**Recollections of Bytown and Its Old Inhabitants eBook**

**Recollections of Bytown and Its Old Inhabitants**

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**CHAPTER I.**

In ’28, on Patrick’s Day,  
At one p.m., there came this way  
From Richmond, in the dawn of spring,  
He who doth now the glories sing  
Of ancient Bytown, as ’twas then,  
A place of busy working men,  
Who handled barrows and pickaxes,  
Tamping irons and broadaxes,  
And paid no Corporation taxes;  
Who, without license onward carried  
All kinds of trade, but getting married;  
Stout, sinewy, and hardy chaps,  
Who’d take and pay back adverse raps,  
Nor ever think of such a thing  
As squaring off outside the ring,  
Those little disagreements, which  
Make wearers of the long robe rich.   
Such were the men, and such alone,  
Who quarried the vast piles of stone,  
Those mighty, ponderous, cut-stone blocks,  
With which Mackay built up the Locks.   
The road wound round the Barrack Hill,  
By the old Graveyard, calm and still;  
It would have sounded snobbish, very,  
To call it then a Cemetery—­  
Crossed the Canal below the Bridge,  
And then struck up the rising ridge  
On Rideau Street, where Stewart’s Store  
Stood in the good old days of yore;  
There William Stewart flourished then,  
A *man* among old Bytown’s men;  
And there, Ben Gordon ruled the roast,  
Evoking many a hearty toast,  
And purchase from the throngs who came  
To buy cheap goods in friendship’s name.   
Friend Ben, dates back a warm and true heart  
To days of Mackintosh and Stewart.   
Beside where Aumond and Barreille  
Their fate together erst did try,  
In the old “French Store,” on whose card *Imprimis* was J. D. Bernard.  
“*Grande Joe*,” still sturdy, stout and strong.   
Long be he so!  Will o’er my song,  
Bend kindly, and perhaps may sigh,  
While rapidly o’er days gone by,  
He wanders back in memory.   
Aye, sigh, for when he look’s around,  
How few, alas! can now be found,  
Who heard the shrill meridian sound  
Of Cameron’s bugle from the hill,  
How few, alas! are living still—­  
How few who saw in pride pass on  
The Sappers with their scarlet on,  
Their hackle plumes and scales of brass,  
Their stately tread as on they pass.   
I seem to see them through the shade  
Of years, in warlike pomp arrayed,  
Marching in splendid order past,  
Their bugles ringing on the blast,  
Their bayonets glittering in the sun,  
The vision fades, the dream is done.   
Below the Bridge, at least below,  
Where stands the Sappers’ structure now,  
You had to pass in going down  
From Upper to the Lower Town;  
For, reader, then, no bridge was there,  
Where afterwards with wondrous care,  
And skilful hands; the Sappers made  
That arch which casts into the shade  
All other arches in the land,  
By which Canals and streams are span’d;  
The passing wayfarer sees nought  
But a stone bridge by labor wrought,  
The Poet’s retrospective eye

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Searching the depths of memory,  
A monument to Colonel By,  
Beholds, enduring as each pile  
Which stands beside the Ancient Nile,  
As o’er the past my vision runs,  
Gazing on Bytown’s elder sons,  
The portly Colonel I behold  
Plainly as in the days of old,  
Conjured before me at this hour  
By memory’s undying power;  
Seated upon, his great black steed  
Of stately form and noble breed.   
A man who knew not how to flinch—­  
A British soldier every inch.   
Courteous alike to low and high  
A gentleman was Colonel By!   
And did I write of lines three score  
About him, I could say no more.   
Howard and Thompson then kept store  
Down by “the Creek,” almost next door,  
George Patterson must claim a line  
Among the men of auld lang syne;  
A man of very ancient fame,  
Who in old ’27 came.   
One of the first firm doth remain,  
He is our worthy Chamberlain,  
Who ne’er in life’s farce cut a dash  
On other people’s errant cash;  
Who guards, as it is right well known,  
Better than e’er he did his own,  
The people’s money, firm and sure,  
To the last cent, safe and secure.   
And opposite across the street,  
A friend or foe could always meet  
A man deserving hero’s title,  
Uncompromising Watson Litle!   
A stern upholder of the law  
Who ne’er in justice found a flaw,  
With well charged blunderbuss in hand  
He asked not order or command,  
But sallied forth *semper paratus*  
To aid the *Posse Comitatus*!   
“Peace to his ashes!” many a score  
Of heads he smashed in days of yore!   
Where is the marble slab to show  
Where Watson Litle’s dust lies low?   
Close by “the Creek,” on the south side  
Of Rideau Street, did then reside  
John Cuzner, a British tar,  
For pluck renown’d both near and far!   
Nor would I willingly forget  
While tracing recollections met  
Of other days, and from the past  
Collecting memories fading fast,  
Of lines our earliest purveyor,  
John MacNaughton, the Surveyor,  
The only one who then was quite  
At home with the theodolite,  
And boxed the trembling compass well,  
Before the days of Robert Bell.   
A little further up the street,  
James Martin’s name the eye did greet  
A round faced Caledonian, who  
Good eating and good drinking knew;  
And “Four-pence-half-penny” McKenzie  
Daily vended wolsey linsey,  
Next door to one of comic cheer  
Acknowledged the best auctioneer,  
That ever knock’d a bargain down,  
Or bidder if he chanced to frown;  
He set himself up in the end  
As Carleton’s most worthy friend  
And by *vox populi* was sent  
To Parliament to represent  
The men of Carleton, one and all,  
In ancient Legislative Hall.   
And by “The Tiger” sleek and fat,  
Our old friend “Jimmy Johnston” sat,  
The corner stock’d with silks and ribbon,  
Was kept and owned by Miss Fitzgibbon.   
A good stand it has ever been

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For commerce in this busy scene;  
Stand oft of idler and of scorner,  
I mean the modern “Howell’s Corner,”  
Called after “Roderick of the sword,”  
Once well known Chairman of School Board.   
And down below near Nicholas Street,  
A quiet man each morn you’d meet  
At ten a.m., his pathway wending,  
With steps to Ordnance office bending,  
A mild man and an unassuming,  
Health and good nature ever blooming  
Seem’d stamped upon his smiling face,  
Where time had scarcely left its trace; *Semper idem* let me beg  
Thy pardon, honest William Clegg!   
Nor must, although his bones are rotten,  
The ancient Mosgrove be forgotten,  
A man of kindly nature, he  
Has left a spot in memory  
While gazing on each vanish’d scene  
That still remains both fresh and green  
For when in heat of hurling bent  
The ball oft through his window went,  
He pitch’d it to us out again,  
And ask’d no payment for the pane.   
On Sussex Street, James Inglis flourish’d,  
A cannie Scot, and well he nourish’d  
A very thriving dry goods trade,  
And “piles” of good hard silver made,  
Almost amongst the forest trees,  
By furs from Aborigines.   
No “Hotel” then was in the town,  
“The British” in its old renown,  
Of our Hotels the ancient mother  
Had not one stone laid on another;  
Donald McArthur in a cavern  
Of wood sustained his ancient tavern,  
And there the best of cheer was found  
Within old Bytown’s classic ground;  
And now I’ll close my roll of fame  
With a most well-remember’d name,  
A man of dignity supreme  
Rises to view in memory’s dream,  
Ultra in Toryism’s tariff,  
Was Simon Fraser, Carleton’s Sheriff,  
Personified by the third vowel,  
Forerunner of W.F.  Powell,  
A high and most important man  
In the renown’d old Fraser Clan,  
Who well had worn the Highland tartan,  
For he was bold as any Spartan,  
And did his duty mildly, gravely,  
And wore the sword and cocked hat bravely.

**CHAPTER II.**

Come, now, my gentle Muse, once more,  
Come with me to the days of yore,  
And let us wake, with friendly hand  
The memories of that distant land,  
The past; and while thy minstrel weaves  
A chaplet from the Sybil leaves  
Of recollection—­let the light  
Of truth upon his lines be bright.   
May he with reverential tread  
Approach the dwellings of the dead,  
Seeking for some sweet flower of good  
Within their solemn solitude:   
And if he finds in fadeless bloom  
Around some well remember’d tomb,  
Some cherish’d record of the past  
Which has defied time’s rudes blast,  
And down futurity’s deep vale  
Shed fragrance on the passing gale,  
Love’s labor, then, the task will be,  
My gentle Muse, for thee and me.   
’Mongst those of old remember’d well,  
John Wade doth in my memory dwell,  
A wit of most undoubted feather—­

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A mighty advocate of leather—­  
A solemn man too, when required.   
With healing instincts deeply fired,  
He with claw-instrument could draw  
Teeth deftly from an aching jaw,  
And ready was his lancet too  
When nothing short of blood would do;  
Relieved he many a racking pain,  
When shall we see his like again?   
And William Tormey, stern and straight,  
A man who came ere ’28,  
Chief of the men who kept the fire on  
And hammer’d the strong bands of iron,  
Which first securely bound together  
The old lock gates through wind and weather,  
The old Town Council minutes bear  
The record that his name is there.   
And Thomas Hanly, loud the praise  
I gave him in my early days  
For bread, that Eve might tempted be  
To eat, had it grown on that tree,  
On which hung the forbidden fruit  
Whose seed gave earth’s ills their sad root.   
Friend Tom dealt in the rising leaven  
In the old days of ’27,  
With “Jemmy Lang,” an ancient Scot,  
Who ne’er the barley bree forgot;  
An honest, simple man was he  
As ever loved good company;  
And Tom McDermott, while I twine  
The names of yore in song of mine,  
Can I forget a name like thine?   
Ah, no! although thine ashes rest  
Beneath our common mother’s breast,  
No name more spotless doth engage  
My muse, or grace my tuneful page.   
Stern Matthew Connell, fiery Celt,  
Below the present Bywash dwelt,  
Beside John Cowan, o’er whose grave  
The grass of ’32 did wave.   
No man got in a passion faster  
Than did old Bytown’s first postmaster;  
Yet was he a most upright man,  
And well the old machinery “ran”  
When mail bags came on horse’s back  
Before we had a railway track,  
And their arrival on each morn  
Was signall’d by an old tin horn.   
Peace to his shade! in ’32  
The cholera Matthew Connell slew.   
Kind reader, let me pass awhile,  
Beside the “Bywash,” deem’d so vile,  
Then called “the Creek”—­though now the pest—­  
The festering miasmatic nest  
Of Boards of Health, who dread infection—­  
My very heart’s sincere affection  
Clings fondly to that old creek still;  
For oft in boyhood’s joyous thrill,  
O’er its ice-bosom in wild play  
I chased the ball in youth’s bright day.   
With young companions loved and dear!   
How few of such, alas! are here  
To listen to the bye-gone story  
Of the old Creek’s vanish’d glory!   
’Twixt “wooden lock” and Rideau Street,  
Young Bytown oft was wont to meet—­  
To struggle in the “shinny game;”  
Ah! then it was a place of fame,  
Full sixty feet from shore to shore,  
While now it measures scarce a score;  
Modern improvement has prevail’d—­  
Its fair proportions are curtail’d;  
Its banks filled in, more space to gain.   
Its stream, by many a filthy drain,  
Which once was rapid, always clear,  
Changed into color worse than beer,  
To cool and icy scowling scan,  
Of rigid, total abstinence man.

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Gone is its fair renown of yore,  
It’s schoolboy battles all are o’er,  
Which made it then a “Campo Bello”  
For many an embryo daring fellow—­  
Too young to know what men of sense  
Have called the art of self-defence;  
There buttons flew, from stitching riven,  
Black eyes and bloody noses given—­  
Even conflicts national took place,  
Among old Bytown’s youthful race.   
Why not? for children bigger grown  
I rave sometimes down the gauntlet thrown  
For cause as small, and launch’d afar  
The fierce and fiery bolts of war,  
Simply to find out which was best.   
Caesar or Pompey by the test.   
In those past combats “rich and rare”  
Luke Cuzner always had his share.   
For Luke in days of *auld lang syne*  
Did most pugnaciously incline,  
Never to challenge slack or slow,  
And never stain’d by “coward’s blow.”   
The Joyces too, Mick, John and Walter,  
In battle’s path did seldom falter,  
But “Jimmy,” in those days of grace  
Held a peacemaker’s blessed place,  
Nor has he wander’d far astray  
From the same calm and tranquil way.   
The belt was worn by any one  
Who had the latest battle won,  
’Till Simon Murphy’s springing bound  
Lit on that ancient battle ground,  
And from that hour he was King  
Of our young pugilistic ring!   
But here I’d like to pause a minute  
And go to Hull—­there’s something in it  
That to the hour of life’s December  
I shall endeavor to remember.   
The old “Columbian” schoolhouse, where  
In childhood’s dawn I did repair;  
It was a famous strict old school  
Sway’d by the ancient birchen rule,  
The place where youthful ignorance brought us,  
The spot where famed James Agnew taught us;  
A Scot was he of good condition,  
A man of nerve and erudition,  
A strict disciplinarian, who  
Knew well what any boy could do,  
And woe to him who did not do it  
For he got certain cause to rue it.   
No sinner ever dreaded Charon,  
Nor was the mighty rod of Aaron,  
By ancient Egypt’s magic men,  
In Pharoah’s old despotic reign,  
More feared as symbol of a God  
Than was by us James Agnew’s rod;  
With it he batter’d arithmetic,  
Lore practical and theoretic  
Latin too, and English grammar  
Into your head, a perfect “crammar,”  
Was Agnew’s most persuasive rod,  
Nor less his magisterial nod.   
How would such stern tuition suit  
In our Collegiate Institute?   
Amongst the unforgotten few  
Who rise to memory’s magic view,  
While winging on her backward flight,  
My schoolfellow, Alonzo Wright,  
Appears a lad of slender frame,  
I cannot say he’s still the same,  
Except in soul, for that sublime  
Has soar’d above the touch of time,  
And in “immortal youth” appears,  
Unchanged by circumstance or years,  
A good fellow, this was his name  
At school, methinks he’s still the same.   
May he give powers of swift volition  
To all who offer opposition

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To him in the approaching “scrimmage,”  
For what is but a brazen image  
At best, a people’s approbation,  
Which sometimes with the situation,  
Changes as egg in hand of wizard,  
Or color in chameleon lizard.   
There too, are Job and David Moore,  
Bill Northgraves mentioned not before,  
Who in the little school-house red  
On early education fed.   
And Thomas Curtis Brigham, too,  
Lennox and Christopher in view,  
Arise before my sight,  
Strongly defined in memory’s light,  
And Wright both Ruggles and Tiberias,  
And Wyman who was seldom serious,  
Poor fellow! in life’s manly bloom  
He slept in an untimely tomb.   
Time fails me, or I fain would tell  
Of many more remembered well,  
But end I here my present strain  
Till memory wakes it up again.

**CHAPTER III.**

I cross the Ottawa once more.   
From Hull again to Bytown’s shore.   
And for a moment I behold  
The river as it was of old,  
Swelling, majestic in its pride,  
A glorious stream from side to side!   
A “Grand River” was Ottawa then,  
The pride of ancient lumbermen,  
By slabs and sawdust undefiled.   
The joy of nature’s dusky child,  
Who’s matchless, perfect bark canoe  
Oft o’er its crystal bosom flew—­  
Not bridged all o’er like shaking bogs  
By endless booms of dirty logs,  
Which to the thrifty and the wise  
Are doubtless marks of enterprise,  
And evidences too of health,  
Of pocket and commercial wealth,  
Yet sadly, sometimes out of place,  
And serious blots on Nature’s face.   
What would big Indian “Clouthier” say—­  
The red-skinn’d Samson could he stray  
From the happy hunting ground away—­  
Could he behold the stream to-day—­  
The great Kah-nah-jo, where the God  
Of the Algonquins used to nod  
In dreamy slumber ’mid the smoke  
Which from the mighty cataract broke,  
Hemm’d in by sawmills, booms and piers—­  
The features of a thousand years  
Of beauty ruthlessly defaced—­  
The landmarks of the past displaced,  
And little left to tell the story  
Of Ottawa’s departed glory;  
But water running where it ran  
When the red deer chase began.   
’Twould startle even Philemon Wright  
With all his wisdom and foresight.   
Could he arise, good man of old,  
And modern Ottawa behold,  
He’d feel himself a stranger too—­  
’Mid scenes of wonder strange and new—­  
In Hull, of little worth for tillage,  
The spot on which he built his village.   
Return I now, this slight digression  
Was worth the time, I’ve an impression;  
Clouthier, the Indian, was a giant,  
And “Squire Wright,” strong, self-reliant,  
Was he who o’er the border came  
And gave to Hull its ancient fame;  
A man of enterprise and spirit  
Who in this history well doth merit,  
Such place of prominence as can  
Be given to such a stirring man.   
On the way back I see the ground

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Where ferrying Odium was found,  
And afterwards, next in progression,  
Friend John Bedard came in possession,  
And certainly much money made  
By a successful carrying trade.   
The place seems alter’d, art and skill  
Have built up Wright and Batson’s mill  
At the old wharf, or near at hand,  
Where the first steamer used to land,  
Before even that small craft could ride  
At any wharf on Bytown’s side.   
And not far off, in days of yore  
A cottage stood—­’tis there no more,  
And if there ever was a spot  
Where friend and foe a welcome got—­  
Where generous hospitality  
Presided o’er the banquet free,  
And friendship’s hand for rich and poor  
Was ever opening the door—­  
That spot was where that cottage stood,  
Embowered in the cedar wood,  
And he who there resided with  
An open heart, was old Ralph Smith!   
In memory I behold him now,  
With sparkling eye and lofty brow,  
And round the table amply spread,  
Are Patton, Henry, Ralph and Ned,  
And Dolly—­blessed be her shade!   
Who, such nice things for schoolboys made,  
And made them feel just as no other  
On earth could do except their mother.   
But I must hurry, or I own,  
I ne’er shall reach the Upper Town,  
For there I’ll find an ancient throng  
To link together in my song,  
And I shall wake them up ere long.   
’Mongst those of olden time who came  
Was one whose engineering fame  
Was brilliant—­let none call be braggart  
While speaking thus of John MacTaggart,  
A genius of the highest grade  
In that most scientific trade,  
Who plann’d with wise, consummate skill,  
Even from the lock-gates lowest sill  
To Kingston Mills, the undertaking  
Which cost such time and cash in making,  
Rideau Canal, the work of years,  
And England’s Royal Engineers.   
Brother of Isaac, once known hero  
As Corporation Engineer,  
Or Street Surveyor in that time  
When Ottawa’s fur was not so prime,  
Whom well of old the writer knew,  
And as he comes up for review—­  
Like volume taken from the shelf—­  
He harm’d no one but himself,  
Is all his bitterest foe can say  
Of Isaac who has passed away.   
And James Fitzgibbon, where is he?   
Beneath the weeping willow tree,  
Retired, quiet-going man  
Who ne’er his head ’gainst faction ran.   
And close upon his fading track  
I see the shadow of James Black,  
Who once on Rideau Street kept store  
In the remember’d days of yore,  
A stirring, active man was he,  
Genteel, polite to a degree,  
That customers were always fain  
Who saw him once to call again;  
His wife in the old churchyard lay—­  
Her epitaph I know to-day.   
And there stands Thomas Burrows, too,  
As he appeared before my view,  
Leaning upon his garden gate  
Beside the Creek in ’28;  
He held of trust, an office high  
Under the reign of Colonel By.   
And Tom McDonald, as we then  
Were wont to call the best of men;

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A man of spirit rare was he  
Who never had an enemy.   
And there, too, Captain Victor goes  
With most aristocratic nose,  
And manners haughty with the ring  
Of *ton* when George the Fourth was king.   
And Lieut.  Pooley, for whose skill  
The “Gully” bridge is named so still,  
Ask Lyman Perkins, if you doubt it,  
And he will tell you all about it.   
And Dr. Tuthill, who with skill  
Could cure more readily than kill,  
Physic’d, emetic’d, too, and clyster’d,  
And *con amore*, bled and blister’d,  
In the old Hospital, which stood  
Unscathed by tempest, fire, or flood,  
For fifty years, to be down cast,  
By chance, or carelessness, at last,  
Theme for conjecture, most prolific,  
Another phase of the Pacific  
Railway which will cause a broil,  
Unless ’tis built on British soil!   
And there, too, Joseph Coombs was found,  
With solemn step his march around  
Among the patients, pacing slowly—­  
Disciple of the meek and lowly,  
Who afterwards oft turned the key  
On many a goodly company.   
In that strong work of mason’s trowel,  
Ruled now by Alexander Powell.   
And William Addison, no more—­  
As trim a soldier as e’er wore  
The uniform, or bravely bore  
His head erect, with step as light  
As wings that touch the air in flight.   
Well had he won and kept from harm  
The honor’d stripes upon his arm.   
Such men as he have been the stay  
Of Britain in her darkest day!   
And Sergeant Johnston who, with skill,  
The raw and awkward squad could drill—­  
A warrior in air and tone,  
Who had his country service done—­  
Straight as a ramrod, and his might  
Of voice would Lambkin’s soul delight.   
And brave John Murphy—­champion John!   
I can’t forget as I pass on.   
As fine a fellow as e’er wore  
The scarlet coat in days of yore.   
With upright form of manliest grace,  
With wondrous beauty in his face,  
And perfect symmetry of limb;  
Appollo might have envied him!   
And then he was as brave and true  
As e’er the sword or bayonet drew,  
Full many a battle did he fight,  
His injured comrade’s wrongs to right;  
For well he knew each mood and tense  
Of the old art of self-defence;  
And woe to him who dared a fling  
With bold John Murphy in the ring.   
There many a pugilistic martyr  
Met his match and caught a Tartar.

**CHAPTER IV.**

Near where the George Street market stood  
Lived William Northgraves, then a good  
And skilful watch-maker, who’s chime  
Did regulate the march of time,  
And Arthur Hopper, sporting blade,  
Was in the same time serving trade,  
Though guiltless of the modern tricks  
Of time serving in politics;  
He made gold rings for bridal matches,  
As well as cleaned and mended watches.   
And last of old watchmakers three,  
I mention mild Maurice Dupuis,  
Who’s even tenor ne’er did vary

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From the upright and exemplary,  
At Corcoran’s corner, now the stand  
For carters, very near at hand,  
Dwelt one who’s unforgotten name  
Is worthy of poetic fame;  
With scientific sleight he bled,  
And then anatomized the dead.   
With hand so wonderfully skill’d,  
Victims delighted to be killed,  
Came willingly to yield up life,  
An offering to Tom Hickey’s knife;  
So high his sense of honor ran,  
The butcher in the gentleman  
Merged so completely, you’d be lost,  
Which in him to admire the most;  
By ancient poets it was sung  
Those whom the gods love all die young,  
Tom Hickey’s early death did prove  
That those die young whom all men love.   
I must not here omit the name  
Of Heubach from my roll of fame,  
He passes under memory’s scan  
A simple minded honest man,  
With manners quiet, mild and bland,  
An emigrant from fatherland.   
And Joseph Nadeau, far and near  
Famed ’mongst the boys for good *La Tir*  
And old John Cochran stern and tall,  
Immoveable as a stone wall!   
Staunch to his principles stood he,  
No matter what the cost might be;  
Oh! for a few of his old stamp,  
To trim with fire the waning lamp!   
And Louis Grison, worthy man,  
In “Maville’s village,” first began  
His little trade, which wider spread  
As ancient Bytown went ahead.   
Two rows of houses built of wood,  
Near Enoch Walkley’s brewery stood  
With narrow little street between,  
This was the village that I mean.   
Then William Graham kept the peace  
Of all the town with perfect ease;  
Potato whiskey then was cheap,  
And we had little peace to keep.   
Such monstrous practice was unknown  
As kicking when a man was down,  
Though many a stunning blow was felt,  
None ever struck below the belt;  
The ring was form’d, and fair play  
Reign’d without challenge at each fray,  
And never yet, that I could hear,  
Did constable e’er interfere,  
Or even think that amongst crimes  
Rank’d this brave pastime of old times.   
Then Martin Hennessy was young,  
A Hercules with sinews strung;  
You might as well an anvil “lick,”  
Or stand against a horse’s kick  
And fear not shattered rib or jaw  
As risk a smash from Martin’s paw.   
I’ve seen him in the days of yore  
His fist crash through a panel door.   
Martin soon ran his wild race out,  
For “Doctor” Whitney with a “clout”  
Of a great bludgeon laid him out  
Heady for *post mortem* and bier,  
Thus ended Martin’s rough career.   
Ah! those were happy halcyon days,  
Well worthy of immortal lays.   
Here I must summon from the band  
Of the departed shadowy land  
George Parsons, and his name entwine  
In this poetic wreath of mine.   
Beside the creek his name I meet  
On the west side of William street,  
Twas called “the lane,” ere legislation  
Gave it its present designation;  
Admirers of steeds fleet and game

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Will not forget George Parson’s name.   
And I would be worse than a Turk,  
Did I forget George Robert Burke,  
A man who mingled not in strife,  
Nor ever did in all his life  
An act to cause a blush of shame  
On any face that bears his name!   
Nor can I Archie Foster pass,  
Too soon departed, too, alas!   
A man of feelings warm and kind—­  
A friend who never left behind  
A friendly act, if in his power  
To act the friend in trouble’s hour,  
Ah! ’twas a melancholy day  
When Archie Foster passed away.   
And now a man with learning’s grace  
And mildness pictured in his face  
Stands forth in retrospection’s ray  
As if it was but yesterday,  
It is the good Hugh Hagan’s shade  
Who’s precepts many a scholar made.   
Nor would my reminiscent eye  
While scanning erudition’s sky,  
Fail to perceive through cloud and storm  
Friend James Maloney’s stately form—­  
A fixed star in the Teacher’s heaven  
Since the old days of ’27,  
When learning’s every art and rule,  
In the old Mathematic School,  
According to education laws  
He taught—­and ne’er forget the “taws.”   
The handle was just two feet long,  
And well he trounced the noisy throng!   
At the west border of the swamp  
Where cedars grew mid mosses damp,  
Just at the corner where to-day  
Ben Huckell doth his name display,  
In other days dwelt William May,  
A member of the old “Alliance”  
Which easily put at defiance  
The conflagrations that were seen  
“Like Angel’s visits far between,”  
For Bytown then was almost free  
From an Insurance Company!   
Poor fellow! by a sudden stroke  
Death’s gloomy shadow o’er him broke,  
Upon that well remembered day—­  
When the old town was wild and gay.   
From verdant vale to sunny ridge,  
On which the new Suspension Bridge  
Was opened—­and crowds congregated  
To see it then “inaugurated.”   
To use a word from Uncle Sam,  
The concourse was a perfect jam.   
’Twas built by Alexander Christie,  
From the land of mountains misty;  
And though the whirlwind and the storm  
For years have revelled on its form—­  
Though ponderous loads for many a year  
Have passed it o’er from from far and near,  
It stands in strength unshaken still,  
A monument of art and skill;  
Long may the builder dash the tide  
Of Jordan’s swelling surge aside;  
And when the lot of all mankind  
Overtakes him, may he safely find  
A bridge across to Canaan’s shore,  
To pass in peace death’s valley o’er.   
While rambling backwards up life’s hill,  
I meet the stern Paul Joseph Gill,  
A man with much tuition fraught,  
Who youth at the old creek side taught,  
Where Thomas Dowsley doth display,  
His maps of land for sale to-day.   
Paul Joseph Gill could with a frown  
Keep juvenile offenders down;  
His ruler flat I can’t forget,  
My fingers seem to tingle yet,  
As recollection o’er me brings

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That ruler amongst other things,  
Which come around me link by link,  
While of the vanished past I think.   
John Frost, too, rises up before  
My vision of the time that’s o’er;  
He built upon foundation damp,  
In Lower Town’s great cedar swamp,  
Which stretched from Sussex Street to where  
That engineering structure fair—­  
The fond-admiring eye doth greet,  
Spanning the stream at Ottawa Street.   
And “Sandy” Graham, strange it is,  
That I thus far his name should miss,  
While tracing from the scenes gone by  
Each unforgotten memory  
Sandy was, aye, a joyous blade,  
And many a good stroke of trade  
He with commercial wisdom made,  
In other times when he was young,  
And Yankee silver round was flung  
With lavish hand by low and high  
In the good days of Colonel By.   
And William Hunton, who came late,  
If I am right, in ’28,  
And many a good quart of whiskey,  
To make the old Bytonians frisky—­  
And many a pound of Twankay tea  
And Muscovado vended he,  
For Howard and Thompson in the time  
When cash was plenty and trade prime.   
Friend Tom a little later came,  
A youth then of quite slender frame.   
In form he’s something still the same—­  
Though time has taken from his heel  
The spring it used of old to feel.   
And streaked his locks with silver, too,  
Which long withstood all time could do,  
Yet in the dream that’s passed away  
I see Tom Hunton of to-day.

**CHAPTER V.**

And John McGraves, the chandler, why  
Could I so long have passed him by?   
By accident I’ve turned a leaf  
Which brings him out in bold relief  
A plain and unassuming man  
Was John; his candles never ran.   
And many in this ancient place  
Owed him a debt for a clean face.   
William Kipp, too, doth memory greet,  
In a small shop on Rideau Street,  
A man of gentlemanly kind,  
With a well-cultivated mind;  
And Commissary Strachan, too,  
And Oriel, who had much to do  
Paying the debts of Waterloo,  
And many another battle field  
Where Britons fought and did not yield.   
And old John Ring, “good gracious me!”  
I had almost forgotten thee—­  
Thou “Silky” John of other years,  
Gone from this dreary vale of tears,  
A passing shade, and more’s the pity,  
For thou wert ever gay and witty.   
And Charles Baines, an old time lawyer,  
Stood here professional top sawyer;  
He owned a bull dog, arrant thief!   
Who plundered Agar Yielding’s beef;  
And when friend Yielding sought for law,  
To deal with canine of such maw,  
“Why, there is just one simple way,”  
Said Charley, “Make the owner pay;”  
“I thank you for your judgment brief,”  
Said Agar, “pay me for the beef.”   
“Seven and sixpence worth of prog,  
Was bolted by *your* big bull dog.”   
“All right,” said Charley, like a flash,  
And quickly handed o’er the cash;

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But, as friend Yielding turned to go,  
“Come back,” said Charley, “for you owe  
Just seven and sixpence for advice,  
So hand it over in a trice.”   
While on the past I now reflect,  
I well and clearly recollect  
John Wilson, who kept office here,  
And afterwards a Judge austere  
Of the Queen’s Bench or Common Pleas,  
Sat with much dignity and ease.   
’Tis past, I shall not here relate  
Young Robert Lyon’s luckless fate,  
Nor shall I stir the tomb and tell  
Why he an early victim fell  
At folly’s shrine, as he who bends  
A martyr to ill-judging friends,  
Will always fall; but end I here  
This record of his short career.   
Honor, indeed! thy shrine appears,  
Surrounded by a sea of tears.   
George Shouldice is a man of old,  
Henry was too, who ’neath the mould  
Lies slumbering in solemn rest—­  
He many a pompous body drest  
With garments fine and quite exotic,  
When fashion was not so despotic.   
And Charles Friel, an early man  
With Bytown’s history began,  
A man of ready tongue and wit,  
A politician who could hit  
And sway with eloquence the throng,  
Which shouts alike for right or wrong.   
Father of Henry James, who died.   
Just as his eye of hope descried  
The goal he labored to attain—­  
The honors he had fought to gain.   
Tis no uncommon thing to find  
A little man with full grown mind:   
And ’mongst those who have gone to rest—­  
Who of their chances made the best  
In life’s o’er turning changing reel,  
I freely rank Henry J. Friel.   
And Daniel Fisher, too, is gone,  
Of Scotia’s children he was one  
Who clothed the naked in his day—­  
That is, the naked who could pay.   
I have a friendly feeling yet  
For him, for I can ne’er forget  
The jacket blue which first I wore  
In the old cherished days of yore,  
That jacket which I don’d with pride.   
Caused me to feel a man beside  
The urchin in the pinafore  
Which I had just arisen o’er;  
In Daniel Fisher’s shop ’twas made—­  
Headquarters of the fig-leaf trade.—­  
In that most ancient grand device  
Which had its rise in Paradise.   
I see as on I hurry past,  
Pat Duggan, who blew vulcan’s blast,  
And friend Kehoe, who with hand neat  
Fitted the shoes to horse’s feet;  
And John McGivern, the baker,  
And Robert Wanless, harness-maker;  
And William Atkins, who is still  
Holding his own upon the hill  
Of life, though slowly wending  
Towards the goal that has no ending;  
And Silas Burpee, pious man,  
Who in the early ages ran  
With drums and belts and wheels complete  
A turning mill on old York Street—­  
Upon the very spot, now thought of  
Where gander’s head George Shouldice shot off,  
With an old smooth-bore, but would not  
That day attempt a second shot;  
’Twas wise of George, a second shot  
Might have consigned to luckless pot,  
His marksman’s name, and half a shilling,

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His renown in the art of killing.   
It was a stirring place of trade  
Where famous spinning tops were made.   
And splendid water power was found  
Where now there’s nought but solid ground,  
Covered with numerous loads of wood,  
A costly item bad or good.   
In modern times—­of old it stood,  
Maple at ninety cents a cord,  
Just four and six-pence, by my word!   
And Julius Burpee, gone! well, well!   
He kept the old Rideau Hotel,  
Where man and beast could get the best  
And truly find the traveller’s rest.   
Julius still might living be  
Were it not for the “barley bree.”   
And Edward Darcey too, appears.   
And Jeffry Nolan, who in years  
Gone by, was stout and strong in fight.   
And in the conflict always right,  
Before the days when frolic’s King  
McDougall “made Dungarven ring!”  
Frank’s arm then, as mine, was strong,  
None but himself in all the throng  
So far the ponderous sledge could hurl,  
Until at last with dexterous whirl,  
“The school master” defiant came  
And walked off champion of the game.   
From first to last I’ve found him true,  
McDougal *ciamar tha sibhn dieugh*?   
And Charles Sparrow, where, oh, where  
Is he who once was Bytown’s Mayor,  
Ere, J.B.  Turgeon took the chair?   
Lost ’mid the overwhelming blaze  
Of changes new; gone from the gaze  
Of public life, like many a man  
Who, once for public honors ran.   
And George and Robert Lang are gone,  
Men of intelligence and tone,  
Who held positions marked and high  
In Bytown’s old society.   
Nor has amongst the ancient few  
Captain McKinnon from my view—­  
Though long a tenant of the tomb—­  
Faded into oblivion’s gloom.   
If Roderick Stewart now was near,  
He’d pour into my listening ear  
A tale I would delight to hear,  
Of other men of other times,  
Who’s names may have escaped my rhymes.   
The Captain lived, a man discreet,  
Near where the ancient arch did meet  
O’er famous little Sussex Street,  
For there a tragedy took place  
Which here the muse with truth shall trace.   
A boy stood near that arch of old  
Upon a wintry day—­’twas cold,  
Tired of sleighing down the hill,  
He for a moment there stood still,  
That boy sits now with pen in hand,  
From memory’s photographic land  
Painting in colors fair and true  
The vanished scenes which once he knew.   
As thus he rested taking breath,  
He little dreamed of blood or death.   
Up Rideau Street a man there came,  
Charles McStravick was his name.   
A tall, lithe, active fellow, he,  
As in a thousand you could see;  
A white blanket *capote* he wore,  
And jauntily himself he bore,  
He stepped beneath the arch, and then  
Rushed at him fiercely two strong men.   
Both with surprise and dread were scan’d.   
One had a loaded whip in hand,  
The other a short bludgeon bore,  
And in a moment, all was o’er!   
Three blows, a crash, a stream of blood.

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All of the victim bad or good  
In life, was in an instant crushed  
To dust—­off the assailants rushed,  
And none can tell from then ’till now  
The hands that laid McStravick low,  
Nor does he who relates the story  
Know more of that occurrence gory  
My history would be faithless here  
Did “Happy Jimmy” not appear,  
An innocent good natured soul  
As ever loved the flowing bowl—­  
An institution of the day  
That like himself hath passed away,  
Was “Happy Jimmy,” he who made  
A vagrant’s life a merry trade.

**CHAPTER VI.**

And now, kind reader, I behold  
Before me, as in days of old,  
Bold Paddy Whelan, Wexford Paddy  
Surely of noisy men the daddy;  
A man of most Herculean form,  
Who roamed through sunshine and through storm,  
And sounded loud in other days  
His notes in Hamnett Pinhey’s praise—­  
And well he might sing with loud swell,  
“The Lamb of March” deserved it well!   
A man of learning, wit, and sense,  
No shallow thing of vain pretence,  
The true stamp of the current guinea  
Bore March’s Father, Hamnett Pinhey.   
To “Muddy Little York” went he,  
The Independent and the Free  
To represent with power effective  
Amid the wisdom most collective,  
In the old days of Compact Rule  
Ere Grittism yet had gone to school;  
Dalhousie District’s Archives too,  
Can show what he was wont to do.   
Paddy, though not of *genus ferae,*  
Was yet a queer *lusus naturae*;  
His vital organs played beneath  
A shield of solid bone ’till death,  
Without a yielding space between,  
Where ribs in other men are seen,  
Though not a feathered bird, his toes  
Were web’d as well the writer knows,  
And joined in one in style most rare  
His molars and incisors were;  
His voice, when at its loudest swell,  
Was like a railway whistle’s yell;  
In stature he was six feet tall,  
So there is Paddy for you all!   
But strike I now a strain sublime,  
A touch heroic into rhyme.   
As memory doth with truth uncoil  
The history of old Bob Boyle,  
A British soldier, bold and free,  
Of the old Ninety-Ninth was he,  
Who bravely fought and ’scaped from harm,  
At Lundy’s Lane and Crysler’s Farm,  
And gallantly his bayonet bore,  
At Fort Niagara, and the shore  
Of Sackett’s Harbor trod of yore,  
When “Uncle Sam,” our friend and brother,  
Or cousin, kicked up such a “bother”  
In 1812, and tried  
In vain to lower Britain’s pride,  
By cutting from her parent side,  
By a Caesarean operation,  
The proudest offspring of the nation!   
The Union Jack, thank heaven! still  
Floats proudly over vale and hill,  
Of this Dominion grand of ours;  
And shattered be the vital powers,  
By fatal stroke, like that which slew,  
Sennacherib’s Assyrian crew,  
Of him who’s traitor hand shall dare  
To furl one fold that flutters there!

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And palsied be the traitor tongue,  
And from its root uptorn and wrung,  
That dares to utter but one word  
To weaken the soul-anchored cord,  
Which binds Canadians heart and hand  
In love to the old Mother Land!   
Bob Boyle, “I thank thee” that thy name  
Hath stirred the patriotic flame,  
In days like these, when treason’s veil  
Drops when passions fierce assail,  
And leaves exposed to public view  
The traitor double-dyed in hue!   
Hear, spawn of disaffection’s thrall!   
Rouge, Annexationist and all  
This—­ere the Union Jack shall fall,  
The path of treason red with blood  
Shall sink beneath a crimson flood,  
While o’er it from the highest crag,  
Will wave the glorious meteor flag!   
I’ve wandered somewhat from my track,  
But quietly I now come back;  
Into my train of thought there blew  
A passing spark, away it flew,  
And I was gone before I knew—­  
Like nitro-glycerine it sprung,  
And from the pathway I was flung.   
Yet no uncertain sound give I,  
I risk it as a prophecy.   
By George Street north, I pass and see  
There Pierre Desloges, a man was he,  
But little known beyond the spot  
Where first he built his little cot.   
And Alexander Ethier too,  
A carpenter, both good and true  
Beside him dwelt, where busy feet,  
Pass onward to Dalhousie Street.   
And now I think it passing strange  
That in wild fancy’s flitting range  
I have not seen and mark’d before  
John Litle standing at his door—­  
In Sussex Street where erst, kept he  
An Inn of quite a good degree  
Of excellence in the old time  
Which has evoked this lengthy rhyme,  
John was a man of sturdy frame  
As any that hath borne his name.   
Even Brave Bob Elliot would delight  
His prowess to behold in fight;  
And Robert Elliott was not slow  
To give or to resent a blow  
In other days, when not as now.   
The olive branch of peace is seen  
Between the orange and the green.   
And Richard Stethem in the haze  
Of Bytown’s distant early days  
Before my vision doth appear,  
To claim his right of entry here.   
And Robert Stethem, too, his brother,  
Of village denizens another;  
John Miller too, of leather fame,  
Who from the County Wexford came,  
And first made here such boots and shoes  
As fashion could not now refuse  
In this fastidious age to take  
And wear them for their matchless make.   
And how have I not had before  
James Anderson, a man of yore,  
Who pitched his tent in days gone by  
’Mong Bytown’s ancient company,  
An honest hearted jovial Scot  
As e’er in exile cast his lot  
’Mongst those who pioneered the track  
Down which my memory’s muse looks back.   
And now as I stretch forth my hand  
In search of one from Paddy’s land,  
A man of wit and humour rare,  
I touch him still and find him there.   
From Erin, scarcely from Armagh,  
To Carleton came Denis McGrath,

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Loud has his North Hibernian tongue  
Upon the Byward market rung  
For six and thirty years; in truth,  
I’ve known him since the days of youth,  
John Litle can my tale review  
Of Denis, he will find it true.   
And John Macdonald, of the Isles,  
With face clad in perennial smiles,  
Knight of the knock-down hammer, he  
Claims passing notice now from me—­  
A well read man, for truth to tell,  
He studied Burns and Byron well;  
And which two of the wizard few  
Have touched with tuneful hand so true.   
The throbbing pulses of the soul,  
Which vibrate ’neath their wild control.   
Friend John Macdonald, here’s my hand,  
Thou relic of the vanished land!   
Michael McBean I can’t pass by,  
He kept of old a grocery—­  
Just opposite McDougal’s gate,  
Where the big auger hangs in state.   
Richard McCann, too, did abide  
In peace the Sappers’ Bridge beside,  
In house we ne’er shall see again,  
Once tenanted by Andrew Main—­  
A cannie, sober, honest Scot,  
Was Andrew Main—­an humble lot,  
With patient industry he bore,  
Till fortune smiled, and then a store  
He opened, in extensive way,  
Where William Fingland keeps to-day.   
Peter A. Egleson to boot,  
The young idea how to shoot,  
On George Street north, in days gone by  
Taught in his own academy;  
At length the birch he threw aside,  
And floated proudly on the tide  
Of commerce—­and his name appears  
Where it was found in other years.   
Next Richard Thomas comes to view,  
And Nat and Jonas Barry too,  
All plasterers of the old time  
Who made their bread by sand and lime.   
Joachim Valiquette, a baker,  
And Joseph Valiquette, shoemaker,  
A votary of the rod and line  
When summer evenings are fine,  
He like a nightingale can sing  
A holy strain—­as well as bring  
From well known spot—­a goodly string  
Of fish upon a Thursday night  
That Friday may be kept all right.   
Gone is our friend Peter Riel  
Whom old Bytonians once knew well;  
An innocent good man was he,  
Given sometimes to a little spree;  
Once member of the Council here,  
He gave forth many a loyal cheer,  
And sat triumphal carriage on,  
In state with Queen Victoria’s Son,  
When Albert Edward came this way  
A royal visit here to pay.   
My song complete would not appear  
Unless “the Major’s” name were here;  
His regimental number now  
I can’t recall—­but this I know,  
He bravely marched with battle brand  
Among the guardians of the land,  
Ready alike to fall or stand  
As duty’s accents gave command;  
Far might yon seek, and find not then  
A soul more genial amongst men,  
A lot unmarked by mortal ills  
Is all I wish to Major Wills.

**CHAPTER VII.**

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Though strictly not of Bytown fame,  
I can’t forget John Egan’s name,  
It well deserves what I can give,  
To make it unforgotten live;  
For ’mongst the sons of enterprise,  
Who rose with Bytown’s early rise,  
When “Norway Pine” was number one,  
John Egan stands almost alone—­  
The king of the Grand River, then  
The Wellington of lumber men  
A man of boundless energy,  
And vast capacity was he,  
All difficulties had to fly,  
And cower before his dauntless eye!   
Right well may Aylmer mourn and boast  
The enterprising son she lost,  
Upon the day when from earth’s toil  
He “shuffled off the mortal coil.”   
And N.H.  Baird, of old was here,  
A scientific engineer;  
And Finland, the contractor, who  
With coach and four the streets drove through,  
The grandest carriage of the kind  
E’er seen in Bytown—­with behind—­  
In gorgeous and artistic glare,  
A lion and an eagle—­where  
Is friend Perkins? he can still  
Remember that old eagle’s bill.   
And Captain Andrew Wilson, O!   
I’ve got an old sea lion now,  
Who saw the flash of Nelson’s eye,  
Amid the smoke of victory,  
Both at Trafalgar and the Nile.   
Aye, saw the hero’s dying smile  
Of triumph, when his cruise was o’er,  
And to the vast eternal shore,  
Launched forth by death’s o’erwhelming gale  
His gallant spirit spread its sail!   
O’er flowing bowl with might and main,  
He fought his battle’s o’er again,  
Talked of chain shot, and “Stinkpot’s” stench,  
And hated cordially the French,  
Whom he believed were but created  
To be by sailors killed and hated  
What e’er he was, what passage o’er,  
He took to the mysterious shore,  
Old Charon never cleft the wave.   
Yet with a soul more true and brave!   
And Baptiste Homier, when alive,  
I think had children twenty-five,  
Presided o’er a tavern neat,  
On the south side of Rideau street.   
A place well known both near and far,  
And there John Johnston kept the bar,  
Related backward up the stream,  
To him who had the lucky dream;  
With the old Chief, who in “a fix”  
Was found before old ’76.   
Colonial history has told  
The story in the days of old.   
The Indian dreamed, the General lost  
His uniform, but to his cost  
The wily chieftain quickly found  
The General’s dream, bought solid ground,  
And Martin, James, and Darby Keally  
From the green land of the “Shillaly.”   
Richard Fitzsimmons, too, was found,  
The Paganini of sweet sound  
In days gone by, with memories big,  
And well he danced an Irish jig.   
Most incomplete would be my tale,  
Did I not draw aside the veil,  
And bring from distant vistas through,  
The ancient fiddler into view.   
While strolling downward by the locks,  
One of those reminiscent knocks  
I felt, which brought my eye before  
Another of the men of yore;  
I gazed, as the dim shadow neared,  
And then before my sight appeared

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The recollection of a name,  
’Twas Commissary Ashworth came.   
And not far off, with business look  
And pen in hand o’er ponderous book,  
I see another friend of youth  
Noted for probity and truth;  
’Tis Thomas Donelly, worthy man!   
Whom now with memory’s eye I scan.   
Still as the mist of memory clears,  
I meet the men of other years;  
Another page I now unfold,  
And Captain Bolton I behold,  
Or Major Bolton, if you will,  
Who lived upon the “Major’s Hill,”  
Which got his rank and bears it still.   
It used to be in days gone by,  
“The Colonel’s Hill,” a rank more high,  
And worthy of the ancient trees,  
Whose foliage rustled in the breeze,  
Where pigeons, in their annual flight,  
Were wont by thousands to alight,  
O! many a fusilade I’ve seen,  
Of flint locks in its bowers green;  
It got the name recorded here,  
From Colonel By, who first lived there;  
’Twas then a grove of thickest shade,  
What civilization’s hand hath made,  
The Indian, with its withering skill,  
It has done for the “Colonel’s Hill.”   
Who comes, so centaur like in grace,  
Good spirits pictured in his face?   
’Tis Isaac Smith, let truth not vary,  
A gentleman from Tipperary,  
Beloved by all, ’twere hard to mate him,  
He had no enemies to hate him,  
His friends were neither scarce nor few  
They numbered every soul he knew.   
Who e’er remembers Isaac Smith,  
Mounted top boots and breeches with,  
Upon his stately old black mare  
Will recollect a horseman rare.   
Christopher Carlton, where art thou?   
Come here, old friend, I want thee now  
To ramble back with me again  
To where of old McPherson and Crane,  
And Francis Clemow, too, I think,  
Did business at the Basin’s brink.   
And Bindon Burton Alton, who  
Has vanished from terrestial view;  
The poet with the flashing eye—­  
The true born son of minstrelsy!   
Who sang so sweetly, memory still  
Trembles with the undying thrill.   
Which throbbed in melting tones of fire  
From Bindon Burton Alton’s lyre,  
Alas! alas! that such a soul  
Should sink a victim to the bowl.   
Thomas MacKay, who’s worthy name  
Is well known even to modern fame.   
The worth which honest men revere  
Deserves a fitting record here.   
With mighty gangs he excavated  
The ancient quarry situated  
On west side of “the Major’s Hill.”   
Which modern hands find hard to till;  
The stones from thence by powder rent  
To build the seven Canal Locks went.   
The Sappers’ Bridge, too, was erected  
By blocks of limestone thence ejected.   
Like many another rising man.   
Mackay for ancient Russell “ran”  
To use a term, which means to-day  
That he runs best who best can pay!   
The declaration found him seated  
And his antagonist defeated.   
New honors came his name to greet,  
A Legislative Councillor’s seat  
Was given next to Russell’s pride,  
Clad with which dignity he died.

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And no more upright man has e’er  
Deserving of the post sat there.   
And William Stewart, too, who’s name  
Elsewhere has graced my roll of fame,  
Was as the reader will remember,  
For Bytown long ago a member,  
Good representative he made,  
And his constituents ne’er betrayed,  
We were by taxes lightly rated  
When Bytown was incorporated,  
By the Bill by him presented  
When he this village represented  
In ’47, the year, no other,  
When to that stingy old step mother,  
The County of Carleton we were tied  
And had our temper sorely tried.   
This was before Lord Sydenham’s reign  
Which gave that legislative strain  
To our Colonial Constitution,  
And made a legal institution,  
The Bill Municipal in Legislation,  
The often tinkered act which rules the nation.   
And James Stewart, a medico  
Of the old school of long ago,  
A votary of potent pill,  
And lancet too for many an ill.   
And not a whit more given to kill  
His patients, say these truthful rhymes.   
Than M.D’s of more modern times,  
And now I think it only fair  
To mention here Doctor O’Hare,  
Who of old Bytown formed a part,  
And practised the assuaging art  
Before the time of Scanlon’s tarry,  
Before the days of Edward Barry  
Who in his person did combine  
The medical and legal line,  
Exhibiting as his degree  
Upon his card J.P.M.D.”   
He gave to Bytown’s sporting men  
Such Fox-hunt as we ne’er again  
Shall see; ah! ’twas a joyful day,  
When Barry with tin horn away,  
In glory on “Bob Logie’s” back,  
Followed the variegated pack  
Yelping in chorus o’er the plain,  
We’ll never see such sport again!   
Who would at length the story hear,  
Can ask the Sheriff, he was there,  
And bravely in his headlong way  
Did “Shamrock” carry him that day,  
Close in the terror stricken wake  
Of Reynard, over bush and brake,  
James Fraser, too, can tell the tale,  
For he went over hill and dale,  
And swamp and fence and ditch and bush,  
Foremost in the determined rush.   
To get up first and win the brush,  
While loud above the yelling din,  
Sounded the Doctor’s horn of tin,  
That hunt the public health to save  
Was the best prescription e’er he gave.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

Can I, an ancient friend, pass by,  
Who even to-day still greets my eye,  
And brings up among modern men  
The dearly cherish’d past again?   
’Tis far, far back, I scarce can fix  
The date, perhaps, ’twas ’26,  
When he, in Huntly, on a farm,  
Once tried his unaccustomed arm  
At work for which ’twas never made,  
In that most independent trade.   
He left Bucolics, trees, and all,  
And moved away to Montreal,  
To teach, as better him did suit,  
“The young idea how to shoot.”   
And many a youth has blest the day  
Of Alexander Workman’s sway.   
I’ll say no more, lest I should be

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Accused, perhaps, of flattery.   
’Twould scarcely here be out of place  
If Edward Griffin’s smiling face  
I should present in colors true—­  
In good Samaritanic view;  
The patron of Joe Lee, whose name  
Is known to histrionic fame;  
Who play’d at Shylock on the stage,  
When tragedy was more the rage  
Than in this sad degenerate age.   
And where art thou, my friend, George Story,  
A man of yore, though not yet hoary?   
The even tenor of thy way  
Hast thou maintain’d for many a day;  
They tell us within human range  
That mortal things are given to change,  
It may be so, yet thou art still  
But little changed, though down the hill  
Quietly gliding, still thou hast  
An air about thee of the past;  
Who knew thee thirty years ago  
At the first glance would know thee now.   
And Thomas Story—­modest man—­  
As well as any other can,  
Or, he may think, much better too,  
Suit habit’s taste in me or you,  
In coat artistically made  
According to that ancient trade,  
Which had its rise in solitude,  
Where Adam lived before the flood—­  
Is still Tom Story of the past,  
Long may his life’s fair measure last  
And Sandy Mowat, here’s a line  
To thee, in memory of lang syne;  
Fond wert thou of the target ground—­  
Fond of a rifle and a hound;  
Dost thou remember Bearbrook’s brink  
And the old shanty without “chink,”  
Or door to stop the piercing gale  
That whirled along the snow-clad vale,  
Where Peter McArthur, you and I,  
Once slept beneath a wintry sky;  
While through the roof in splendor bright  
We saw the guardians of the night—­  
The snow-storm of the coming day—­  
The savage wounded buck at bay—­  
And how we lost and found our way?   
Dost thou forget the strain of glee  
That from deep slumber’s arms roused thee?   
Dost thou remember who did ride  
The bounding wounded buck astride,  
And whose the crimsoned hunting knife  
That ended there the quarry’s life.   
Then “Eastman’s Springs” were little known  
To few beyond we three alone.   
And Malcolm Ferguson, oh why,  
Should memory’s record pass thee by?   
An artist of the gentle trade,  
By whom Bytonians were arrayed  
Most fashionably in old times.   
When dross among the social crimes  
Held not the rank which modern art  
Hath given it in fashion’s mart.   
An agile fireman, danger-proof,  
As ever struggled up a roof,  
Or to the midnight summons sprang  
When the alarm signal rang;  
As cat or squirrel of active limb—­  
A “ridge-pole” was a street to him.   
The old extinguishers of flame  
Will well remember Malcolm’s name.   
As the long past I wander through,  
Michael O’Reilly comes to view;  
A man of stature, somewhat brief,  
Who largely dealt of old in beef,  
In that cheap time when scanty coin  
Was ample for the fattest loin,  
Rounds, chops, and beefsteaks were not gold  
In those delightful days of old.

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’Tis true the tallow-candle’s light  
Was all the ray that cheered the night,  
Before our first assizes term  
Was dignified by actual sperm—­  
The real thing—­no “Belmont’s” then  
Were found among the sons of men.   
Another name remembrance brings,  
The muse of old John Darcey sings,  
In numbers almost a magician—­  
A wonderful arithmetician,  
Whose mode with all others “collided,”  
Who added, multiplied, divided,  
And even substracted by such rules  
As ne’er were known or taught at schools.   
No learned professor of the birch  
E’er left John Darcey in the lurch;  
No pedagogue was ever able  
To con his arithmetic table.   
And Edward Darcey—­no relation—­  
Except in name, to old Equation,  
A son of Crispin, a sole nailer,  
Who owned a curly dog called “Sailor”—­  
A noble, liver-hue’d retriever,  
Who’d make one almost a believer  
In canine intellectual merit  
Which dogs as well as men inherit.   
Louis Pinard, in ancient times,  
Was always ready with the “dimes”—­  
Excuse the slang—­which a disgrace is—­  
At gallopping or trotting races,  
And A.P.  Lesperance beside him,  
A good horse kept, and well could ride him,  
When horsemanship was more in fashion  
Than sitting still and laying lash on,  
In four-wheeled vehicle at ease,  
Which modern Jehuism doth please.   
And Galipean, who kept good whiskey,  
And old Jamaica to make frisky  
The visitors to his retreat,  
On the east side of Sussex Street,  
Close to the very spot, I think,  
Where now James Thompson deals in mink,  
Otter and other kinds of fur,  
Prime and unprime, without demur.   
’Twas at this inn one afternoon  
In ’33, the month was June,  
That Martin Hennessy once tried  
On horseback up the stairs to ride.   
And would have done so, but for this,  
A pistol shot that did not miss,  
Which gave him, oh, most foul disgrace!   
A charge of buckshot in the face,  
Which spoiled his beauty without doubt.   
And knocked his “dexter peeper” out.   
And E.S.  Lyman, old cathartic!   
With lengthy form and features arctic—­  
Dispenser of blisters, pills and potions,  
Boluses and specific lotions,  
And panaceas in variety  
To cram the ailing to satiety—­  
Succeeded Auld, Apothecary,  
A scientific quoiter, very,  
Who righted phisiologic faults  
With Calomel and Epsom Salts,  
And made prescriptions up with skill  
Of *aqua pura*, which doth still  
Maintain its place as chief ingredient,  
In every mixture, quite expedient,  
He kept his drug shop at the spot  
Where hospitality has got  
Her Shiboleth from land of Tara,  
Under the rule of Pat.  O’Meara!   
And Richard Kneeshaw, man of science,  
Who placed in *reason* such reliance,  
As made him almost think salvation  
Could not be found in revelation:   
Chemist and druggist by profession,  
He held within his mind’s possession  
Vast stores of knowledge, ever breeding

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Ideas new from constant reading.   
And Henry Bishoprick, a wise man,  
Who acted druggist and exciseman,  
And seized at loaded pistol’s muzzle  
Contrabandistas, who could puzzle  
An ordinary Gager’s cunning  
When tea and whiskey they were running.   
And William Henry Baldwin, too,  
Who first appeared in public view  
At the old Albion, where in state,  
Bob Graham rules the roast of late;  
Son of a U.E.  Loyalist,  
Who found his way out of the mist  
Republican which played such tricks  
With loyalty in ’76,  
He came, as many another came  
To Canada, in Britain’s name,  
To live his life and die beside  
The flag that’s still his country’s pride!   
Thomas Gillespie Burns, “T.G.,”  
I have not quite forgotten thee;  
Thou wert an early importation  
From Erin’s Isle, and thy migration  
Did little damp in heart or hand  
Thy love for the old parent land,  
Who’s green is greener in its pride  
Of bloom than all the world beside!   
Thy boast has always been true blue—­  
To British institutions true!   
And William Rogerson, ’tis well  
That I of him should something tell—­  
A tall, majestic, looking son  
Of Caledonia—­he was one,  
In early times, who carried on  
The lumber traffic with a will,  
When such names as Price and McGill  
Were standards in the staple trade  
Which Bytown Ottawa hath made.   
And William Dunning, who kept store  
The first old County Gaol before,  
Where now the Albion proudly stands  
And flourishes in other hands,  
And Clements Bradley, who lived near  
The border long ago, was here;  
An agriculturist of yore,  
Who settled near the Rideau’s shore,  
And opened ’mid primeval trees  
A pathway for the passing breeze.   
Full half a century has flown  
Since the first tree he tumbled down,  
And yet his strength seems still unspent,  
His step is firm, his back unbent.

**CHAPTER IX.**

Pierre Rocque, thou ancient man of stone!   
I had almost let thee alone;  
But ’twere not well to leave behind,  
A man of such a rocky kind;  
Thy Christian name is stone—­that’s hard,  
Rock is thy surname, saith the Bard  
Thou art an adamantine card.   
And Baptist Cantin, too, it seems,  
Appears ‘mongst recollections’ dreams,  
A carpenter of worth and note,  
Who ne’er asked sixpence for his vote.   
Helaire Pinard presents his face,  
And cheerfully I give him place,  
A quiet, rare man, be it known,  
Who minds no business but his own.   
Joseph Paquette, to thee I give  
A line to make thy memory live,  
’Mid earliest recollections, thou  
Art not the one least thought of now;  
Something far better than mere fame  
Is thine, it is an honest name!   
Thomas E. Woodbury, who made  
Tin cans and stovepipes, when the trade  
And town was in an infant state,  
Back in the days of ’28.   
And Fletcher, an old Yankee, who

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Taught school and flogged his scholars, too  
With a good health-inspiring cat,  
My blessing on his old white hat!   
Tho’ scarce, entitled like the rest  
By early advent, I think best  
To name “The Orator of the West,”  
James Spencer Lidstone, child of song,  
The “man of memory,” vast and long,  
Who had, reader you need not start,  
All Milton’s Paradise by heart;  
Strange mixture he of prose and rhyme,  
Ridiculous, and the sublime  
In him were singularly blended;  
Where one began or the other ended,  
It would be difficult to tell.   
He played his part in each so well,  
James Spencer Lidstone, fare thee well!   
And ’mongst the ancient sons of fame  
Who says that Dinny Cantlin’s name  
Does not deserve a line or two  
In these old chronicles most true?   
Dinny was just four feet in length,  
Although a man of pith and strength,  
His arm was always ready, too,  
All rowdyism to subdue.   
When special constable one day,  
He captured in some sudden fray  
A fellow six feet high, or taller,  
And held him firmly by the collar;  
And Dinny, as he upward gazed  
At the colossus, o’er him raised,  
Exclaimed, “escape now, if you can,  
You’re in the clutches of a man!”  
Dinny had a commanding eye,  
His hat was eighteen inches high  
Come next to view, Denis O’Neill,  
A ship carpenter, who laid the keel  
Of many a vessel in his day,  
And still he clinks and caulks away.   
James Finch, too, who died here of late,  
Was one of those of ’28,  
Or ’27 it may be,  
Comes nearer to the certainty;  
James Finch sledged stoutly with a will,  
In the old forge on “Major’s Hill,”  
In ’29, he once lay still  
For fifteen minutes on the ground  
Insensible to sight or sound,  
’Twas a stone that almost killed him quite,  
In a most lively faction fight  
In Bytown’s celebrated fair,  
When stones flew thickly through the air,  
I can’t forget it, I was there;  
Its history I’ll not jot down  
Until I get to Upper Town.   
And Charles Rowan, well I know,  
The reader sought for him ere now,  
What shall I of friend Charlie say,  
Who came from Connaught all the way?   
Who well can speak the celtic tongue  
In which the Irish mintrels sung.   
When famous Malachi of old  
The collar wore of beaten gold,  
Torn fiercely from the haughty Dane  
By his right arm in battle slain!   
Charlie is mild and full of meekness,  
Horses with him have been a weakness:   
A clipper spanking between traces  
He used to drive at trotting races,  
And then his powers of selection  
In liquor almost touch perfection.   
Next comes James Whitty, man of old,  
Who once was a young sailor bold,  
A quiet, little Wexford man,  
Who warmed his jacket at Japan,  
And “dashed his buttons” gaily, too,  
In China with the pig-tailed crew;  
Ere he in times that are no more  
On Ottawa’s bosom tugged an oar.   
John Ashfield now in sight appears,

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A gunsmith of the faded years;  
Just as flint locks began to lapse,  
He came in with percussion caps.   
Here, too, is William Graham, the same,  
Who from Fermanagh County came,  
And many a hard earned shilling made  
By groceries and general trade;  
Father of him once called “Black Bill,”  
That we might designate him still,  
From him of Madawaska note,  
Who oft on timber was afloat,  
And who has claim in song of mine  
To something o’er a passing line.   
Companion of my early youth,  
When time with us was young; and truth  
Was all we knew in life’s fair spring,  
Thy name doth recollections bring  
Long slumbering in “oblivions vale,”  
’Till waked by memory’s passing gale;  
With thee I strayed in days of yore  
Beside old “Goodwood’s” pleasant shore;  
Each unforgotten scene by thee  
Is brought to life again for me;  
A child again with thee I stand,  
Among that childish happy band,  
Who thought not, dreamt not, that the day  
Of early bliss would pass away;  
No retrospect can be more fair  
That that I see behind me there,  
Friend William Graham, I wish thee well,  
But this to thee I need not tell.   
Who is he with the cassock on,  
Who bursts my second sight upon,  
A merry twinkle in his eye,  
Not sanctimonious, nor yet sly,  
His country, one can scarcely miss  
Such pure Hibernian brogue is his?   
Tis surely Father Heron’s gait,  
Bytown’s first priest in ’28.   
Close in canonical degree,  
John Cannon’s stately form I see,  
In bigotry no stern red-tapist,  
Favorite of Protestant and Papist;  
A jovial blade with soul elastic,  
No gloomy-faced ecclesiastic,  
He ruled his congregation well,  
Nor taught them that the path to hell  
Was thronged by those who made digression  
From penance, fasting and confession.   
And there with academic birch,  
Stands Anslie of the English Church,  
Who preached in Hull and Bytown too,  
Of old, to many a godless crew,  
Assembled on each Sabbath day  
To pass an idle hour away,  
Though doubtless some went there to pray,  
While here I pass in swift review  
The reverend and pious few,  
Who stood as finger posts of yore,  
Pointing the way to Canaan’s shore,  
John Carroll surely should appear,  
And take his proper station here,  
An honest Wesleyan was he,  
Who never knew hypocrisy.   
George Poole in days more distant still,  
In the little church on “Sandy Hill,”  
Which gave its name to “Chapel Street,”  
His congregation oft did meet.   
And John C. Davidson, also,  
Was one of those who long ago  
’Mid primal darkness, thick and gross,  
Unfurled the banner of the cross;  
A Methodist both sound and prime  
He was esteemed in the old time,  
’Till something gave his faith a lurch,  
And he bolted to the English Church,  
In which ’tis said that he is quite  
“A burning and a shining light.”

**CHAPTER X.**

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And now another man I seek,  
Who lived on George Street, by the creek,  
Lo! memory’s telescopic eye  
At once John Taillon’s shade brings nigh,  
And as his form approaches near,  
His laugh I almost seem to hear.   
One of those lost with much regret,  
James Leamy, I would not forget,  
Though not a man of ’28,  
His early and untimely fate—­  
His merry life and tragic fall,  
Are in the memory of all.   
And Andrew Leamy in his time,  
Was head of many a stirring “shine;”  
A man of mark he might be singled,  
In whom the good and bad commingled,  
In equal balance in such way,  
That each in turn had its sway;  
He’s gone! the grass grows o’er his head;  
The muse deals gently with the dead.   
James Devlin, where are you old man,  
Whose fingers o’er the catgut ran?   
Professor of the art to foil  
Both “treason, stratagem and spoil,”  
In days which now are but a riddle,  
When William Murphy played the fiddle  
So merrily, long, long ago,  
To trip of “light fantastic toe.”   
Fond were you of the rod and line  
When sport and profit did combine  
In other days, when mighty Bass  
And Pickerel lay upon the grass  
Beside you, as with practised hand,  
You hauled the scaly kings to land  
Night-lines and gill-nets, may they be  
Accurst—­have ruined you and me!   
And left us nought but “tommy cods”  
As trophies for our idle rods.   
Who is he with such pompous air—­  
Such magic curl of scented hair,  
With glass stuck tightly o’er one eye  
To scan the common passer by,  
While every air betokens well  
The presence of a “howling swell?”  
’Tis Henry Howard Burgess, O!   
To him Dundreary’s self were slow.   
And Thomas Burgess, too, was here,  
A swell, though not quite so severe.   
And the two Johnston’s, born twins,  
As like each other as two pins,  
Clerks in the Ordnance Office were  
And surely a most proper pair.   
John Grant, too, who quite early came,  
A constable of ancient fame,  
Who kept the peace, right well, ’tis true,  
When he had nothing else to do.   
Few were the summonses he got,  
Warrants fell seldom to his lot;  
The town was not by courts infested,  
People liked not to be arrested,  
And seldom were—­for to the Ring  
Complainants did their troubles bring,  
And there found justice, sometimes too much  
Redress, of which they oft did rue much.   
J.B.  Lavois, with thee I close  
My lengthy memories of those  
I knew of old in Lower Town,  
Though last, not least in size, I own.   
A butcher of the olden time,  
Who furnished roasts and steaks most prime,  
In the old George Street Market House,  
Where cats held many a grand carouse,  
Ere rats to Bytown emigrated  
In swarms pestiferous and hated.   
And if I have forgotten one,  
Whom memory could not fasten on,  
Let him feel no neglecting smart,  
I have not passed him with my heart,  
I’ve done my best ’neath friendship’s spoil,  
So Lower Bytown now farewell!

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**UPPER TOWN.**

**CHAPTER I.**

And now, kind reader, westward ho!   
Across the Sappers’ Bridge we go;  
When first in youth I cross’d it o’er,  
The arch was wood, “and nothing more”—­  
As Edgar A. Poe doth remark  
About that raven big and dark—­  
The wooden span, I mean, stretched o’er  
The channel’s width from shore to shore,  
On which skilled artificers laid  
The arch of stone, so truly made,  
And strong, that it to-day appears,  
After the crush of forty years  
And more, impervious to decay,  
As if ’twere built but yesterday.   
I stand upon the western side,  
And see in all its verdant pride  
The hill crowned with its ancient trees,  
Who’s foliage rustled in the breeze  
For centuries, all branching wide,  
Standing untouched on every side;  
A spot where the Algonquin *magi*,  
May have reclined “*sub tegmine fagi*;”  
For when across the Sapper’s Bridge,  
The prospect was a fine beech ridge,  
And “Gibson’s corner,” in old time,  
For squirrel hunting was most prime,  
“Prime” is a somewhat slangy phrase  
For these high philologic days,  
And in connexion, be it stated,  
With a spot to science dedicated.   
J.H.P.  Gibson’s astral lecture  
Will place this fact beyond conjecture.   
Bound that old spot now thronged by all,  
Has many a chipmonk met his fall  
By dart from youthful sportsman’s bow,  
Which laid the striped beech-nutter low.   
No central Ottawa was then,  
As now, resort of busy men—­  
The first stone of our centre town  
By Mason’s hand was not laid down;  
A forest path across the hill  
To Bank Street led—­the place was still;  
No noisy vehicle passed there,  
The dwellers of the wood to scare.   
The road for carriages led round  
Old Bytown’s ancient burial ground,  
Upon the hill’s south eastern base,  
Of which there is not now a trace;  
And spreading off in endless green  
To the canal the bush was seen—­  
The ancient forest—­then the deer  
To Bank Street Church’s site was near,  
And ruffed-grouse, wrongly named partridges,  
Whirled and drum’d between the ridges,  
Black ducks and Teal did oft alight  
In ponds round Corkstown from their flight,  
And when the swamp down Slater Street  
Was cleared, a dozen snipes would greet  
At every step the sportman’s eye,  
O! glorious spot of days gone by.   
To listen, ah! ’twas splendid fun!   
To Commissary Oriel’s gun,  
As with a quick well practiced eye  
He made the quivering feathers fly!   
There was not then one cabin sill  
Laid down on famed Ashburnham Hill,  
Who’s heights with pine and hemlock crowned,  
Towered o’er the wooded landscape round.   
Then Bradish Billings farmed away  
Where his descendants live to-day,  
A man of enterprising fame,  
Who from the land of pumpkin’s came,

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And pitched his tent in honor’s track  
Beneath the glorious Union Jack!   
Then Colonel By was in a jam  
Erecting the first hogsback dam,  
Which vanished with Spring’s sweeping flood;  
But science made the structure good  
By the advice of one, no civil  
Engineer, with whom a level  
Or other instrument of science,  
Had not the most remote alliance.   
’Twas built as he proposed—­I’m sorry  
His name from memory I can’t worry,  
If Lyman Perkins was beside me,  
To it he certainly could guide me.   
For he has got, of ancient bore,  
A well authenticated store.   
Now first among our old landmarks,  
Comes Laird of Bytown, Nicholas Sparks,  
Who came across in ’26  
From Hull, his lucky fate to fix  
Upon a bush farm which he bought  
For sixty pounds—­and little thought,  
While grumbling at a price so high,  
That fortune had not passed him by.   
He little dreamed of Ottawa now,  
When ’mongst the stumps his wooden plough  
Stir’d the first sod in times of old;  
He knew not then, that ’twas not mould  
He turne’d up, and tilled, but gold.   
’Tis not my business here to flatter,  
Or with enconiums to bespatter  
The shadows of departed men  
Whom we shall never see again.   
Yet I may say, who knew him well,  
And of him would not falsehood tell,  
That as poor human nature ran,  
He was an honest upright man,  
“Close fisted” as the need occurred,  
Yet one who always kept his word.   
Whate’er the cost—­I say no more  
Of Nicholas Sparks—­who for the shore  
Unknown, has shaken out his sail  
Where riches are of no avail  
To win calm sea or favoring gale  
And Lyman Perkins, what of thee,  
Will pass for current coin from me?   
Thou art a man of early date—­  
Of ’27 or ’28—­  
in Bytown’s history, and ’tis said,  
Though hard to drive, thou may’st be led,  
That is, if one could just agree  
In view and argument with thee;  
When standing in the days of yore  
At “Pooley’s Bridge,” thine eye ran o’er  
The picture with a prescient glance;  
Experience taught thee that thy chance  
Was then—­thy foresight came  
To aid thee in life’s winning game.   
Although no silver spoon was in  
Thy mouth, when to this world of sin  
Thou camest, thou hast forged from fate  
A path in life most fortunate;  
To praise thee I shall take no pains,  
Thy enterprise has brought thee gains—­  
’Tis something to be born with brains!   
Daniel O’Connor there doth stand,  
One of the old departed band—­  
Another of the pioneers  
Of Bytown in its early years;  
In memory’s magic glass I see  
Him as he first appeared to me  
In ’28 when passing down  
Through the main street in Upper Town.   
A merchant of a distant date  
Before the days of ’28,  
And County Treasurer was he,  
Long, too, a Carleton J.P.,  
Ere Courts of Justice were installed,  
When Bytown “Nepean Point” was called;  
In politics he was a Tory,

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And thus doth end of him my story.   
Nathaniel Sherrold Blasdell, too,  
Who once a blacksmith’s bellows blew  
In the old forge, which in the shade  
Of the Russell House still undecayed,  
Stands firm a landmark of the past,  
How long will such old memories last?   
He, too, was one of those who’s hand  
Built up the bulwarks of the land,  
I say unto such men as he, *Requiescat in pace*.   
And Doctor Rankin, there he goes,  
With solemn brow and turned out toes  
Upon his mottled bob-tailed horse,  
Who’s canter said, the patients worse,  
Or better, as the trusty steed  
Did indicate by passing speed.   
John Burrows, too, with serious air,  
Sung hymns and offered frequent prayer,  
And taught a Sunday School with might,  
To spread religion’s early light,  
He held a post in other years  
Among the Royal Engineers,  
With Colonel By, a right-hand man,  
His course of favor he began,  
And once owned much of the wild land  
Upon which Ottawa doth stand.   
John Ghitty is a favorite name,  
His old hotel was known to fame,  
And travellers from far and near,  
Called at his temple of good cheer.   
A mason of most high degree,  
In the craft’s early dawn was he.   
So much respected was he here,  
That unbought friendship o’er his bier  
Shed many a sad regretful tear.   
And surly old James Doran, too,  
A warrior of Waterloo,  
Kept with a despot’s iron hand,  
The best hotel in all the land;  
Who entered there of human kind  
Was forced to leave his dog behind,  
For Doran had a frowning face  
For each and all the canine race.   
And Daniel Fisher, who kept store  
On Wellington’s west side of yore,  
A most experienced auctioneer  
In somewhat more contracted sphere,  
Than circles trade’s expanding flow  
Round Bermingham, McLean and Rowe  
And Michael Burke, who kept a still—­  
And made beer down below the hill  
Where malt and hops together came,  
And gave the “Brewery Hill” its name—­  
That hill with pathway to the right,  
Where Bank Street ends upon the height.   
And many a barrel of his beer  
Went down, the Irish heart to cheer,  
When ancient crowds did celebrate  
St. Patrick’s Day in ’28.   
But patriotism’s spirit rose;  
From words contention went to blows,  
And ere the little “scrimmage” ended  
A crack that never could be mended,  
Was in a luckless cranium made,  
By one whom justice never paid;  
I cannot tell what colored ribbon  
He wore—­his name was Dan McGibbon.

**CHAPTER II.**

George William Baker, better known  
As “Captain Baker” in the town.   
Who oft the mailbag’s lock untied  
Long after Matthew Connell died—­  
Long after Helen Denny’s hand  
Sent postal letters o’er the land;  
An Englishman of good degree,  
A Justice of the Peace was he,  
And Captain of Artillery—­  
If memory has not gone astray—­

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He was in his life’s early day,  
He shewed his claims to education  
In County Council legislation,  
Where he in intellectual pride  
Sat long by Hamnett Pinhey’s side,  
Our Local Parliament’s since then  
Have seldom witnessed two such men  
Paymaster Rudyerd, too, I scan,  
A most important gentleman,  
Who carried in the days of old  
The Governmental bags of gold;  
Yet never did one less resemble  
He, of the twelve who did dissemble,  
And for the thirty pieces paid,  
His master cruelly betrayed.   
And John McCarthy, who can say  
That he’s a man of yesterday?   
Through the dim maze of vanished year  
His name to memory appears,  
A dealer in strong leather ware  
That stood the worst of wear and tear  
Since paths of ’27 he trod,  
His eye hath seen the grassy sod  
O’er many a friend—­let’s hope no foe—­  
With whom he started long ago,  
In the long race down life’s steep hill  
On which he treads securely still.   
Captain Letreton, too, I see,  
An officer of high degree.   
The owner, ere the days of rats,  
Of that wide district called “the Flats”  
In modern times, where I behold,  
A pinery as in days of old.   
And Isaac Firth, an old John Bull,  
Of milk of human kindness full,  
Of rotund form and smiling face,  
Who kept an entertaining place  
For travel-worn and weary fellows  
Who landed where Caleb S. Bellows,  
Out on “the Point” his habitation  
Built in a pleasant situation,  
Before the days when piles of lumber  
Did first fair nature’s face encumber;  
Quite near the spot where first with skill  
John Perkins built his little mill,  
Where Philip Thompson many a year  
Ago, commenced his bright career,  
And took the ebbing of the tide,  
Which into golden waves did glide;  
He man’d his craft and steered her well  
O’er placid calm and tossing swell,  
And independent of the gale  
Hath snap’d his oar and furled his sail.   
’Twas just above “the whitefish hole,”  
How dear that spot is to my soul!   
There Allan Cameron and I  
Together many a day did hie,  
To haul the silvery shining prey  
From out the whirling eddy’s spray;  
In July, ’32, to land,  
I drew two barrels with my own hand,  
The trophies of the hook and line  
In the dear days of auld lang syne  
That was the fatal month and year  
When cholera was rampant here;  
Malignant Asiatic type,  
Which from the book of life did wipe  
The name of many a sturdy one  
’Twixt rise and setting of the sun.   
Dread terror brooded o’er the land,  
While the destroying angel’s hand  
Smote here and there each deadly blow,  
Which laid in dust the proudest low!   
As I remember—­those fared worst,  
Who in that dismal time were curst  
With dangerous and insatiate thirst.   
And H.V.  Noel, surely here  
His name is worthy to appear;  
’Mongst those whom I so long have known,  
Tis strange that he has not outgrown

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The friendship of the early few  
Into who’s confidence he grew,  
By the unchanging honest course  
He steered for better or for worse,  
Well has he worn, long may he bear  
Up stoutly ’gainst the world’s care!   
John Cruickshank of the kirk, who prayed  
Beneath the old white birch’s shade—­  
The old white birch—­that sacred trust!   
Improvement’s hand hath to the dust  
Upturned to make frontal space  
For temple of more modern grace,  
A grander altar than of yore,  
The ancient “Black mouth’s” knelt before.   
And Robert Sheriff, stately man,  
Who the Crown Timber Office “ran”—­  
To use a well worn Yankee phrase  
Unknown in Bytown’s early days.   
And A.J.  Christie, what shall I  
Say of this old celebrity?   
An M.D. of exceeding skill  
Who dealt in lancet, leech and pill,  
Cantharides and laudanum, too,  
When milder measures would not do;  
A polished scholar and a sage,  
A thinker far before his age,  
A writer of sarcastic vein  
And philosophic depth, who’s train  
Of thought was comprehensive, deep,  
Peace to his ashes! let him sleep!   
In ancient times his prophet eye  
Saw Bytown’s future destiny,  
Fools laughed and disbelieved the seer  
Who’s second sight saw triumph near—­  
A scene which fortune did fulfil  
The Parliament on “Barrack Hill!”  
And Lawyer Hagerman I knew,  
When lawyers little had to do—­  
Their briefs were few, their fees were brief,  
And brief had been their Sunday beef,  
Had they nought else to fill their maw  
Than the proceeds of briefless law;  
For litigation had not then  
Curst Bytown’s early race of men!   
And Robert Drummond, Engineer,  
Who built across the “*Grande Chaudiere*”  
The old “Swing Bridge,” which many a day  
Amid the “Kettle’s” curling spray,  
From side to side did gently sway.   
The adamantine iron tether  
Which chained two provinces together,  
Ere legislation’s fiat came  
With moral might to do the same.   
Well’s and McCrea of lumbering note,  
Who had on many a stream afloat  
Vast rafts of red pine timber, when  
White pine was little thought of; then  
Oak, elm, cedar and red pine  
And staves, together did combine,  
With now and then a mast or spar,  
To make up what would go at par,  
At Stadacona—­old Quebec—­  
Where brave Montgomery got a check  
In a most bootless, foolish strife,  
Which cost him his undaunted life—­  
Where Arnold got a broken thigh,  
Ere at West Point his treachery  
Brought Major Andre without hope  
To Washington’s relentless rope!   
To Wolfe I’d like to wander back,  
But ’twill not do, so to my track  
I now reluctantly return,  
Who next is ready for the urn?   
Adam Hood Burwell is the man,  
An English Churchman he began,  
But ended a most shining light,  
A mystic, full-fledged Irvingite,  
With pinions rustling for a sphere  
Of usefulness he found not here.

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Another of the reverend throng  
I’ll introduce, ’tis S.S.  Strong,  
A man who’s memory I recall  
As one respected here by all,  
An honor to his cloth and race,  
With whom no strange fire left its trace,  
Upon the shrine where truth he found,  
Who preached and practiced precepts sound,  
Nor wore his shoes on hallowed ground.   
William and Hugh Calder’s names  
Arise, and now present their claims  
To immortality in rhyme,  
Both merchants of the olden time.   
John Anderson, a merchant was,  
And dealt with profit and with loss  
In groceries and dainty “grub,”  
With wine, Jamaica, rum and shrub,  
That had no leaves upon its stem,  
Though beads like dewdrops did begem  
Its ruby rippling diadem.

**CHAPTER III.**

“And “Little Johnny Robertson,”  
But lately from amongst us gone,  
Took both his “sneeshin” and his glass,  
And let the tide of fortune pass.   
And Ewen Cameron, who died  
By cholera in manhood’s pride;  
A Caledonian lithe and strong,  
As fancy paints the dauntless throng,  
Who dashed with claymore down the slope,  
On red Culloden’s grave of hope.   
And Peter Aylen, who could tell  
The path he trod of yore as well  
As I, who from an early day  
Knew Peter Aylen’s every way?   
’Tis not my purpose to indite  
A history of his life; or write  
A record of his strange career,  
To interest the reader here.   
Howe’er his stirring life you scan,  
You’ll find that Aylen was a man!   
Afraid of nought that ever wore  
The human shape on Ottawa’s shore!   
Chief of the “shiners,” it was said,  
Caesar or nothing—­never led—­  
But always foremost in the fray,  
Was ever Peter Aylen’s way.   
A heavy lumberer Peter was,  
When lumbering was like pitch and toss,  
To-day success, to-morrow loss.   
But let him rest, he sleeps beside  
The Ottawa’s majestic tide!   
Perhaps I’d better mention here  
Who and what the “shiners” were,  
Who gave of yore such sturdy thumps,  
And brought forth phrenologic bumps  
Unknown to scan of craniology,  
With bludgeons or aid of geology.   
A band of Irish raftsmen, who  
Were to each other always true,  
Combined together, war they made,  
To banish from the lumber trade  
All French-Canadian competition  
By dooming it to abolition;  
They made the wild attempt, at least,  
To extirpate poor Jean Baptiste.   
Among their victims they enrol’d him,  
And made the place too hot to hold him,  
Yet were the tales that rumor told,  
Worse than the shiners’ acts of old,  
Though memory’s charged with many a fray  
That happened in the early day,  
When shiners with an iron hand  
Reigned here the terror of the land!   
Few were the victims of the strife—­  
If any—­and the loss of life,  
Was fanciful much more than real  
In that blood-letting old ordeal.   
Among the medico’s of old,

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Doctor Stratford I behold,  
Who foolishly I thought deemed best  
To emigrate towards the West,  
And leave behind a work which few  
Could with a single lancet do  
When venesection—­old idea,  
Combined with the Phamacopeiae  
Was patent as a panacea  
For almost every mortal ill,  
Like calomel jalap, or blue pill.   
He disappeared from healing fame,  
And young Edward Vancortlandt came;  
For he was young and active, too,  
When first he met the minstrel’s view,  
And striding rapidly did go  
Along full forty years ago!   
VanCortlandt’s had a long career  
Since first he bled and blistered here;  
His own hand hath his fortune made—­  
His own hand the foundation laid—­  
And if success, with hoards of wealth  
He has not now—­the public health  
Has never suffered at his hand;  
Nor has the mystic spirit land  
Been peopled by the shades of those  
Who in their last dissolving throes,  
Gave evidence that power to kill  
Was mingled with Vancortlandt’s skill—­  
When to that distant coast he’ll steer,  
No crowd of ghosts will hover near,  
And cry out.  “Van, you sent us here!”  
Edward McGillivray, how is this,  
That I by accident should miss  
So long an ancient name like thine,  
’Twould be unpardonable, if mine  
The fault to leave thy well-known name  
Unwritten in my roll of fame?   
Bytown was young, and so wert thou,  
Years long before the “Shannon’s” prow  
Cleft Ottawa’s bosom on her way  
To Grenville in our early day.   
No steam whistle’s discordant yell  
Shrieked on the evening zephyr’s swell;  
But from her deck the cannon’s din  
Told Bytown that the boat was in,  
And at the sound the signal man  
His banner up the flagstaff ran.   
It was a good old time when thou  
Bought beavers at a price which now,  
When beaver skins are somewhat rare,  
Would cause even Chauncey Bangs to stare.   
Yes, ’twas a fine old time for trade,  
Money was plenty—­easy made,  
And thou wert, aye, a canine blade.   
Patrick Delaney home has gone  
From earthly toil, and he was one  
Of those who in the distant past,  
His lot in Upper Town had cast.   
James Elder, a majestic Scot!   
On whom of old it was my lot  
To look with veneration’s eye.   
Kept Bytown’s staid academy;  
And here I dwell with fond delight,  
And view again with memory’s sight  
The stately teacher in his chair,  
King of the throng assembled there.   
Now Allan Cameron comes to view,  
And William Stubbs, there he is too.   
Wellington Wright, too, I behold,  
And wild Jack Adamson, the bold.   
The Anderson’s, both James and John,  
And Stephen Lett, my mother’s son,  
Who stood upon Parnassus’ crown  
By might of Genius, and looked down  
To where with errant steps I strayed  
Around its base beneath the shade.   
And many more were pupils there,  
Where are they? “echo answers, where?”  
In fancy I away have stepped

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From where his school James Elder kept,  
In that old house remembered well,  
After, as Joseph Kirk’s Hotel,  
Ere it was haunted by a sound  
Which shed such melody around,  
Sweet almost as the songs of Zion,  
From violin of Robinson Lyon,  
Who drew such music from its strings,  
Scotch reels, strathspeys and highland flings,  
And Irish jigs in variation,  
As made one feel that “all creation”  
Could scarcely match his wizard spell,  
’Twas he that played the fiddle well!   
And Edward Malloch, gone to rest,  
Was not the worst, nor yet the best,  
Perhaps, ’mongst those of other days  
To whom I dedicate these lays.   
I knew him well in ’25,  
When Richmond Village was alive,  
While Bytown’s head was scarcely seen,  
Emerging from the forest green.   
A captain of Artillery  
In ’37’s hot time was he,  
When Louis Joseph Papineau  
Sought British power to overthrow;  
And William L. McKenzie tried  
O’er loyalty and truth to ride;  
Each found the path, for what he wanted,  
Too hot to walk in—­and “levanted;”  
Von Shoultz, a soldier abler, riper,  
Remained behind and “paid the piper!”  
Even I, poetic man of peace,  
Have often marched and stood at ease,  
Beside the Richmond guns, brought here  
To thunder o’er the *Grande Chaudiere*,  
At the great Union celebration,  
The new bridge’s inauguraton;  
One thing is certain, those brass guns  
Were ne’er seen more by Richmond’s sons.   
They fell prey to official nabbing,  
And Governmental red tape grabbing,  
Like plunder from the vanquished harried,  
To Montreal off they were carried!   
Malloch was member many a year  
For Carleton when votes were not dear—­  
When damaged eyes, and smashed proboscis  
Would follow, as the smallest losses.   
The offer of a vile bank note  
As price of an elector’s vote.   
Gold, said the sage, perhaps ’twas law,  
On Dian’s lap the snow can thaw;  
And gold has purchased many a seat  
Where the “collective wisdom” meet,  
And many go to represent  
The weight of cash corrupt which sent  
Them wandering wickedly astray  
From honor’s seldom trodden way.   
Where now, is Turner, who of yore,  
Kept school near the old Ottawa’s shore?   
And Heath who came across the line  
In able teaching here to shine?   
And old John Stilman, who shoes made,  
And flourished in St. Crispin’s trade?   
William McCullough, where is he?   
Gone to the unknown country—­  
A steady, harmless, quiet man,  
Who here in ’32 began  
A race unmixed with hate or strife,  
Which ended only with his life.   
And Reuben Traveller, who’s tongue  
Oft in the old assizes rung—­  
Though given to mirth, a wondrous crier,  
Who lived near John Sweetman, the dyer  
’Twas all the same, for either side  
Or both old Reuben Traveller cried—­  
Cried for the man who won law’s race—­  
Cried for the man who lost his case—­  
Cried for the criminal acquitted—­

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Cried for the guilty when outwitted—­  
He cried for loss or gain of pelf—­  
For every one except himself;  
Reuben was a celebrity,  
We seldom meet with such as he.   
John Rochester, a man of old,  
Who’s life a tale of goodness told,  
He steered through time from envy free,  
You’d scarcely find an enemy,  
Who o’er his honored dust would dare  
Defame the ashes resting there;  
For such as he laws ne’er were made,  
Peace to his gentle vanished shade!   
Well, will it be for James and John  
If they walk the same path upon  
Which their departed sire trod  
With love alike to man and God!   
James Joynt is ’mong the living yet  
A printer of the old *Gazette*.   
Who plied the typographic trade  
Ably in Bytown’s first decade.   
And taught the art of Caxton well,  
And thoroughly to John George Bell,  
Who in our village made a racket,  
In the old columns of the *Packet*,  
Where every one got “tit for tat”  
From dear departed “Old White Hat!”  
Who thought Reformers could not err,  
And laid the lash on Dawson Kerr,  
Whom he in bitter hues did paint  
A sinner, and called him “the saint.”   
A journal of more modern date  
Than the *Gazette*, who’s early fate,  
Was Phoenix-like to rise resplendent  
From ashes of the *Independent*,  
Which had at periods now and then,  
Emitted Sparks from Johnston’s pen,  
Which meteor-like shot forth in pride,  
Blazed, flickered, then collapsed and died.   
And Robert Hardy’s name I find,  
In the old days long left behind.   
James Matthews, too, in death’s repose,  
In early times was one of those  
Who helped to build the ancient town,  
Which modern taste is pulling down,  
Assisted now and then by fires,  
Past recollections primal pyres.   
John Bennett, cord-wainer of yore,  
And volunteer in Rifle corps,  
With muzzle-loaders past and gone,  
Gallant and brave old Number One!   
Our civic army’s primal rib,  
Once called by Alexander Gibb,  
“The Sleepy’s,” in the good old time  
When he dealt in both prose and rhyme,  
And made opponents fume and fret  
With caustic in the old *Gazette*—­  
Rhyme, too, in which a critic’s claw  
Could scarcely fasten on a flaw,  
His verse was standard like his law.

**CHAPTER IV.**

John Cobb, I’ll take a glance at thee,  
Firm standard of Free Masonry!   
Mine eye delights to rest upon  
Thy iron frame, old “Uncle John.”   
If honesty and simple truth  
E’er “flourished in Immortal youth,”  
Where time can ne’er their glories rob,  
They rest with thee, my friend, John Cobb!   
And Dudley Booth, what shall I say  
Of this strange mortal passed away?   
His was a genius burning bright  
With brilliant and uncertain light—­  
Proud in inventive dignity,  
And dark in inmate mystery,  
It flickered only, when sublime,  
It might have left a light for time,

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And wondering mortals to admire,  
Tis gone!  I saw its flame expire.   
And John R. Stanley was among  
Old Bytown’s well remembered throng,  
Whom memory’s tuneful measure bears  
Back from the shades of other years.   
R.W.  Cruice in ancient days  
Was fond of mirth and sporting ways;  
I had almost forgot to tell  
How he on horseback cut a swell,  
And made a fleet and daring rush  
At Barry’s hunt and won “the brush,”  
When sportsmen gathered full of glee  
Around the famed J.P., M.D.   
And here diverging from my road  
Into a little episode,  
I’ll tear at once with gesture brief  
From memory’s book a comic leaf,  
A tale from cobweb’s volume hoary  
Of this Sangrado in his glory,  
Many will recollect the story.   
Edward Barry, grave J.P.,  
Sometimes was given to a spree,  
Which interfered with the precision  
Of magisterial decision.   
So Edward Barry jumped the hedge  
And took the frigid temperance pledge;  
But soon the Justice of the Peace  
Found himself often ill at ease;  
Pains through his gastric regions ran,  
Too hard even for a temperance man.   
Then Barry M.D., in a trice,  
Gave Barry J.P. an advice,  
After a careful diagnosis,  
Which placed him on a bed of roses,  
And eased his pains beyond description—­  
A dose of brandy the prescription—­  
Oft as required to be repeated—­  
With which the learned J.P. was treated;  
And history affirms that he  
Oft took the prescribed remedy.   
John Cameron, oft called “Black John,”  
Comes o’er my dream of old, as one  
Who should not now forgotten be  
In this memorial strain by me,  
In days of yore, his true-nosed hounds  
To the Chaudiere with certain bounds,  
Oft chased the anther’d buck before  
Their deep-mouthed yells to Ottawa’s shore.   
He was a sportsman keen and true,  
Who dearly loved the “view halloo!”  
And Graves, who near the old Scotch Kirk  
Dwelt ’neath the shadow of the “birk;”  
And Isaac Cluff appears in view,  
A loyalist, both staunch and true;  
James “Kennedy, the carter,” too,  
Who the first truck through Bytown drew  
With the assistance of a horse,  
I mean, to be exact, of course.   
And “old Ben.  Rathwell,” now I’ve hit on,  
A true and honest hearted Briton,  
As ever crossed Atlantic’s wave  
To found a home and find a grave.   
And William Colter now doth rise  
Before my retrospective eyes,  
A saddler far from democratic—­  
Professor most aristocratic,  
In art which claims the highest feather  
Among the fashioners of leather;  
An active springing step had he  
As now his form appears to me;  
Early he went to that far bourne  
“From whence no travellers return.”   
Thomas M. Blasdell, step this way,  
And tell me how you feel to-day?   
You thought I’d pass and let you go,  
Old twisted groove! but ’tis not so,  
Like charcoal, brimstone and salpetre.   
I’ll touch you off now in short metre.

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’Tis long since first your eye, my man,  
Along the rifle barrel ran;  
The “crotch” or “globe” was all the same,  
If you could only see the game.   
Or the “bulls-eye,” the missile flew  
Into its centre straight and true,  
In the old days when practiced eye  
Was light, shade and trajectory.   
Does your keen eye obey your will,  
Is your hand quite as steady still  
As when you knocked the turkey’s o’er,  
At twenty rods in days of yore?   
My blessing day and night upon  
The memory of the time that’s gone.   
And Sergeant Major Ritchie, there  
He stands before my vision, where  
In youth I used to see him stand  
On Barrack Hill with cane in hand.   
For many a year ere death’s disaster  
He held the post of Barrack Master,  
And amongst people who reflected  
Most highly always was respected.   
I had almost forgotten one  
Who’s name should not be left alone  
In dark oblivion’s envious shade  
While I the silent past invade—­  
To light up the forgotten gloom;  
To rescue from time’s early tomb  
And touch with friendly hand, and give  
To fading memories power to live.   
’Mongst men of enterprising fame,  
I can’t pass George Buchanan’s name;  
He built our first old timber slide,  
Down which the red pine cribs did glide;  
And afterwards with strength and skill,  
And an indomitable will,  
At the great Rapids of the *Chats*,  
Suspended nature’s changeless laws,  
And by an artificial path  
Triumphed o’er the cataract’s wrath!   
While standing quietly on shore,  
Watching the freight the current bore,  
A sudden crash from careless oar  
Ended his enterprising life,  
And made a widow of his wife.   
The public mourned, its great heart bled,  
With genuine sorrow for the dead.   
’Tis but as yesterday to me,  
The history of that tragedy.   
Ere to the fair green now I go,  
I’ll stir up the old “Buffalo.”   
John Heney, who his mark has made  
In speculation’s shifting trade,  
And built up with both brick and stone,  
Memorials, which, when he is gone,  
In Ottawa will securely stand,  
Proofs of his enterprising hand.   
Some years ago in learned debate,  
In Council Hall he sat in state.   
And in his record there you’ll find,  
Nothing unfriendly or unkind.   
And while as gently I jog on,  
I cannot, pass by “honest John!”  
“Shaun Rhua,” designating name,  
Who from the County Cavan came,  
And in the Upper Town first started.   
Young, enterprising, and light hearted.   
At Civic Board for many a year,  
For By Ward doth his name appear;  
And I can say, who ought to know,  
As far as my researches go,  
No public act has stain left on  
The well-earned name of “honest John!”  
Turk, Jew, and heathen all the same,  
Speak kindly of John Heney’s name.   
Mark Bishoprick has gone at last,  
An aged pilgrim from the past,  
Burdened with many years he stood  
Almost alone in solitude,  
A record of an age that’s gone,  
Who’s lengthened shadow rested on  
The present, ere the distant light  
Sunk into everlasting night.

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**CORKSTOWN.**

    “Mother McGinty won’t forget  
    To keep the tally mark.”   
                         (OLD SONG.)

In days of yore, within a call  
Of where stands now the City Hall,  
A village built of mud and wood,  
In all its glory, Corkstown stood,  
Two rows of cabins in the swamp—­  
Begirt by ponds and vapors damp  
And aromatic cedar trees  
Who’s branches caught the passing breeze—­  
Stretched upward on the western side  
Of the “Deep Cut,” where then were plied  
The spade and pickaxe side by side;  
For, by the shade of Colonel By,  
Who shaped this city’s destiny!   
There delved full many a hard case in,  
That channel to the Canal Basin.   
There, then dwelt many a sturdy blade,  
Adepts at handling the spade,  
And bruisers at the wheeling trade,  
As witness the vast mounds of clay  
Remaining on the banks to-day.   
Lovers of poteen strong and clear,  
In preference to rum or beer,  
Sons of the sod who’d knock you down  
For half a word ’gainst Cork’s own town,  
And kick you then for falling too,  
To prove that the old mountain dew  
Had frolic in it raw and strong,  
As well as music, love and song.   
And there in whitewashed shanty grand,  
With kegs and bottles on each hand,  
Her face decked with a winning smile,  
Her head with cap of ancient style,  
Crowned arbiter of frolic’s fate,  
Mother McGinty sat in state,  
And measured out the mountain dew  
To those whom strong attraction drew  
Within the circle of her power,  
To while away a leisure hour.   
She was the hostess and the host,  
She kept the reckoning, ruled the roast,  
And swung an arm of potent might  
That few would dare to brave in fight;  
Yet was she a good-natured soul,  
As ever filled the flowing bowl;  
In sooth she dealt in goodly cheer,  
Half-pints of whiskey, quarts of beer,  
Strong doses of sweet peppermint,  
Fine old Jamaica without stint,  
And shrub—­a cordial then well known—­  
Her thirsty customers poured down,  
Nor dreamed of headaches, or of ills,  
For nought killed then, but doctors’ pills!   
The song, the dance, and glass went round,  
The precincts of that classic ground;  
And when bent on a tearing spree,  
Filled full of grog and jollity,  
The bacchanalian rant they made  
Would please even old Anacreon’s shade,  
While o’er them the athletic charms  
Of the stern hostess’s bare arms,  
Struck terror and kept order in  
The revel’s hottest, wildest din!   
For cash or credit bartered she,  
The prime ingredients of a spree;  
And he stood always above par  
Who never stone threw at the bar;  
And when a man had spent his all,  
She chalked the balance on the wall.   
Figures or letters she knew not,  
But what a customer had got  
By hieroglyphics well she knew,  
For there exposed to public view  
Each debtor’s tally great and small

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Appeared upon the bar-room wall.   
A short stroke for a half-pint stood,  
A longer for a quart was good,  
While something like an Eagle’s talon  
Upon her blackboard was a gallon.   
And woe to him, who soon or late  
His tally did not liquidate;  
For when her goodly company  
Were all assembled for a spree,  
She read off each delinquent’s score,  
And at his meanness loudly swore,  
And threatened when he next appeared,  
Unless the entry all was cleaed,  
To lay on future drinks a stricture,  
And photograph, perhaps, his picture  
In pewter, for the unpaid tally,  
As given, I think, in C. O’Malley.   
Old Corkstown was a merry place  
On pay-day, when the soaking race  
Assembled full of fun and glee  
At Mother McGinty’s for a spree,  
No total abstinence was known  
In those days in that little town,  
Nor many nasal organs tainted  
For lack of time to get them painted;  
No moderate drinker showed his face  
Within that much resorted place,  
For temperance had not then began  
To trench upon the rights of man,  
Sure had he trod on danger’s edge  
Who dared there to propose the pledge.   
Such monstrous doctrine there had been  
Followed by “wigs upon the green.”   
None there refused the offered glass,  
Or dared to let the bottle pass  
For, *casus belli* this was strong,  
Unless with a good roaring song  
The recreant could in his defence  
Atone for such *most strange* offence.   
Sometimes, nay oft, upon the street  
Antagonistic friends would meet  
By chance, or by some other charm,  
To try each other’s strength of arm,  
And without legal process settle  
Disputes, like men of taste and mettle;  
And while strict “Fair Play” ruled the fight,  
It was a sort of rough delight  
For youthful souls while hanging round  
That ancient famous battle ground,  
To note who first the claret drew—­  
who first down his opponent threw—­  
Who first produced the limner’s dyes  
Beneath his neighbor’s damaged eyes,  
Or sowed the trodden ground beneath  
With smashed incisors, like the teeth,  
The dragon’s tusks of ancient ken  
From which sprung hosts of armed men.   
Such pastime was a frequent thing,  
The entertainment of the ring,  
Without equestrian or clown  
Was often seen in Cork’s own town,  
And best, for impecunious boys  
Who boasted few of modern joys,  
Who daily went to see the play  
Had no admission fee to pay.   
But gone is Corkstown, vanished too  
The whitewashed shanty from our view,  
Where once the minstrel’s youthful eyes  
Beheld strange orgies with surprise.   
In dust its stalwart hostess now,  
Reposes, placid is the brow  
That once frowned terror o’er the throng  
While revelling in the dance and song,  
Gone with them are the fading dyes  
Which tinged fair childhood’s happy skies,  
The brilliant firmament of youth  
Has vanished, and but leaves the truth  
Written wherever mortals range  
That things below are doomed to change.

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**THE FAIR OF 1829.**

Now, reader, you and I must start  
Together with both hand and heart,  
Off to the far-famed level of green,  
Which once in verdure lay between  
The old Scotch Kirk, and where now Hall  
Confectionery sells to all;  
And we shall pass as something new,  
Old scenes before us in review,  
And I shall fire up these rhymes  
With battles of the good old times;  
And out of what I shall relate  
No single case for magistrate,  
Or stern judge to adjudicate  
Arose, for then, a bloody nose,  
Or broken head, between fair foes,  
Was counted neither loss nor gain,  
Nor thought of ’till they met again.   
’Twas in the glorious olden time  
When smashing craniums was no crime—­  
When people got no invitation  
At half-past nine for presentation  
Of damaged eye and broken skin,  
To answer for nocturnal sin  
Before that tribunal where bail  
Can’t always keep one out of jail.   
’Twas in July in ’29,  
If true this memory of mine,  
At early morn upon that green  
Were many tents of canvas seen  
Within which might be found good cheer  
In whiskey kegs and kegs of beer;  
And on a little table, too,  
Tin measures were exposed to view,  
For thirsty souls their clay to slake,  
And draughts of inspiration take—­  
For then the numbers were but few,  
Who shun’d the sparkling mountain dew,  
And people under no pretence  
Could dream of total abstinence:   
Even John B. Gough’s most magic sway  
Had failed in Bytown’s early day.   
Vast was the throng assembled there  
At Bytown’s first and greatest Fair,  
And merry were the antics seen  
Upon that famous ancient green.   
’Twas not to buy or sell they came  
From far and near, the blind and lame,  
The grave, the merry, sad and gay,  
Upon that old eventful day;  
They all assembled, wild and free,  
To have a ranting, roaring spree!   
And, by the shadows of the past!   
Frolic flew furious and fast,  
And many a head was pillowed on  
Old mother earth ere set of sun.   
A fiddler here the catgut drew,  
And there a highland piper, too,  
Shrieked forth with loud and stirring bar,  
The boding battle-notes of war!   
And lavishly the whiskey flew  
Among that mirth devoted crew,  
As oft into the tents they ran  
To renovate the inner man.   
’Twas twelve o’clock, and all was well,  
“And merry as a marriage bell,”  
Thought one might see just here and there  
Legs seeming somewhat worse of wear,  
And in the air perhaps might hear  
The prescient sounds of conflict near,  
For Irish accents there were many,  
Cork, Tipperary, and Kilkenny.   
’Twas afternoon, and frolic’s pacing  
Was then diversified by racing,  
Then soon was cleared of busy feet  
The race course, old Wellington street,  
Bets then were made, and up the money,  
Pat Ryan’s horse, and Davy’s pony,

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Together entered for the match—­  
Perhaps it would be called a “scratch”  
Race in the turfs expressive phrase  
Unknown in Bytown’s early days.   
Fair, free and gallantly they started,  
And headlong up the street they darted,  
While loudly sounded cheer on cheer  
As swift the winning post they near;  
They ran together without check,  
And passed it almost neck and neck,  
So close, the judges, though they tried,  
The winning horse could not decide.   
The race was o’er and down the brakes,  
Each party shouted for the stakes;  
And loud and fierce the clamor rose,  
And words soon lost themselves in blows;  
The very stones began to speak,  
And skulls, of course, began to break,  
And black thorns and maple sticks  
Played such fantastic ugly tricks,  
That soon the well thronged battle plain  
Was strewn with bodies of the slain—­  
The “Kilt,” who fell to rise again  
Without the doctor’s mystic aid,  
And plunge once more into the raid.   
Stones flew in showers, the windows shook  
Around that famous Donnybrook,  
While Tipperary’s battle yell,  
Did loudly o’er the conflict swell!   
And many a celt with accent racy  
Roared for a Sleavin or a Casey!   
And fierce the struggle raged around  
Where the seven Sleavin’s stood their ground—­  
Seven brothers, back to back they stood  
Like hero’s, though their streaming blood  
Told how they bravely turned at bay  
’Gainst hundreds in that savage fray!   
O’erpowered at last they did retreat  
Face to the foe, still in defeat,  
Defiant as they moved along  
Pursued by the relentless throng!   
They reached their home, shut fast the door,  
And stood within upon the floor,  
Ready to meet the coming foe,  
Who in their vengeance were not slow.   
Stones showered from the assailing crew,  
In pieces every window flew,  
Then, with a loud and savage yell  
They rushed to storm the citadel!   
A gun-barrel through a broken pane  
Made the invaders pause again,  
A sharp axe sticking through another,  
Their thirst for slaughter seemed to smother;  
A battle council then took place,  
And very soon there was no trace,  
Of conflict or of bloody fray  
Round where the Sleavin’s stood at bay!   
Thus ended By-town’s first old Fair,  
A Donnybrook most rich and rare;  
This annal of the olden time  
Was not premeditated crime,  
It sprung from what forms quite a part  
Of every genuine Irish heart,  
A sort of *Faugh a-Ballagh* way  
That sticks to Irishmen to-day.

**LINES**

*Recited by the author in “Her Majesty’s Theatre,” at a Festival of the Mechanics’ Institute in March*, 1868.

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In such a gay and festive scene as this,  
My worthy friends, it may not be amiss  
To mingle with the general notes of glee,  
A rhyme or too, even if not poesy.   
Indulge me while in rude unpolished verse,  
The promptings of the muse I now rehearse,  
And O! deal gently with me while I try  
To bring the vanished past before your eye,  
Fond recollections rapidly takes wing  
The fading scenes of other days to sing,  
The good old days, the dear old times of yore,  
Which you and I, alas! shall see no more:   
When all around the spot on which I stand  
Was trackless forest and primeval land—­  
The “Barrack Hill,” a wilderness all o’er,  
And Lower Town to Rideau’s ancient shore  
A gloomy cedar swamp, the haunt of deer,  
In which the ruffed grouse drum’d when spring was near,  
While here and there a giant pine on high  
Towered with its spreading branches to the sky!   
I have the little village in my eye,  
Before the locks were built by Colonel By,  
Before the Sappers threw the ponderous arch,  
O’er the Canal, to aid improvement’s march,  
Ere by the muscular canaller’s spade  
The ground was broken where the “Deep Cut’s” made—­  
Long ere the iron bond of union span’d  
The vast *Kah-nah-jo*, wonder of our land!   
Here mighty Ottawa, in its grandest phase  
Bears some resemblance to its better days,  
Ere sawdust, slabs, and stern improvement gave  
A turbid deathstroke to its limpid wave!   
That good old time, ’tis pleasant to recal,  
When one religion almost served for all—­  
When men together could in friendship join—­  
When battered buttons passed for genuine coin—­  
And silver pieces, do not think it strange,  
Were cut in too, and four, to make small change,  
When banks were few, suspensions heard of not,  
And specie was the only cash we got,  
Hard silver with no discount on our dollars,  
Ere brokers reigned, or flourished paper collars.   
Tho’ dim the light of learning’s genial rays  
Amongst the masses in those bygone days—­  
Tho’ daily papers, modern luxury’s food,  
The bold apostles of the public good,  
The tribunes of the people were not found  
On guard our infant liberties around,  
Tho’ institutions based on mental light,  
Shed scanty radiance o’er that primal night,  
Tho’ science, wealth and philosophic lore  
Were *rara aves* upon Ottawa’s shore;  
Tho’ commerce scarce had spread her gilded wings,  
The herald of a costlier state of things;  
Tho’ such an institution as our own,  
Was to our early pioneers unknown,  
An institution, let me say, in short,  
Worthy of every patriot’s support;  
Established on a comprehensive base.   
Where every man of worth may find his place—­  
temple of intelligence to give  
To mind the sustenance on which to live,  
Tho’ all such modern glories then were rare,  
Yet old Bytonians did not badly fare.   
Churches were few in that benighted time,

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Seldom was heard the Sabbath’s welcome chime—­  
Yet brotherhood abounded in the land,  
And charity with soft and tender hand  
Relieved distress, and made the weeper smile,  
Scarce conscious of the good she did the while,  
And not the worst among poor sons of men,  
Money was plenty in the village then,  
For Mother Britain with a lavish hand  
Scattered her treasures over all the land.   
Simplicity then held her peaceful reign,  
And vice and crime were seldom in her train.   
No litigation marked our young career,  
No Police Magistrate with brow severe,  
And frown of justice upon trembling crime,  
Made culprits shiver in that happy time;  
Neighbor to neighbor owed so little grudge,  
Disputes were settled then without the Judge—­  
The learned profession boasted not one gown,  
And but one lancet was in all the town—­  
And it was busy, and got wondrous praise,  
For venesection flourished in those days.   
People owed little, and were seldom sued,  
No bailiff marred our ancient solitude;  
Duns were a nuisance in our soil not grown,  
Fifteen per cent, was totally unknown!   
Things then were taken as they happened quite,  
And insults were decided by a fight,  
In boyhood I have witnessed many a fray  
Within the ring by daylight and fair play—­  
No constable poked his unwelcome nose  
Between the pastime of two transient foes,  
Who choose like Sayers and Heenan to decide  
Their difference with strong sinews on each side.   
We had no sidewalks then, not much taxation,  
No lock-up, county gaol, no corporation,  
No aldermanic wisdom, and no mayor,  
To fill with dignity the civic chair;  
No tax collector with his pressing bill  
To cause consumption in an empty till;  
Corrupt electors trod not freedom’s ground,  
No purchaseable franchise could be found—­  
Money was not the “altar and the God,”  
Before which manhood bowed a venal clod!   
The reign of truth, ere politics was made  
By infamy a money-making trade!   
No costly vehicles with horses gay,  
In gilded trappings graced that ancient day;  
Pedestrianism was fashionable then,  
For boys were boys, as ’twas, and men were men.   
And girls were what they always were, the best  
Blossoms in the gardens of the blest!   
One steamer only cleft the Ottawa’s spray,  
But did not, like the “Queen,” come every day.   
No railroad engine snorted o’er the plain,  
Dragging along behind its ponderous train—­  
No telegraphic line with speed of light  
Scattered intelligence with lightning flight;  
No gas-flame shed its artificial ray,  
Turning nocturnal darkness into day—­  
The tallow candle blazed away supreme,  
And of the age of coal oil did not dream;  
Yet, ’twas “a gay old time,” a happy time,  
And could I strike an upward note sublime,  
I’d strain my very heartstrings with the blast  
Of glory that I’d give the fine old past!   
But times are changed, and things are altered too,

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Fair civilization bursts upon our view;  
The old men of the old time have been laid  
In peace beneath the weeping willow’s shade;  
The middle-aged are in the yellow leaf,  
Life’s evening evanescent, sad and brief—­  
The little children who flourished then  
Are now the mothers of our land, and men—­  
The wilderness has vanished, the old trees  
Have disappeared before improvement’s breeze;  
Commercial enterprise is busy now,  
The Ottawa’s breast is cleft by many a prow,  
The roaring, rushing locomotives scour  
Along the track at forty miles an hour—­  
The electric current cleaves the ambient air,  
Shooting the rays of thought round everywhere,  
Darting like sunbeams to the left and right,  
The swift-winged messengers of mental light!   
Disturbing ’neath the billows of the deep,  
The ocean monsters from their dreamy sleep;  
Cleaving resistless through the watery waste  
A miracle not dreamt of in the past,  
Annihilating time, and leaving space,  
Like Noah’s dove, without a resting place!   
Thy fame, too, “old brown Bess,” hath passed away,  
And rifled guns in war and peace hold sway,  
And Britain’s wooden walls with all their glories,  
Are now but one of fame’s immortal stories!   
But while I cast my wondering eyes around  
How grand the sight which doth their vision bound;  
A city stands in fair and youthful grace,  
Where once old Bytown had its primal place;  
And lo! in grandeur towering the skies  
In marbled splendor upon yonder hill,  
Our Legislative Temples proudly rise,  
A columned glory of the artist’s skill!   
Thanks to our gracious Queen, who’s royal hand  
Made Ottawa chief city of the land!   
Thanks to the men who fought through good and ill  
The fight of right, and bravely battled still;  
Who stood unshaken, firm in their adhesion,  
Till victory crowned Her Majesty’s decision!   
God bless our New Dominion! may it be  
Granted a proud and happy destiny;  
Ontario and Quebec go hand in hand  
With Nova Scotia and New Brunswick’s land;  
Those noble borderers of the rushing wave  
Grand, fitting birthplace of the free and brave!   
May Newfoundland, British Columbia true,  
Prince Edward Island join the Union, too,  
And the vast regions of the far North-West,  
Awake to form a nation great and blest!   
May all in common brotherhood unite  
To live in peace, or for our freedom fight  
Beneath the flag for which our fathers died,  
And left us as their legacy and pride!   
May heaven give strength and energy to those  
Who from political convulsion’s throes—­  
A proud example to the sons of earth,  
Brought union and an empire into birth!   
May wisdom guide them as they onward steer  
The vessel of the State in her career—­  
Smooth be the wave and gentle be the gales  
That fill our ark of safety’s well trim’d sails—­  
Strong be the vision of the pilot, too,  
To keep the port of union full in view,  
Until the anchor’s cast, the sails are furled,  
A spectacle of envy to the world!