inverarden and returned to the security of his beloved Gart. A photograph of McDonald taken by William Notman in 1863 reveals a gaunt, severe and uncompromising old man - a man who had perhaps lived beyond his time. In his last few years he seems to have felt that only his youngest son, De Bellefeuille, had not abandoned or disappointed him. McDonald died on 25 January 1866 and was buried in the family graveyard on a hill overlooking Gart and Inverarden. In 1970 McDonald's remains and those of members of his family were reinterred in a public cemetery near Cornwall. His name, on the new gravestone, is misspelled.
Endnotes


2 McGill University Library, Montreal, Quebec (hereafter cited as McGill), John McDonald of Garth papers, Small to McDonald, 18 March 1791.

3 Ibid., autobiographical notes of John McDonald of Garth, 1859.

4 Archaeological work has been done on the latter post. See Donald N. Steer and Harvey J. Rogers, 1975 Archaeological Excavations at Rocky Mountain House National Historic Park, Manuscript Report Series No. 180 (Ottawa: Parks Canada, 1976).

5 Canada. Public Archives (hereafter cited as PAC). MG24, A58, Henry Labouchière papers. McDonald to Edward Ellice, Gray's Creek, Cornwall, Canada West, 16 July 1857.

6 McGill, Autobiographical notes, 1859.

7 Archives du collège Bourget, Rigaud, Québec (hereafter cited as CB), Archibald de Lery MacDonald papers, McDonald's annual statement of account with McTavish, McGillivray and Company, Montreal, 30 November, 1816.

8 Ontario. Provincial Archives (hereafter cited as PAO), Minutes of the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Eastern District, Cornwall, 25 April, 1816.

9 CB, McDonald's annual statement of account with McTavish, McGillivray and Company, Montreal, 30 November, 1816.

10 Ibid., 30 November, 1817.

11 PAC, MG9, D 7.3. Vol. I, Ontario, Cornwall, Trinity Church, Anglican, register of baptisms, 1803-46, p. 122, entry no. 355; family record of births, family bible in the possession of a descendant, James Reid Campbell, Cornwall; The latter record states that Magdalene was actually born at Gray's Creek; however, as the bible record appears to have been compiled in the 1850s, its accuracy cannot be relied upon entirely.

12 This is the inscription which appears on the harpsicord now in the possession of a descendant, Grant Campbell, Almonte, Ontario.

13 CB, McDonald's annual statement of account with McTavish, McGillivray and Company, Montreal, 30 November, 1816.

14 McCord Museum, Montreal, Quebec (hereafter cited as McCord), Archibald de Lery MacDonald family papers, account of Miss McDonald with Jane Grace Duff for sheet music, 1818.

15 PAO, Minutes of the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Eastern District, Cornwall, 24 April 1821.

16 CB, articles of agreement between McDonald and Murdock Murchison, Cornwall, 5 January, 1818.

17 Ibid., receipt, Thomas Emery to McDonald, Gray's Creek, 1 April, 1818.


19 PAO, RG1, A-1-6, Crown Lands Office papers, McDonald to Surveyor General Thomas Ridout, Cornwall, 3 July, 1820.

20 Ibid., McDonald to Attorney General John Beverley Robinson, Gray's Creek, Cornwall, 5 December, 1827.

21 CB, proposed division of lots between McDonald and A. McLean, undated, possibly 1847.

22 Ibid., McDonald's annual statement of account with McGillivray's, Thain and Company, Montreal, 30 November, 1823.

23 United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Land Registry Office, Cornwall, deed of sale between John and Amelia McDonald and Eliza Campbell, 11 March, 1824, instrument #1235.

24 PAC, RG5, B9, Vol. 16, Marriage Bonds, 20 May, 1823; family marriage records, family bible in the possession of James Reid Campbell, Cornwall. Other fur traders had married for a second time after leaving Indian wives in the North West while some brought their Indian wives back with them. To the knowledge of this writer, McDonald was the only one with the audacity to bring his first wife back and then to marry again while she still lived.

25 PAO, St. John's (Presbyterian) Church, Cornwall, Session Records, 1827-75, p. 4, 1 July, 1827.
26 CB, articles of agreement between John McDonald and David and Nicholas Harrison, Cornwall, 30 November, 1825; ibid., articles of agreement between John McDonald and J. B. Clement, Cornwall, 13 December, 1825.

27 PAO, RG1, A-1-6, Crown Lands Office papers, McDonald to Attorney General John Beverley Robinson, Gray's Creek, Cornwall, 5 December 1827.

28 PAO, Minutes of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Eastern District, Cornwall, passim.


30 PAO, RG1, A-1-6, Crown Lands Office papers, 5 December, 1827.

31 CB, Rolland MacDonald to McDonald, St. Catharines, 5 April, 1841.

32 PAC, MG24, A58, Henry Labouchièrè papers, McDonald to Edward Ellice, Gray's Creek, Cornwall, Canada West, 16 July, 1857.


34 PAC, MG24, A58, Henry Labouchièrè papers, Mcdonald to Ellice, Gray's Creek, 19 July, 1857.


36 Ibid., McGill, Ellice to McDonald, Glenquish, 14 September, 1957.

37 PAC, MG24, A58, Henry Labouchièrè papers, McDonald to Ellice, 19 July, 1857.

38 McGill, McDonald to ?, Gart, 15 April, 1858. This appears to be a copy; it is not known if the letter was ever sent.

Sources
Anick, Norman and Carol Livermore

Archives du collège Bourget. Rigaud, Québec.
Archibald de Lery MacDonald papers.

Canada. Public Archives, Manuscript Division.
MG24, A58, Henry Labouchièrè papers.

McCord Museum. Montreal, Quebec.
Archibald de Lery MacDonald family papers.

McGill University Library. Montreal, Québec.
John McDonald of Garth papers.

(Archibald de) Lery MacDonald papers.

Robert J. Burns
Parks Canada
Ontario Region
IN MEMORIAM

IAN Mc MARTIN

A tragic accident last June claimed the life of one of our senior members, Ian McMartin. His interest in the preservation of the Scottish heritage of his ancestors made him an ardent member of the Glengarry Historical Society an organization which he had helped found. Ian served as one of the Society's first presidents.

After the Dunvegan Scottish Museum became operative, he addressed his efforts to the southern part of Glengarry and worked untiringly to establish the Nor'Westers and Loyalist Museum at Williamstown. Despite the fact that he was teaching full time and also engaged in farming, he devoted a great deal of energy to this task.

Ian's interests were many and varied. He was a founding member of the Beaver Club of Glengarry and also the United Empire Loyalists Society in which he held office at the time of his death. Ian was not found wanting in the service of his church or his community either as he held positions of responsibility there as well.

Those of us who were associated with him in some of his endeavours remember him with respect and affection and mourn his passing. This epitaph written by Robbie Burns on the death of his friend seemed to me to be appropriate for Ian as well:

"An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his - with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this."

Alice Grant