

## “Exodus Dalglish”

The following unsigned manuscript copy was given to me some years ago, about 1965, by a friend, a Mr. Jim Dalglish, who was an insurance adjustor, living in London, Ontario at that time. The Mr. Dalglish who was the author of the manuscript was, I believe, the great-grandfather of my friend Jim, and undoubtedly a distant relative of both of us. He could well have been an uncle or a first cousin of my great grandfather, Andrew Dalglish.

This writing provides us with a splendid view of the lives and times and the hardships that forced our forbears to forsake home and friends to move to a new world. Most interesting is the mode of travel, to total lack of creature comfort, and the primitive state of their chosen home.

It has always been my intent to visit Galt, Ontario to see if I could find the original of this manuscript. The copy ends abruptly and without signature. I feel that there could be several paragraphs missing; also there could be information on the author that could tie him with great-grandfather Andrew, who left Scotland some 18 years later.

William L. Marr  
December 1987

## Exodus - "Dalglish"

The following biographical sketch or outline of the undersigned is hereby given:

In the papers, given for filling up in connection with the recently formed Scientific and Historical Society, in the somewhat broad field given for gathering matter from the fading past, I find a section open for an autobiographical sketch of the party invited to furnish notes. In the uneventful lives of the sons of toil in which I form a unit from my birth, and the various stages of life to mature age even to old age, in which I find myself bordering, there is hardly anything worth noting.

My birthplace was at Old Lewinstope in the Vale of Yarrow, Selkirkshire, Scotland, on April 30, 1817, in a humble thatch covered dwelling, several years afterward destroyed by fire. The place is about six miles from Selkirk and as the Vale of Yarrow with its stream has long been classic, it is probably all but unnecessary to say that my birthplace was centred amidst its most charming beauties. It was surrounded with its spell of fairy and traditional tales, the interest of which was not suffered to pass out of sight, but rather to form a field for the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and James Hogg, the Eltrick Shepherd, who at the period of my birth and youthful days were both in their most active literary pursuits, and frequently to be seen passing along the Vale.

What education I got was at Yarrow Parish School, to which I was sent when very young, having three miles to walk. The first teacher was a John Finleyson, a person educated and licensed for the ministry of the Kirk. He was a Highlander of noble personal mien, but as a teacher, deserving nothing worthy of remark, save that he excelled in the use of the ferule, and all but oratory about the shorter catechism, to have his scholars drilled in its recital backward and forward, devoting one special day of the week, Saturday forenoons, when the several classes were merged into one class for a full drill from end to end of this important document. Any who failed to come short of a faultless recital had such an application of the "taws" as not likely

to be forgotten. This teacher was appointed to fill the office as minister to a congregation, either at Cromarty or Cromarty Bay in the north (or highland) of Scotland.

The next teacher, a James Nichol, was of an entirely different character, a fine man but of rather dignified nature. To him I more particularly owe what little education I acquired. Just about the period when I should have been suffered to remain, I had to retire from school to engage in what pursuit opened up to earn my daily bread in my fourteenth year. At first I was put to work on the farm where I had my birth, at such work as that of hoeing in turnip fields and hay making to when the season closed for such work which had yielded me at the rate of /10 per day or equal to 19c. I engaged with a neighbouring farmer for six months where I was boarded and paid L1 with a crown for good conduct. A second term at the same place yielded a little advance of wages. My services being no longer required in such a place, I found a situation in the town of Selkirk with the Rev. John Campbell, minister of the Kirk there, and after serving two half years, I found another situation in the same town with Dr. Anderson to take charge of his stables. I remained one year in the service of the doctor, and came home in the fall of 1833.

These years had been but stepping stones for the object in view of coming to America. The period of the two years of service with different masters in Scotland had not been altogether fruitless. I was brought to know much more of society and of the dividing lines which mark the classes, these being specially graded on the score of wealth: first, the landowners or aristocracy protected in their estates by laws of entail and rights of the laws of primogeniture; next, the class of small lairds, farmers, merchants, doctors, lawyers and established church ministers forming the business class; the third, or lower class, numbering the vast multitude of work people--this multitude hitherto having had no voice in the legislation of the country.

An event took place when I was in Selkirk, extending the sufferance or right to vote to a ten pound (L10) qualification by the passing of the reform bill in the British Parliament, which was the great event of the age. This liberal measure now became in force and brought many of the toiling throng, who had acquired a little real estate, to enjoy the right to vote. An election for members of Parliament took place on these lines, and great was the excitement on the occasion. Whig and Tory were the parties arranged against each other.

Telegraph communication was unknown in these days. The transmission of news was by the daily mail coach, and great was the interest manifested by the leading politicians on the arrival of the mail from the south, being but once a day.

The cruel use to which that worthy animal, the horse, was put to drag the heavy Royal Mail coach at a speed never under but over ten miles per hour, was for once superseded by a venture in London to transmit the news regarding the Reform Bill as having now become law, to the city of Edinburgh, by a special light constructed vehicle in shape almost like a western democrat. This was all covered over on the sides with printed bills in large letters, fully announcing the success of the Reform Bill. One man as the messenger was alone in the conveyance who was neatly dressed not without an air of weariness. Time was everything in regard to the venture, and the rapidity to supply fresh horses and the speed obtained between stations was something like a battle for life.

At this date in calling up the scene a time of excitement seems inseparable of how the postillions sprang to their work and vanished in the distance. To the toiling multitude, such news was electric with delight, while to the larger of the aristocracy, it was felt as a death knell to their exclusive power. The election which followed brought out many points illustrative of the low state of the electorate, and of the need for improved electoral law. The voting took place in the parish Kirk, where the poll was held and the Reform candidate, Robert Pringle, Esq. was returned duly elected.

Selkirk is an old borough town (or incorporation) and had several marks of its antiquity, so lingering usages of its early days still remained, when it had more of a military position before the "Flowers of the forest were a-wed away". The orderly way in which the corporate body of Bailies, headed with the Provost, observed to conduct themselves had something of a military bearing on attendance of the morning service in the Kirk. On the return of the Sabbath it is customary for the civic body to form in line of march, preceded by town constables clad in blue uniform with white facings and armed with "halberts" (a sort of battle axe having long painted wooden handles or shafts). This guard to the Bailies led to the church entrance and formed guard on each side of the door until the last of the Bailies had entered. The church was provided with a square seat for this civic body in the "loft" (or gallery) right in front of the pulpit. At the close of the services and dismissal of the congregation, the procession again reformed and marched to the cross, a point marked by paving stones on the principal street. A halt was made and the civic band having performed this official duty connected with the office, parted there.

I may note the keeping up of another handed down usage having a military aspect, and that was at the close of each week day, or at nine p.m. after the town bell had rung that hour from the steeple, at once the fife and drum struck up, and played a march through the principal streets, repeating the same round early or at five a.m. on the summer mornings,

arousing the sons of toil from their slumbers. The parties performing this service made yearly call upon the more opulent citizens for some consideration, and I understand were liberally met and enhanced with a dram. The name of the parties performing this duty when I was in the town was the Gillies brothers, who from long practice were experts. The one who beat the drum was somewhat of an oddity, and wags did not fail to take advantage of his weakness.

During a jubilee celebration held after the passing of the Reform Bill, the parties conducting the musical entertainment for the occasion engaged bands of music from other towns. During the movement of one of the processions, Gillies was so twitted about the sounds of his drum as being so far beneath the 'rit rat' of the others, that he applied his drumstick with such force as to break in the drumhead altogether, and that brought matters to a dead silence!

For a time the town had run riot what with open taverns ("public houses") affording a flow of wassail cheer, John Barleycorn holding high carnival; window illumination before the use of gas, the primitive tallow candle being still in use for such an object and the rampant rule of the rabble crowd breaking the windows of those whose principles or enthusiasm had not indulged in the illumination display all combined had given such a satiety to the lower part of human nature that it was a happy circumstance when all was over.

In making such a long digression, I can hardly close my notes about Selkirk without making a short statement relative to the death and funeral of Sir Walter Scott, who had been for many years the Sheriff of the County. It was known that he had been suffering for some time, had returned from Italy where he had gone for health. Having found no benefit, his death was not altogether a surprise. At the same time, the news was not without widespread mourning. The great popularity of the man in the field of literature, both in poetry and fiction, had surrounded him with a sort of "glamour" (or "spell"). Added to the romance of his works was that of his home showing that stone and lime had been touched with the magician's rod. Or according to the Frenchman's remark of the building who designated it a "romance in stone and lime". Now that all this was the creation of a man's genius, his death could not be felt but as a blank whom none could fill. Intelligence travelled slow at that age and newspapers were scant, so that the funeral took place before the tidings of the Sheriff's death had reached the Uplands.

At this day visitors to the tomb of Scott at Dryburg Abbey seem to think their visit will be more acceptable to the public by giving at the same time for newspaper insertion a description of Scott's funeral. One such is just in my hand in the Dundee Weekly News, having hardly any truth in

the whole description. The event of the death of Sir Walter Scott as in the month of September 1832 on the 26th of the month. The funeral took place as stated, although the exact dates have escaped from my memory. I had not then left the service of the Rev. John Campbell, and on the morning of the funeral, Mr. Campbell decided to attend, and took me to take charge of his gig-conveyance. I was therefore present and find the particulars still fresh in my memory. The gathering of people on the occasion may be said was more select than numerous, for it was only those who were of the upper to middle classes who really formed the cortege. Funeral letters of invitation had been sent to these classes alone, so that the thousands of people gathered from all parts of Scotland uninvited to do honours to the illustrious dead is a perfect myth. The peasantry of Scotland are the last people in the world to step across the line of demarcation or thrust themselves where not wanted. The old adage expressive of the sentiment of the people in reference to such matters of etiquette that "the unbidden sit ....." was doubtless verified on this occasion by the absence of the peasantry, except where gathered at points to witness the cortege procession.

From Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey the distance can hardly be short of seven miles. The weather was pleasant, the sun breaking through the clouds at times on the way. A large, imposing-looking hearse had been brought from Edinburgh to carry the remains to the place of burial, and as soon as the hearse moved on, the company of mourners, without much reference to order, followed. The Rev. James Russell of Yarrow, who had come on horseback, at his request took my place in the gig with Mr. Campbell, and I mounted his steed and rode by the side of the moving vehicles, which consisted of sixty in number. All told as from a favoured point, and during a halt, I was able to count the number, so that a statement of the cortege extending over a mile in length is entirely outside the facts of the case. Even making allowance for space, the length fell short of half a mile. The movement on the way led through Darnick, the inhabitants of which were out and indicated by crepe semblance a sense of mourning. And passing through the town of Melrose, people were lining the street in considerable numbers. Men were dressed in funeral attire and showed a becoming respect for the passing dead. The road after leaving Melrose was down the valley of the Tweed and the stream was crossed on the Leaderfoot Bridge afterward the Leader, a small stream flowing into the Tweed, and an ascent was made on a circuitous road up the face of a hill, rising to a considerable elevation in order to take a mountain road that runs on the elevation above the valley, and which passed many of the scenes rendered popular by Scott. The descent made from the elevated road led into the grounds of Dryburgh found to be thickly wooded. An extensive lawn surrounded the plain, modern mansion; interspersed amongst large shade

trees were fruit bearing trees chiefly of apple and not entirely denuded of the crop. The "cortege" having arrived at the mansion, a broad, cleanly gravel drive was soon covered with the vehicles of the mourners. The company at once alighted and made their way on foot after the hearse, not in any particular order. So the last act was performed.

Some of the people in the neighbourhood had gathered at the ruined abbey to witness the burial ceremony which, while adding to the number of people, yet all told to me did not exceed three hundred, so that the report in my hand by this fanciful writer of "a thousand grief-stricken hearts" being present on the occasion quite an overstretch. On retiring from the grave, the company of mourners were soon on the way for their homes in several directions.

Instead of returning by the mountain road, the Rev. John Campbell and Mr. Russell drove up the valley of the Tweed, and forded the river which was very low at the time. Quite a number of people had taken the same road and were making the best speed for home, as it was nearing night and dark when we got to Melrose. At this place we halted to bate the horses, and no less needful was Mr. Campbell, Mr. Russell and the humble writer of this reminiscence of some refreshment which was enjoyed in the residence of a Mr. Asking, a lawyer, who lived hard on the abbey. Here Mr. Russell remained for the night and Mr. Campbell and I arrived home somewhat advanced in the evening in safety.

Thus closed the career of one of the most popular of Scotchmen in modern days, and now followed the reflection of what benefit had been or was likely to flow from the labours of such a man, seeing that the fabric of his greatness and popularity had been read and rested on the baseless structure of fiction.

An aged man who seemed an attach to the dwelling at Melrose where we had refreshment mentioned above, entered the kitchen apartment where the domestics were gathered. The subject of the funeral which had just taken place brought from this venerable person remarks expressive of a feeling which greatly prevailed amongst the sagacious thinking peasantry. His remarks were of such a nature as this, that here was a man endued with large talents, and taking the parable of talents as given by our Lord in the New Testament, how had the spent life of Scott been in harmony with the divine teachings in the exercise and use of such talents for the glory of God. The outcome of such a spent life presents no feature in fulfilment of such a high destiny. Such was an outline of the conversation expressed with becoming concern and so deepened upon my view as still to be retained.

In my boyish days it was my great delight to visit our relative David Hogg at Raeside in the neighbourhood of

Abbotsford, David being a full cousin of my mother, and who in America became my father-in-law. He was with Sir Walter Scott some fourteen years a shepherd and tended the flocks over the estate for such a period. Besides acting as shepherd, it may be said that to a large extent he performed the duty of butcher, as every week at least one of the flock was required for supply of mutton or lamb in the season for the table at a small cost. A pony had to be used to cart the meat thither, the butchering having been done at Raeside. It was on such occasions that I joined in the cartage and had the pleasure as well as wonder of seeing the strangely constructed mansion or more properly a castle, with its irregular outline and groups of octagon chimney stacks too.

It was about this period that Sir Walter was in the height of glory and popularity, having become a laird and had the handle of Sir to his name. His veneration for chivalrous usages of the semibarbarous past age led him to emulate the chieftan of those days, without having a host of armed men around his castle. He had a more innocent part of a chieftan's outfit, that of a piper whose duty it was to parade the length of a balcony constructed of open ironwork on the second storey up from the ground on the river front, and there give forth his martial airs during the dinner hour.

The time had come, however, when the inevitable of change which is written on everything here below had taken place. The daughter Ann Scott, whom I had seen driving her father (Sir Walter) in a phaeton with gay delight, on the day after the funeral in the most inconsolable state of grief, she left the mansion crying like a bereaved child covered with crape (and carrying a small testament or prayer book in her hand with finger inserted at a page). This was to take passage for London, and it so proved that it was a last farewell, as shortly afterward her death took place. At this painful parting, my wife, then a girl, was present and can never forget the painful sight. All this was a sad chapter and no fiction here. The caricature of Scottish life is largely drawn by Scott and which had filled the world presented nothing more sad and touching than the realities surrounding the closing scene of his own eventful life.

Having extended my notes far beyond what I thought was necessary to correct misstatements as to Scott's funeral, I imagine that for further instruction of my family who may peruse this production, I shall yet add what may help the Canadian mind to a better understanding of Scottish life, and acquaint themselves more with the prolific writer whose works still hold a popular place and find an extensive circulation.

The dwelling at Ashesteel where Scott at first had his home on the Tweed cornered on the farm where I had my birth. With the proceeds of the sale of copyrights while Scott resided at this place, it was that he made the purchase of



"Cortlahole", afterward to become from his own naming "Abbotsford". As funds continued to pour in, the building of the new mansion was begun and estates added. A general improvement went on; the lands became dotted over with plantations. The wealth thus gathered from the reading public began to take shape in enlarging and beautifying this which had hitherto been a sterile locality. Workmen in numbers found employment in the various departments.

If such labours were a blessing to the community, it may be inquired in what way labourers being paid at the rate of eighteen pence per day equal to 36c. per hour a married man with wife and family could subsist on such a pittance will seem on the outside of possibility. Such a depressed state of the labour market cannot be very complimentary to Scottish liberality, the more especially that he mentions the fact in some of his letters with pleasure. At that period there were no freeschools, and the protective duties were levied across the whole need of a household. The very salt was taxed, and the dipping of a wick in tallow subjected the housewife to an infringement of law. The illuminating agent employed in the poor man's dwelling in most cases was train oil, an abominable substance and burnt in tin lamps. The feeble light thrown across the mud-formed floor served to make darkness more visible.

The position of the peasantry under such depression had this feature that they knew nothing better. As Scott was an indulgent father and an affectionate husband, it may be questioned whether the people under him might not have shared in some efforts of his that might have turned for a more liberal reward for toil, had he not got all but ruined himself by allowing his name to be associated as one of the firm of the printers and publishers of his works who, when it was found convenient, became bankrupt, involving Scott to pay the enormous debt, to which he set himself to do, and that by greater efforts of his mutual power still on the line of fiction. The result was overwork and a mutual wreck and early death.

The works that teemed forth at that time in quick succession were surprising. The reading public had become so worked up to a sort of intoxication that the supply could hardly keep with the demand. So hurriedly and imperfectly had the manuscripts been written that our relative, Robert Hogg, who was a corrector for the press of that publishing firm, stated to my father-in-law that of all the productions that came into his hand, Sir Walter Scott's was the masterpiece of imperfection, and the work of correction was of such excessive toil taken in connection with the hurried demand, that it kept him busy almost night and day. In spending whole nights at such work, Robert would come to his home in the morning and refresh himself by washing and change of clothes instead of sleep, and in this condition returned

to the office to renew his toil. This unreasonable and burdensome work told so injuriously upon Robert that he was thrown into bodily suffering terminating in consumption, leaving a widow and two daughters to mourn his loss.

In taking leave of the matter relating to a few of the circumstances surrounding the great novelist (Sir Walter Scott), I have thought his sudden elevation and the part he performed in the drama of life bear a miniature of King Solomon as drawn by Solomon himself in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes and the conclusion of the whole matter is in keeping "vanity of vanity, all is vanity".

In resuming the matter of my own autobiographical sketch, in the autumn or fall of 1833 I had returned home to the great delight of my parents, who had felt themselves miserably desolate since the spring of that year, on account of having parted with the daughters Mary, Beth, Euphamie, and Thomas, who had left for Canada. In order that my time during the winter months might be usefully spent, I attended the parish school at the old place to freshen up my education a little. A new schoolhouse had been erected during my absence and changes had taken place in teaching. The old familiar faces had disappeared so that I was all but a stranger.

The winter over and gone, a preparation for emigration went on. The term of my father's engagement expired on the 26th of May, having filled the situation for eighteen years as hedger, and keeping up fences over the estate at a salary of L20, with the feed for a cow, and the right of procuring peat for fuel on one of the hills. A free house likewise enhanced the situation. The period of eighteen years in which my father had toiled around the estate, together with his ingenuity in mechanical branches, had given him a popularity (in such lines) in the neighbourhood as made the fact of his leaving the country a matter of feeling and regret.

The time arrived for the inevitable on the 26th of May 1834 which fell, if I remember aright, on the Sabbath, and having rested that day, early on the Monday morning carts arrived and luggage loaded up with expedition, notwithstanding the early hour. Quite a number of neighbours had arrived to bid a last farewell. It was a touching occasion, weeping amongst the aged females at such a parting, never to see each other in life again. Seeing that matters were taking such a gloomy turn, I shouted a hurray, and waving my cap for all to rejoice in the prospects of the new world's happy home. A neighbour congratulated me upon the spirit with which I was actuated, and which helped to soften the parting moment, an expression of the sentiment of hope in this case somewhat involuntary, but which has ever been present with me through all the subsequent journey of life.

The event of coming to America may be considered the great event of life. A few points touching the movement as regulated fifty-four years ago may not be altogether unworthy of recall, in contrast to the facilities of the present day. The point of embarkation had to be reached by a land conveyance and that with the use of carts common to the country. Such vehicles afforded but a shard of comfort to those required to ride, so that the young and vigorous preferred to walk, and so it was in my case. In proceeding up the Yarrow, it was not without receiving marks of esteem in passing the homes of several by the wayside, especially my school teacher (James Nichol), who was on hand to bid a farewell.

As our progress up the Vale of Yarrow brought us to the Gordon Inn, here we had the pleasure of joining David Hogg in a similar movement, who with his wife and four of the family had spent the Sabbath at Eltrive with the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg being an elder brother of David's) and who manifested a kindness towards David and family in supplying the necessary cartage.

This movement of David Hogg arose in consequence of the changes taking place in the estate of Abbotsford since the death of Sir Walter Scott. So David found it necessary to look out for another home, and hence the resolve to try America. A younger brother's family had preceded him and were settled at Silver Lake in Pennsylvania, where they were engaged tending the flocks of a Dr. Rose who was engaged in stock raising. This Dr. Rose corresponded with the Ettrick Shepherd with an object of obtaining a needed supply of shepherds. This then was the object point of David and family.

The younger brother, Robert Hogg, had taken with the complaint of measles and died aboard ship, and was buried at sea. For some years previous to emigration for the United States, Robert had been in the Isle of Arran where he was engaged in the pastoral life.

It was quite a happy circumstance that our company had become so increased in numbers, and having fallen into line, the way across the mountain pass into Moffatdale presented nothing deserving remark, if it be not that in passing where the Gray Mare's Tail waterfall is a conspicuous object. I had the pleasure of visiting the spot joined with William Hogg, the third son of David. This wild natural piece of mountain scenery is still engraven upon my memory.

Our arrival at the town of Moffat being towards the close of the day, there arrangements were made for passing the night. The weather being delightful during the evening at the dusk, our attention was called to a happy company of

people passing along the principal street. This was a party returning from the minister's manse, where the marriage of James Cowan with his bride had taken place. She was a Miss Laing and in her girlish years for a time attended the Yarrow Parish School. As Mr. Cowan and family have been and are still filling important places of usefulness in Galt and its neighbourhood. notice of this marriage is not undeserving a place, for it so happened that we all came to Liverpool by the same steamer, the City of Carlisle, and again embarked in the same sailing vessel, the Helen, of New York, for America.

I can only skip over the journey from Moffat to the town of Annan. The country at that season of the year was very beautiful and we were early on the way so that our arrival at this port (Annan) was early in the afternoon, and here we had to remain some days in order to sail by a new, supposed fast sailing steamer for Liverpool, the City of Carlisle named above. At length this vessel arrived and moored at the bottom of the river. She was to take in loading of stock and much other goods for the Liverpool market, besides luggage of emigrants, and the whole night was spent and that with the utmost expedition to be ready for the tide which flowed in at a very early hour. All this was new to me. The tidewater barely allowed the vessel room to turn, the channel of the river being so narrow. Soon however the vessel was in full motion on the bosom of this solway firth and the huddled confusion of such a "pell mell" of things on the deck made the passage anything but agreeable.

The speed of the vessel was expected to arrive at Liverpool in time to be docked with inflowing tide. Such, however, was not the case, and while a few passengers were put ashore, the steamer with the company of emigrants put out into the middle of the river and anchored for the night. The deck was open and so without shelter we had to pass the night as best we could, suffering great discomfort as a cold sharp breeze sprang up during the night. Early in the morning the steamer was in motion and found entrance while the tide was in to the dock.

Agents of sailing vessels were soon on hand and an agreement entered into to take passage in a New York ship, the Helen, Benjamin Butman, Captain, for that city. The cargo not being completed, the day of sailing was uncertain, and so lodgings were taken. During the few days we had an opportunity to look over some of the town, and of what makes Liverpool famous--its massive constructed docks, and the merchant fleet so vast.

After days spent in anxiety and watching for the movement of the ship, a hasty summons came in an early morning at last. No time was to be lost in getting on board. Some who had failed to reach the ship in time had to submit to be rowed by boatmen. The ship once into the estuary of

the river was towed with a small steam tug out into the open. A stiff breeze had sprung up, making a chopping sea, and it was not long until the motion of the ship from such a sea converted the crowd of passengers into anything but a happy company through seasickness. The bustle and confusion on deck was excessive and the noise of the vomiting going on below made a very bedlam throughout the ship.

On the first start, an incessant tacking had to be kept up on account of a head wind which so frequently changed the position of the ship as to render the situation all the more unpleasant to the seasick company. Regarding myself and several other young lads, we had got a hint to busy ourselves on deck to aid in hauling ropes wherever an opportunity occurred. That such exercise would ward off seasickness, whether from such a cause or not, I know not, but one thing, I had hardly any seasickness.

It was some time before matters were arranged aboard for the comfort of passengers--first for cooking and a system of dealing out water every day according to the number of heads requiring supply, and that a very limited measure. The composition of the passengers was of different nationalities consisting of English, Welsh, Scotch, amounted to about 160 in number, exclusive of the crew. During the passage it took some time to get suited to the new order of things and a familiarity with strange faces. It fortunately happened that a minister of the Scotch Kirk, the Rev. Andrew Jardine, had joined the family of David Hogg, being related to Mr. Hogg, on this voyage to the United States. Mr. Jardine conducted public worship on the deck, in Scottish order. The singing was led by a Dr. Marchand.

In the voyage of crossing the Atlantic, which occupied seven weeks and five days, a moderate period considered in those days, and which made us in some measure familiar with ocean life, the keen sensibility felt regarding a tempestuous ocean gave place to confidence in the skilful management of the ship by the officers. Hardly a day passed without seeing some of the denizens of the deep (the huge whale and the sportive porpoise), and marine birds hardly ever absent.

In order to escape any risk of meeting in with icebergs, the captain took a southern course so much so that we crossed the Gulf Stream felt by the high temperature of the water, which had a lukewarm feeling imparting a heat to the good ship. The health of the passengers after seasickness was got over continued good. A death of a child, however, occurred and was buried at sea. The mother was in a widowed condition on her way to New York to find relatives, and so this was a sharp trial for her to bear, claiming much sympathy. There was likewise a birth occurred, Mr. Wells, a Scotch shepherd, his wife was confined and gave birth to a daughter. Mr.

Wells became a settler in West Dumfries and some of the family live on the same farm at this day (March 27, 1890).

We arrived safely at New York and stayed for a night in the city. Here we parted with David Hogg and family. Our way to Upper Canada was by boat to Albany and thence by the Erie Canal. Between Albany and Schenectady we were carried by rail, the first attempt at railway construction so far as I know in the State of New York, and only 16 miles. The passage on the Canal was a slow and uncomfortable journey as the deck was the only lodging, exposed to night fogs and the scorching sun by day. On arriving at Rochester we disembarked from the Canal and took passage by a small steamer named the American for Toronto. In crossing the lake we felt almost as upon the ocean again, for soon we were out of sight of land. Early on the following morn we were landed safely on one of the wooden wharfs at Toronto, the name of the city being just newly changed from Little York.

We learned that the cholera was in the place, and so we made it our endeavour to get away as early as possible. It so happened that through the diligence of a captain we were permitted to embark on a small steamer (named the Queenston) for Hamilton. On arriving at Hamilton, we met with a pleasant surprise in meeting with sisters Mary and Euphamie, who had left Montreal in the spring and had come to the Upper Province, and found places with a Mr. Gunn, who kept the wharf, the one for a cook and the other as housemaid. It was a happy meeting. The next move was for Galt and teams were engaged to carry us thither and soon loaded up.

Hamilton was little more than a village at that time. It was far advanced in the afternoon when a start was made on the journey so that in passing through Dundas it was after nightfall; and on reaching the bottom of the mountain, the road up such a steep declivity was almost beyond the power of horses or skill of drivers. After much struggle, the top was reached, and at a sharp turn of the road, it was known afterward as Bullock's Corners, a small frame tavern stood. Here the teamsters decided to stop for the night, and so unhitched horses. The place was so small that accommodation was out of the question. The menfolks of our company, wearied and tired, tumbled down on the barroom floor, and were soon fast asleep, and a short night's rest it was (if rest it might be called), for we were early on the road in the cool of the morning.

The weather being intensely hot, the road was of a most primitive description, but evidenced considerable traffic. In proceeding through the Township of Beverly, and through that of the seven miles of pine woods, we were all struck with the magnificent display of such stupendous trees for girth and height. The clearing out of the roadway gave some

idea of the size of logs turned aside and left to rot, lying breast high.

A James Robson and family of two sons and three daughters, who had crossed the Atlantic with us, formed a part of our company in this westward journey. James and family had left Tweedside, and being a carpenter and joiner by trade and one of his sons had been brought up in the same calling, the display of such woods called forth many expressions of surprise from James; and only if such logs could be transported to the Spittal Mill, what a treasure it would be. Some distance west of the pine woods, James and family turned into some one of the side roads to go to a family of Roberts who were related, so our farewell took place which was not without a touch of feeling, and which proved to be final, as they subsequently made their home in the neighbourhood of Brantford.

As every hour brought us nearer our destination, and the interest was deepened by the statements gathered from persons met with on the way, to avoid going to Galt, as the cholera was there and the people were dying in great numbers; others saying that so fatal was the disease that few were left, and an uncertainty existed as to whether the scourge still prevailed. However, we pushed on the teamsters, on their part determined to fulfil their engagement.

As Kind Providence had so far guarded and rendered prosperous our journey, so it became us to trust in God; such was my mother's expressions. In due time we arrived at Galt, and at or near the spot where now stands the Central School was where we had the first glimpse of Galt. The old road is still traceable; the view was by no means very promising, St. Andrew's Kirk being the most conspicuous of buildings in view, as it had just been recently erected and was still in progress of finish. A part of the Dumfries Mills (known by Shaders Mills) was another object to meet the view surrounded by a number of log houses.

On descending into the valley from the east and crossing the stream known as Mill Creek over a temporary wooden bridge, which led on to Main Street, being still dotted with stumps, in coming near to where the Main Street bridge crosses this river, it was here that I met with Dr. John Scott. I was happy to meet with such a person. From him we learned the true state of matters relating to the ravages of cholera that had prevailed so fatally in the place, but was now over. Dr. Scott had come to aid Dr. Miller on the trying occasion, and who I thought had given evidence of undaunted courage in the exercise of his skill in the hour of need. He had studied with Dr. Anderson at Selkirk when not at college at the time when I lived with the doctor, and hence our familiarity which continued during his lifetime at Berlin, where he settled. We had the happiness of finding our

relative Samuel Hogg in one of the stores whose parents had crossed the Atlantic with us and with whom we parted at New York. We were able to give him intelligence regarding his people, and from him we learned what direction to take to find my brother Thomas and sister Belle (now widow Turnbull).



Archie McLes

Andrew Dalgleish  
(3.9'31-6.9'22)

Alexander (Jr)  
(26.7'71-)

Neil Sinclair  
(1.7'59-2.9'24)

Anne Sinclair  
(---22.8'96)

(Jim) Russell  
(.11'73-13.6.'48)





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HBB

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