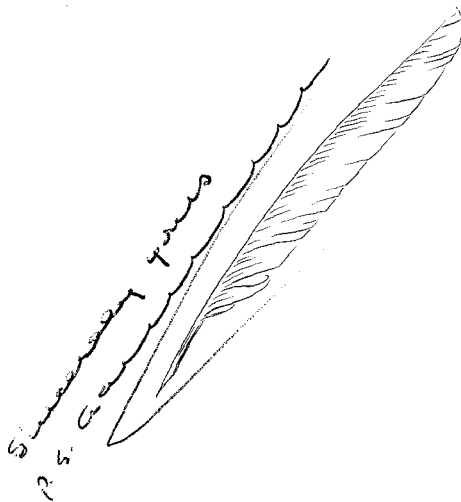


The ADAMSON SAGA
1536-1936

By
Major P. E. ADAMSON, M. B. E., E. D.



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Adamson



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I dedicate these chapters

to our

ANCESTORS

.... our chant rolls on and on,

one hundred strong

join heart and song,

in praise of those

.... who've gone before.

"It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended,
but the glory belongs to our ancestors".

Plutarch.

PROLOGUE

I am convinced that few people pay any attention to the introductory pages of a book. In spite of this, I feel it is necessary that my writing be given an introduction. It concerns itself with pedigree.

We all agree that in this day and age, people are regarded by what they are themselves and not by their pedigree. Nevertheless I think it good that they should know about their forebears. I do not view this work as a book, but rather my effort to put down in writing the history of the descent of our family from a common ancestor. It is an attempt to capture, for those who may be interested, the names and something of the experiences of those people whose blood is in our veins. Ancestors who lived from the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts to the close of the Victorian era.

My problems commence at once. The most serious of these is the fact that our early ancestors left nothing pertaining to their lives that can be said to be first hand. With this I must not quarrel. Our forebears of the fifteen, sixteen and seventeen hundreds lived in a period when the keeping of registries was not compulsory. There were many important people among these first ancestors and yet, in spite of this, I have been unable to discover a single story that has been written for a permanent record concerning them. Families into which they married can be found in Irish bibliographic lists but no one, to my knowledge, has written about the family whose Arms we bear.

I find myself with the choice of either ignoring one hundred years or more of history or of overtly intruding my own account of that obscure period between the middle of the sixteenth century and the time when our first ancestor landed in Ireland in 1689. In order to at least cast a shadow of what may have happened before the family's representative arrived to take part in the Battle of the Boyne, I have chosen the latter course. The Tudor and the Stuart period, in my opinion, is too absorbing to omit.

This very lack of family history is history itself. I can begin at the beginning. It is somewhat of a novelty and this novelty gives me inspiration. It is in this light, before it is too late, that I set it down so that for those who come after, the record may endure.

This then is the premise of this writing. I seek redress against some family member, past or present, with capabilities greater than mine, for not doing what I am about to do. If the quality of being intrepid is necessary for such an undertaking, let me say at the outset that I am still uncertain that such dauntlessness has been attained.

Story writing to me is experimental. In every experiment there is always a tendency toward perfection. In writing about one's ancestors there is a natural tendency to place some, if not all, on a pedestal. I will make no attempt to glamorize any individual beyond their worth. I will tell his or her story as I unroll the time and the place in which they lived.

Names will appear that many of us have heard much about -- men of 'reputation' or, as our ancestors would say, a 'considerable' man. Names will also appear of the kindly, quiet, 'little people' who played their part, and an important part, in giving us what character we possess. Thomas Paine puts it nicely: "Reputation is what men and women think of us; Character is what God and the Angels know of us".

A hundred years bring many changes in a family. Visiting Ireland today you will not find many, if indeed any, of our branch of the family. There are, however, many to be found in Dublin City and the County of Westmeath with the blood of that first Thomas Adamson in their veins. You will be told that the Adamsons are a very old Irish family and few, if any, "sat below the salt".

When I say we are an old Irish family, my tongue is slightly in my cheek. I realize I am referring to a country the memory of whose inhabitants is long. I can already hear an "O" or a "Mick" challenge our right to call ourselves Irish. I am also aware that things I will write will provoke controversy. The very fact that it records the lives of an Irish family assures one of argument. That I look upon as a calculated risk which I must accept.

What I wish most particularly is not to arouse the reader's expectations to a point which I may not fulfill. May the controversies I have provoked be more provocative than controversial is all I ask ... at all, at all!

BOOK ONE

Chapter 1
THE ADAMSON ORIGIN



The origin of anything is its beginning. I have therefore chosen the wrong title for this first chapter. In case we may have in our large family, students or followers of the theories of Lamark or Darwin, let me say at once that I make no attempt to go back to the "beginning" of our blood stream, but only to a period in history that may be of interest to us, so far as ancestry is concerned.

It is by no means an easy task. My wanderings have taken me through England and Scotland, across the channel to France and the Low Countries and like the true wanderer I have travelled in a circle and come back to the spot from which I set out.

Many versions have been given by different members of the family as to the "origin" of our family prior to their coming to Ireland. When one sets out on an exploration of discovery, it is then that he realizes that the source is as difficult to find as the first small trickle that is to become a mighty river.

That Captain, or maybe Colonel, Thomas Adamson came to Ireland with the forces of William III in 1689 and, at the end of hostilities, was give land in the Counties of Louth and Westmeath and remained in Ireland, is an accepted fact. We are also told that he

married the Honourable Mary Somerset of Temple House, Coombe, Somersetshire and that they had issue. In this period in history, there were no official records kept and it is, therefore, not possible to get documented evidence as to how, or when, this officer arrived in England.

There is a legend that he came from the continent with the Prince of Orange's army, while another story has it that he came from Scotland and was a descendent of Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrews, whose family belonged to the MacIntosh clan.

After many months of searching, I have found no evidence whereby one might conclude that he was of Dutch or Danish origin. Of all the leads that I, or professional searchers, have followed in tracing this officer's lineage, the one ending in Patrick is by far the more conclusive.

To attempt to go back beyond Patrick would be only guess work. At this time in history, Scotland had their own monarchs and the government in that country, as well as England, was very unstable.

In Scotland, where Patrick was born, the records in the custody of the Registrar General's office, prior to 1855, are the old parochial records formerly kept in every parish in Scotland under the administration of the established church. These records are not kept in family form, there being a separate record for each parish and an alphabetical index is not available. When a person left a parish he became, for research purposes, lost. A family remaining in the same parish, generation after generation, has no trouble obtaining a record.

Patrick's family for four generations remained in the same parish. The fifth generation left the parish. It is then that some shadows of the descent appear and we have to gather historical events in order to attempt to find him. And here it might be said that one cannot rely too greatly on professional searchers. I have been told by one that the Adamsons are a sept of the MacAdams and they give as their reasoning that one of the quarterings on the Adamson coat-of-arms is that of the MacAdams of Galoway.

After searches made in Scotland, I find this to be erroneous.... in fact, the MacAdams have no clan of their own but belong to the Clan Macgregor. The same authority in Scotland tells me that the Adamsons are a sept of the MacIntosh clan and are shown on the list.

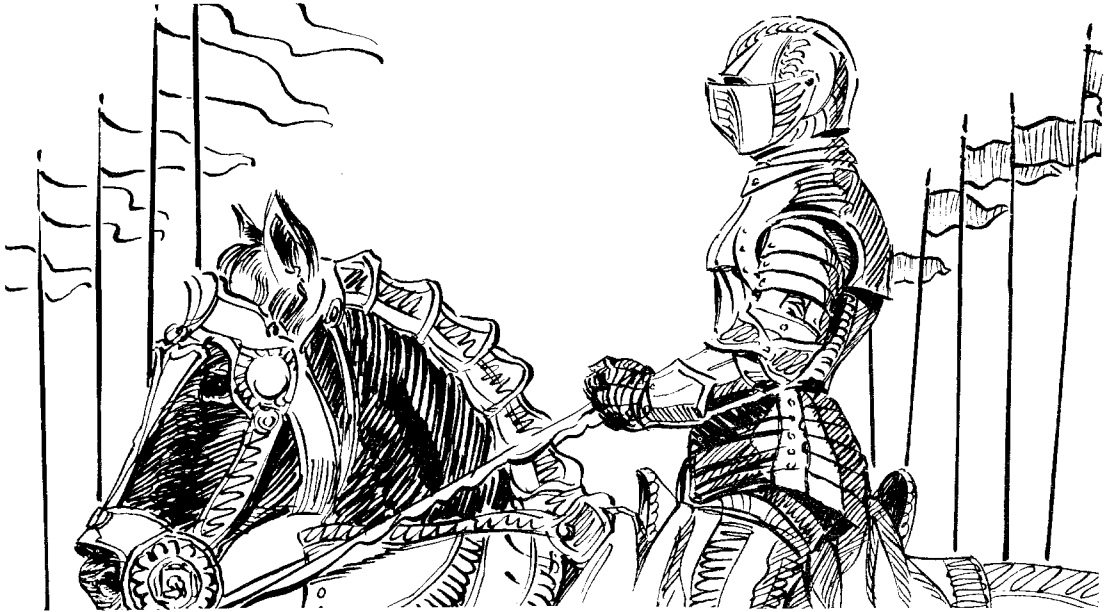
They also advise me that there are no written records to be found as to how, when, or why certain families became affiliated with certain clans.

As late as 150 years ago, a family registry in Ireland suggests that Thomas had a brother called Hugh. Hugh Adamson and his wife Sarah were in Ireland years before 1689. A record in St. Catherine's church registry, in the City of Dublin, shows that these parents had a son John christened in that church in 1680 and that he died five days later. It would appear that these people came from Scotland sometime after the Scottish Plantation and would be, as Thomas was, the fifth generation of Patrick.

This family history will then commence with Patrick. He was said to be born in 1536 but, since there are no extant old parochial records for Perth, where he was said to be born, prior to 1561, no search can be made for a birth entry. If such were possible, we would find that he was born to parents called Constyne and baptised Patricius Constyne. This was later changed to Patricius Consteane and still later to Patrick Adamson and finally to Patrick Adamson.

Chapter 2

PATRICIUS CONSTYNE



Patricius Constynne, according to most records, was born at Perth, Scotland on March 15, 1536. The date in March is worth remembering for it foreboded many things.

The unfortunate James Stuart reigned in Scotland as James the Fifth. The Tudor King, Henry the Eighth, held sway in England where his country was going through the middle Tudor period of economic and religious unrest. Henry had broken with Rome and was doing his utmost towards getting his sister Margaret's son to do likewise in Scotland. The King of Scotland, you will remember, was a nephew of the King of England.

James, however, had greater ties with France than he had with England. One wonders what English history may have been had the Scottish King married Henry's daughter Mary and formed the desired alliance with the Crown of England. Religion dictated otherwise and, with James' marriage to Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Charles de Vendome of France, the Crown and Scotland remained Catholic. Marie was but two months Queen. The course that commended itself to James, upon her death, was to continue the alliance with France and so in 1538 he married Mary of Lorraine.

The King's course, however, did not commend itself to an increasing number of the laity, both nobles and commoners, who deemed the wiser course was to throw in their lot with England. The main cause for hostilities between the two Kings ended disastrously for James at Solway Moss. He died, deserted by his Army Chiefs, in 1542. It was not until twenty-six years later that victory to Protestantism was obtained with the overthrow of his daughter Mary Stuart (Queen of Scots) at Langside.

It was during these bitter quarrels that Patrick passed from boyhood. In 1552 Henry the Eighth died and his daughter Mary, whom he had attempted to wed to James, came to the throne. She was in league with the Catholic Royal House of Spain and the only thing that saved Protestantism in England was her death and the crowning of her half-sister Elizabeth I as Queen. She brought peace, prosperity and Protestantism to England but in Scotland the bitterness continued. It is now that we hear of our first forebear.

As he takes his place upon the stage, it is interesting to blow away the dust of exactly four hundred years and say a word about the other players. The year is 1561. Patrick is then twenty-five and has declared himself a militant Protestant and an Anglican. Make no mistake, it was a courageous thing to do. He had supporters but their loyalty or treachery changed with the wind.

"Let no man stand behind me", was something an aspiring statesman learned quickly.

The cast of characters upon the stage in Patrick's days were ready made for the tragic plays that William Shakespeare was to write a few years later.

First of all, there was the unfortunate Queen. She had fled with her French mother to France after the death of her father, following on the heels of his defeat at Solway Moss. Mary was then a widow of 19 and still a Catholic. Scotland had, by Act of Parliament in 1560, recognized the Protestant church as the National religion. She was, however, persuaded to return and attempt to rule the divided country. It was to take her just one year to become disillusioned.

There was Andrew Melville, a great Loyalist and Master of the Queen's household at the time of her death, but whose loyalty had been shaken by his sincere Protestantism. His brothers, Robert

and James, were divided - for and against.

There was James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, a Protestant but a loyalist . . . his sister, Lady Janet Hepburn, who had married one of the Queen's half-brothers, one of her father's illegitimate children. There was Henry Stewart (Lord Darnley), sometimes Catholic, sometimes Protestant. Darnley, of course, married Mary. He also had a claim to the English throne through his mother Margaret, sister of Henry VIII.

There was James, Duke of Chatelherault, who at this moment was heir to the Scottish throne. That was all changed a few years later when Mary give birth to a son. There was John Hamilton, Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews and which high office Patrick Adamson was to assume some years later.

There was the Douglas, James, whom Patrick was to serve as Chaplain when that ambitious head of the house of Douglas was to rule the country as Regent to Mary's infant son.

Those were the villains or otherwise, depending upon which side you chose. Besides these were others - Rizzio, Mary's secretary who was hacked to pieces on a darkened staircase when the moon was "on the wane"; and Mary's lovely and ever loyal ladies in waiting or maids of honour, the Mary's Seton, Livingstone, Fleming and Beton. They served from her childhood to the awful end.

There was, of course, John Knox, the fiery genius of the Scottish Reformation and leader of the New Kirk party. There was the terrible Ruthven (Riven), married to a Douglas and the poor Queen's mortal enemy. But all the Douglas' were not villains for there was wee Willie Douglas, whom we must not forget. He was the lad who contrived and executed Mary's escape from Lockleven Castle. An "escape" that lead to the headsman's axe in the Tower of London.

And on the list could go, till every dagger in every clan is accounted for. Pity, sympathy, compassion where looked upon as signs of weakness, rather than moral excellence, by those who shoe to play a part in Scottish history. Our first ancestor did not walk alone when darkness fell.

Some of us may be concerned at the behaviour of Churchmen, such as our first ancestor, and wonder as to their sincerity. We must remember that in Patrick's day the State and Church were not

separated . . . that the church, during this period in history, was very much in politics. No man, be he Churchman or Statesman, could be a thinking politician unless he was prepared to change with every change of fortune. One who was determined to attain greatness, must renounce all thought of consistency and ever be on the watch for the indications of a coming reaction and be ready to seize the exact moment for deserting a fallen cause. Integrity, constancy, or any of the virtues of truth were seldom found in a Statesman.

Politics was considered and regarded not as a science, of which the object was the happiness of mankind, but as an exciting game at which a fortunate player may win an estate, a coronet, or even a Crown. The most unscrupulous men of today, if tried by the standards of the 16th or 17th century, would be considered highly principled.

I record these remarks in case some of my readers may find it difficult to understand some of the actions of this first ancestor, and believe him to be as black as his enemies painted him. During this period in history, it was also not uncommon for one to change his name as well as his mind. You will remember that it was not until after the Crusades and on into the 14th century that people became known by the name given them in baptism. Even after this period, full-blooded brothers could be found with different names.

People, for the most part, were designated by their trade or profession. As late as the time of Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) we read in his diary, "and then to Mr. Pin's for the fitting of a velvet coat". We are not too surprised, then, to learn that Patrick was born to parents whose name was Constyne and he was baptised Patricius Constyne. His enemies, in an attempt to belittle him, claimed his father was a baker. His son-in-law, Thomas Wilson, in a posthumous tract, reports him to be born, "parentibus ingenius et stripe honesta". That, of course, does not exempt his father from being a baker; it would, at least, assure one of an honest loaf. Baker's son or not, Patricius was educated at Perth grammar school and Edinburgh University.

Even before Patricius was out of grammar school, he was becoming known - one of his adversaries going so far as to assert, "He is a miracle of nature and rather seemed to be the immediate production of God Almighty than born of woman". He received his

Master's degree in 1558, being then still known as Patricius Constyne.

Two years later, as Patrick Consteane, he was declared by the General Assembly at Edinburgh "eligible for ministering and teaching" and in 1563 he was appointed Minister at Fife. A few months later he requested to be allowed to travel, in order to "increase his knowledge", but was forbidden to leave his congregation without special licence from the Assembly.

This was an unfortunate decision for now began his stormy career. He commenced with a bitter assailment of the Roman Catholics at Aberdeen and then, to add fuel to the flame, he threw us his charge and went to France as tutor to the eldest son of James McGill. Hereafter he was known by several names, among them Patrick Adamsone.

In the fearful religious conflicts of the day he became one of the key figures and his foes did not fail to taunt him and twitted him with -

"Twyse his surname he's mensuorne;
To be called Constyne he thot schame,
He tuk up Consteane to name,
Now Doctor Adamsone at last. "



Chapter 3

PATRICK ADAMSON



Soon after Patrick went to France, Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to a son. This event set Patrick's pen going and he wrote a poem of thanksgiving in which he described the infant as being, "Prince of England, Scotland, Ireland and France". This gave such offense to the French King that he was arrested and spent the next six months in a French dungeon.

By the intercession of the Scottish Queen he secured his release. He then pursued his travels and in Geneva made the acquaintance of Theodore Beza and under him studied Calvinistic Theology.

On his homeward journey with his pupil, he visited Paris, rather a daring and foolish thing for a militant Protestant to do at this particular time. Civil war was taking place there and it was with considerable difficulty that he and his student made their way to Bruges. In this city he went into hiding with his protege and perhaps it may be said he formed the first underground society to aid the Huguenots. Some of his biographers claim that Adamson was in France and escaped the Huguenot massacre. I can find no evidence to support such supposition.

While in hiding he translated the Book of Job into Latin and composed a Latin tragedy on King Herod. During all this time he was

being urged to return to Scotland where the Protestant Church was in dire need of ministers. He finally complied with their request and in 1575 was presented with the living of Paisley. He was appointed one of three deputies to discuss the jurisdiction of the Kirk. On the death of Douglas in 1576, whom he had been serving as Chaplain (Douglas being the Regent to King James), he was raised to Archbishop of St. Andrews. His life now became one constant struggle with the Presbyterian Party.

He was constantly being charged with misdemeanors, some serious but many frivolous. He was summoned to appear before the Commission in 1577 and again in 1579 to answer charges. To escape his tormentors he retired to St. Andrews Castle where he was prostrated by a great illness from which his medical advisors could give him no relief. In his extremity he sought the assistance of a woman, Alison Pearson, who treated him so successfully that he completely recovered.

His enemies ascribed his cure to witchcraft, seized the unfortunate woman and confined her to the Castle. With the connivance of the Archbishop she escaped. A short time later she was again seized and further charges brought against her. One of these charges was that she had concocted a witch's brew of ewe's milk, claret and herbs for the Archbishop. She was found guilty and burnt at the stake. *

In 1583, Patrick delivered some powerful sermons before James the Sixth. The King was so impressed that Adamson won his favour and became this Scottish King's Ambassador at the English Court of Elizabeth. Scurilous accounts of him are given while he was in London. He was accused of everything from making advances to the Queen to being a gross liver and defrauding his creditors. He was accused of withholding three gallons of wine from a Communion Service for reasons not explained.

Patrick was too clever and fierce a churchman to be downed by these insidious attacks and though he was accused of bringing

* Most of us think of witches to-day as mythical old hags riding through the sky on broom-sticks the evening preceding All Saints Day. In Scottish history of Patrick's day they were considered to be very real powers of evil. They play an important role in Shakespeare's tragedy MacBeth, whose story depicts events of the year 1587. It was not until 1604, nine years after Patrick's death, that a statute was passed for the suppression of witches.

reproach upon the Presbyterian Party, there were none who could deny that his eloquence attracted many hearers while he was in London. That he was held in high respect by the English churchmen for ability and learning was never doubted.

He returned to Scotland and sat in Parliament where he became the leading counsellor in having some strong measures passed against the Presbyterians. While he stood high in the King's favour and constantly preached before him, he was daily becoming an object of dislike by the people.

In 1585, Adamson published a 'Declaration of the King's Majesty's Intention' in the Acts of Parliament, a tract which gave great offense to the Presbyterian Party. Long afterwards, in 1646, this same Declaration was reprinted by the Puritans. When the Synod of Fife met at St. Andrews the following April, violent attacks were made on the Archbishop by James Melville. Seeing there was no chance of gaining a fair hearing, Adamson made no defense. This angered the Presbyterians all the more and explicit charges were laid against him and he was ordered to answer them.

Patrick answered his critics by appearing in person. The defied Synod, challenged their right of jurisdiction over him and appealed to the King. This did not appeal to the Presbyterian Party and they passed sentence of excommunication. Adamson replied by passing sentence of excommunication upon James and Andrew Melville. In the following month, the General Assembly remitted Patrick's sentence of excommunication but the Melvilles did not escape the King's displeasure.

Adamson, as Archbishop of St. Andrews, was ex-officio Chancellor of the University and was now required by the King to give public lessons to which all must attend. However, at the next meeting of the Assembly more trouble awaited him but again he found a backer in the King. It was at this time that the Poet Du Bartres was a visitor to Scotland and the King, for the amusement of the distinguished visitor, ordered Melville and Adamson to appear as rivals and that a 'disputation' should take place. It does not seem to be known whether or not this actually did take place.

In 1588, Patrick again found himself in difficulty with the Assembly. The King, whose help had been so useful in the past, now deserted him. Weighed down by illness, he appealed to his old friend Andrew Melville who had the Assembly reduce the last sentence,

providing Adamson would recant. A recantation was published but it was always considered that it was not genuine.

Patrick Adamson died February 19, 1592. His character has been variously estimated as being a man of great learning, of fierce determination, lacking in administrative ability, and a most persuasive preacher.



Patrick Adamson

Chapter 4

PROFESSOR



Few authorities agree as to the descendants of the Archbishop. The claim of Perth as to his birthplace and of Edinburgh as his last resting place appear to be valid. All are agreed that he married Elizabeth Arthur but as to the date of the marriage we are not told.

The *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae*, found in the library of the Old College at Edinburgh University, names his children as James, Andrew, Violet, Margaret, Patrick, and Elizabeth and here again are inconsistencies. Some show his son-in-law, the then well known advocate Thomas Wilson, as marrying Violet while others show him to be the husband of Elizabeth. Both, of course, could be right.

It is James, however, that we are concerned with. He must have been born in the middle 1550's. One authority shows him to be Dean of the Guild in 1600 and Provost of Perth in 1610 and 1611. He was a brilliant poet and his poems were of great variety - descriptive, instructional, historical and divine observations with most remarkable antiquities of Scotland, especially of Perth. He was trained for the pulpit but never preached. His son John was born in 1576.

John Adamson received his Master's from Edinburgh in 1597 and in 1598 was given his Regent of Philosophy. In 1604 he was Minister

of North Berwick, Member of the Aberdeen Assembly in 1616, and was one of a committee appointed to draw up a Liturgy and Catechism for children. In 1623 he was transferred to the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh and held that post until his death in 1651.

John married Marion, daughter of Thomas Auchmountie, May 2, 1606. She died also in 1651. They had two children - David, who was baptised December 1608, and Marie, baptised September, 1611.

David graduated from Edinburgh with his Master's, probably in 1631. He married and had two sons, Thomas and Hugh. It then appears that he left the Parish and no trace can be found of him. It is here that the shadows of descent darken and we have to turn to historical events in an effort to again find our ancestors.

The Scottish "Plantations" in Ireland had commenced in 1603 and were still taking place as late and even after the Cromwellian repressions. It is in Dublin where we find a Protestant, Hugh Adamson, as having a son christened John in St. Catherine's Parish in 1680. The same registry shows the infant as being buried five days later and his mother Sarah five years later.

To find Thomas we must turn to English history. Unlike Scotland, England under James I had fallen heir to the peace and prosperity of Elizabeth's era. However, this monarch and his son Charles I, who was to follow him, had Catholic backgrounds, and it was during these troublesome days when religion was once more making itself heard. And though the Scottish Parliament could be said to be compliant, the Scottish people themselves were still ungovernable.

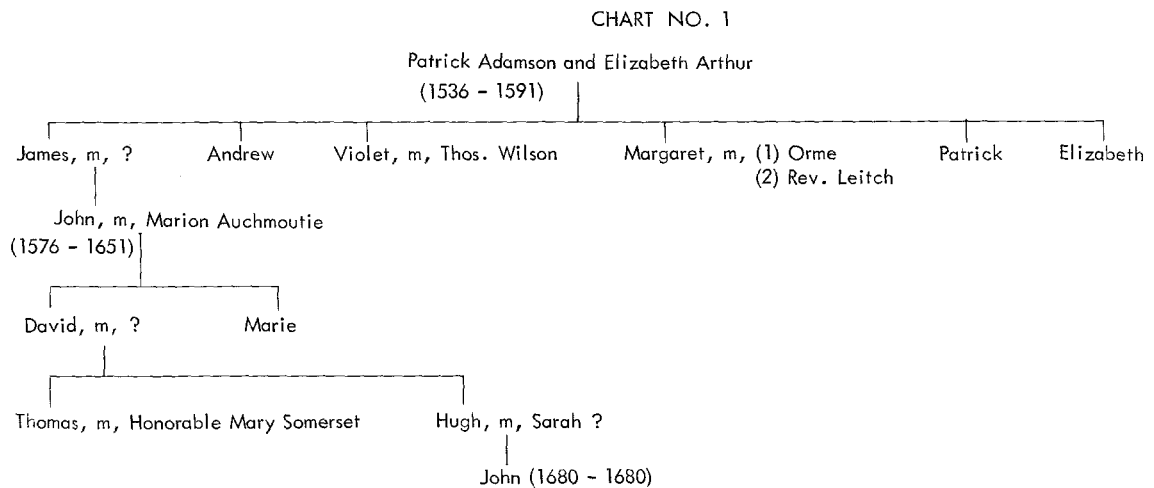
It will be remembered that they had murdered their first James; had repeatedly taken arms against the second; had slain the third in battle; had broken the heart of the fifth; and had imprisoned Mary Stuart and held her son James VI captive. All men complained that the glories of Knox and the old Douglas' had gone.

The Calvinistic doctrine had taken a strong hold and the Church of Rome was looked upon with a ferocious hate. The Church of England, which seemed to the Presbyterians to be every day becoming more like the Church of Rome, was an object of aversion. Charles I appeared, for a time, to be successful in handling the situation but was forced to give way and the country was devastated by civil war, and the unfortunate King trod the path to the headsman's axe that his grandmother had trod before him.

It was during the aftermath of these troubles when the English, wearied of the fifteen years of dictatorship under the Cromwells, encouraged the disciplined Scottish Army under General Monk to cross the Tweed and the Tyne and pitch their tents on the border of Yorkshire.

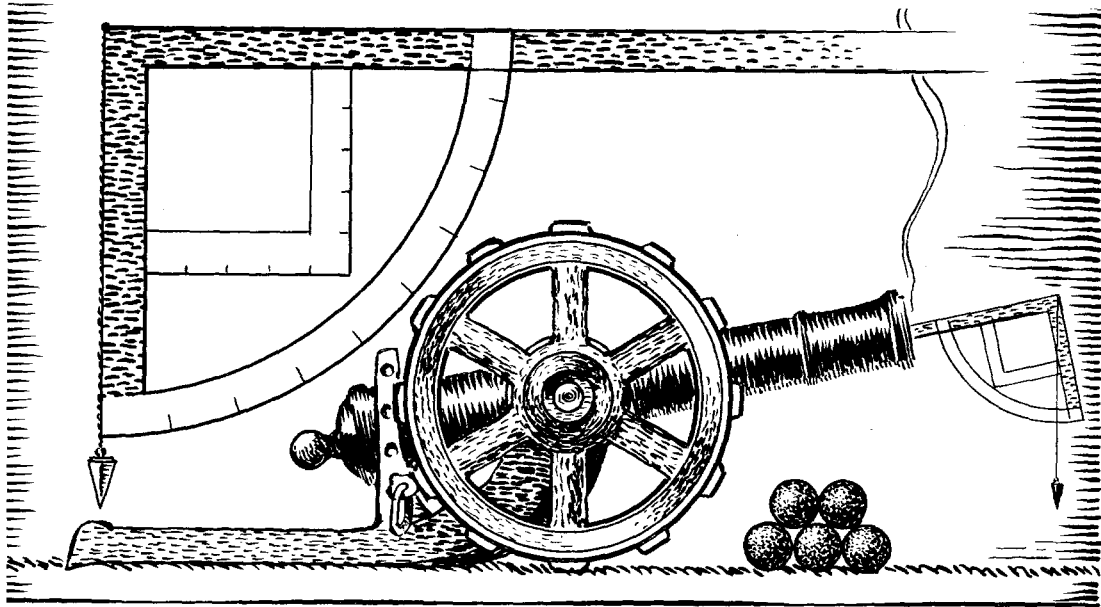
Monk was soon to call a great Convention that resulted in holding free elections for seats in Parliament. The Act of Restoration was passed, resulting in the return of Prince Charles from the Netherlands, and he was crowned Charles II of England.

It is here that we can take up the family history for we are to find Thomas Adamson as an Artillery Officer in the train of the new King. He had doubtless come down from Scotland with the forces of General Monk.



Chapter 5

ADAMSONS IN ENGLAND



Through the publication of a treatise compiled by him, on England's Defence, Thomas Adamson first became known in England. He was associated with Tomas Digges who, amongst his many enterprises, was at one time Muster-General of the Queen's Forces in the Low Countries. It was through this association that Thomas received most of his information for the treatise.

To say that he was an officer, in the artillery train of Charles II, really means very little. The fact is that, that merry monarch did not possess much in defence for his kingdom.

England's prestige, as a naval or military power, had greatly lessened since the days of Elizabeth. The country had been torn by civil war to be followed by thirteen years of dictatorship under the Cromwells. The return of Charles from the Netherlands, and monarchical government, was welcomed by all.

To have lived in the days of Charles II in any official capacity must indeed have been interesting, though perhaps not rewarding. I suppose more fiction has been written about this king than any who has sat upon the Throne of England. He reigned from 1660 to 1685 and the man was at least remarkable for being able to hold the

affection of his subjects in spite of his personal life.

I have said that his country did not possess much in the way of defence. That factor gave ample reason for great sums to be levied and collected and ear-marked for the Army or the Navy, only to be used for the building of a kingly mansion in Oxfordshire, or a new yacht to be seen at Putney, or perhaps for the acquisition of a pack of black beagles for one of his hunting lodges.

He was a gay fellow and his Ministers were constantly alarmed for his safety. After one attempt on his life he agreed to have a permanent body-guard for use in times of danger. Thus came into being the British Standing Army.

The Coldstream Guards and the Foot and Life Guards were recruited from Monk's old regiments. The remnants of the Cavalier Units, who had fought in Flanders, formed the Horse Guards and sometime later the Royal Scots, the Dragoons and Scots Greys were recruited. The total strength was about seven thousand.

Parliament was continually in a state of panic over this Standing Army, the people not having recovered from the sight of Oliver's Red Coats. To keep the pot from boiling over most of this force was kept in training in the Low Countries. Only the actual troops that formed the King's body-guard could be seen on the streets of London.

At this time, Anglican Royalist Thomas Adamson was at the height of his career. He had married the Honourable Mary Somerset of Temple House, Coombe, Somersetshire, and as this family, at that time, was an important one in England, it no doubt added to his prestige.

I have not been able to isolate the Honourable Mary Somerset. The family is an interesting one and they are not to be confused, as they so often were, with the Seymours, who had taken, lost, and gained the "Somerset" title. It may be of interest to say just a word regarding the Seymours and the Somersets.

Jane Seymour, as you all know, was the third wife of Henry VIII and mother of Edward VI, whom her brother John served as Regent. John Seymour, however, became too ambitious and lost his head and with it, his honours and titles. The family regained the title through their loyalty to the Crown during the Royalist war and were the first

to come to the Dutch Prince's assistance when he and his wife were presented with The British Crown. It is reported the Prince of Orange came close to losing the haughty Earl's offer of help when he indiscreetly said, "You are of the Somerset family, Sir Charles?" "Sire", replied Sir Charles, "I am Not, I am a Seymour!"

The Somerset's family title at this time in history was Worcester, another Charles being the first Earl. It is now the family name of the Beauforts whose family are amongst the present monarch's favourites. Just in passing, a queer twist is given to the Somerset family when we read that the third Marquis of Worcester, after being advanced to the first Dukedom of Beaufort, refused to swear fealty to William of Orange and preferred to live in retirement.

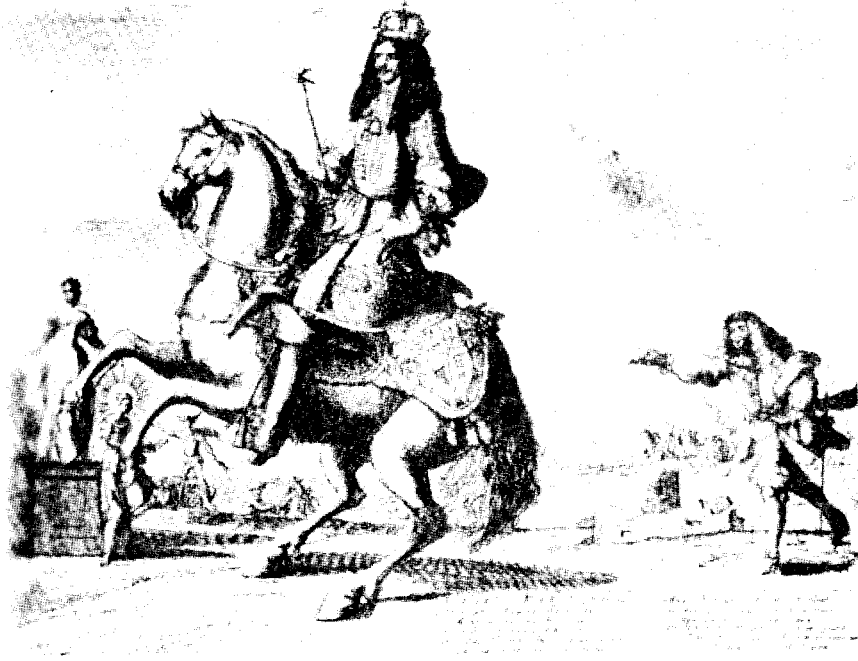
A search at Somerset House, London, in 1961 did not reveal anything regarding the family of the Honourable Mary and for the purpose of this story has been lost in antiquity. It would be an interesting exercise for any one of our family so disposed.

I have not the date of Thomas' and Mary's marriage, nor can I tell you the parish in which they lived. I would, however, judge them to be married in the late 1670's. They had three sons, all born in England, John, Benjamin, and Joseph. If there were any daughters, I am unable to account for them.

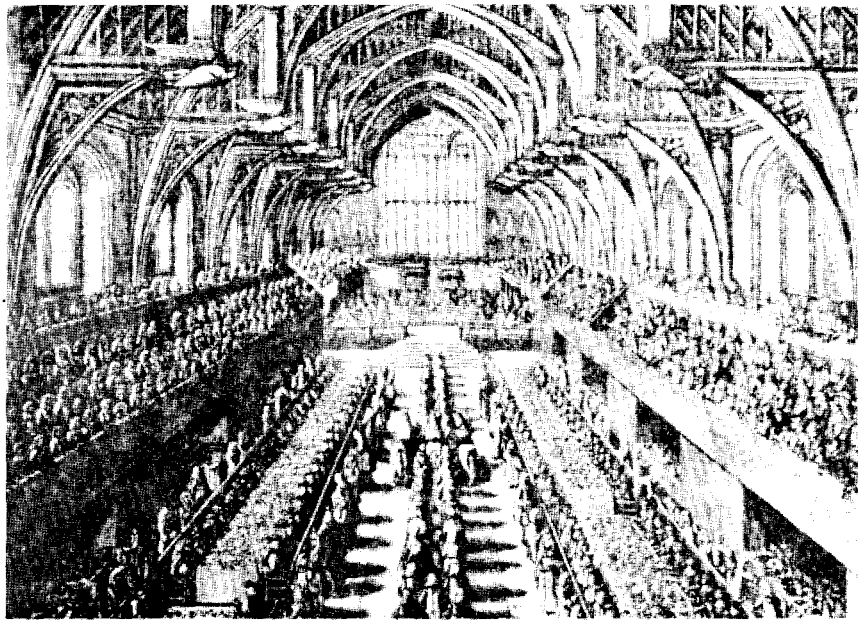
To recall your history for you, James, Duke of York ascended the throne after the death of Charles II in 1685. He became James the Second and with his Roman Catholic background was soon quarreling with the Protestant Parliament, resulting in the Crown being offered to Mary, daughter of Charles I, to reign jointly with her husband, the Prince of Orange.

There is no need to go further into history. You will remember that James II fled to France where he connived with the French King to regain the Crown of England by way of Ireland. James landed in Ireland in 1689 and it was then that William III, who was now joint sovereign of England, sent a force to route him out.

The force was commanded by William's best General, Stromberg, a German whom he had brought from the Netherlands, and was composed for the most part of Danish and Dutch troops. It also contained many Royalist Protestant Volunteers, among them being Captain Thomas Adamson.



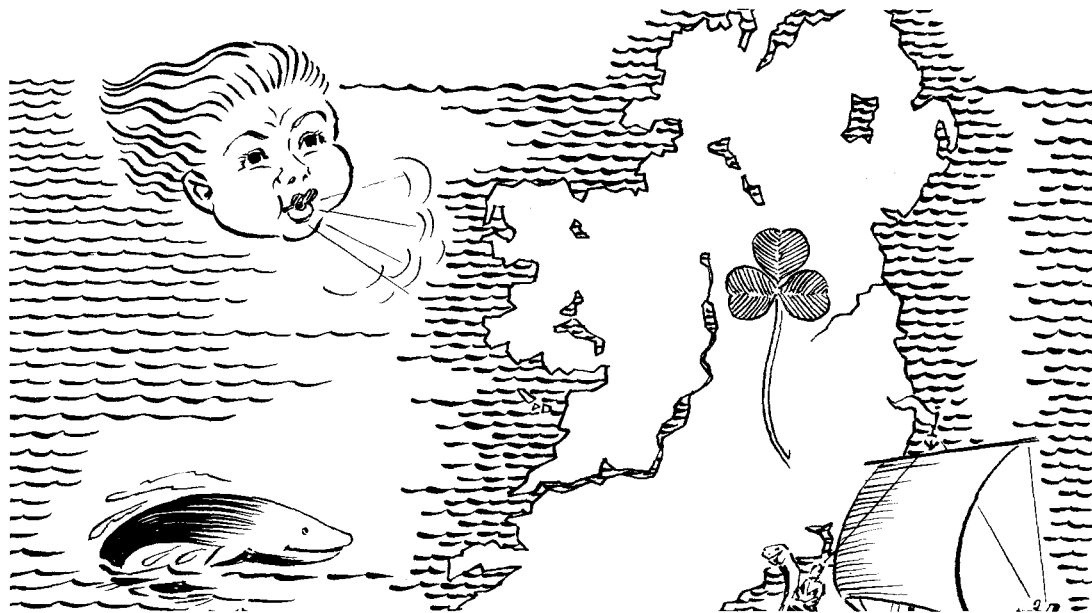
Charles II



Coronation of James II

Chapter 6

EARLY IRELAND



The traditions of the Irish people are the oldest of any race in Europe, north and west of the Alps. They themselves are the longest settled on their own soil. Their history is the saddest.

Historians tell us that Ireland was first peopled by neolithic men, then came small dark men from the Mediterranean, and later the north of Ireland was settled by the Picts, then about 350 B. C. came the Celts. It is today the only Celtic nation state with their own government left in the world.

I suppose Ireland's modern history might be said to have commenced with the arrival of Saint Patrick in A. D. 432. He founded a people who spoke Gaelic, a Celtic language. Fifteen centuries have passed since an Englishman, or maybe a Scot, named Patrick planted a shamrock on Irish soil. This Saint died in 461 A. D. and yet, fifteen hundred years later, he is more alive today in every corner of Ireland than any other historical figure who has come after him.

To this very day, everywhere you go in Ireland, from Ulster to Munster, from Leinster to Connemara, you hear of his extraordinary exploits. Here he left a footprint. There he built a church.

He baptised a King at this well. He knelt in prayer at that rock. The years may have erased the line between historical certainty and family legend, but the fact of his coming and of his work is unquestioned.

He challenged the High Kings, he defied the Druids, none could cope with Patrick. In the centuries after, Irish Monks, trained by him, "walked the world for God" bringing the light of the fire he kindled on Slane - the light of Christianity.

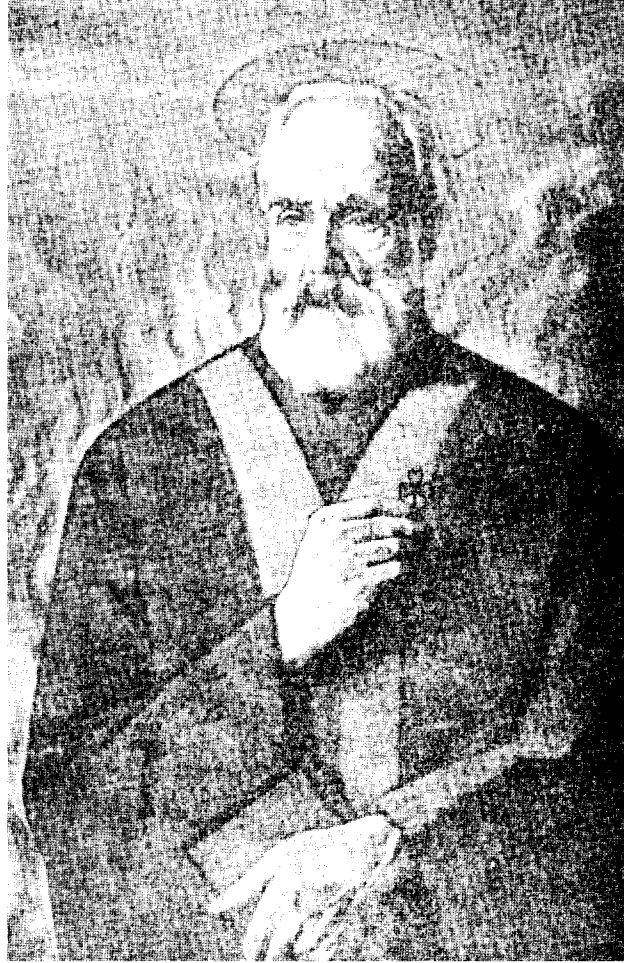
Prior to the coming of Saint Patrick, the country was a combination of Kingdoms reigned over by great Chieftains who were, to all purposes, Kings. There were then four of these Kingdoms, Connacht in the West, Munster in the southwest, Ulster in the north, and Leinster in the southeast. These several places were centered by a High Kingship at Tara. This High King actually had no authority over the provincial Kings. His main function, it would seem, was to encourage an argument rather than settle it.

800 A.D. has sometimes been described as Ireland's golden years. The country has been referred to as an Island of Saints and Scholars. Monks produced such masterpieces as the beautiful Book of Kells. This magnificent copy of the Gospels can today be seen in the library of Trinity College.

Whether it was the presence of these many treasures, placed in the Monasteries of the country, that induced the Vikings to commence their plundering raids is a moot point, but significantly the peace of those early days was soon destroyed and for the next two hundred years, Irish history is a pitiful story.

At this time there was no unified political control in the country, the High Kingship being but an empty symbol until it was taken over by Brian Boru. Brian organized the country so well that Sitric, the Norse King of Dublin, was forced to call for help. A great fleet was collected from as far away as Denmark and Norway and an army of Northmen landed in Dublin in 1014.

It is said that the aged Brian watched from his tent while his army attacked at dawn on that Good Friday morning. All day the battle raged until at dusk the Norsemen were driven into the flowing tide. It was a costly victory; Brian had been murdered in his tent during the fighting and his son Morrough had fallen in the battle. There was no one to take their place.



Saint Patrick

Those Norsemen who were not drowned by the tide, kept their bases along the country's south and west coasts. They were eventually assimilated into the life of the country and were responsible for the founding of the towns.

The next invasion of Ireland was made by Normans from England. In about 1171, Henry II landed at Dublin with a papal bull authorizing him to conquer the island, reform the church, and restore order. When King Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish Monarchs, was unable to stem the tide of the Norman invasion and abdicated his throne, he retired to Cong Abbey and spent the last fifteen years of his life in monastic seclusion.

Thus ended the Monarchy of Ireland which had lasted over two thousand years. The Normans may be said to have brought civilization to Ireland but they never did conquer or control the island. The principal dispute between the people was one of religion and it has been the germ that has poisoned relations between them to this day.

The mention of Cong Abbey is of interest to our branch of the family. It is quite close to where our grandfather, some centuries later, was to build "Kill" house. The Abbey was founded in 624 A. D. by Domhall II, Monarch of Ireland, who kept his Court in Cong. It was destroyed in 1137 but on its site King Turlough Mor O'Connor raised his great Augustinian foundation which became a seat of learning. Its ruins stand today.

On top of religious disputes, the English rulers decided to make "Plantations" in Ireland. These plantations were made with settlers from England and Scotland. It was hoped that they might encourage the nomadic Irish cattle herders to settle down to a static form of life.

This idea naturally did not work out and from the hills, where they were forced to live after being pushed back by the English settlers, they continually raided the English settlements. The Scottish settlers, who had settled in Ulster, were for the most part Presbyterians and had more in common with the native Irish. Though this plantation was caused by the revolt of Hugh O'Neil, the last of the great Gaelic Chieftains, it was much more successful than the English settlement. Hence it is that today Ulster remains a distinctively different part of the country.

Hugh was an educated soldier, indeed he was an Ambassador at the Court of Elizabeth. He returned to Ireland and aided by his cousin, Red Hugh O'Donnell, he raised all Ireland against the English. He was soundly trounced in the vicinity of Cork in 1601, but remained a thorn in the side of the English until 1607 when he and O'Donnell and about one hundred others of the Ulster nobility fled for their lives to France. In Ulster today you hear many tales about "The Flight of the Earls".

The awful rebellion of 1641 soon followed. The civilized leaders had all gone and there is little doubt but that this was responsible for the frightful carnage. For eight terrible years, the blackest in Ireland's sad history, the slaughter went on, until finally Cromwell landed an army in 1649. Which period then became the blackest would be difficult to determine.

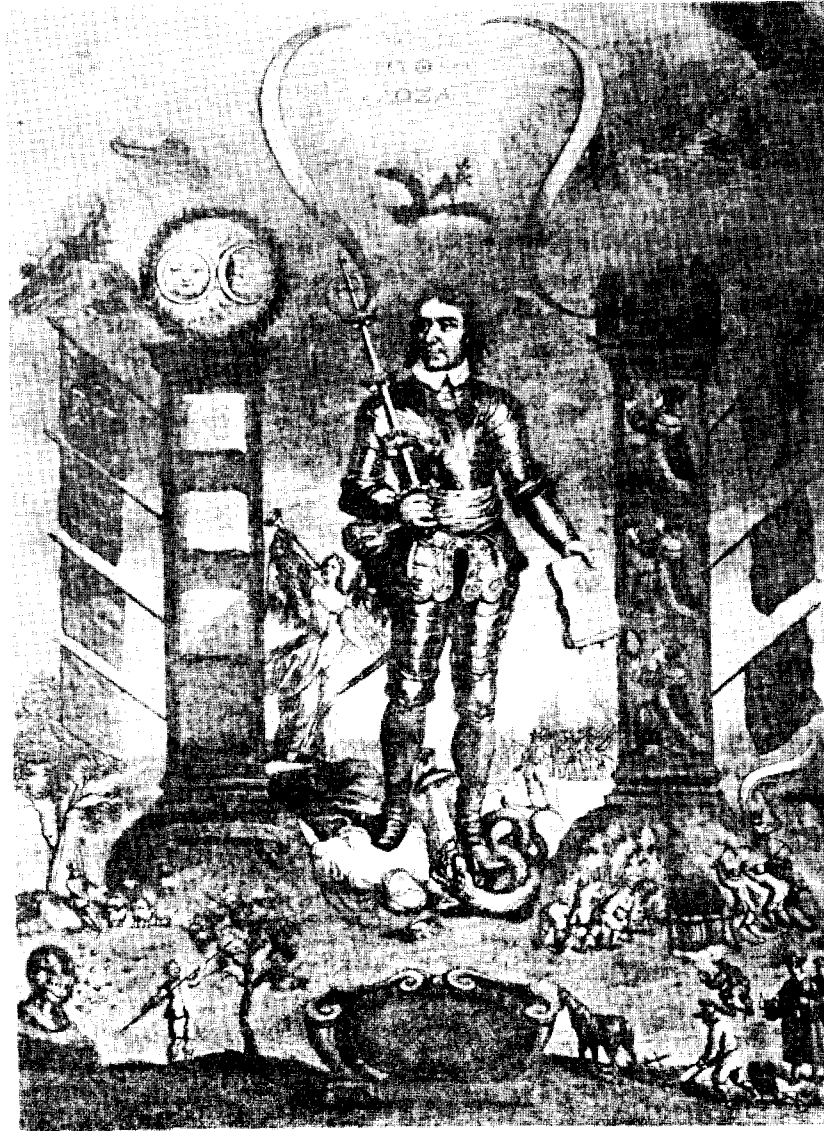
England's Protector was utterly ruthless. In less than a year the entire island was firmly in his hands. The population of entire towns were massacred or shipped to the West Indies as slaves. The ignorant Irish native was allowed to remain but all other classes of Irish were forced to move west of the Shannon. "To Hell or Connacht" became the battle cry. Their lands were confiscated and parcelled out to Englishmen.

The new English landlord was filled with bitter religious hatred for the native Irish and this hate was reciprocated. Both groups, the English Anglican and the Irish Catholic, hated and were hated by the Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster. Feelings were so strong on all sides that today, three centuries later, they have not been entirely healed.

Conditions became even worse after Catholic James II lost the Crown of England to Protestants William and Mary, and endeavoured, with the aid of the French King, to regain it by England's back door.

In October of 1689, General Stromberg crossed St. George's Channel and landed near Drogheda. He was then a man of seventy. His own strength, as well as the strength of his force, was meagre. His supplies were short, the weather atrocious, and spring saw him with scarcely a foothold on the island.

In June of 1690, with much urging from England's Parliament, William himself landed in Ireland to assume command of the fighting. The Battle of the Boyne took place and, though not a model expedition,



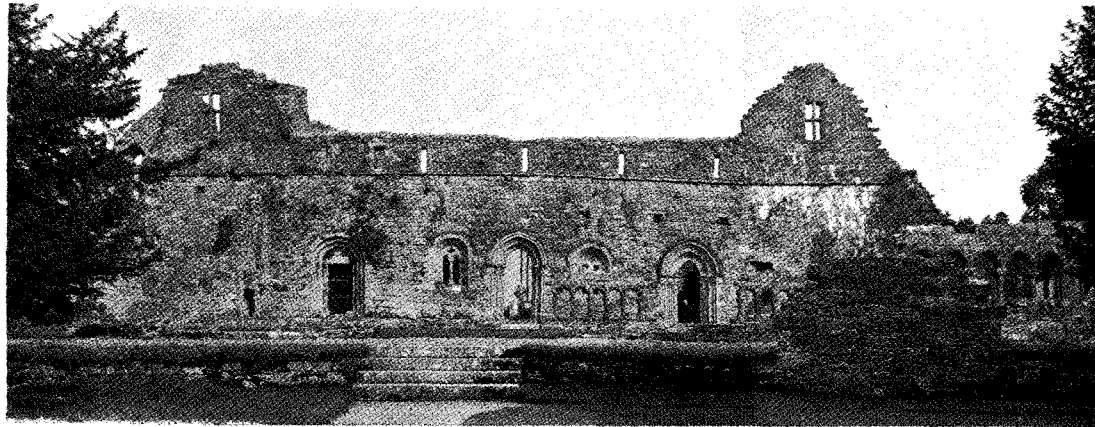
"... They shall beat their swords
into plowshares and their
spears into pruning hook...."

Isaiah II, 4,

it resulted in the route of the Catholic forces and the fleeing of James back to France, leaving the fighting in the hands of Saarsfield.

William returned to England where his leadership, in dealing with the continental situation, was required. He left things in charge of Ginkel, Stromberg having died, and the fighting continued on into 1691. The Peace, or Treaty of Limerick, brought the actual fighting to a close in June of that year.

Nearly all of the troops fighting under the banner of William remained in Ireland. Their services were paid for in land. Those that did not wish to farm, sold their land to those that did and they themselves settled in and around Dublin where there were already many Norsemen.



Cong Abbey was founded in the year 624 A. D. by Domhall II Monarch of Ireland who kept his Court in Cong, and who made a grant of the place with considerable lands to St. Fechin, its first Abbot. In 1137 it was destroyed. On the site of this small house King Turlough Mor O'Connor, in the middle of this century raised his great Augustinian foundation, which became a seat of art and learning. When King Roderick O'Connor, the last Monarch of Ireland, unable to stem the tide of the Anglo-Norman invasion and save his country, overwhelmed with grief and disaster, abdicated his throne he retired to this Abbey, which he previously richly endowed, where he spent the last 15 years of his life in monastic seclusion, and where he died in 1198. Thus ended, with that King, the Monarchy of Ireland which had lasted over two thousand years.

IRISH NAMES AND ARMS

In my prologue, I may have left the impression that a challenge could be expected from a Mac or an O as to the right of our family to call ourselves Irish.

The subject of IRISH families is one in which much interest is, and always has been, evinced. However, the popular books one turns to, especially in America, and regarded as authoritative, usually turn out to be unreliable. In order to put the record straight and calm the suspicions of our many Mac and O friends, and relatives for that matter, I will say a few words regarding this subject.

ARMS will also be mentioned, since our family possessed a Coat of Arms and appears to have borne it in the true heraldic sense. I might mention here that my authority for anything I say regarding Irish nomenclature or arms is Dr. Edward MacLysaght, M. R. I. A., one-time Keeper of Manuscripts in the National Library of Ireland and Chief Herald in Dublin Castle.

First, just a word regarding the meaning of MAC and O. Everyone knows the old rhyme which ends with the line, "And if he lack

both O and Mac, no Irishman he can be". Like most general statements, this is not true.

In England and Scotland, as you will have read, the lower strata did not have surnames as late as the 16th century: In Ireland, it was even later. We find that as late as 1650, the lower society did not possess hereditary surnames and cases can be found where a man would sign himself "James MacThomas" but was no other than the son of "Thomas MacTeige".

It is not necessary to tell you that the prefix Mac, meaning son, denotes descent and indicates that the surname was formed from the Christian or personal name, or sometimes the calling of the father. The O names are derived from the grandfather or even an earlier ancestor, O or ua being the Irish word for grandson or, perhaps more loosely, male descendant.

It has been said that surnames were introduced into Ireland by King Brian Boru whose name has already been mentioned. Even in Ireland, where there exists a genealogical tradition, it is quite common for people to be uncertain of their ancestry for more than three generations. Consequently a man in those circumstances, whose name is, say, Murphy, or Burke, or Roger, or Smith, or Adamson for that matter, cannot assert that he bears a native Irish name.

The foregoing pertains to all the names you have found in my story that joined the family through marriage. I am thinking of the Tuthills, the Tyrrells, the Bells, the Delmages, Lindsays, and so forth. In fact, there may be others; the only O that comes to my mind are the O'Gradys who married into the Eastern branch of the family in the 19th century. This family no doubt originated from the original family in Ireland and it may be of interest to some of them, if not to us, to read what my authority writes about them:

"John O'Grady was Archbishop of Tuam from 1364 to 1372. In modern times several members of the County Limerick O'Gradys have distinguished themselves in the service of Britain, one Standish O'Grady (1768-1842) being created Viscount Guillamore. The forename Standish with O'Grady is perpetuated by Standish Hayes O'Grady (1832-1915) who has been called 'the last of the grand old scholars of Ireland'."

In treating Irish surnames and claiming to have one, it is

necessary to decide what we mean by Irish. Without hesitation, I make no claim that our family is of the Norman stock who came to the country during the 12th and 13th centuries, nor do I claim that our family settled in Ireland during the 16th century, that is to say, while the Gaelic order functioned. Though these people are less numerous than the Normans, we find their names associated with towns and generally with success in commerce or in the acquiring of large country estates.

In the latter class are the twelve "Tribes of Galway" who after their settlement in Galway were continually feuding with the Gaelic septs outside their walls. It was England, during the next 150 years, who caused the townsmen to make common cause with their neighbors and common foes.

It is, however, during the 17th century when the problem under consideration arises, and we find ourselves in Ireland. It was during this century that Ireland was once and for all time really conquered by England. The doom of Ireland, as a nation, was sealed after the defeat at Kinsale in 1602, and the rising in 1641 was followed 50 years later by the abortive support of the Stuart cause which led to the 'Plantations'. These Plantations were described as being wholesale transfers of land from ancient owners to strangers from overseas.

Thus, there was created what is called the Anglo-Irish ascendancy and this is actually where we came in. Many of the families comprising this class were slow to become an integral part of the Irish nation, indeed some of them still look to Britain for support and protection. Some of them according to Edward MacLysaght, are described as "England's faithful garrison" and he cites for example, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, whose family has been in County Fermanagh for three centuries but who proclaims himself an Englishman. He goes on to say that the majority of this group, on either side of the border, feel a keener sense of loyalty to Queen Elizabeth II than to the Republic of Ireland.

In making the above statement, Dr. MacLysaght is not being critical of the Anglo-Irish but rather praises them and suggests that Ireland owes much to these families. He is simply considering the question as to how far they can be counted as Irish.

On the other hand, many of these families, though anti-Papist were also anti-Penal Code and these, together with those officers of the invading army who remained as landlords, to be assimilated

into the life of the country, could qualify as 17th century Irish. It is to this group our family belongs and, to the Mac's and the O's, would perhaps be considered mediaeval immigrants. We propagated to become mayors and sheriffs and well-known churchmen in the 19th century.

Now a word about our Coat of Arms. When it comes to this subject I confess at once that I know nothing about heraldry. I know that in olden days, it was prevalent in all classes and was based upon an intelligent appreciation of its worthiness. I could easily qualify to be included in that group of young people who were being addressed by Rob Roy: "What! Is it possible? Not know the figures of Heraldry! Of what could your father be thinking?"

I mentioned a few pages back the unreliability of books one reads on genealogy. It is much more deplorable in the armorial sphere. Professional searchers, whether it be armorial or genealogical, seem to go by a 'rule-of-thumb'; if they cannot find arms for a sept or an ancestor, they coolly assign something that looks or sounds the same.

It is common popular error to speak of coats of arms as CRESTS. Many of the oldest armorial bearings have no crests even though the arms were common to all branches of the sept or family. A crest, on the other hand, cannot exist except as an apanage to a coat of arms.

I have been using the term SEPT quite frequently here and it may be as well to consider what is meant by the term. So far as I am able to find, it never has been given an authoritative technical definition. It is purely an Irish development but never has been developed to the extent that the 'clan' system has been in Scotland. Perhaps it can best be explained by saying it is a collective term describing a group of persons whose known ancestors bore a common name and inhabited the same locality.

It would, therefore, be correct to refer to our family, whilst in Ireland, as the Adamson sept. That they possessed the right to bear Arms is unquestioned, but the origin of confirmation I am unable to discover. A search at the College of Arms in London resulted in the suggestion that it was granted in Scotland as it has implications of Scottish ancestry. At the Castle in Dublin I found that the unsettled conditions produced by invasion, rebellion and immigration, culminating in the total destruction of the Public Record Office in

1922, resulted in the wholesale loss of family papers and, therefore, nothing could be found.

The conditions under which a coat of arms was granted to a family, even as late as the 17th century, depended upon the country you lived in. By that I mean, in Scotland and some continental countries, it was the law of the land; in England, arms were granted by the Sovereign and this practise was followed to some extent in Ireland.

In both these latter countries, in order to have one's crest or coat of arms (where arms had no crest) engraved on silverware or to be used as a seal, it was necessary to obtain permission and confirmation at the Office of Heraldry. For this reason I am inclined to think that the Adamson Crest of the Passant Lion with its dexter paw raised, was a Sovereign grant and that Sovereign would, in all probability, be William III and the grantee the original Thomas. I say this because there are pieces of flatware and seals with the Crest to be found in the homes of different members of the family in Western Canada.

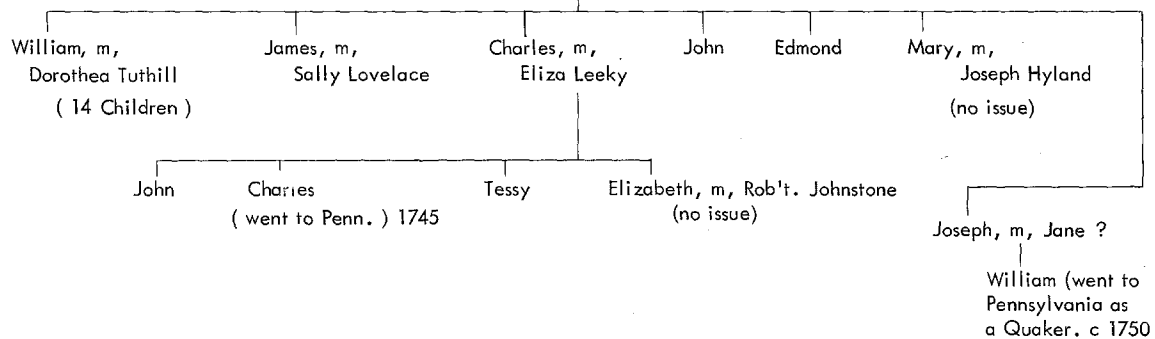
GENEALOGY CHART NO. 2

Thomas Adamson and Hon Mary Somerset



GENEALOGY CHART NO. 3

John Adamson and Elizabeth Tyrrell
(1672 - 1733) (1675 - 1739)



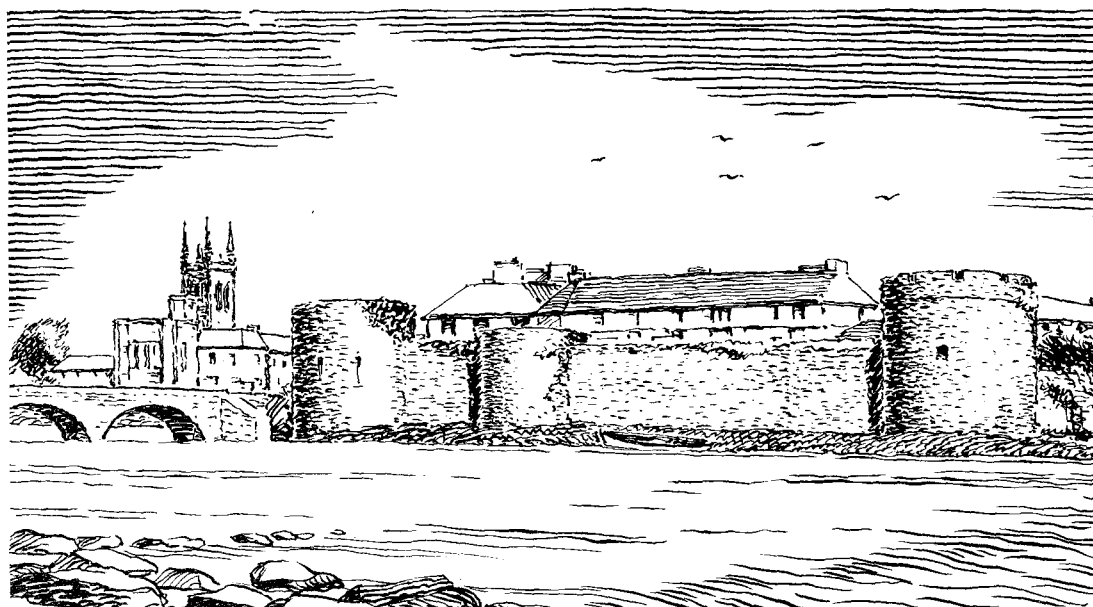
BOOK TWO

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time."

Longfellow.

Chapter 7

THE ADAMSONS IN IRELAND



It would be wrong to say that the Treaty of Limerick brought peace to Ireland. True, for the time being, the fighting stopped, but the Treaty is better known for its many failures than the good that came out of it. For history's sake it did establish the Anglican Church as the "Established Church" of Ireland and, for this story's sake, our family was transplanted to that island.

There is no need to say anything about the Battle of the Boyne or the fighting of 1690. That can be read about in history books. It may be of interest, however, to mention one or two things arising out of the Treaty of Limerick that help us piece together our family history.

The terrific Battle of Aghrim Hill, when 7000 lay dead on Shannon's banks, actually ended the war. Saarsfield, the Catholic general, by the terms of the Treaty, was given forty-eight hours to accept its terms. One of these terms, one which was forever to reflect on Irish harmony, allowed the Catholic forces to choose between remaining in Ireland or going to France. Naturally all the officers and what men they could persuade chose France. Time did not allow them to return to their homes to gather their wives and families. These were left behind and in a lot of cases, never saw

their husbands again.

To add to this miserable situation, the Protestant Forces were paid for their services, in land. Those soldiers that did not wish to farm sold their scrip to those that did. The money barons who had financed the war for the English Throne were also given great stretches of land in payment of their loans. In fact, more land was actually given away in this manner than there was land to give. This was not discovered until the Administrators ran out of land. They had on their hands a 17th century "land overdraft", accompanied by much wailing. With a view of reconciling differences, the English Parliament passed "The Act of Explanation".

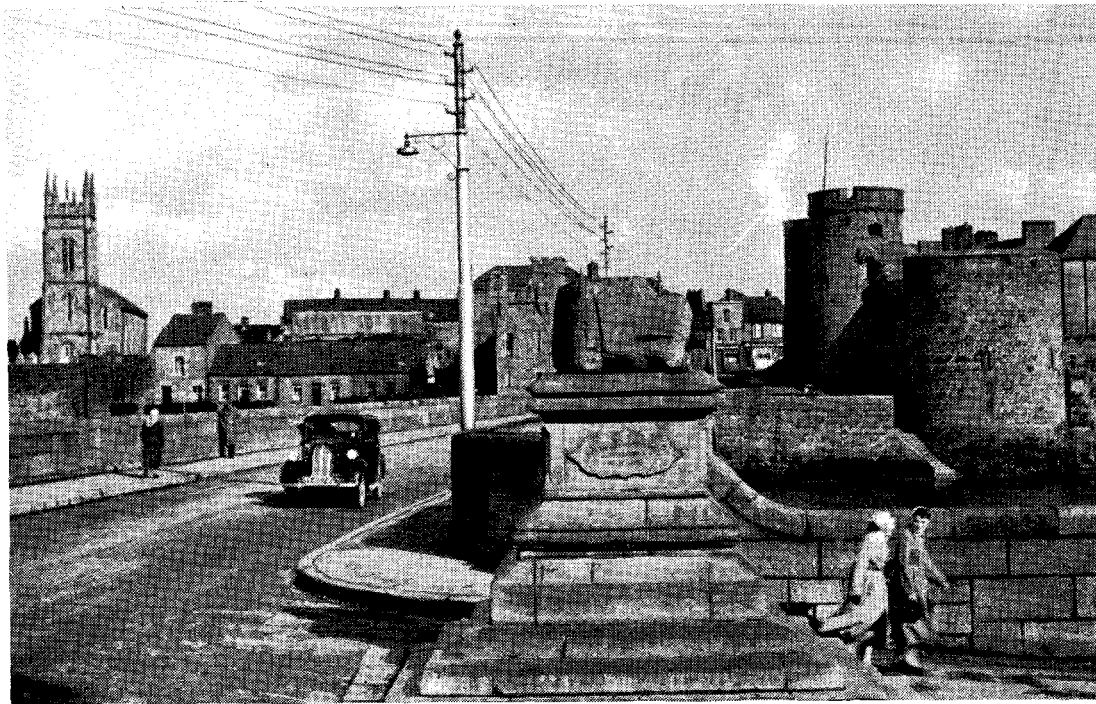
This Act was capable of being understood in more ways than one and so found difficult to administer. The hearts of most of the recipients were obtusely inclined and most of the Administrators had no heart that bothered them. The result was, there was nothing to which the name - constructive Statesmanship - could be given. Indeed, it would have been remarkable if there had been.

Not only were the problems of government extremely difficult, but the problem of solving them were reduced to nothing by the animosity between the English settlers and the older inhabitants. Besides the religious question there was the struggle for home and livelihood contained in the land disputes.

We have to remember that the memory of the Catholic rebellion of 1641 and the Cromwellian repression that began eight years later, was still smoldering in the memory of both sides. Even if both sides believed nothing but what was true, each would have had ample proof that the other consisted of nothing but bloody savages.

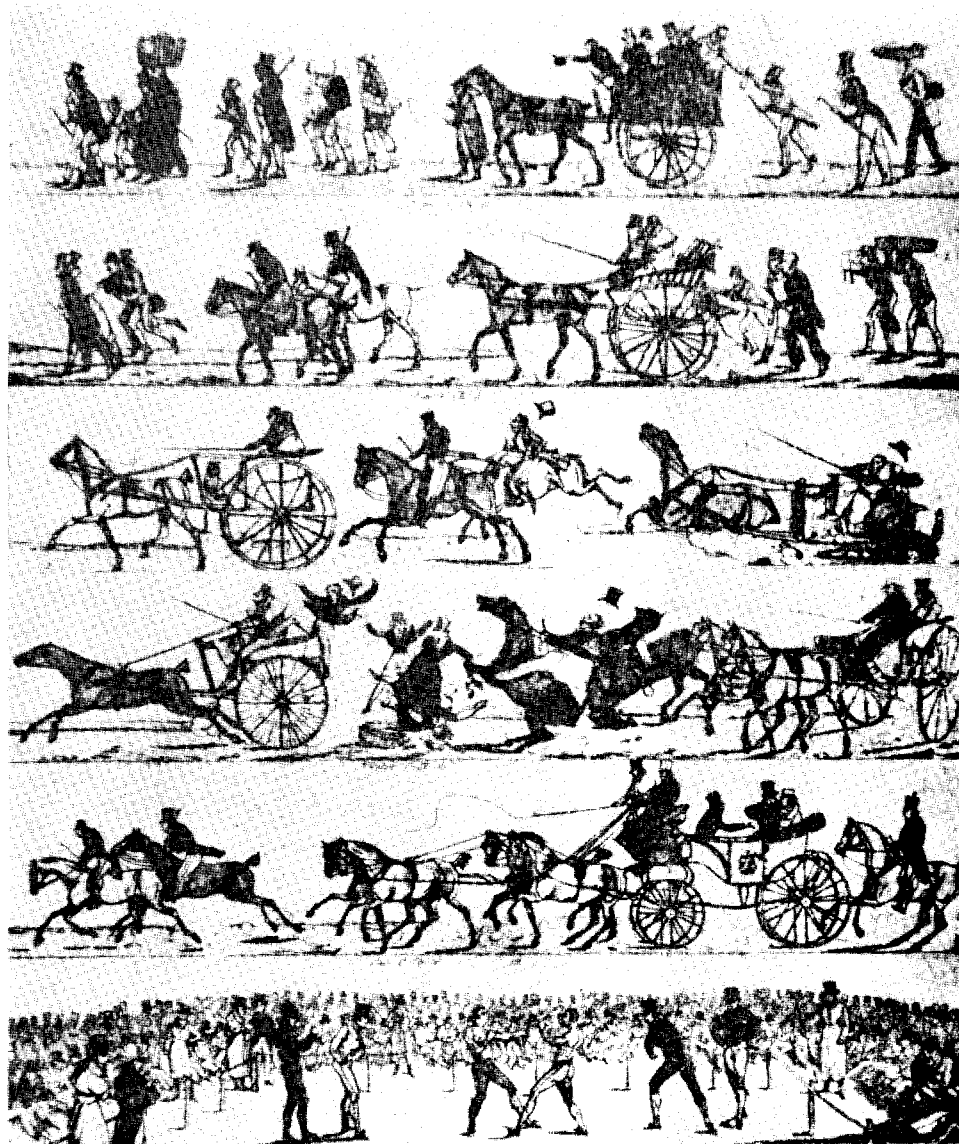
That was the situation when our first Irish ancestor exercised his option and decided to remain, to become a landlord, in Ireland. The fact that he obtained considerable acreage in the "blue grass" country, in the Counties of Louth and Westmeath, would indicate that he possessed some seniority. That he and his wife had considerable means may be drawn from the fact that they added to their already large holdings by purchase.

When Thomas' wife and three sons moved to Ireland I cannot say. They would no doubt arrive shortly after "peace" was declared, to join in the establishment of what has become known as "The Landed Gentry Society". And, in spite of belonging to an alien minority,



Limerick: Treaty Stone, Limerick City

Like most seaports in Ireland, Limerick is of Danish foundation. In the foreground is the stone on which was signed the repudiated treaty of 1691 between the Jacobites and Williamites following the famous siege of Limerick. Part of King John's castle appears on the right.



"When the place and date of a hurling match or a prize fight was announced hordes set out riding, driving and walking to the spot from every direction.

and to a religion that was hated by the majority, they planted their roots in Irish soil.

Social life in Ireland at this period was very limited, in fact did not exist. With the coming of the Protestant Landed Gentry, a new social order came into being. After the Treaty of Limerick, horse racing had come over from England. It may be of interest to horse loving Adamsons to interject here the information that, of the famous stallions from which the chief strains of English race horses are derived, the first was Byerly's Turk. Captain Byerly was a brother officer of Thomas and The Turk was this officer's charger at the Battle of the Boyne.

We are later to learn that the Adamson family stables, generation after generation, always contained good horses and that both the men and the women were fine and fearless horsemen and horsewomen. It is conceivable that The Turk became the property of Thomas Adamson.

Society ladies of this period attended race meets but it was unfashionable for them to partake in violent exercise. Horsemanship was, however, amongst their normal accomplishments and they took part in hunting and shooting.

This Landed Gentry Society, which Thomas and Mary helped to build at the close of the 17th century in Ireland appeared to have established as its two main requisites, good horses and good food. They were a society of what has come to be known as "outdoorers", regardless of the country's sometimes atrocious weather. Ireland's 18th century "Landed Gentry" must be given full marks for its 20th century horses.

The principal race-course was then, as now, the Curragh and the gentry drove long distances to attend these meets. They sat in their carriages during the races and in the evening returned to the house of a nearby relative or friend where dancing or other entertainment took place and lasted, possibly several days.

When the place and date of a hurling match or prize fight was announced, people set out riding, driving and walking to the spot from all directions.

The new social order, however, was beset with difficulties. William's Queen had died in 1694 and William himself passed from

the scene in 1702. Then it was that the daughter of James II, with her Catholic background, had been crowned Queen. The suspicious Protestant Parliament had forced Anne into the Penal Laws for Ireland. These were a drastic Code proclaimed against the Roman Catholics and were, more than anything else, responsible for the great hatred that existed in the heart of the native Irish Catholic against English Laws and English men.

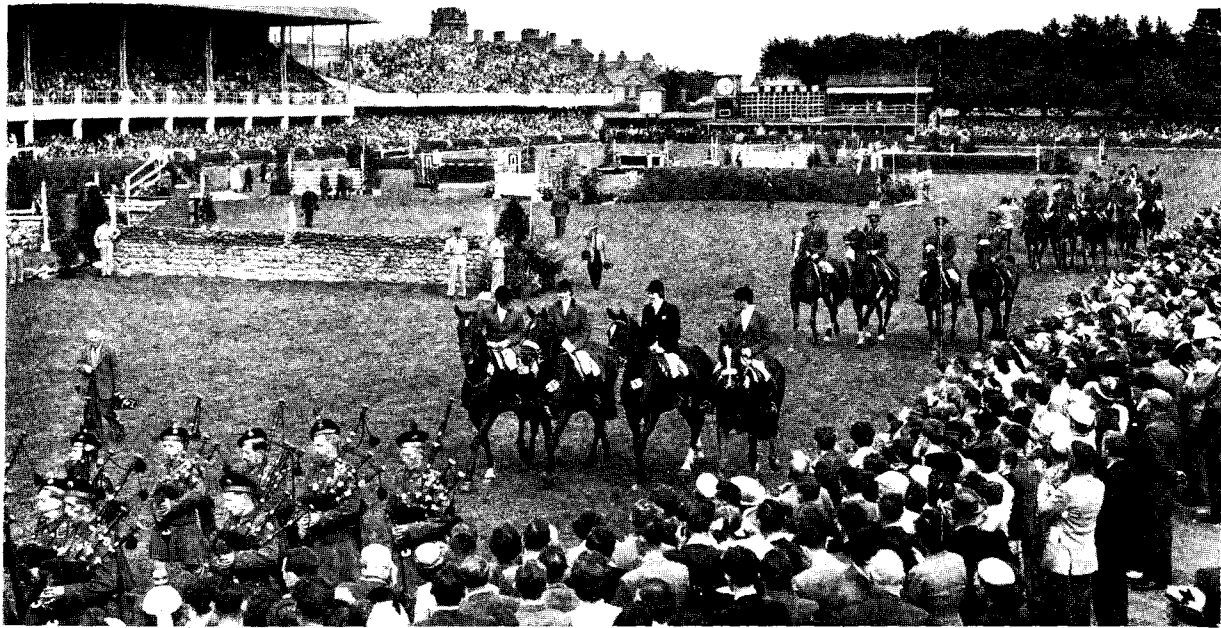
This tremendous hate for the English was intensified by the ignorance of the Irish native. You will recall that the majority of the educated had gone to France with the remnants of Saarsfield's army after the Battle of Aghrim Hill.

1690 ADAMSONS IN IRELAND

It is not difficult to assume that the days of our first ancestors in Ireland were troublesome. They were by no means young, even judged by to-days life span. Their family consisted of three boys and it is quite likely that they had been left at school in England. They are shown on the following genealogy chart. P. 27

Thomas and Mary were the first Adamsons to settle at Ballinalack, in the county of Westmeath. They both died before the close of Anne's reign. They are buried in Mount Temple cemetery. In the days of our early ancestors this place was known as Balliloughloe. A visitor to the Athlone country to-day will find the little church and churchyard a few miles from Athlone town and there you will find many churchyard markers as well as plaques in the church bearing the name Adamson.

And now my story of the Irish family Adamson will properly commence. It will be set down chronologically as possible and will therefore, no doubt, be somewhat rambling at times, and it is inevitable that it is destined to become a saga. For the first few generations I will write of "our" forebears. As the saga unfolds there will come a time when I can no longer use the "our", but will be forced to change to "my". It will be understood, I hope, that the



".. 18th century 'landed gentry' must be given full marks for Ireland's 20th century horses. "



View of Dublin from near the four courts (1750)

"my" includes all families of a particular branch and I am simply acting as spokesman for that branch. It is therefore proper, at this time, to say - "John, the oldest of the three sons of Thomas and Mary was 'our' ancestor". We will meet many Adamsons who have left their foot prints before my story ends.

THE IRISH SECOND GENERATION

It is sometimes said that every generation deserves the name it gets. That, of course, is not altogether true as some generations find themselves in intolerable situations.

John, Benjamin, and Joseph belonged to the generation in Ireland when the country had no political history. It was during the Hanoverian rule and a less attractive figure than that first George could hardly have been found. The Presbyterians of Scotland and the Anglican Whigs of England stomached him for their own reasons.

The Protestant ascendancy in Ireland was complete. There was virtually no local government or industry. Government came from Westminster. These were the days of the Penal Laws, a set of laws against a religious majority that by today's standards would be unthinkable. I have said that John, the oldest of this generation, was to become our ancestor. I will, therefore, leave him for the time and tell you what I know about his brothers, Benjamin and Joseph.

Benjamin's branch was particularly prolific. He was given a portion of his father's estate at Nahad, in the vicinity of Moate. Many descendants of Benjamin can still be found in the Athlone country as well as in Dublin. I do not know the name of his wife but it was their oldest son, William, who married Jane, the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Travers, Rector of Ballyloughloe, now called Mount Temple.

William had a large family and at least four of the children married into the Jones family. A visitor to Westmeath today may find many descendants of these Joneses. For the most part they will be

the female descendants and you will be told that the boys all went off to Australia and left the girls behind. That, of course, is more applicable to later generations when migration from Ireland properly commenced.

To sort out Benjamin's family in proper descendancy order is just about impossible. Records for the most part are not available and those that are, are most haphazard. A birth recording may be discovered without the names of the parents and on the other hand, it may be recorded without a Christian name but simply as the son of so and so.

The same situation prevails when it comes to the recording of Joseph's descendants. In the middle of the 18th century the Adamson name was quite prominent in Irish industry and affairs of state. They were all descendants of the original Thomas and Mary but it is impossible to isolate them as to pedigree.

John Adamson was Sheriff of Dublin in 1737 and Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1747. Joshua Adamson of New Abbey, County Kildare was a prominent brewer. Abraham Adamson, who died intestate in 1762, was a Dublin Broker - he was a son of the Lord Mayor. There were many called William, Daniel, Thomas, David, John, James, and Joseph, all related and more or less prominent in the affairs of the country but the records do not give their relationship to each other. Here I might say that Hugh, brother to the original Thomas, had a son, by his wife Sarah and he was christened in St. Catherines, Dublin in 1680. The child died five days later and its mother five years later. They are both buried in St. Catherines. The child's name was John.

When it comes to our own ancestor, John, we are fortunate enough to find that some of his descendants were enterested enough to keep family registries and the vital statistics are available and officially correct.

John married Elizabeth Tyrrell of Clonard. The Tyrrells were and, for that matter, still are a prominent family in Ireland. The name appears in Edward MacLysaght's book on Irish Names and there is a publication, which I regret I have not as yet been able to obtain, recently written by Col. Tyrrell, a man of my generation, giving the family history. The name of Tyrrell will appear later in another chapter.

There is an advantage, for a family writer, in being the descendant

of the eldest son. Their occupation and quite often their name followed that of their father. A good demonstration of what I mean is exemplified by the words of that well known Irish song, "Streets Broad and Narrow" ---

"She was a fishmonger,
But sure t'was no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they both wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!'"

I do not mean to insinuate that any of our forebears were fishmongers or pushed a wheelbarrow, not that we would have less pride in them if they did, but for three generations we were the eldest son of the eldest son and hence were landmen or landlords, if you like, remaining in the same county and assuming responsibility of the name as their turn arrived.

I will set down John's and Elizabeth's Genealogy Chart now. Their family was quite large and it will make it easier for the reader to follow the descent. p.27

William, the eldest, was our ancestor and I'll come back to him.

James married Sally Lovelace of Longford County. They resided in Dublin and are buried in St. James Churchyard.

Charles married Elizabeth Leeky of Carlow. They had two sons and two daughters: John, Charles, Tessy and Elizabeth. John and Tessy never married. Elizabeth married Robert Johnstone (his fourth wife). Today a Johnstone family lives in the Ballinalack house, most likely a descendant of Elizabeth. Charles went to America, no doubt the first of our relatives to emigrate.

John married but had no issue and Edmond was killed by a fall from his horse.

Joseph married June . . . and they lived near Kilmanage. They had a son, William, who became a Quaker and went to America. This was about the time of the Penn settlement of Quakers. Descendants of William and his uncle, Charles, can no doubt be found in Pennsylvania.

Mary married an apothecary called Joseph Hyland. They had no children.

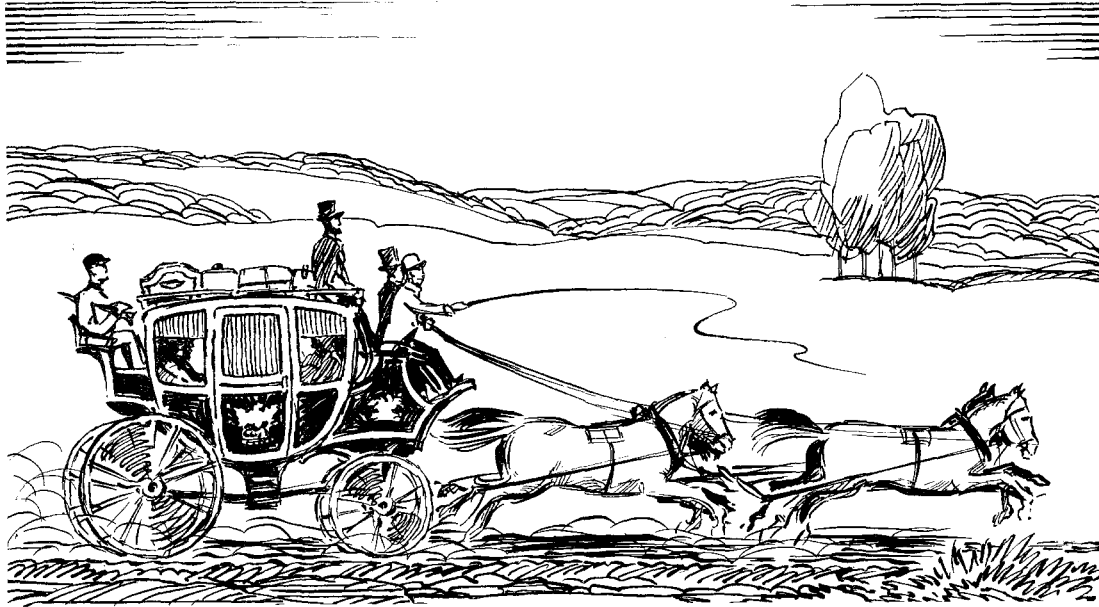


WICKLOW: GLENDALOUGH

The monastic city of Glendalough was one of the most renowned centres of learning in Europe. Burned and left deserted in 1398, it is regarded as being among the most sacred of Ireland's holy places. Its round tower, seen here, is 103 ft. high.

Chapter 8

BIG BLACK BILLY OF BALLINALACK



William, I have told you, was our ancestor. He was a colorful character, the oldest of the first crop of Adamsons to be born on Irish soil. It was this ancestor who set the pattern and had a great influence on the generations yet to come.

During my two visits to Ireland, the first time in 1916 and again some years later, I was told many stories about this ancestor. They had been told and retold for a hundred and fifty years or more and so had become highly garnished. He was known from Athlone to Dublin as Big-Black-Billy Adamson of Ballinalack. That he was a "considerable" man there is little doubt.

He inherited "Ballinalack House" and their acres from his father and through him both the house and the stables were added to. While his father lived, he and his brother Edmond rode their own horses at race meets and were well known at the Curragh and as far away as Galway. I have recorded that Edmond was killed by a fall from his horse. I have not any particulars regarding this fatal accident but it occurred on the 17th of March, whilst he was returning from Moate with his brother William and his cousin's husband, or possibly her fiance, Daniel Telford. It may have been the "17th of March" and then again it may not have been .. their stables contained spirited horses.

William's father died in 1733 and his mother a few years later. On Boxing Day in 1735, William married Dorothea Tuthill. The Tuthill's were a well known family in Limerick County and we can imagine the wedding would be quite an event. Here I might digress to say that there is also a publication regarding this family written by a contemporary, Major J. H. Tuthill. Like the Tyrrell family story, this book has not come to my hand. I might also say that one of Dorothea's nieces, who married Colonel Jones of Killmore House, near Croom, was in possession of her father's registry as late as 1850. This book contained the vital statistics of all the relatives and quite likely is in the library in some house in the Tuthill country near Athlone should any reader be interested.

William was in his hey-day during the reign of George III. One of this monarch's first acts was to abolish the worst features of the Penal Laws and he also ordained that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland must reside in the Country. "Golders Green" came back into its own and Dublin Society blossomed and soon became the centre of entertainment. Hospitality with its new brand of Irish wit flowed from all the big houses in fashionable York Street, the focal point being the viceregal court presided over by the Lord Lieutenant's wife, Lady Townsend.

During the period when William flourished (the early 1700's), the common people divided the gentry into three classes and treated each according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered they were entitled.

These divisions were known as (a) half-mounted gentlemen, (b) gentlemen every inch of them, and (c) gentlemen to the back bone.

The first class was the species of yeomanry then in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Elizabeth, Cromwell and William III. They possessed a couple of hundred acres, were admitted into the society of gentlemen and at other times lived with their own servants with whom they were always on intimate terms. They rode good horses and usually carried a whip loaded with lead at the butt end, so that they were always prepared to horse-whip a man or knock his brains out as circumstances might dictate.

These fellows had the hereditary right of keeping the grounds clear at horse races, hurling matches and other public gatherings.

Their business was to ride around, which they did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking others down and slashing at everyone who got out of line. Bones being seldom broken or skulls fractured, everyone approved of their exertions and a great shout went up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked someone down.

The second class of gentlemen were of excellent old families, whose finances were not in too good order, but were popular amongst all ranks. They were far above the first class but inferior to the third, though they carried more influence at county elections than the other two.

The third class, and where Big Black Billy came in, were of the oldest families and settlers, respected and almost idolized, although they were a bit out at the elbows. Their word was law and men, women, and children were always ready to execute anything for the squire.

Marriage appeared to have had a salubrious effect on the Squire of Ballinalack. He begat fourteen children. He drove to church in a coach-and-four and handled the ribbons himself. The little church of the Rev. John Travers was always filled on a Sunday. We like to think that most came to hear the word preached but there is always a suspicion that the Sunday morning's popularity was added to by the arrival and departure of Big Black Billy and his four high-stepping Byerly Turks, with the master on the box and Dorothea and the children, a groom and the stable boy, sitting sedately in their respective places.

Twenty years was to elapse between the birth of William's and Dorothea's first and fourteenth child. Eight of the children died in infancy and though it must have been twenty years of confinements and bereavements for Dorothea, all evidence goes to show that they enjoyed a happy life. Servants were plentiful and capable and that Ballinalack was an "establishment of the first water", there is no doubt whatever. "The door was wide for many guests; the step was broad and low".

An amusing item of interest to our family appears in a book written by Mr. Paidric Colum and entitled "The Road Around Ireland". He writes:

"Today I heard of an agricultural labourer who threw up the land he had secured under the Labourer's Act and upon which the District

Council proposed to build a cottage for him. Says the local paper reporting the happening . . . 'the plot is at Lacken, made memorable by Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and containing the pool the noisy geese gabbled over and on the lands of Mr. Adamson, whose family held this famous spot in the poet's days. The labourer's chief objection to the plot was that there was a fort on it which would have to be removed to make room for the cottage, and on no account, he wrote the Council, would he interfere with the fairies' "home"'.

"He had a second objection to the site. At the enquiry, said one of the councillors, he swore 'that the house was so windy that a wild duck could fly through it if he was not struck with rheumatism in its attempt'."

This episode, of course, took place some time after the reign of William and most likely during the squireship of his oldest son John, or his grandson, Christopher.

We who were born and live in North America no doubt picture Ireland as being a beautiful isle of lakes, hills and dells, with more than her share of beauty and poverty and sad history. An island filled with kind hearts and gentle people who recognize the fairies' rights and on some rare occasion have discussed matters with a leprechaun; a land of ghosts and great national cultural and athletic festivals, including horse shows and festivals of the dead. In this we are not far wrong.

During a very hurried trip that my son and daughter, David and Dorothea, made in 1961, in search of facts for this story, they found evidence of this on every hand. David, coming from the Middle East, and Dorothea, from Alberta, met by arrangement at the Gresham Hotel in Dublin and twenty-four hours later set out in a rented car, to try and locate the old Adamson home at Ballinalack. They were accompanied by Mrs. C. S. P. Davies, believed to be the sole remaining descendant of the Bell family living in Ireland.

Soon they had reached Westmeath and the road took them past miniature bogs where stacks of peat were drying, or perhaps were trying to dry, for by this time a light rain was falling . . . past lime-washed cottages with thatched roofs and surrounded by a queer assembly of things - an old barrel at the door, a stack of turf, an odd little hayrick. Ducks waddled across the road; Sometimes a hen was seen to walk out of a shed, stand for a moment, and survey the wet with one foot lifted, rather like a man-about-town putting on his

gloves on the steps of his club. On past a small field in whose centre was a piece of rough ground with a thorn bush that wouldn't take much to level. It was some hours later when they were given the reason why the farmer had so diligently cultivated around the thorn bush, as his father had done before him. Every countryman, of course, knows why the rough piece of land was left. The visitors were soon to learn that that territory belonged to the fairies.

If you ask, "What or who are the fairies?" - you'll be given a different answer by every countryman you ask, but every face will be filled with an intensity of conviction. This graciousness to fairies, they both decided, is all part of the aristocratic hospitality of the country. The further west they drove the more prevalent became the raths with the trees waving above them; all the homes of fairies. And when Connemara was reached, where the hungry land is a lacework of stone walls, it seemed to be one vast fairyland.

They left Ireland filled with many stories, all perhaps "empty as a Protestant's promise" as they say in County Cork, but with a great yearning to return when time is not the essence.

It was not so long ago that the song I mentioned a few pages back was written and set to music. It is as typically true today as it was then, for, though Molly Malone has gone to her reward, you must remember ...

"She died of a fever,
And none could relieve her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
Her GHOST wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels alive, alive, oh!'"

When we learn that eight of William's and Dorothea's children died in infancy, we realize why it is possible to see today, in the old parish churchyards, so many headstones bearing the names of children one, two and three years old.

John, the eldest of the six children who lived to maturity, married Mary Jackson. I have a record of but one of their children. He was christened Christopher and eventually took over Ballinalack. He became a close friend of the Tuthills and as late as 1851 was living. At that time he refers Captain Joseph, who would be his second cousin, to the registry I have mentioned as being kept by Mrs. Jones. He may have been the last Adamson to squire

"Ballinalack", but of this I am not certain. Visitors, looking for family history, could no doubt get the straight of this by calling on the present occupants of Ballinalack House, who I have already told you are a family called Johnstone and no doubt are very distant relatives.

The third child to live was Elizabeth. She married Thomas Hopper of King's County, now called Offaly, and had two daughters.

Christopher was the seventh child. He was our ancestor and I will come back to him.

The tenth child, Anne, was born in 1749 and lived to marry the Rev. William Martin of Maryboro. They had two sons, James and William, so no doubt that family's descendants are still to be found in Ireland.

Deboragh, the eleventh, lived to marry Robert Johnstone but they had no children.

William, the thirteenth child, was born November 20, 1754. He went to America with the King's Forces and took part in the War of Independence, holding the rank of Captain. He died of a fever on his way home from America in 1777 and, of course, would be buried at sea.

The last and fourteenth child was christened George Tuthill, was born in 1756 but died in infancy.

William's wife, Dorothea, lived but a few years after the birth of her last child. She died in 1764 and was buried in the family plot in Ballyloughloe, now called Mount Temple, churchyard.

William died in 1774 and it must have been the end of an era for the cottiers. He had lived to see Ballinalack well established and taken over by his oldest son, John. He was buried in Mount Temple churchyard beside almost a score of his kinsfolk.

And with the passing of William, our branch of the family were to bid the land goodbye. We were given a new barrow to wheel, through streets broad and narrow, in the work of the church where so many of our ancestors had laboured.



WESTMEATH:
LOUGH ENNELL

The lakes of Westmeath are famous for their may-fly fishing. Lough Ennell, 5 miles long, is situated in this lake district. In Westmeath, too, is Lissoy, the "Sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, where he spent his boyhood and where his father was parson.



A Georgian house,
Dublin



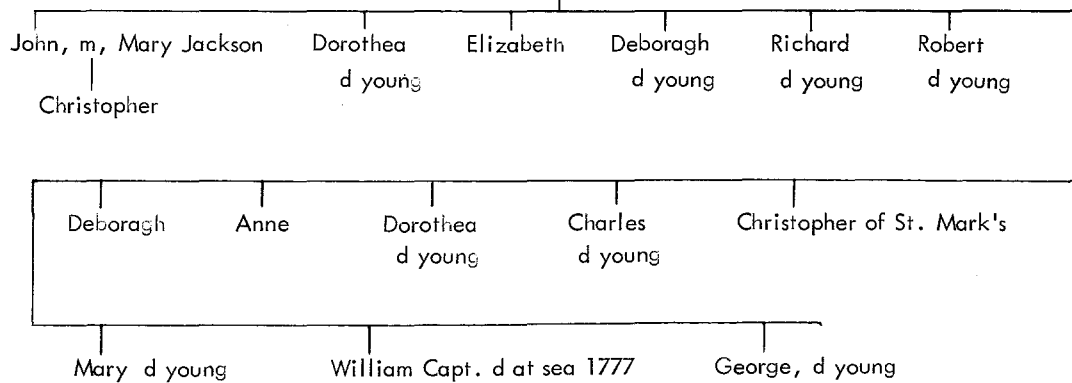
Country at
Ballinalack



".. the pool the noisy geese gabbled over on the lands of Mr. Adamson"

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 4

William Adamson and Dorothea Tuthill
(1705 - 1774) (1710 - 1764)



Chapter 9

REV. CHRISTOPHER ADAMSON LL.D.



Christopher, the seventh child of William and Dorothea, was born on a May morning in 1745. At this time there were but two living children in the family, John, age nine, and Elizabeth, probably six. By the time Christopher had reached school age, his older brother would be making ready to assume some responsibility for Ballinalack.

Christopher attended the private school of Henry Goldsmith. Since the Goldsmiths were to become close friends of the Adamsons and Tuthills, it may be of interest to digress and say a word or two about them.

A visitor to the Athlone country today will be told that it is Goldsmith country and not to leave without first seeing the Goldsmith Tree, and to take with you, as a memento, a bit of it. This poor tree is still standing though it shows the result of tourist's plundering during the past one hundred years.

The Tuthills lived at Newtown, the Goldsmiths at Lissey and the Adamsons a few miles from Athlone. They all kept fine carriages so the distance between their homes was not an obstacle. The Tuthills and the Adamsons were landlords with considerable acreage, while Mr. Goldsmith was an Anglican Minister and farmed a few



Goldsmith Tree near Lissey on the way to Athlone

acres as well.

The Rev. Goldsmith was of English ancestry and was considered quite an intellectual snob. He had two sons, Henry and Oliver, and several daughters. His daughters all married men of worth and the father was always accused of being instrumental in seeing to that.

Henry was sent to a very classical school which kept finances at home very strained, so strained in fact there was nothing left for Oliver and when the time came for him to go up to Trinity, he had to do so as a sizar. This was somewhat resented by Oliver and his days at Trinity were something more than stormy. However, his brother Henry won a scholarship, graduated and then set up a private school at Pallas and was in a position to assist his brother.

The Rev. William Goldsmith died in 1747 while Oliver was cutting a wide swath in Dublin. A short time after his father's death, Oliver became mixed up in a brawl at Trinity in which some bailiffs were thrown into the college cistern and all but drowned. Four of the students were expelled but somehow Oliver managed just an admonishment.

By this time the poet in him was commencing to show and for the duration of each term at Trinity, it became a case of rags to riches and riches to rags. If he was not pawning his books, he was pawning his clothes, and when he got down to his skin, he would write a ballad that he would sell for a few shillings and retrieve either his books or his shirt.

With the help of his brother, he eventually obtained his B. A. in 1749. His poem "The Deserted Village", for which we all know him best, was written years afterwards while he was living in England. Auburn is supposed to be his home town of Lissey and the story is of the eviction by Colonel Napier. The characters are his old friends and the poem is intended for the consumption of the English.

There is a publication to be found in the Library of Trinity College that refers to Mr. Goldsmith as being tutor to Christopher Adamson and which some of our family writers have assumed to be Oliver. This, of course, is not the case but rather is it his brother Henry. Upon Oliver's graduation in 1747 he went to England and spent most of his time in that country and on the continent.

The Trinity publication referred to above is entitled "Alumni

Dublinensis 1593 to 1846". It lists Christopher Adamson as entering as a sizar in 1762 at the age of 17. This may surprise some of us as not so long ago my story suggested that the Adamsons possessed considerable means. That situation did exist at one time, but it is now apparent that they had suffered economically with the rest of the country.

Never a rich country, Ireland was particularly poor during periods of calm when England was not fighting wars and did not require Ireland's exports of wool and fat cattle. The utter poverty of the tenant was reflected in the landlord's position and unless the landowner possessed estates in England, as well as Ireland, he found himself in difficulty.

At any rate, when it came time for Christopher to enroll at Trinity he was obliged to work his way through as a sizar, commencing, as I have said, in 1762. His studies were interrupted by his mother's death in 1764. He was accepted as a scholar in 1765 and granted his B. A. in 1767 and his Master's five years later.

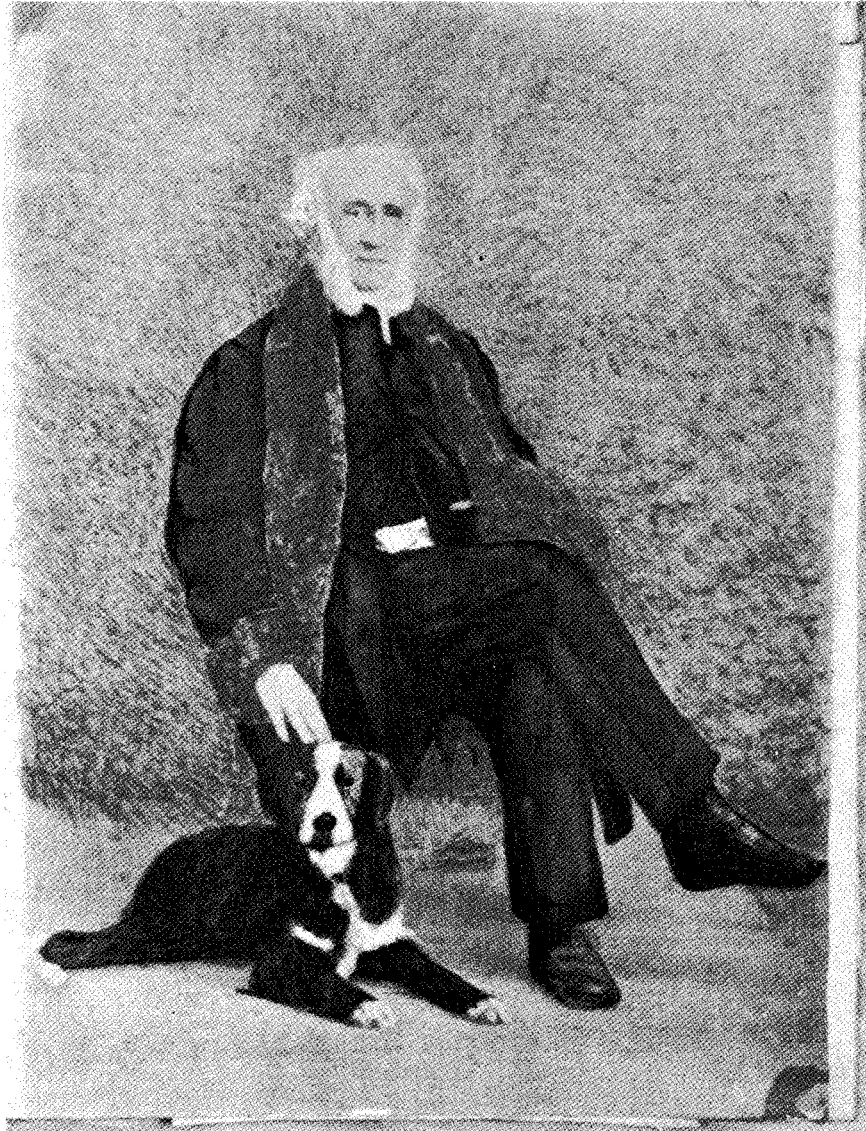
CHRISTOPHER AND ST. MARKS

Much could be written about Christopher Adamson, LLD. of St. Marks. He was one of our greatest ancestors. His decision to enter the ministry and to serve in this parish was no doubt prompted by what he saw while at Trinity. The fact that he remained there during the whole of his ministry, attests to his sincere and unselfish dedication as a Minister of Christ.

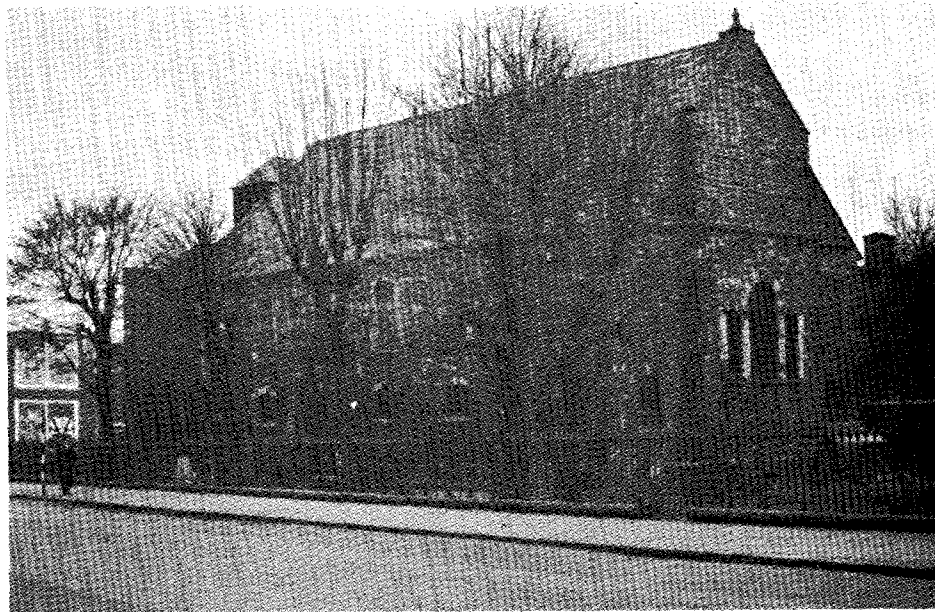
"Help me to know and knowing care

How these who are my brothers fare", must have been his daily prayer.

His vineyard was the slums of Dublin, a populous area during the 1700's, filled with merchants of all kinds. Here it was that one could get drunk with smugglers brandy cheaper than anywhere in the world. The streets were the scene of many fights between the smugglers,



Christopher Adamson



St. Mark's, Dublin

Chris: Watson } Curate
Gen. Catchside } Church
Wm: Gibbons } Wardens
1792

From St. Marks Church records dated 1792

drunkards and revenue men. It was considered no greater crime to throw a revenue man into the Liffey than to be discovered digging up a body from St. Mark's graveyard.

With his light shining before him, Christopher could daily be seen admonishing the transgressor or comforting the poor leper while he trod up Misery Hill, a street so named for the one these unfortunates trod on their way to the boat that transported them to oblivion or to Spain to visit their patron Saint, St. James of Compostella. We can see him giving what cheer he could to the convicts, who during this period in Irish history, were loaded into boats like cattle and shipped off to some forgotten spot, leaving behind them wives to starve and children to run wild and add their names to the long list of orphans whose fathers, as sailors, had not returned from the sea.

The parish of St. Marks, like so many parishes no matter what the era is, is an interesting and historical one. It was founded in 1708 and was composed mostly of the quaysides of Dublin. Filled with beggars, smugglers, drunkards and lepers it is doubtful if a poorer or more slum-ridden parish could be found. It was here that Christopher accepted his first and what turned out to be, his only curacy.

I do not infer that St. Marks was entirely slums. As the area dried out, many fine homes were built in Townsend Street and other parts of Lazar's Hill, and occupied by the gentry. To be connected with St. Marks was an important appointment. In those days, the appointment of the Vicar and other clergy was in the giving of the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop, the three Chief Judges and Master of the Rolls. The Rectors salary was 330 pounds a year and he held an important position in Dublin society.

Situated on Sir John Rogerson's Quay and built in 1770, was the Hibernian Marine Nursery School of Dublin. Its purpose was to care for the orphans and children of Protestant seamen in distressing circumstances. The Headmaster's salary was "thirty-five pounds a year together with free lodging, coals, candles, and diet". Incorporated in the school was the Chapel which provided spiritual facilities for the 180 boys then enrolled. The school's first Chaplain was the Rev. Christopher Adamson.

That Christopher remained Curate of St. Marks in order to be able to carry on his work to which he had dedicated himself, would appear to be from his own choosing. From time to time, during his twenty-five years at St. Marks, different clergymen had served as

its Rector, but the Curacy never changed. He was known in Dublin as "The Friend of the Poor and the Orphan". His entire life as a Minister of God was given in helping them.

An item that appeared in the Dublin Times and dated March 11, 1798, is of interest to us. It is headed -

"Friends of Poor Orphan Children"

and reads

"To you I am a stranger, but an advocate for the Infant School in Mark Street, for which a sermon will be preached on Sunday next, the 18th day of March. Those who cannot attend may send their benefactions to Mr. Connery, on St. John's Quay.

"By the economy of the Directors and by public Charity the school has increased to 180 children, who are happily visited by ladies of the Parish. Such a merciful and good cause cannot want for support. The Parish is not opulent and the school is only struggling; but you have the power and the will to cherish an Institution which is the basis of sobriety and industry; the surest and best hopes of our National prosperity.

"The Preacher may plead powerfully the cause of these poor children, but it must increase your happiness, when the best feelings of your heart inform you that you have often been instrumental in rescuing the female infant from disease and infamy: the destitute boy from vice and misery - in saving them from perishing by want. You hear their voices in hymns of praise, you see their hands lifted up to bless you. As it is more blessed to give than to receive, let me beseech you to promote this good work.

"Aided by you the Human 'Plant' will rise,
Unprop'd it droops, and unsupported dies!

"Remember what Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, has promised to those, who clothe or feed one of the least of His poor creatures. May His Divine Spirit enable you to imitate Him, and thus secure your present and future happiness."
(End of Item)

The sermon was never preached and all I have for Christopher's obituary is the following post-script from the same edition of the Dublin paper ---

"Since the above was written the Poor Children have lost a friend and the Parish of St. Marks a beloved and exemplary Minister in the death of Doctor Adamson."

Though the sermon was never preached, such a plea to the living became a challenge from the dead. Christopher's good works were recognized by the members and friends of the Parish and they responded generously. The work of the school among the orphans, continued for another hundred years. A fire in 1872 destroyed the school but left the Chapel standing as a monument to its great benefactor and first Chaplain. All that remains today, is a plaque on the wall, in Forbes Street, reading "Mariners Church 1832".

And so Christopher died before his work was finished. He had proved himself a faithful Minister of Christ, both by his exhortations and by integrity of life.

Christopher was married twice. In 1773, after his graduation from Trinity, he married Dorothea Spedding, a daughter of de Moivre Spedding, an officer of the Royal Navy. In 1774, their first and what appears to be their only child was born, and christened James. Without the benefit of reliable information, one must assume that Christopher's wife, Dorothea, died soon after the birth of James.

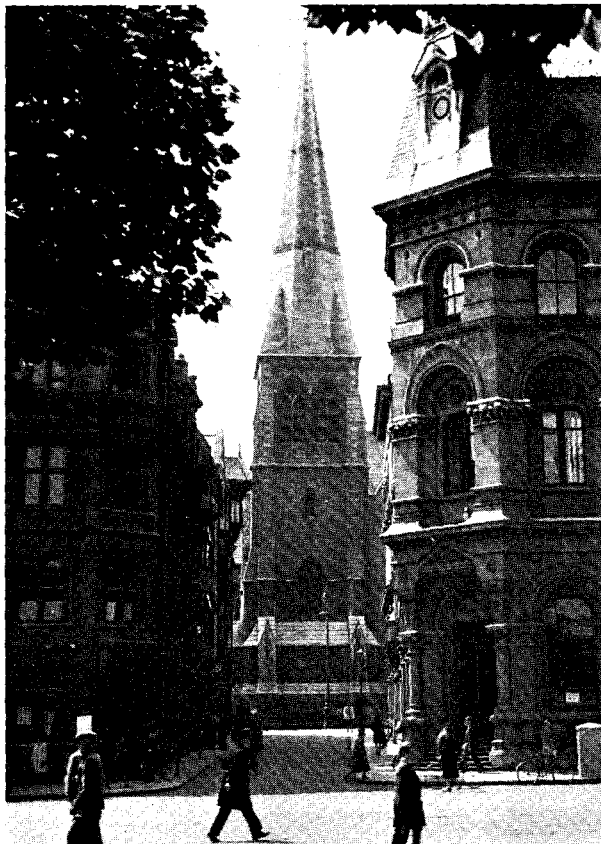
I am unable to find anything regarding the home life of Christopher and his son during the years that were to follow, but there is evidence of a great attachment between father and son. This resulted in the presentation of a loving cup to the son from his father. This cup, which is now in the possession of a descendant living in Manitoba, is suitably inscribed and shows James to be the great, great grandson of Thomas who landed in Ireland in October, 1689.

Christopher and his son James lived together until 1792 when Christopher married Jane Smyth. James would then be 16 and no doubt attending university.

By Christopher's second marriage, there were two children; the first, a boy, and christened Arthur Smyth; the second, a girl, and christened Dorothea. The choosing of the name Arthur is interesting. There is little doubt but that the baby girl was called after her grandmother, Dorothea (Tuthill) Adamson. There were to be many Arthurs in the future generations, but there was, to my knowledge, no former Adamson who possessed the name. The honour of being the first will, therefore, have to go to this child born to Christopher and Jane in 1793.



Tomb of Christopher LLD.



".....he was buried in St. Andrews.."
St. Andrew's Church (site of Thingmote)

Christopher's second marriage is an important event so far as our family history is concerned. Our tree now becomes divided into two main branches. One headed by James, son of Christopher's first marriage, the other headed by Arthur Smyth Adamson, eldest child of the second marriage. One branch was to migrate to Eastern Canada in 1840 while the other branch was to endure two more generations of life in Ireland, before migrating to Western Canada. In the interval they became completely separated from one another almost to the extent that they were strangers.

The two families, headed by a common ancestor, became more closely allied when a few years later, in 1818 to be exact, a granddaughter of James married a son of Arthur. You can more easily follow the descent by referring to the genealogy chart at the end of this chapter.

Christopher died in 1798 and was buried in St. Andrews churchyard.

A visitor there today will find his tomb immediately on the right, inside the Suffolk Street entrance. The plot is fenced about with an iron railing and the lettering on his slab, though somewhat eroded, is still legible. The inscription will be given in a later chapter.

What passes for progress today, is now taking place in this historic spot. The headstones are being removed or being reduced to rubble and hauled away. The roar of traffic is replacing the silence of the tomb. What is in store for Christopher and some of his descendants, I do not know. To us a special aura and a distinctive atmosphere surrounds that twenty square feet of hallowed ground.

JAMES ADAMSON

I know very little about James and his wife Elinor. They were married in 1798, three months after the death of James father. It would seem, therefore, that the wedding had been arranged before the unexpected death of Christopher. James was at the time of his marriage Secretary to The Corporated Society, Dublin.



James Adamson

His wife's family lived in the Parish of St. Andrews. Frances's father was the owner and landlord of Violet Hill Farm at Bray in the County of Wicklow. After the marriage the couple lived fashionably in York Street - their home being the focal point for all friends and sundry relatives. That they possessed considerable means is evident from the manner in which they entertained and by the fact that all their children were given the advantage of a University education. The children, 3 sons and 1 daughter, distinguished themselves in one way or another.

Frances died, in her early forties, in 1822. She is buried, in the Adamson plot in St. Andrews, beside Christopher. James, who was very closely attached to his daughter, eventually sold the house in York Street and moved to Banagher where he lived the rest of his life.

James and Frances Elinor had three sons and one daughter. The eldest was William Agar. He graduated from Trinity with a Divinity degree in 1823 and was Curate at Birr, a church a few miles from Banagher, a town that is destined to become well known in the lives of the family. The Rev. Agar married Sarah Walsh and they had four sons and four daughters, several of whom we will hear of again.

In 1840 William Agar Adamson D.D. came to Canada with Lord Sydenham as chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces in Canada. He was followed a year later by his wife and family and it is here that we will leave this family until my story moves to this country.

The daughter of James and Frances, whom they christened Harriette Lucinda will be fully told about in another chapter. She lived a remarkable life. It extended over 100 years and seems to have been filled with triumphs from the day she was born until the day she died, one hundred and one years later.

A small private publication, written by her granddaughter Frances E. Bell, gives, very prettily, the highlights of her life. There are several copies of this pamphlet in Canada and would be available for reading by any of the family who may be interested.

The third child, William, joined the East India Company and spent most of his life abroad. He died in India and his headstone can be found beside those of other Adamsons who died and were buried at Madras.

The last child, Joseph Samuel, is more than worthy of a part in this story. He was a great favourite, though a few years senior, to the generation of Adamsons then taking their place in Ireland. He was a graduate of Sandhurst and was in his heyday at the time of Wellington and was later to command a company of Foot (infantry) and to take part in the Crimean War.

Since the Battle of the Boyne, 'til the present day, England has had at least one of our line in all her battles. It is fitting, therefore, that I say a word regarding Captain Joseph Adamson and his part in this ill-fated expedition. Ill-fated or not, it was the means of immortalizing four incidents that will live forever in the hearts of Britishers.

First, it gave us Florence Nightingale, the mother of professional nursing. Second, it immortalized in verse the heroism of England's Light Infantry in "The Charge of the Light Brigade", when 159 of the 600 members of the 13th Hussars and 17th Lancers were all that returned. Third, it immortalized in English feats of arms, the heroic stand of the Scots Greys and Inniskillings of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade when, after their allies the Turks had fled panic stricken, the Brigade, 300 strong, slugged it out and defeated 2000 Russian Horsemen. Last, but by no means least, it gave to England's Infantry that immortal name "The Thin Red Line", the subject of the brush of so many artists.

Captain Joseph Samuel was our family's representative and lead a company of British Infantry in that historic stand. He spent much of his time abroad with his Regiment and during these absences his two motherless children, Robert and Minnie, stayed with their Aunt Harriette Lucinda in her home at Banagher.

"Joe", as he was known to all his contemporaries, was retired from the Army with the rank of Colonel and was always referred to, by later generations, as "the Old Colonel". He died in 1893 at the age of 82. His name appears in nearly every story regarding my grandfather's generation. He appeared to be friend, advisor and comforter to all ages of the family.

His daughter Minnie died, unmarried, at her home in Rathmines, Dublin some four decades ago, while his son Robert migrated to America, probably settling in Wisconsin.

Captain Joseph was interested in family history which is shown



Colonel Joseph Adamson

(11)

Dear Capt^d I have given you all and every sort
of Information I could by looking over all the old
Vouchers I possessed any further information you
may require I refer you to M^{rs} Colonel Jones of
Bathmore House near Croome in the Co Limerick
she is Daughter of my old Friend and Winsman
John Forthill who kept a regular Registry of all our
Relations, you may tell M^{rs} Jones that I referred you
to her for any questions you may require and am
sure she will tell you at once as she has the
Book her Father kept of all our Registries

and am Dear Capt^d very

Faithfully yours

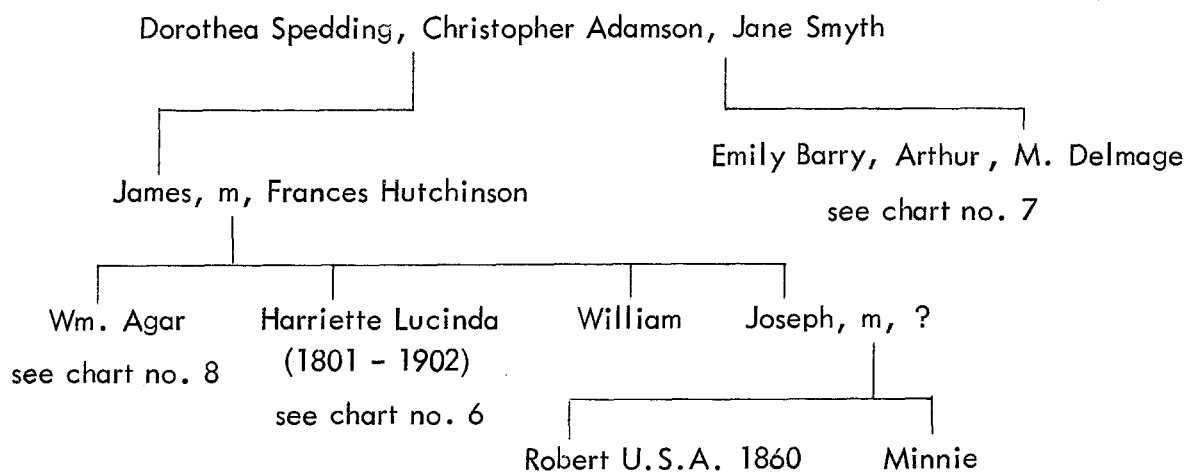
Christ. Adamson

Bathmore June 5. 1851

by the letter in answer to a questionnaire he had sent to Christopher, his grandfather's nephew.

His sister, the remarkable Harriette Lucinda Adamson, will be mentioned several times in this story. I will leave the Adamsons, for the time being, and turn to the Bell family into which our great grandmother married.

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 5



Chapter 10

THE BELLS



Before going further with the lives of the children of Arthur Smyth Adamson and his wife Emily Frances, I will return to Harriette Lucinda, only daughter of James Adamson and Frances Elinor Hutchinson and half-sister to the above mentioned Arthur Smyth. I have some notes on this family made by my cousin Dr. J. D. Adamson and I cannot do better than to copy them ----

"Harriette Lucinda was our great grandmother and the half-sister of our great grandfather - Rev. Arthur Smyth Adamson. She is likely the best known of all our forebears since she lived into her 102nd year and the fact that her granddaughter, Frances E. Bell, wrote a short account of her life, published privately under the title, "100 Years of Life". Her distinguished family of five boys and four girls is shown in the Bell genealogical chart.

"She was born in Dublin and at the age of 17 married Rev. Alan Bell LL.D., who was then 37 years of age and curate at Glenavy in County Antrim. The Bells were of Scottish origin and had come to Ireland with those Scottish settlers during the "plantation" in 1603. The first of the family to land in Ireland was an Anglican minister. His grave stone, or possibly his father's gravestone, can today be found in Glenavy churchyard. It bears the name, Alan Bell, who died in 1722 at the age of 100 years

"Soon after Harriette's marriage, Alan became Head Master of The Royal School in Banagher, King's County, since renamed Offaly County. This school, called "Cuba", was then one of four Royal Schools in Ireland in which the sons of the Church of England gentry received their elementary education.

"Alan Bell evidently was a man of means and acquired a considerable estate about Banagher, which in those days was rather isolated.

"Banagher itself is a most interesting hamlet. It stands on the banks of the Shannon and commands a fine view of the river and the Great Bog of Allen. Its name is immortalized by the common Irish exclamation, 'That beats Banagher, and Banagher beats the Divil!'. This expression is used to indicate something terrific in the way of sports, gambling or fighting. Banagher's reputation as something to 'beat the divil' was evidently established when the county fairs were held there. Apparently a recognized part of the fair was a pitched battle between the men of King's County and those of Westmeath. The battle always started in an innocent and friendly 'game of hurling'.

"When I first saw the village in 1913, it was as quiet and peaceful a place as one could find, and evidently little changed since our great grandmother lived there one hundred years ago. Frances Bell's description of Banagher as she remembered it as a child - possibly in 1870 - is given below.

"Frances writes - 'Banagher begins on the banks of the fine river Shannon, and mounts a long hill until it reaches Rynagh Church at the top. Near the river in those days were barracks, then good residential houses, and then small shops. Then more houses, and the Roman Catholic Church, after which there came thatched cottages. At the summit, the little Hill House, old fashioned and almost concealed by the trees, was on the right, and on the left, a short distance away, was a house of considerable size, Cuba House, at that time the Royal School.

"The Bell family were the centre of the social and religious life of the community for a long period. The five boys were all sent to Trinity, Dublin. Three of them took Holy orders, one of whom, Rev. James, succeeded his father as Head Master at Cuba, and one (Joe) became Vicar at Banagher. (The third son, Alan, became a chaplain in the Army. We hear of him later in this story.) Two

sons qualified in medicine; one of these (Arthur) joined the Royal Army Medical Corps and the other (William) joined the Royal Navy. Of the four daughters I know only of Mary who married Arthur Bell Nicholls and Harriette (our grandmother) who married John Evans Adamson, our grandfather.

"Aunt Mary was the only one of this generation I knew personally. I visited her at Hill House when I was studying at Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, in 1913. She was then very old, the sole survivor of her generation, and so far as I know never moved from her chair by the fireside, except when she was helped up to her bed or to the dining room. She was exceedingly kind, and continued the tradition of hospitality established by her mother. Though I was 23 years old and within a year of being qualified in medicine, she insisted on treating me like a boy on holidays from public school. She stuffed me with rich food till I ached, and presented me with a guinea when I set out for Dublin!

"The Hill House was full of historical atmosphere and I have often regretted that I had not made more notes about this family in Ireland. One of the chief sources of interest were many relics of the Bronte family, especially pencil drawings done by Charlotte, Emily and Anne.

"Perhaps I should explain the relationship. Arthur Bell Nicholls was a nephew of Alan Bell. His parents died when he was a small boy and he was brought up by Harriette Lucinda at the Hill House, in addition to her own large family. He went to Cuba School and finally to Trinity where he qualified for the Church. He went to Haworth in Yorkshire as Curate to Rev. Patrick Bronte in 1844, and there he fell in love with Charlotte, but kept his affection in cold storage from the time he accepted the curacy till at last he proposed in December 1852. It is interesting to read Charlotte's own description of Arthur's proposal, from the "Life of Charlotte Bronte" by Mrs. Gaskell:

'How deep his affection was I scarcely dare to tell, even if I could in words. She did not know - she had hardly begun to suspect that she was the object of any peculiar regard on his part, when, in this very December, he came one evening to tea. After tea she returned from the study to her own sitting room, as was her custom, leaving her father and the curate together. Presently she heard the study door open, and expected to hear the succeeding clash of the front door. Instead came a tap; and, 'like lightning' it flashed upon

me what was coming. He entered. He stood before me. What his words were you can imagine; his manner you can hardly realize, nor can I forget it. He made me, for the first time, feel what it costs a man to declare affection when he doubts response . . . The spectacle of one, ordinarily so statue like, thus trembling, stirred and overcome, gave me a strange shock. I could only entreat him to leave me then, and promise a reply on the morrow. I asked if he had spoken to Papa, he said he dared not. I think I half led, half put him out of the room. '

"Charlotte refused his proposal to please her father who was in failing health at the time, being 75 years of age. The father's chief objection was that Arthur's future was too precarious. He evidently thought that the curate was not a suitable match for his daughter who had already become famous under the pen name of "Currer Bell" and the author of 'Jane Eyre'. There may have been some selfishness in the old man's attitude -- one can scarcely blame him for wishing to retain the one remaining member of his family. His wife had died many years before at the age of 39. His other daughters had died at the ages of 11, 12, 27, 29 and his only son at the age of 30.

"Charlotte was at this time 36, and Arthur was 35. After the rebuff, not by Charlotte but by her father, Arthur left Haworth. But the old man soon relented, possibly with the understanding that Charlotte should continue to live at Haworth. Arthur returned as curate in 1854. After a visit to the Irish cousins in Banagher and other parts of Ireland, they returned to Haworth where they had nine months of happy married life.

"Charlotte died on March 31, 1855. She died childless. From all evidence one would judge that the cause of death was tuberculosis, as was almost certainly the cause of death of the other five members of the family, and possibly the mother.

"After this crushing tragedy, Arthur remained as curate until Patrick Bronte died in 1861. What a desperately grim period it must have been - alone with the irascible old man with nothing but the memory of his brief happiness to console him. That he remained with the old man indicates that Arthur Nicholls was a man of high principle and unusual fortitude.

"After the death of Patrick Bronte, Arthur returned to the Hill House where he acted as administrator of the estate of Rev. Alan

Bell. Harriette Lucinda and her daughter Mary were then occupying the Hill House, and two of the brothers were living in Banagher, one as the local minister and the other as head of Cuba School. Arthur and Mary had grown up together and evidently he had no interest in her until an "outsider" began to pay her attention. Then he exclaimed, "I always thought Mary belonged to me". So they were married."

HARRIETTE LUCINDA'S CHILDREN

The first child of Harriette and Alan Bell was baptised James in honour of his grandfather. He started his university career in the Faculty of Law. While attending Trinity, in 1839, his father died and James changed his faculty to that of Divinity and upon graduation assumed his father's duties as Headmaster of Cuba School.

The Rev. James A. Bell, M. A., in later years took a deep interest in the Irish Society. This was a society for the promotion of Scriptural Education and religious instruction of the Irish speaking population, chiefly through the medium of their own language. He undertook a tour of Canada and the United States on behalf of this Society in 1882 and his visit met with great success.

He was the father of Alan Bell, who, in the years centering on the First World War, was chief Resident Magistrate of Northern Ireland. While I was overseas in that war I had the opportunity of visiting his wife Lily and him on two different occasions. Their childless home was then at Portadown, County Armagh and with Lily's gracious and Alan's warm and humorous hospitality, I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

I spent several days travelling with Alan and listening to him settling local squabbles, invariably Catholic versus Protestant. It was indeed entertaining to hear him giving judgment. He had a marvelous sense of humour riding on a tremendous love for the Irish. A publication entitled "Sayings of An Irish Magistrate", in which Alan's court is depicted will provide you with many a laugh. Each case was conducted in severe solemnity but each brought forth all the humour

of the Irish and much appreciated, not only by the presiding Magistrates and learned Counsel but by the litigants as well. The accused invariably got his monies worth before being pronounced guilty.

This fine Irishman met a tragic death in the Easter "troubles" of 1921. He was shot to death while holding hearings in Dublin. No one was a truer Irishman or loved his people more.

Harriette's and Alan's second son was christened Joseph and he, too, became a minister and was for a long time Rector of Rynagh Church, Banagher. He was the father of four girls and two sons - Jane, Harriette, Frances, Richard, Arthur and Florence.

Jane married Arthur Newlands and many of us became well acquainted with this fine family. After the First War, Mrs. Newlands came to Canada with her daughter Hope, where her three sons had gone some years before the War. We will hear more of this family while they were living in Canada.

Frances, the author of "100 Years of Life", never married, nor did her sister Harriet. They lived at Bournemouth during the last years of their life and were both in their nineties when they died, Harriet in 1954, Frances in 1956.

Arthur never married. He came to Canada a few years after the turn of the century to try his hand and stomach at homesteading but soon gave that up to join Canada's Permanent Army. He lived to become one of this country's best known soldiers and more will be heard about him when this story gets out of Ireland and the characters move to Canada.

To go back to Harriette's and Alan's third son, he was named Alan and married Emma Stokes. This is the family that are best known to the Adamsons who now live in Western Canada. They had three sons, William J., Arthur J., and they, along with their mother, known to us as "Aunt Emma" came to this country in the early days. They too, will be told about in another story.

I have a letter written by Emma to her sister-in-law Harriette-the Bell daughter who became our grandmother. The letter is written in a very fine hand, in red ink, and dated February 5, 1862. She was then a bride and was living in King Williamstown, South Africa, where her husband Alan was stationed as senior Chaplain to the Queen's Forces.

The letter is very long - consisting of eight pages - and one gathers that it is from a very homesick girl but loyal and steadfast wife. "My darling Harriette", the letter commences, "Four mails have gone by since my arrival here and only one little note from you. I hope the next may bring me some news, you do not know how anxiously I watch for my home letters, and how every little trifle interests me. Your mother mentioned that you had got a nursery-governess for the children. I hope you find her satisfactory and that some of the trouble is taken off your hands."

(Perhaps I should say that the children Emma refers to are, of course, our own parents, that is Arthur, Alan, John Evans and Frances. They are then living in far away Clifden and Kill House has been finished.)

Emma goes on to tell her sister-in-law of some of the "unpleasantries", chief amongst which is the treacherous heat and the great draught, "vegetation has been scorched up", of the monkeys, baboons and parrots and their continual screeching. "The coast is very rough and the surf tremendous, I have had few dips and am rather nervous going in by myself as there are such a number of sharks always about. Alan insists on sitting behind a rock so that he could hear me call. It is a great luxury to be able to bathe in this country." Further on she says, speaking about letters, "the official letters that have just arrived contain rather unpleasant news. All Alan's allowances, as principal Chaplain, are to be discontinued and some others that he has been receiving for a year and a half are to be cut off and some ordered to be refunded. The new Secretary of State for War has determined to commence on an economical system, but I wish he had not begun with the poor Chaplains. All this prevents me getting my piano, we had almost settled on one, but fortunately had not concluded the bargain as it would not be at all convenient to pay for it just at present".

(We all remember "Aunt Emma" as a lovely pianist so she must not have been long without a piano.)

Her letter continues, "I am getting up a choir for the Military service which is to be at half-past nine o'clock. We have the band every second Sunday only, so I intend to play the harmonium and have some of the soldiers and their children sing".

Further on in her letter she makes some comments regarding Arthur Bell Nicholl's presence at the Hill House and his strange

attitude towards Mary. Her remarks, even at this late date, appear so confidential that I refrain from repeating them. She goes on to tell her sister-in-law how she rides every day at Alan's insistence and what a loving disposition her husband possesses.

She ends her letter in typically Irish fashion by telling in a humorous manner, some of her own personal troubles. Among these was her worry over the fear she had held of losing her very efficient maid through affairs of the heart. She writes, "It has been evident for some time that I may be losing Margaret, as she and her Corporal are very much in love, however, my worries in that direction were put at rest for the time being. Through some disciplinary measures last week, the Corporal became a private and so any thought of a wedding must be postponed".

The eighth child of the Rev. Alan and Harriette Lucinda was named Arthur. He became a surgeon and was the father of Major Arthur Bell, the last of the family to occupy Hill House. He married Florence Kearns. They had no children and Florence's nephew, Mr. Jim West, disposed of the property to the Anglican Diocese.

Harriette, the fourth daughter, married John Evans Adamson and became my grandmother. Harriette and John Evans were not first cousins, as so many of us believe them to be, but are half-first cousins, if there be such a relationship. More will be heard about her when this story returns to the Adamsons.

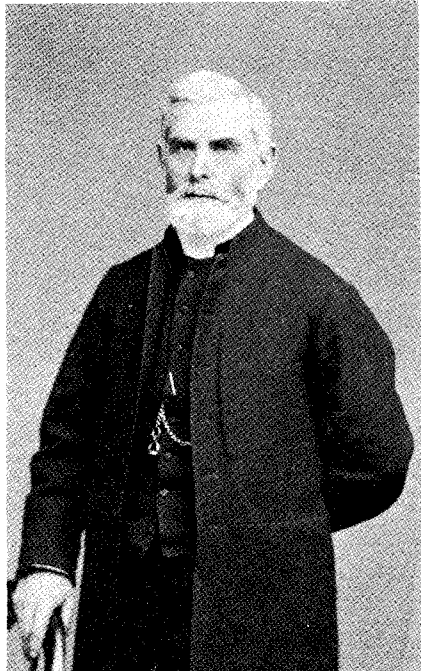
And those are the Bells of the last one hundred and fifty years. Alas! The times have changed, and we have changed as well. The scenes about Banagher, so prettily depicted by Frances Bell, are for the most part gone. A visitor to the historic spot today will recognize some, but with a 20th century setting. Time with its changes marches with a slower beat in Ireland than it does in North America but even there it is catching up.

Cuba House was sold to the County Council and later on demolished. The desks and benches from the class rooms of the Royal School, where once the blood of gentry carved their names, have been exchanged for livestock stanchions. The master's cane and gown of this once famous Royal School are seen no more and nothing but the memory now remains. The Barracks at the end of the town, once the home of famous Regiments, are now in ruins. In place of "Bell's Fensibles", it is occupied only by the Fairies!

The "Little Hill House" still stands, hidden in the trees. It has been enlarged and modernized inside but retains much the same appearance it first had. It is now the Rectory and what comfort it would give Great Gran to know its end. She left it for her grave sixty years ago, but I am sure the "Fairies" have told her of the change.

The little church remains much the same and stands sentinel beside its churchyard where many Bells lie buried. They are our kinsfolk and are the only ones there now. No . . . there are no living Bells in Banagher but they are not forgotten. Ask anyone and you will be quick to learn that the name is honoured and remembered. "Oh, indeed!", you will be told, "my father and my grandfather were employed by Mr. Bell," or "My, yes . . . my mother and her grandmother before her, were maids of Mrs. Bell". Gone are the Bells but their memory lingers and the little dirt road that meandered up Shannon's green banks, and so often trod by our great grandmother, has now a coat of blacktop. The traffic density and pace has hastened, but it still finds time to slow and catch its breath at the "Hill House" before hurrying on to Birr.

The "Great Bog of Allen" has now a turf and peat factory and the cottier with his donkey and baskets is rarely seen. But the heather and the gorze and the soft Banagher accent of the people are still there and will be till the end.



Rev. James Bell
Taken on his Canada
and U. S. tour in 1883



Harriette Bell who married
John Evans Adamson
1850



Mrs. Alan Bell
(Aunt Emma)



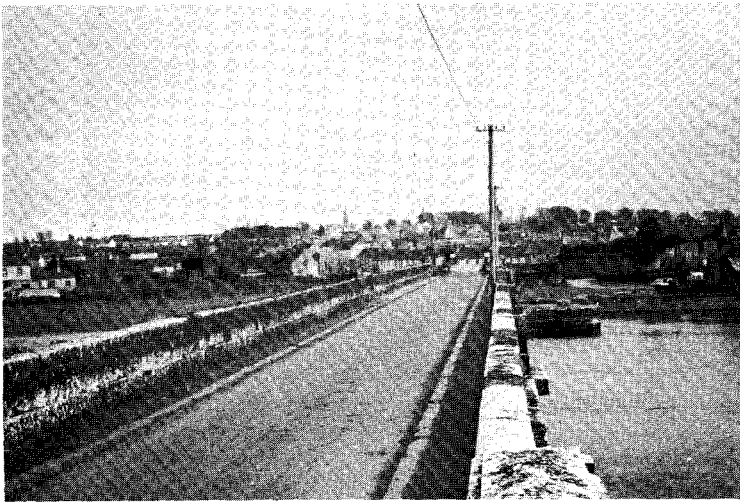
Charlotte Bird
Whose sister Lily
married Alan Bell
1850



Susan Bell



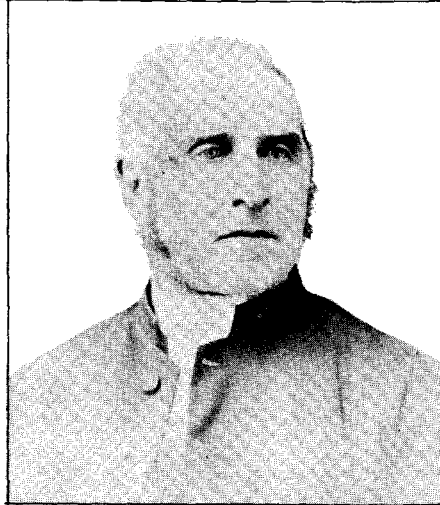
Mill House, Banagher
1961



Banagher from the bridge
1961



Country between Athlone
and Banagher, 1961



Rev. Joseph Bell

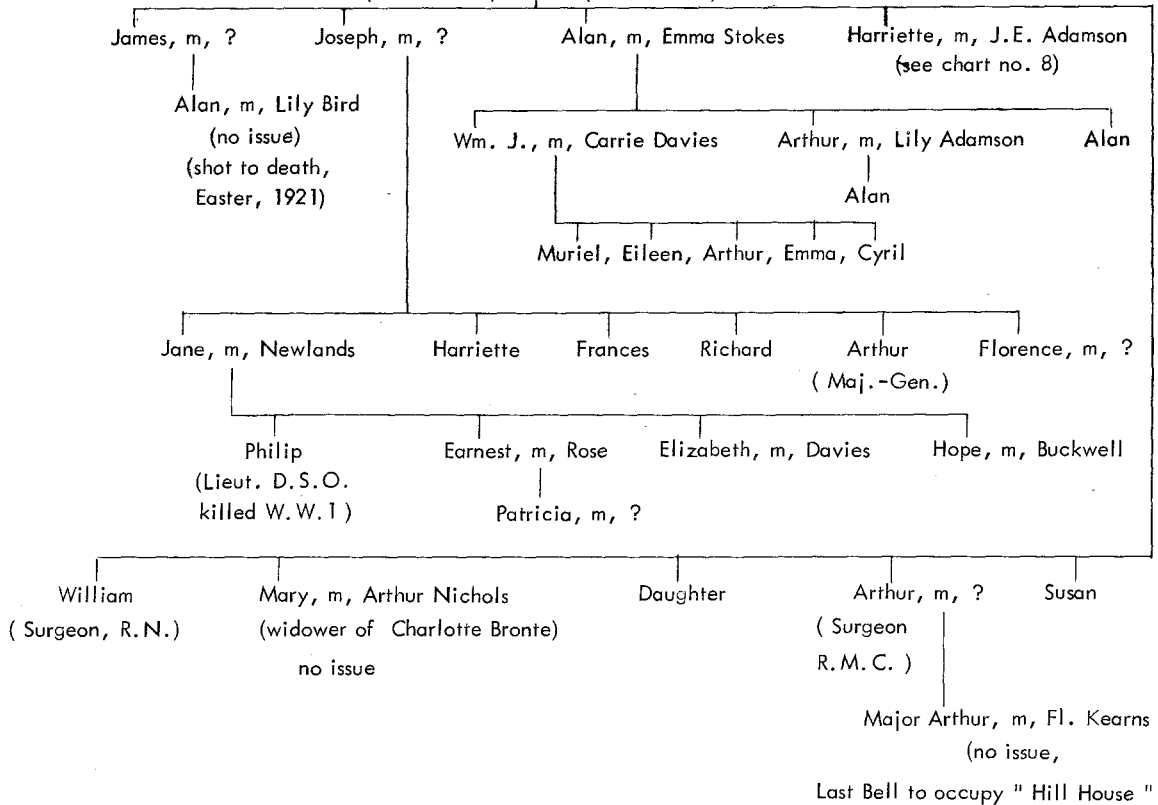
GENEALOGY CHART NO. 6

Rev. Alan Bell (from Scotland 1603)

Rev. Alan Bell, m, ? (buried at Glenavy - 1722)
1622 - 1722

Bell
Bell

Rev. Alan Bell, m, Harriette Lucinda Adamson
(1781 - 1839) 1818 (1801 - 1902)



Chapter 11

ARTHUR SMYTH ADAMSON



Arthur Smyth Adamson was born in 1793 and, therefore, would be but five years old when his father died, and left his mother with two small children. Dorothea, Arthur's sister, would be three. His half-brother, James, would then be a young man of seventeen and in all probability attending Trinity. There is a gap in the life of this family which I am unable to fill and the next we hear of Arthur is his graduation from Trinity. His name appears in Trinity College Alumni lists as having graduated in 1818 with a Divinity degree. He entered Trinity in 1810, at the age of 17, received his B. A. in 1818 and his Master's in 1823. He was well educated.

Following his ordination in 1818, he was appointed Curate of St. Pauls. The same year he married Emily Jane Barry.

Emily Jane was the granddaughter of the late 5th Lord of Carbery. Much has been written about this union. As it had some effect on future generations, it may be of interest to say something regarding the Carbery estate and title. The beginning and the apparent end of this title, about two centuries later, are as follows:

George Evans of Bulgaden Hall in the county of Limerick had gained some recognition from the throne during the revolution of 1641, the result of which he was sworn of the Privy Council after

the accession of William of Orange. He was returned to Parliament for County Cork and married Mary, daughter of the Hon. John Eyre, of Eyre County, Galway, in 1689. They had seven daughters but no son. In 1715 a Peerage was bestowed upon this man by William III. He took the title Carbery and his estate was composed of some thirty miles of coast line along the Ross-Carbery coast of County Cork. It included Freke Castle.

For over one hundred years the family had not produced a male heir to succeed to the title and as a consequence, the title had descended in divers ways but always in the line fixed. In 1780, John Evans fell heir and became the 5th Lord Carbery.

John Evans was born in 1738 and married Emma, fourth daughter of the Dean of Clonfort. They had four children, a boy and three girls. Fate still dogged the descent and the boy named John died young, leaving Emily, Maria Juliana and Frances. Emily died without marrying and the other two girls survived their father. Maria Juliana married Thomas Barry of Leighs Brook in 1796 and by this marriage was born Emily Jane.

The 5th Lord, John Evans, died without a male heir in 1805 and the title passed to his cousin, another John, who succeeded as 6th Lord Carbery. He failed to beget a male heir and as time went on, it began to look as though the title might die out for the want of an heir. In this event the estate would be divided and distributed to the female descendants, Maria Juliana and Frances, daughters of the 5th Lord. Frances died unmarried and I have told you Maria Juliana married Thomas Barry and, so far as I know, had but one child, Emily Jane, who married The Rev. Arthur Smyth Adamson. There were six children from this marriage.

I must not do the 7th, 8th, or 9th Lords an injustice, as anything I say could only be labelled gossipry, nevertheless the recognition given George Evans and which went so brilliantly into orbit some two hundred years earlier was now circling the milky-way and the estate itself had fallen into disuse and was soon to be a ruin, and the demesne divided amongst the heirs.

The 10th Lord, some time ago, became an American citizen and does not use the title. The last heard of him, he was living in Kenya and his last wife in Pebble Beach, California, where she enjoys some success as a writer.

Emily's heirs were to benefit from the estate and mention of that will be made later.

ARTHUR SMYTH ADAMSON
AND
EMILY JANE BARRY

Now to return to Arthur Smyth Adamson. I have told you he was well educated and that in 1818 he married Emily Jane Barry, granddaughter of the 5th Earl of Carbery. In 1825 he was appointed Curate to the House of Industry and a year later became Bishop's Curate. In 1827 he was appointed Rector of Timahoe and held this charge until his death.

Arthur Smyth is better remembered in Dublin today through a law suit he brought against the inhabitants of Grange-Gorman, a Dublin Parish, than he is because of his marriage to the granddaughter of the 5th Lord Carbery.

This court case, known as the "Case of the Rev. Arthur Smyth Adamson against the inhabitants of Grange-Gorman" was heard in council chambers on the 8th, 14th and 29th of November, 1831, before the Lord Chancellor and other members of the Privy Council. It caused considerable excitement at the time and its proceedings and findings were subsequently printed in the Law Reports and have stood as a precedent for the right of a qualified incumbent to collect Minister's money.

Up to this time no decision on the subject had ever been reported. Although the foundation of the claim was an Act of Parliament, a lawyer found it hard to discover the principles to be applied in the construction of the Act, and, therefore, difficult to argue on the facts of any case. The hearing extended over many weeks and the finding was in favour of the Rev. Adamson. A layman, reading the full evidence today, would perhaps express surprise at the verdict.

It no doubt would be generally agreed today that the statute was unjust and iniquitous but we are not talking about today, but about some of the Irish laws of one hundred and thirty years ago. It must be remembered that it was a test case in the interpretation of a statute and did not involve personalities. How much our ancestor had to do with the actual promoting of the legal proceedings is for us to surmise. Today it would be easy to surmise his position so far as the "cure of his parishioners' souls" were concerned. Perhaps the episode in the life of Arthur Smyth is better dismissed with "C'est le Temps".

The case at law is, of course, a reflection of the economic conditions then prevailing in Ireland. Since the rebellion, at the turn of the century, and the removal of Ireland's Parliament to Westminster, conditions had gone from bad to worse. A partial famine had occurred in 1822 and again in 1825. With the closing of "Golder's Green" (Ireland's Parliament), most of the wealthy English, I have told you, returned to England and left behind naught but poverty.

It is during these difficult times that Arthur and Emily were striving to raise a family. Their first son was born in 1821 and christened Christopher. Their first daughter was named Maria.

The second son was named after his great grandfather and christened John Evans. He was born in 1822. Then followed three girls, Georgia, Isabella and Florence. The older children would, therefore, be old enough to realize the complexities besetting their parents.

These complexities were shared by all the children when in 1839, their mother died and before the year was out, their father married Margaret Delmage. Emily, at the time of her death, was in her 41st year. At this time Maria would be 20, Christopher 18, John Evans 17, Georgia 15 and Isabella and Florence some years younger.

What effect the second marriage of their father's had on the children, I have no first-hand knowledge. Reading between the lines of letters that were later to pass between the two boys, I cannot but conclude that a small rift occurred. Once only was the name of the new wife ever mentioned and in that instance she was referred to as more of an "outsider" than a step-mother. There were to be children from this second marriage but they seem to have been lost sight of by Christopher and John Evans.

Arthur Smyth Adamson died in 1843, leaving his second wife Margaret with two small children, Arthur, who became a doctor and went to England, and a daughter whom I have been unable to trace.

Arthur Smyth was buried in the family plot in St. Andrews, where his first wife Emily had been buried four years before. And with the death and burial of the Rev. Arthur Smyth Adamson, our branch grew on with only children left.

IRELAND'S GREAT FAMINE — 1845

To better understand the generation now coming upon the stage, a word must be said about the political, economic and social conditions that faced them.

Some of us who live today and who were exposed to the horrors of the nineteen thirties when millions of Canadians were on relief, with just sufficient to hold together a hungry body and a despairing soul, and who saw the pitiless lines of young men moving through the country on top of box cars (young men who five years later would regain their dignity by a uniform of khaki) can perhaps more easily realize the plight of the Irish people in the first half of the eighteen hundreds. Adding to their economic miseries, they had even lost the right to govern. Government came from Westminster.

We are told by historians that the first half of the 19th century in Ireland was fifty years of famine, misery, and misrule.

Dull, doddering George IV was on the Throne of England. Pitt was his Prime Minister. The Parliament of England with its party politics and Protestant Bigotry was teaching Ireland a painful lesson. Up to 1801, she had had her own "Golders Green", a parliament run by the Irish aristocracy and controlled from London. After the Act of Union, of the 660 members, Ireland was given 100, an unfair representation and a minority which lasted one hundred years. The Union was not a treaty with the Irish people but one with the Irish aristocracy.

The American colonies had, of course, been lost to England and the final overthrow of Napoleon, in 1815, had put an end for the time being to the revolutionary age. One would think that England would then have had more time and desire to bring happiness to Ireland.

The Corn Laws, which Ireland had done so well out of during the wars, had brought some agricultural prosperity. Immediately the wars were over, economic distress set in. Agrarian discontent showed itself in crime and disorder. In 1822, and again in 1825, the potato crop failed and there was a partial famine.

In 1828, the Duke of Wellington, who was an Irishman, became Prime Minister and Sir Robert Peel, Secretary for Ireland. Irish hopes were raised and when George IV died in 1830 and the Whigs with their Reform Act came in, their hopes soared even higher. However, it was soon learned that the Whig Age with its strong Protestant and Anglo-Saxon prejudices were no better friend to Ireland than the aristocracy had been.

William IV arrived on the Throne and with him Ireland's strong man, O'Connell. O'Connell's aim was to win back Irish independence. William did nothing and Victoria became Queen in 1837. She visited Ireland but showed little knowledge of the Irish or concern for their problems.

Meanwhile Ireland was approaching the dreadful crisis of the great famine. Her population at this time was about eight million of whom over half were wretchedly poor and dependent entirely on the potato for food. This was at a time when Ireland was intensively cultivated with three-quarters of it under wheat and other crops.

There was no industry; everyone was entirely dependent on the land and this was aggravated under the conditions by which land was let. In England and Scotland, the landlord let "farms" to their tenants; in Ireland they only let the land. If the tenant in Ireland desired something better than the hovel he lived in and built himself a better dwelling, the new dwelling became the property of the landlord.

The famine, the worst of its kind in recorded history, even staggered the conscience of England, causing Carlisle to write some of his most burning pages. You may ask why was not the abundant wheat crop used to feed the people. The answer is that it was sent to markets in England and used to pay landlord's rents.

By 1845, the country lay prostrate. The great flow of emigration to America had commenced. Those that had gone left more room for those who stayed behind. Land became easy to obtain. Land! The very thing that fifty years before had been the dream of everyone. To be a landowner or to become an emigrant was in the minds of all.

Ireland's social life was a dead duck. All the great English landlords had folded their tents and had gone back to England. The Irish owners had for the most part, closed their fashionable houses and moved to their country homes. Golders Green society had had its fling. Society could no longer curtsy nor the hungry appeal to it for aid.

THE FAMILY IN LOWER GLOUSTER STREET

It is with difficulty that I reconstruct what took place in the lives of the family after the death of their father in 1843, or for that matter, after his second marriage in 1839. It is reasonable to assume that Arthur Smyth and his second wife were living in Timahoe, a few miles from Dublin, while the children of the first marriage were living in Dublin.

Out of necessity, Christopher and John Evans were employed. Maria would be manageress of the home and the three remaining girls attending school. Maria was soon to marry Robert Delmage. Robert, no doubt, was a relative of the stepmother and could possibly be a brother as Margaret was still quite young.

The year 1844 dragged to its final days and 1845 dawned on a country distracted, hungry and sick. The measure of a man was whether or not he could face it. The terrible conditions that had been relentlessly building up since the turn of the century, culminated in 1845. This year has a page of its own in Irish history. The year of the great famine - the worst in recorded history historians tell us.

When the famine was at its height and all the lights were out, the

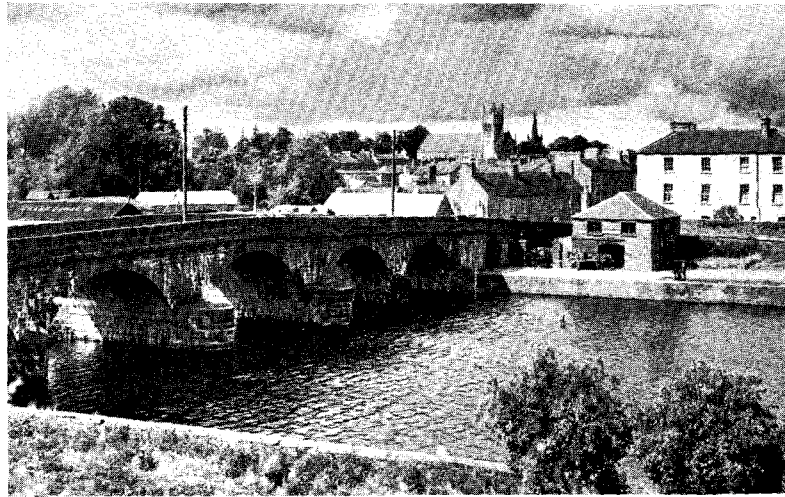
old 6th Lord Carbery died. A nephew was found to become the 7th Lord, a "settlement" took place and Christopher, as the oldest son of Emily's heirs, received what is described as "A Moiety". The amount of it, I do not know. I have heard it said that it was considerable. Whatever the amount, it brought changes in the family before the year of 1845 passed into history. Christopher entered Trinity, Maria married Robert Delmage, and John Evans decided to become a landowner.

It is a great pity I am unable to discover more about Maria and Robert. Robert had obtained a position with an institution, possibly a church missionary society, that was to take Maria and he to Canada. They settled in the neighborhood of Montreal and as you are later to hear of children, some of their descendants must be numbered amongst the Delmages of that part of Canada. It would be interesting to discover them.

There is little doubt but that John Evans gave considerable thought to emigration. The trying times that the family had gone through appeared to have molded a strong bond of affection between them, and this no doubt was one of the reasons why he decided to remain with Christopher and their remaining sisters. Another reason for remaining in Ireland was, no doubt, the inheritance from the Carbery estate.

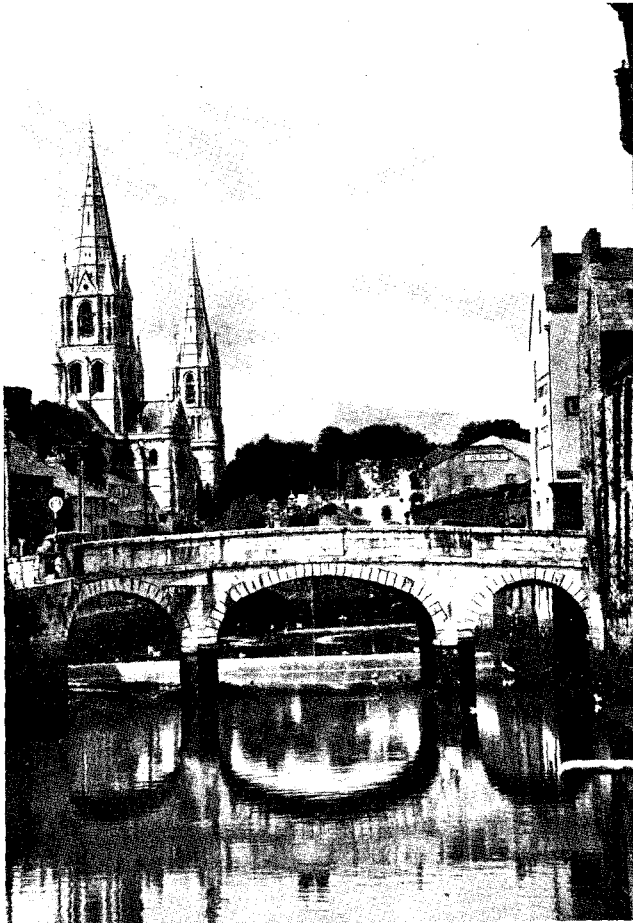
The terms of this settlement, on the heirs of the grand-daughter of the 5th Lord, cannot at this date be discovered. We are later to hear of John Evans putting his signature on documents relative to any claim or entitlement he may have possessed. Just what this entailed I am unable to say.

For the time I will leave Christopher and his sisters in Lower Glouster Street and follow John Evans, who was to become our ancestor, to Connemara where he became a landowner.



LEITRIM: CARRICK-ON-SHANNON

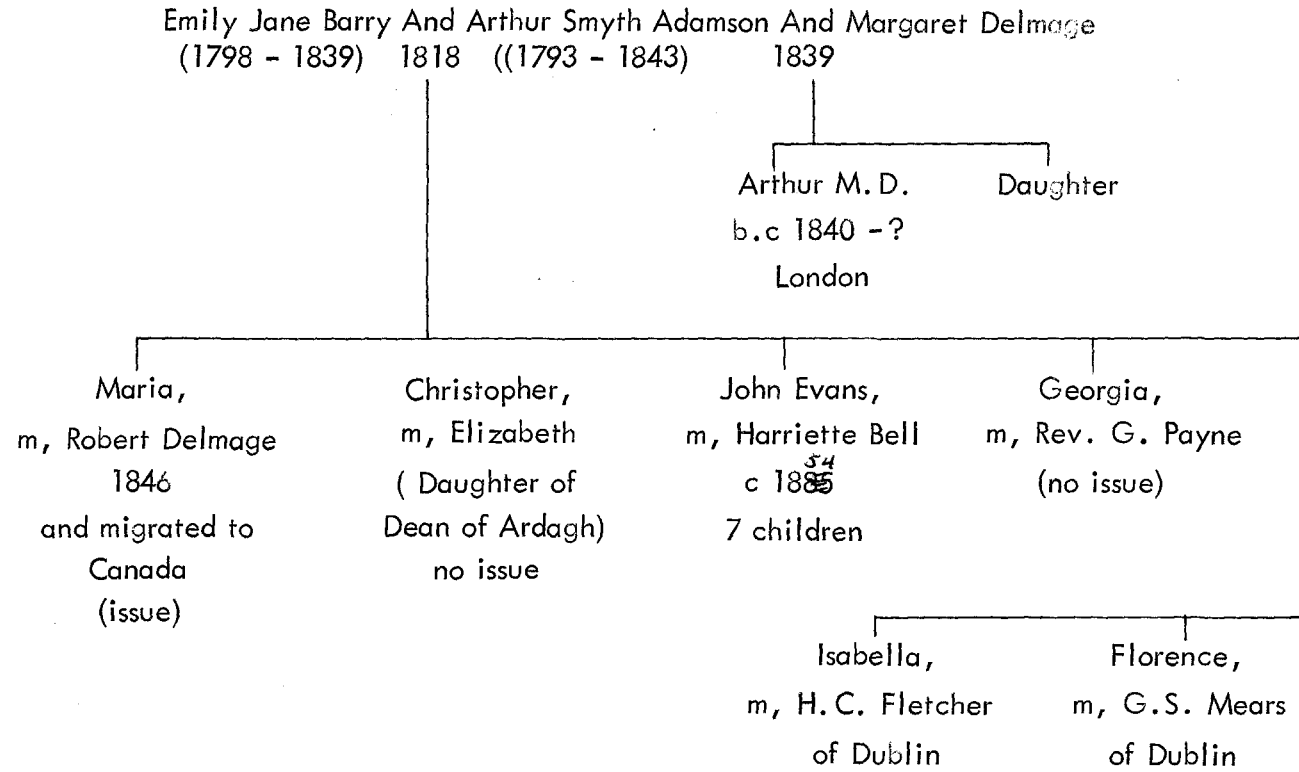
Carrick-on-Shannon though a small place, is the county town of Leitrim. The Shannon, flowing in a broad southward sweep through Loughs Allen, Ree and Derg to its estuary beyond Limerick, is possibly the greatest river system in the British Isles.



Cork: St. Finbarr's Cathedral and River Lee

The three-spired St. Finbarr's is the Cathedral of the Protestant bishopric of Cork. The Bells of Shandon, immortalised by Father Prout, are to be found in St. Ann's Church where eight bells chime every hour. Only 5 miles away is the Blarney Stone.

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 7



Chapter 12

JOHN EVANS - LANDOWNER



The decision of John Evans to become a landowner in Ireland in 1845 may seem a strange one to some of us now living, with one hundred years of hindsight. It is all the more so, when we find that he chose far-away Connemara to the fertile acres of Westmeath. Here, not only was the land much more productive, but he must have had many relatives to give him a helping hand.

I say, far-away Connemara, though it was only 150 odd miles from Dublin. In those days that was considered a long distance, in fact it still is. The yard stick of distance is generally measured by the ease and comfort of transportation. The accepted manner of getting from one point to another at that time was by "Shank's Mare" or by barge, or, if one was affluent, by your own carriage. Barges, however, were dependent on the notions of the winds and as for carriages, they were dependent on the prosperity of the owner. At this period in Ireland's history, most of the fine carriages remained with their shafts up in the carriage sheds.

Connemara was, at this time, a sparsely settled place with a solid Catholic population. A place, beautiful, but wild - where one could still hear the "Wearin' of the Green" sung and where "The Plantation" was not forgotten.

It was here that Protestant John Evans chose to settle in the closing months of 1845. He travelled as far as his feet would allow him, to the wild west coast, within sight of the "Twelve Pins", near the Town of Clifden.

Before the year 1845 had dragged itself into history, he was commencing to think that he had made a mistake. If he had imagined, whilst living in Dublin, that agriculture had anything to offer, it did not take many days to decide otherwise.

To begin with, famine was everywhere. Even had there not been famine, there was no market for agricultural products. England's markets were closed to Irish export and the domestic population was penniless. He, who once debated between emigration or farming, soon decided it was now a matter of emigration or starvation.

The state of John Evan's mind during the first months of 1846 can be pictured from a letter he received from his brother Chris. It was in answer to one written by John Evans to his brother.

"21 Lower Glouster St.
August 27, 1846"

"My dear Evans:-

"Although it would be teetotally delightful for me to visit you for a month, it would be teetotally impossible. I am only now waiting for the girls to return to school to begin to read properly for October. Florence has one of her bilious spells, nothing remains on her stomach. She is hungry for her meals but they won't stay down. She has anti-bilious pills to take. Even if you had disposed of Pulcany? would it not be too late to do anything this season in the way of emigration. I don't believe Digges account of Austrailia, it is the interest of settlers to get out as many cash men as they can. Lois account is shocking, but perhaps the real state of the case is between both accounts. I hope you will do whatever may be best for yourself. If there is any possiblity of Pulcany? going off soon, would it not be best for Isobella to remain in Town? The journey is troublesome.

"There is no occasion to send up a pound for advertisements, anything spent on them I can put to your account - as received cash - Your advertisement was in last Tuesday's. Will you continue to take the Gazette? If you can get the full purchase money for the place,

if you cannot, I would take the profit sent from you for the difference (the sum for what you get from the tenant and the full purchase). I have nothing to say to any Railway but the Cashel and Mullingar (9 shares in the first, 30 in the latter) both good lines. I hope to get out of the latter shortly without any loss, perhaps with some gain. I did not put the birth of Maria's son into the papers but it will be just as well published. Anne living at Rathmines side of the Town, I am in the middle and the Misses Mears at this, the north side.

"Did you hear of Antique Mina of St. Munchins coming in for her property? - 40 pounds a year and 250 pounds in Cash! ! As soon as Jane set out for Limerick and got Cholera of which she is dangerously ill. The Limerick water is assigned as the cause. Perhaps it was the pious haste operating on the abdominal regions.

"You may relinquish every idea of seeing Joe at all at all. Ward and I saw him off last Friday for Liverpool. We were within an eighth of an inch of being carried off with him. He will not return until his leave of absence is just expired. He and the children dined with us the day he went. He, I am sure, can give you good letters of introduction if you determine on going to try your fortune in Australia. It is very far away. I would be delighted to go to Clifden for a short time now but for circumstance. I am sick of Dublin. James Bell is in Town, he told me Arthur had determined on visiting Connemara. If he is with you remember to him Mrs. Bell and family not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whanney. Tell Arthur the old ladies are not yet defunct. I am glad to hear of Mr. Smith exciting himself so kindly for the people and also Miss Hardy's recovery. Remember me to the, Mrs. Smith and the lobster. Miss Thomas ought to take an emetic to disgorge the newspaper.

"No news in Town. Florence's bile is the only thing ailing us. I have not been able to bathe at all this summer. I think it will make me unwholesome for the rest of the year.

"Believe me my own dear Evans ever yours affectionately"

"Chris Adamson"

I have reported that letter in its entirety as it not only gives us an idea of what was taking place in 1846 in the lives of our great uncle and our grandfather, but it helps us to form an opinion of Chris's character. In spite of his domestic worries, his attempts to cheer his brother with tidbits of family gossip and wit shine throughout his

letter. He is at this time 25 and John Evans 24. Antique Mina no doubt would be one of the old great aunts, a descendant of Benjamin. It was she who endowed the St. Munchin's school.

When this letter was written, their sister Maria and her husband Robert Delmage had been in Canada for some time for apparently word had come back regarding the birth of her son.

Arthur Bell apparently was able to make the visit to Connemara that Chris mentioned in his letter. Arthur, you will remember, was the eighth child of Harriette Lucinda and would at this time be vacationing from his medical studies at Trinity, at his mother's home in Banagher.

In a letter I have, written by him to his mother, he does not say anything regarding the Landlord of Connemara but he praises the hospitality of the peasants, as did de La Tocnaye who travelled the same route some fifty years before

"I was forced to take shelter, from a very violent rain storm, in a cottage beside the road. The door hung by one strap and a dirty piece of freeze covered the only window. The woman of the house told me that her husband had been at sea for nearly two years but she expected him home 'tomorrow'. He had left her with six children, a pig, a couple of ducks and a few chickens.

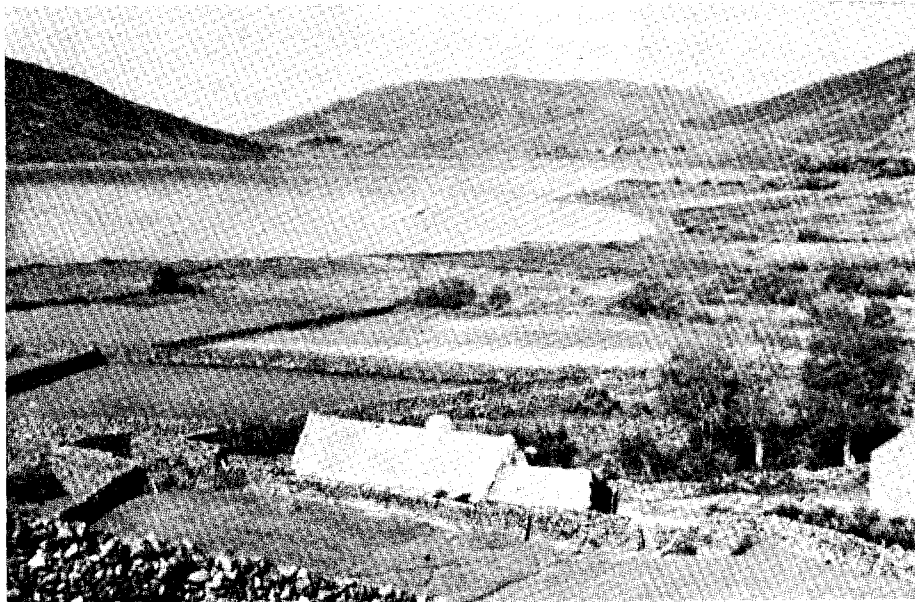
"As night came on the pig came in and settled itself among the chickens by the door. Then came the ducks and stirred them all up. After partaking of something from a common pot the children gathered themselves on some straw in one corner and I was bid to 'lay there', the woman pointing to a long low box affair covered by a poor blanket. Being tired from a 20 mile walk I was soon fast asleep and dreaming that I was with Noah discussing what had best be done about the awful Connacht weather. At the first streak of dawn coming through the chinks in the hut, a hen flew up on my chest. When I pushed it off the pig got up and walked over and put her snout up to me and a duck commenced to nibble at my boot which I fortunately had not taken off. Before I was devoured I arose from my cot and prepared to leave, while the children tittered in the corner. I should add that I had a difficult time making the woman accept a shilling for my night's repose."

It is not possible to give an account of any actual farming operations conducted by John Evans during this year. I do not imagine

there were any. He spent considerable time looking into propositions both in the City of Galway and Limerick for we hear of him in both places.

He had made up his mind to dispose of his land and to that end, had advertised it in the Dublin Gazette. Naturally there would be difficulty in finding a purchaser but before the winter was out, he managed to find a buyer for a portion of it and a rental agreement was entered into for the balance.

John Evans, now at the age of 25, did another quite unusual thing. He bought an interest in a sailing vessel.



BOOK THREE

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley.

Chapter 13

JOHN EVANS - MARINER



During the winter of 1846-47, John Evans made several trips to the City of Galway, casting about for a change of occupation. The idea of emigration was still in his mind and he had given considerable thought to Australia. During one of these Galway visits he had met a man called FitzGerald, who was interested in the business and was at this time bargaining for the purchase of a sailing vessel.

John Evans became interested and on Friday, the 19th day of February, 1847, he joined the FitzGerald Bros. in the purchase of the Barque Helena for the sum of two thousand, two hundred and forty two pounds. John Evans, for the sum of four hundred and sixty eight pounds, acquired a 13/64 share.

I do not think he looked upon this partnership with the FitzGeralds as one of permanency. His whole soul was aflame and he was anxious to find out first hand what opportunities there were in the United States and Canada in any line of business. He took a last look at the Hills of Connemara, bid the Sheas, the McKnights, the Cullens and the rest of his fine neighbors goodbye and struck out for Liverpool to become a mariner.

I am fortunate enough to have a copy taken from a diary he kept during his two trips to North America. We will follow him -

The Barque Helena, loaded with coal, salt and other goods of export together with twenty odd passengers and a crew of about fifteen left Canning Dock, Liverpool at 7 A.M. on April 11, 1847, on her first voyage to New York. She parted with her pilot at 10 A.M. and with John Evans as super-cargo, she set her course towards the Port of New York. The day to day entries made by John Evans in a small notebook with a lead pencil run as follows:-

April

12th Passed Holyhead in the evening. Wind N.E. sea sick all day.

13th Good breeze N.E. Horribly sea sick.

14th Going our course with light breeze.

15th Going our course but wind very light. Still sick. Steward is a very filthy looking beast. His snuffing is enough to make anyone sick. Sticks his damned thumb in everything.

16th to 28th Almost constantly running under close reefed top sails with contrary winds. Sick all the time. Steward very filthy.

29th to

4th May Squally head winds from S.W. and then N.W.

5th Our cutwater broken off. Some of the bulwark of the lee side carried away. Captains window dashed in. All afloat in the cabin. Everything horribly confused.

6th All berths full of water. Passengers frightened.

7th Gale continues with tremendous seas.

9th Calm. Passengers filthy looking. Can scarcely get them to clean out the hold.

10th to 13th Scarcely any wind but nearly fair. Not going at more than two nauts. Make passengers come on deck every day. One or two of them very sick with all the symptoms of fever. Old man bad with 'flux', he will I fear scarcely recover. We gave the medicine according to the best of our judgement. Second mate very kind and indefatigable. He is the most useful and humane man in the ship.
Lat. 42, Long. 41. Ship going her course today with light

breeze. Most melancholy circumstance occurred today about one o'clock. Poor little Stevens, the apprentice, fell off the rigging into the sea. We saw him plainly about twenty yards from the vessel. The ship was hove to and boat got out with four men to look for him but in vain as we were going four or five nauts and there was some delay in getting the boat out. (There should be a boat in the davitts in any ship). However, everything that could be was done. People cooking in half hour after as if nothing happened.

- 14th Vessel going at six nauts within three or four points off course. Sick people generally better.
- 15th Fair wind going about five or five and one half nauts. Some of the passengers still sick. One man raving.
- 16th Fair wind going six or so nauts.
- 17th Lat. 44 Long. 50.5 Going six nauts with a delightful wind. Stern sails all set. Very cold though and ice-bergs in view with a field of ice to the North of us. Sick people all much better.
- 18th Going seven and sometimes eight nauts with fair wind. Very cold. Passengers getting better.
- 19th Wind getting around to S. W. A child named Neil of about six months died.
- 20th Nice breeze. On our course. The old man, named Quin who was ill with the flux died. This morning caught a horse mackarill.
- 21st Rain. Going at 3 nauts.
- 22nd Stern sails set - delightful breeze. May it last! Had the mackarill for breakfast. Impossible to get the passengers to clean out the hold. Filthy beastes.
- 23rd Calm, scarcely moving. Some of the passengers still ill. Very filthy people. The sea is a horribly monotonous life. When nothing to do think too much of eating.
- 24th Passengers all roused at 5 A.M. and made to clean hold.

- Ships should carry plenty of lime and vinegar to sweeten passengers with.
- 25th God preserve me from becoming a liar. Cursing is equally ungentlemanlike and disgusting but not so mean. Shot a mother cary's chicken today.
- 26th Some of the passengers ill from want of proper food, such as oatmeal. Their food should be strictly examined. Thick fog. Not going our course. Lay to for a couple of hours off Georges Bank and caught six large cod.
- 27th Light winds all day but going our course. 250 miles from New York. One despairs. Should I ever own a vessel of my own, speed shall be a prime consideration.
- 28th Calm again. Question naturally arises 'shall we ever arrive'.
- 29th Westerly wind dead against us. Old man, named Gill died this morning. How soon one gets accustomed to death. At first it effects one to see a human, shrouded in a piece of canvas put over the side of the vessel into the sea and watch it banish from sight. But no one eats their meal less beastly in five minutes. Many people sick this evening.
- 30th Delightful breeze. 180 miles off the Bell Buoy.
- 31st Delightful. Took the pilot onboard at ten A.M. when supposed to be 70 miles off the Hook Light. Anchored at 8 P.M. three miles inside the Hook Light.
- June
1st Got to quarantine ground station at 6 P.M. when the Doctor cleared the ship and said she was the cleanest he had seen for some time. Went on shore at Tomkins Villa. They charge tarnation prices to strangers.
- 2nd Went to the City by six o'clock steamer. Called at Hardens the passenger consignee to have a steamer sent for passengers. Same boat towed the ship up for which they charged 30 dollars, but Captain thought it better than waiting for favorable wind. Went to Dunstans and Woods to see where they wanted the boat for loading.

- 3rd Spent day going about to assignees and charterers house. Post Office people very unpleasant. I had to ask three times and then only got one letter when two were on the list. and they never think of giving news-papers.
- 4th Men nearly all sick, carpenter included. Had the honor of shaking hands with a butcher and liquoring with him once. Went to Park Theatre. Captain ill to-day, which is unfortunate. A man should give up julips when he feels himself becoming unwell. This promises to be a Connemara, last evening thunder and lightening was a caution. The Helena was reported today. I wish to heavens I could learn to economise and give only and spend only what I can afford. I must try. Took up my abode at the Battery Hotel.
- 5th Began to discharge the salt. Evening went to a concert in the Battery.
- 6th Went to Trinity Church. All the pews appear to be private. Congregation chiefly women. Not the same devotion as at home and the Reverend has a saucy, devil-may-care air about him not becoming in a place of worship.
- 7th Paid my bill at the Battery with a vengeance. I had two breakfasts, two teas, one dinner and slept three nights for which they charged me four and one half dollars. Yankee imposition is only equalled by Yankee unpleasantness of manner. Even the niggers will not give a civil answer. The old country forever as far as politeness goes and kindness of manner. They have not time to be commonly civil.
- Left New York on the Columbia at seven P. M. after I was sure I could be of nouse concerning Helena, having no authority. Paid only fifty cents to Troy, 160 miles. Scenery beautiful along the Hudson. Troy a pretty little place. Arrived there at six and left at 11 A. M. for Whitehall a distance of 65 miles and spent a horrible night aboard. It was crowded to excess but only paid twelve and a half cents. Scenery really beautiful. Farms sell for from 60 to 100 dollars an acre. Stillwater not far from Troy, the yankees delight in pointing the spot in the center of the town marked by an elm where the British general surrendered his sword. They show very bad taste in taking every opportunity for showing their dirty spleen.

- 8th Hope I shall never again spend such a night amongst such a beastly crew. The chief inducement the Captain gave me for going in his boat was, "there'll be none of your goddam Irish or Dutch in it". Whitehall is a very nice place about half the size of Troy at the head of Lake Chaplain. The farms are pleasantly situated and sell for about 35 dollars an acre. Left Whitehall at 10 A. M.
- 9th In steamer for St. Johns. Reminds me of Killarney. Impossible to find out the names of the places from Yankee twang. Country prettier along the Vermont side than New York. The boundary line between Canada and US is near the village of Champlain.
- 10th Had a glorious sleep this morning not having been in bed for last two nights. Country getting more flat as we get into Canada.
- 11th Arrived at St. Johns at seven this morning. Left at 8:30 for Montreal, going as far as La Prairie by rail and from there by steamboat. Got to Montreal at 11 A. M. and left at one, passing through Longueil and Chambly small French villages. Got to Belieul, situated on the Richelieu about 21 miles from Montreal, at 6 P. M. I was agreeably impressed to see Maria, Robert and the boy looking so well contented and generally thriving but without any society whatever. The French Canadians are much more polite than the Yankees. But they are not people that old country people could be on pleasant social neighborly terms with. They are bad farmers.
- Walked up the river with Robert. The country is flat and uninteresting, land very light. The Seignory system is not adapted to American feelings.
- 12th Went down the river to St. Marks. The more I see of this country the more convinced I am that it is not the country for settling in. Not the activity you expect to see going on in America.
- 13th Walked to the top of Belieul Mountain with Robert. There is a chapel on the top of the hill, I wrote my name in three or four places on the tin with which the chapel is covered. Had a splendid view of the country. Has the appearance of

a carpet dotted thickly with farm houses.

- 14th Went with Robert to see Mr. Walton run a ??? on the railway line, had the honor of carrying the theodolite.
- 15th Wet all day, remained in the house to commune about various matters. The climate seems to be wetter and more unpleasant than Connemara even.
- 16th Drove with Maria and Robert to Montreal and had a wretched horse. A bad horse is dear at any price. In the evening went with Robert to a bowling alley where we played ten pins and licked. Not bad exercise-the former-had a lobster for supper at ??. Expensive.
- 17th Left Montreal at 12 o'clock when I parted with Robert. I fear he will degenerate in a few years more awfully. Got the steamer Burlington from Whitehall. You loose five cents by changing a shilling in the States, New York excepted.
- 18th Travelling from Whitehall to St. Johns cheap but slow. A Yankee was very impolite to me because I refused to be moved about like ballast, for him to trim his damned boat. I soon taught him his place. Its hard to meet a civil Yank unless he's after something; an Irish Yankee is still more abominable. Arrived Troy.
- 19th Left Troy at 6 A.M. Boat good, table excellent, scenery beautiful. Arrived New York 5 P.M. ten hours from Albany.
- 20th Went to Episcopal Church service. Where religion is concerned, Dublin is superior to any place I have been. In churches there you see consistency and real profundity of conduct. A Yankee generally thinks it sufficient to answer a question with a nod. He is civil if he says, 'I gas so' very polite if he says, 'Yes Sir, usually 'Yasz Siree'. Their excessive impertinence is so systematic. Trifles run away with money.
- 21st The last of the cargo was discharged at 10 A.M. There is a good deal of flour and grain, hope it will be finished by Saturday. I must never forget that if I come out again with a vessel as part owner and in the same way as this time my name be inserted in the ships papers as a person to be

consulted by the Captain. And with power to receive money direct from the charters and not thru the Captain, at his discretion.

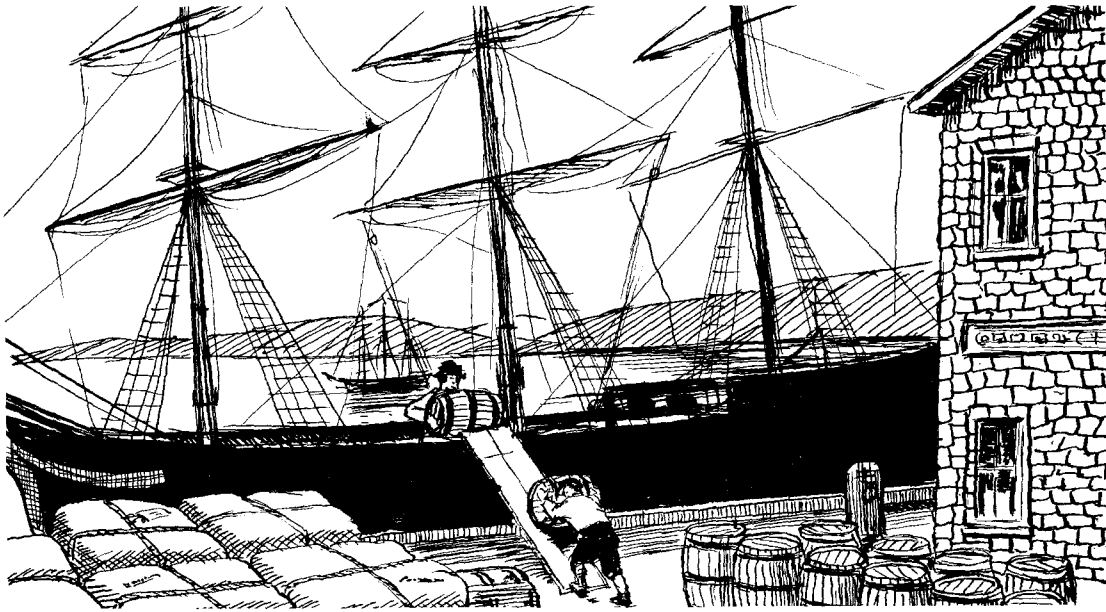
FitzGerald has treated me very badly in sending me out as he did without any power to transact any of the ships business and I must not forget to tell him so. Had Captain Hicks been like some of the other of his profession it might have been horribly unpleasant for me. Even as it is they seem to dislike seeing me come on board. Double dealing is disgusting. It is mean and abominable. A fool only, wastes money. Money is power.

Did Hicks think I had no money I would have very little respect shown me I am sure. I trust to have plenty yet, but never less than at present."



Chapter 14

STOCK TAKING



Four months have now gone by since John Evans entered upon his business venture. He has been learning a lot of things the hard way and lately has been doing a bit of stock taking. His over-all purpose of the trip was to familiarize himself with opportunities in Canada and the United States. He was only twenty-five and didn't have much, if any, business experience, but he didn't need much to see which way his adventure was headed. He had a lot of common sense.

He was having second thoughts about his partner, James Fitzgerald. It was plain that the Captain had been instructed to treat John Evans as super-cargo and no more. Rather a bad time and place for Adamson to discover this state of business relationship. He shrugged off the unpleasant thought by noting in his diary before turning in that night --- June 21st. "Neglected to have an explicit understanding with the hotel-keeper and now I find I am being mulcted high and low. Men are all the same, all will cheat you if they can."

It being now apparent that Captain Hicks had been instructed not to consult him regarding the obtaining of cargo for the homeward journey, John Evans decided to make the best of a bad situation by spending some time meeting charterers who had offices on the Exchange. He had written this trip off as a lost cause, but he determined to prepare himself properly for the next one.

Hicks, under instructions from FitzGerald was not only acting shamelessly towards him, but it was plainly evident that the Captain was double-crossing FitzGerald.

John Evans found himself in a hopeless situation. It was added to by the Captain deciding to go on a week's spree, leaving all hands short of cash. A notation at this time in the diary says, "Went to Harridens (the Charterers) for ten pounds which was readily given me and in about one hour met Hicks. He asked me a sulky manner, why I asked for the money, saying 'anyone else might have done the same'. Just as if there was no distinction between me and the steward or one of the sailors. One more instance why Hicks will be gotten rid of before another voyage".

And so while Hicks spent an ageless time, or so it was to John Evans, getting his cargo and making ready for the return trip to Liverpool, the junior partner spent his days going from office to office gathering information about markets and what things were best for the American market. He made friends with a Mr. Wright and a Mr. Strong, both charterers, and both full of kindly advice for the young Irishman. In the evenings he took in the theatres, seeing all the operas with not too much content . . . "The singing was, I dare say, delightful but the audience knew little about it and invariably applauded in the wrong place. Give me a good plain song, sung by Mrs. Woods".

He visited the museum and between times went to the dock and despaired at the time Hicks was taking. He saw the first tickertape parade when New York turned out to welcome the President. "Royalty could not have had more respect paid it". President Polk's appearance impressed and he felt great respect for him "as the chosen representative of so rousing a people as the Americans are". He invariably went to bed angry, either with himself or a cast of players he had seen. "Disgusting to see all their pieces performed in which the object is to burlesque the English".

New York at this time was enduring a heat wave, that made it too hot for him even to go to Church, which he very seldom missed. "The drawling of a Yankee clergyman puts one into a fever!"

On the night of the 28th, in an attempt to keep the Captain away from temptation, he took him to Palmos Opera House, but it all ended up in disgust. "They make our Generals, Statesmen and even Kings use their own disgusting, low Yankee phrases and peculiarities.

Hicks damns and sponges and is the biggest I've met. Curious anomalies you sometimes meet in this world!"

By his own admission he wound up the month of June very badly for we find him noting in his diary for the evening of June 30th. "Ended the day badly by playing ten pins with three tailors and losing nearly two dollars. OH FOOL".

On the first of July he had hoped the vessel would be ready to sail. When it was not, he called again on a couple of merchants to enquire about the price of Liverpool coal. On his way back to his hotel, he went into a bowling alley where he was invited to play a game. "I said I played very badly and he said he had never played at all. We accordingly went at it and he easily beat me and then acknowledged he was the owner of an Alley in New Orleans . . . That is what I call a real Yankee trick but as it only cost twenty-five cents, I would say the experience was worth the money".

John Evans was learning about more things than trade. What the effects of another ten days on the Bowery would have been, we are not given the opportunity to find out, for the Helena was towed from her wharf at 6 P. M. on the evening of July 3rd and "came to rest at 10 P. M. at Straten Island. On the morning of the 'glorious 4th of July' anchor was raised at 3 A. M. The pilot left them at 1:30 and John Evans looked towards New York and a great happiness came over him. What a feeling! Homeward bound! Standing at the Helena's rail that evening, he watched the 'Land of the Free' sink below the horizon. He noted the time . . . "20 minutes to seven; their Day of Independence; a Day they might well be proud of".

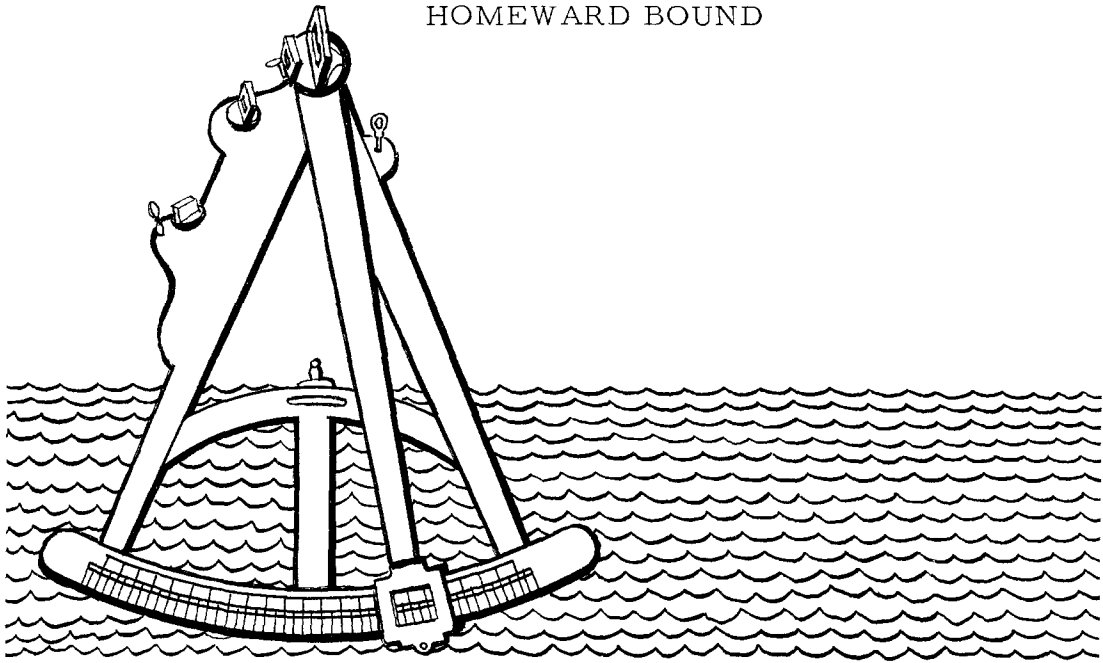
With the setting of the sun, a light, fair breeze filled the Helena's sails. Darkness spread over the sea and John Evans did what came naturally for one raised in the shadow of the Cathedral. He went to his cabin and gave thanks to the Almighty. That done he took his notebook and wrote . . .

"Would to God I could follow the example and precepts of my dear brother. How shocked would he be did he know what an irreligious life I spend. Since my arrival in New York I have never in all sincerity addressed a prayer to Him whose keeping we are in".

With his own shortcomings listed, his stocktaking was completed.

Chapter 15

HOMeward BOUND



John Evans swung down from his bunk on the morning of July 5th with a light heart. Appearing on the Helena's deck he took his pencil and wrote in his log, "A delightful morning, can scarcely contain myself at the prospect of seeing my dear brother and sisters again".

He had jotted down, while waiting for cargo in New York, a notebook full of facts and figures. "122 cents a bag for fine salt, 94 cents for coarse; Southport will pay seven dollars a ton for orrel coal; must not forget to have the coarse salt for New York put in half-sacks and sacks must be bleached - ten sacks to the ton", and numerous other things regarding discounts, freight rates and percentages for procuring shipments. Ruminating over his notes, he could not but conclude that the possibilities which he had set out to explore held a definite challenge.

One thing, however, was very clear, that being that he must be the master. This meant divorcing himself from James FitzGerald. How that was to be accomplished he, at this moment, had no idea. He had a six weeks' voyage over the waves of the Atlantic in which to think things out.

That evening, as he walked the deck with the first mate, the

latter suggested to him that he should learn all he could about a sailing vessel and navigation during the trip back to Liverpool. In the morning he went to see the Captain and asked to be assigned some definite duty. Hicks refused to enter into John Evans' plans and with a lot of insolence, tossed him his spare quadrant and suggested he 'amuse himself with that'. Maddening treatment for Englishman Hicks to be handing this young Irishman.

John Evans realized that words would only make his situation worse, so he swallowed his pride and sentenced himself to thirty days with the books he had brought aboard at New York. With his whole soul afire, he attempted to quench it with Marston's "Memoirs of a Statesman".

Poor John Evans! If he was forty or fifty, such a prospect as faced him might have been pleasant; we must remember he was a strapping youth of only twenty-five with a consuming passion to be doing things. We sit beside him and read his diary for the first week or two of his ordeal.

July

7th "Wind still fair but light. I must not feel discontent as it is in our favour. Commenced my French grammar today. I hope I have the patience to go thru with it.

Not a sail in sight. Weather very sleepy. Have been watching a mother carey's chicken or sometimes called a "stormy petrel". Its a relief to the eye.

8th Awakened this morning at 2 A. M. by the Captain calling all hands on board to take sail in which was accordingly done. The cause of his alarm being some vivid flashes of lightning which turned out to be from heat.

At 8 A. M. the boy Davey while doing something on the top fell asleep and while so, fell down on the cross-turns, a distance of about eight feet. He groaned so loud we thought he was killed but he turned out to be not much hurt.

9th Fine. Scarcely a breath, doing about 2 notts. Took an observation and found we were Lat. 38 24 min. More French Grammar today.

10th Pleasant little breeze today, doing about three notts. Should

bedding five. The sailing of a vessel should be one of principle points to look at. A good smart craft can make three trips in the same time a slow one is making two. Great savings in wages and food.

11th Sunday. Calm in the morning but our old three nott breeze sprung up by 8 A. M. Am ashamed to say that after reading the Psalms I went to fish for dolphin. Caught two - they are beautiful fish, but did not, when dying, according to my dull vision, realize the poet's description of them changing colour. They looked much more pretty darting thru the water after the flying fish or racing around the ship at night then they leave a splendidly luminous track.

Made a little Southing since yesterday. Began to-day to read Miles Wallingfords, 'Afloat and Ashore'. Were it not for reading how heavy my time at sea would be. May I never be without books and health and ability to use them.

Flying fish are beautiful. Some of them flew, I am sure half an English mile.

12th This morning at 4 A. M. sail was taken in, weather looked very threatening but it passed off with some heavy showers. Under a nice breeze 5 to 6 notts. May it continue.

13th Heavy rains and squalls last night. Scarcely any sleep from shifting about to keep the rain off. The roof of the house leaks delightfully but must put this down with other comforts of a life at sea. Shall be fortunate if there are no greater discomforts.

If I come out again I must have the water-closet door boarded up so that the Captain can't leave it open while he is there, which he usually does. What will not the selfishness of man impose on others!

14th Good strong six nott breeze with heavy showers.

15th Good heavy running sea, going six notts.

16th Calm this morning. Can't always expect to have fair winds. Lat 70-42 today. Took my dose of French. Finished Afloat and Ashore, quite good. A sea life is horribly monotonous.

God forbid that I should always have to follow the sea. As expected wind came around to the West at 4 P. M.

17th A beautiful westerly, going six notts. Saw sword fish.

18th Nice 5 nott breeze. The three barques we were running along with yesterday are all out of sight, which shows, if we did not already know it how much slower we are than the usual run of vessel. Another barque and schooner overhauling us.

This evening when walking with the mate about 11 P. M. a flying fish flew on board. I immediately picked the gentleman up and had him pickled to bring home. Who knows but Chris may eat part of it.

19th A N. E. breeze to-day. Not going our course. Can't last tho at this season.

20th Wind East to-day. Dead ahead. Smells like a southerly tho. Astounding how you get used to dirt at sea. You eat it even.

21st Fair breeze. I don't see how people could live at sea who are not fond of reading.

22nd Wind light but fair. Often wished I had Dr. Alfred here to laugh at. He would be invaluable on an East India voyage.

23rd Wind fair but light. 4th or 5th of August should see us at Liverpool. French grammar requires patience.

One's great enjoyment at sea is ruminating about far off places and scenes, when walking the deck.

I often think I would yet prefer Erin if well enough off to live there to Yankee Land or any place else. And Conne-mara for me before any place else in old Erin. For my fancy "Kill-Cottage" is the most delicious of all summer retreats. Who knows either Riffen or I may have it yet, as poor Smith has left it.

24th Creeping along very slowly. Very dull. There is nothing like the clang of the pumps for driving all romancing out of

your head. It has the sound of real reality which I defy the most sentimental to listen to without being unmoved.

25th Sunday. I like a fine Sunday at sea, everything appears so quiet and calm. One cannot help feeling more serious and benevolent than any other day. . . God keep me from cursing and lying, they are horrible habits. . . Sea life very dull. . It is not everyone who can read the entire day with pleasure. . Several vessels in view all going same course as ours and beating us.

26th to

29th Light contrary winds. To-day a Spanish brig came close along side and showed his Long. on a board. It was 30-30. Ours being 27-36.

And so John Evans tolled off the days in silent monotony. On the 30th, he satisfied himself that the Spanish brig was out on her bearings after a West India steamer signalled her bearings agreeing exactly with the Helena.

That same evening, he was surprised to learn from the Captain that the brandy was finished. This was of sufficient importance to call for an entry in his diary for the last day of July --

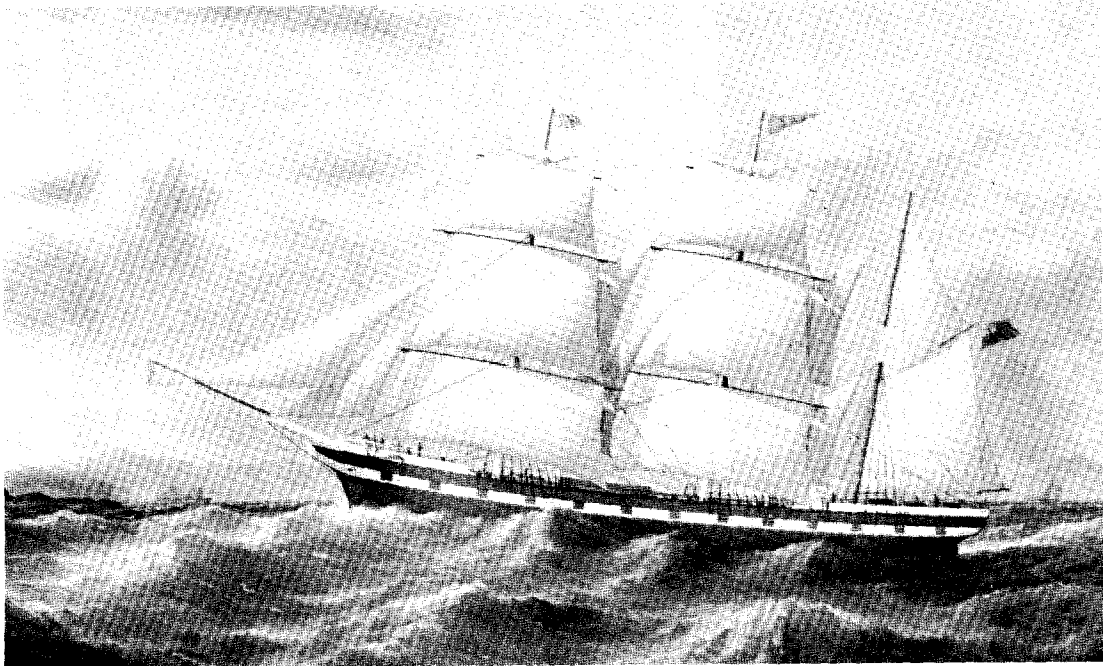
"A man loses more than he gains by such dirty little things. 5 gals were put aboard at New York. I never exceeded more than two norms a day. Three quarts for my share. The mate got none after the first day out. Rather an unfair distribution. What does he think he gains? He knows I like one hot glass at 8 P. M. Well - I must not let it pray on my spirits so, that's that".

July and the brandy ended together. August arrived and it was quite apparent that another ten days remained before he would reach Liverpool. Our "passenger" turned to his French grammar but his mind was so engrossed on compiling a list of "the dirty little things" that Hicks had done to him, that little headway was made. Shakespeare gave him greater comfort.

On the 4th a glorious breeze sprang up and with it John Evans' spirits. The Helena clipped along at 6 or 7 notts all thru the 5th, the 6th, the 7th and 8th and a reading on the 9th showed her to be in Lat. 50-41, Long. 9-33. "How delightful, should see the green hills of Ireland before the night closes in". That evening he wrote . . .

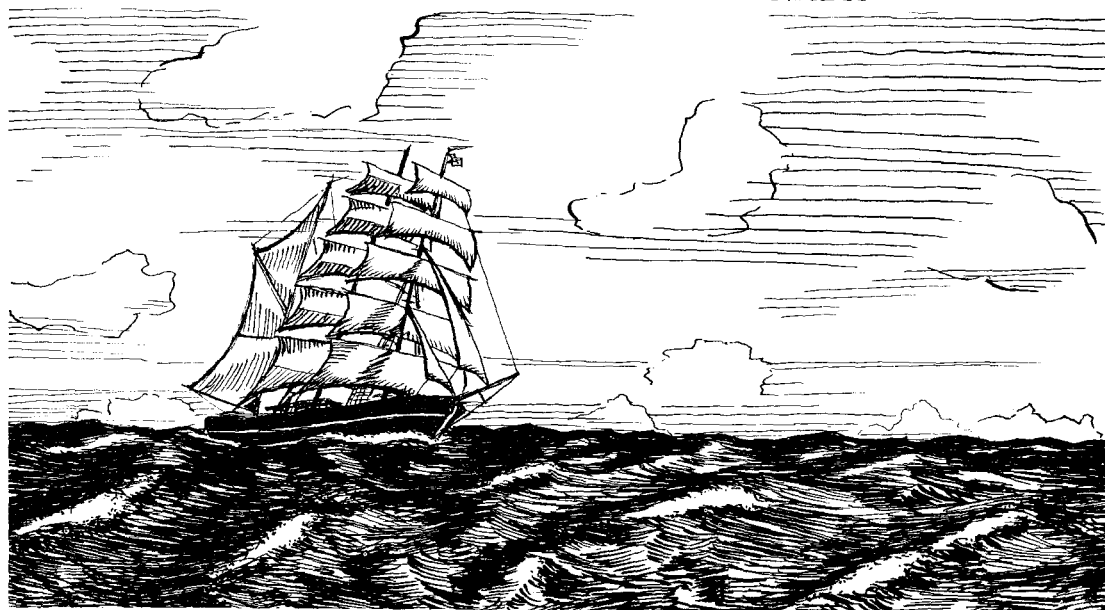
"As we get nearer home, I get more anxious to get there - to know about all. After all native home is predominant no matter how superior other countries may be in reality. 'ERIN GO BRAGH'."

With the sinking of the sun below the horizon, a Scotch mist arose out of the sea and his hopes of seeing old Erin that evening were dashed. In the chill and the fog he walked the deck that night conjuring many things. He recalled the many dreams he had had since his voyage to America commenced, most vividly of all was the one on the outward journey when he distinctly saw a man floating in the water and his own vain attempts to pluck him from the sea. The very next morning following this dream, little Stevens had fallen overboard and was lost. He was inclined to marvel at the prophetic character and significance of dreams. Were dreams a forewarning? With the thought of ominous dreams, he turned in for the night with Captain Hicks and James FitzGerald very much on his mind.



"The Helena clipped along at 6 or 7 knots with a running sea off Skerries Light"

Chapter 16
HOME AT LAST
and
A SECOND VOYAGE TO CANADA



At twelve noon, August the twelfth, the Helena berthed at King's Dock, Liverpool, thirty-nine days out of New York. Four months and two days had now passed since the barque had left this same dock on her maiden voyage to New York.

John Evans was pleased to find that his friend Raisbeck had put his name down at the Exchange News Room, entitling him to make use of its facilities. The first thing he did was to write to FitzGerald and his brother Chris, advising them of his arrival and asking for a meeting with FitzGerald. He had much to discuss.

While waiting to hear from his partner, he busied himself about the Exchange. He visited many brokers and was not surprised to find that there were many lucrative freight offerings. There being no sign of FitzGerald on the 14th, he repeated all he had done on the 13th. He spent most of the day at the offices of Polk and Bolt. They had some good offers for him for Quebec.

There was also some disturbing news regarding several unpaid bills that were held against the Helena. This was indeed disturbing as this matter was supposed to have been taken care of by FitzGerald; in fact, before sailing, he had left his share of these bills with the understanding that everything would be paid. On top of all this, he

discovered that FitzGerald had even neglected to arrange for adequate insurance. He shuddered at the thought of what might have happened. Indeed, there was much to discuss.

FitzGerald arrived on the 17th and it was not long before John Evans reached a decision. His senior partner informed him that there would be no accounting done until after the next voyage. He refused to discuss anything in the way of business until another trip was made, and "our losses recouped".

Captain Hicks also refused to make an accounting for the benefit of John Evans and, to add insult to injury, handed him a bill for monies he had received whilst in New York and which was chargeable to the Helena.

"And this after the way he sponged on me the whole of the time we were in New York," was noted in John Evans' diary.

The meeting with FitzGerald and Hicks came to a sudden ending and the junior partner set out that very evening for Dublin. The entry for the 19th of August reads ---

"Spent a delightful day with Chris, which ended in dinner with James Bell and Ward. Dublin is a beautiful city".

The morning of the 20th found him in Galway town, where he arranged a meeting for the 22nd with Mr. E. FitzGerald. The same day he went on to Clifden for a short visit with his friends and good neighbors, the Sheas, the McKnights, the Cullens and others. He had brought presents back from America for them all - an ox-yoke for Mr. Shea, some dress goods for Mrs. Shea, and a gift for Mary Cullen.

"What wonderful friends they are", he writes in his little book, and then in the same breath shows his pity for the peasants by noting ---

"The unfortunate people along the Galway-Clifden road look wretchedly bad as if nothing could recover them. Hunger and misery seems to have eaten away their very vitals, surely something could be done to help them."

His meeting with Mr. E. FitzGerald on the 22nd was very pleasant. Edward was an entirely different sort of person than his brother James. It was decided that it would be best for all concerned if

John Evans remained in the Company, and another trip be made to America with Adamson going along as business manager and Captain Hicks merely master of the barque.

The meeting with Edward FitzGerald concluded and John Evans left for Dublin with much foreboding in his soul. He had no faith in James FitzGerald and he was somewhat skeptical about the advisability of making a trip to North America at this season of the year.

The 23rd of August he notes in his book on the conditions in Dublin ---

"What a beautiful but deserted city, how different from the bustle and wealth of Liverpool. I can't be persuaded but what this condition proceeds from the want of a fostering home Government."

The queer anomalies John Evans found in other people, sometimes appeared in himself. In Ireland he was a true son of Erin, a great homeruler, and ready to question any decisions made and sent over from Westminster. In America, he was a Britisher first of all. Let him hear a Yankee, and especially an Irish Yankee, speak detrimentally of an Englishman and he is the first to fly to his defense.

The afternoon of the 23rd he spent with Joe and Chris. Ward joined them for dinner that night and the shipping business was fully discussed. His three friends saw him go aboard the Iron Duke that evening with his spirits somewhat raised.

His first meeting with FitzGerald in Liverpool appeared cordial but before the day was out, he was having second thoughts. There was smack of collusion between certain brokers and this nefarious character. To add to the questionable state of affairs, Captain Hicks refused to have his wings clipped by not being given any authority other than that of master. It was decided that the Helena would not sail for New York but would make a trip to Maritime Canada, Hicks used this as an excuse for not signing as Captain.

Another meeting took place between the owners and the Captain when in John Evans's words ---

"FitzGerald appeared looking as fat and vulgar as ever. He has as much confidence as if he was not very stupid - spends too much time trying to convince me that there will be no profit, etc."

Hicks, however, refused to go under the conditions offered and a new Captain was sought.

That evening another Captain was engaged ... a young Irishman, named James Berrill, from Drogheda. A cargo was contracted for to be taken Richibucto, a small lumbering port at the head of Northumberland Strait, just below the present town of Chatham, New Brunswick. The Helena began immediately to take on her ballast of "200 tons at a shilling a ton" and John Evans found himself busy.

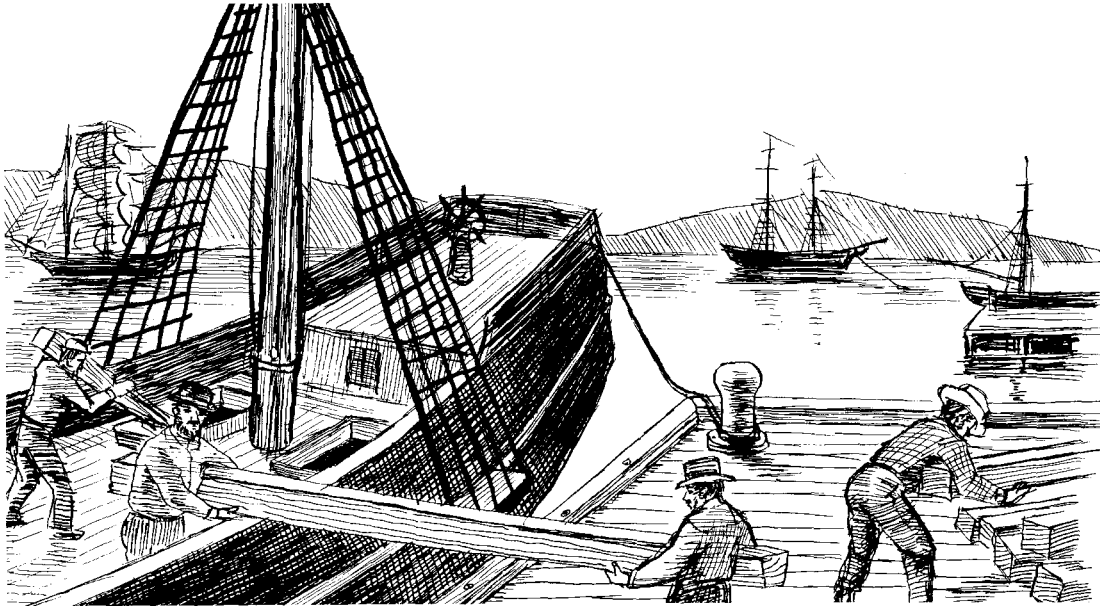
By September the 1st, the barque was ready to sail. Two thoughts were uppermost in the mind of John Evans - (a) Autumn weather and (b) FitzGerald's ominous prediction, "there will be no profit". Heavy westerly gales kept the vessel tied to her berth until September 4th. On that morning the Pilot took her down the Mersey and out into the Atlantic where, at six that evening, the skipper took command. A fearful storm arose during the night and morning came with all the passengers ill and a battered barque. For the Helena's business manager, the start was anything but auspicious.

I have John Evans's private log for the crossing but I will not give a day-to-day account. There were no deaths among the passengers but it was a long, stormy and very cold voyage. Our ancestor found plenty to keep himself engaged and the young Irishman from Drogheda turned out to be a capable and agreeable master.

Fifty-seven days out of Liverpool, on October the 21st, 1847, they reached Richibucto and lashed their vessel to the shores of New Brunswick.

Chapter 17

RICHIBUCTO



Few sights are more beautiful than the Canadian Maritimes in October, when the leaves present their final brilliance before winter sets in. John Evans and his young Drogheda captain marvelled at the beauty of the landscape but at the same time they realized that winter was not far off, and so lost no time calling upon Mr. Debrisay from whom they hoped to receive a cargo of lumber for the return voyage.

Debrisay, who appeared to have control of Maritime Shipping, advised Adamson that there would be a few days delay in getting the cargo loaded, after the Liverpool cargo was discharged. John Evans decided to take advantage of this delay and accompanied some of the passengers on an inland tour. They travelled as far as what is now the Town of Chatham and while some of them continued on, John Evans returned to Richibucto, entranced with the beauty of the country, and the prospect of getting the Helena loaded and on her way to Liverpool.

He was disappointed to find that his vessel was still discharging cargo and no effort was being made towards assembling the lumber for her return voyage. One delay after another occurred until he commenced to despair of ever getting away. He had now been tied up to Richibucto's pier for ten days and the costly delays foreshadowed evil.

On the last day of October his mail contained a letter from Chris that provided small comfort. This letter has been preserved and, inasmuch as it is now over a year since we have heard about the rest of the family, it may be of interest to be told what has been taking place with them. For a few paragraphs we will leave John Evans with his cargo worries, cooling his heels on the shores of Northumberland Strait.

Chris and the three girls are now living at a different address in Dublin. Maria you will recall married Robert Delmage and is now living not far from Montreal. I quote the letter John Evans received from Chris on the 31st of October, 1847. You will note it took exactly one month to cross from Dublin to Richibucto.

"23 Angus Street, Dublin,
September 30th, 1847"

"My dear Evans:

Here goes to chance a note to Richibucto, which in my mind, the post-man will never find. A letter never went to the place yet. However, if you do get this, be it known unto you that we are all in precisely the same condition you left us in, no move of any kind for better or worse.

Ward and I got safely back from Scotland, where we met with a few pleasing adventures and a great deal of splendid scenery. It is emphatically the land of Lakes. We returned by way of Belfast and heard George Payne preach, dined with him and left after dinner for Dublin. Ward was in a most nervous state for the last week of our trip, afraid he would be late for the bank. We arrived the very morning he should have been back.

George Payne has to leave his present Curacy and go to Carrickfergus as he had no other to go to, therefore it is lost to me. He thinks he may be leaving it sometime in the Spring, but I will not wait for that if I can get an eligible one in England or Ireland before then.

Joe has been in town for the last few days and desires me to remember him to you. He expects to be stationed here about November. I had letters from Maria and enclose one from her

to you. She wrote to me in a very gloomy state. She does not know when Robert will lose his situation as the funds for the work are failing. How miserable it is to be in such suspense, what a wretched life she is leading, one she was never intended for, and yet with what constancy she endures it. It is horribly uncomfortable thinking of the state she is in. She in her letter to me expressed a most anxious wish to have Isobella with her and that you would bring her out in the Helena.

She says she has no one to talk to - no society whatever. I wish she was at home. Enclosed you also have a note from Meikle Wright telling the state of affairs in Pulcany and certainly, his brother's Pat's direction to unriddle would require a most extensive knowledge of the geography of the United States.

FitzGerald brought the bundle to me. Miss Grayson (Lilly) has married a man of the name of Maxwell. Robert Tyroll travelled from Birmingham to Liverpool with a lady who had been taking a trip up the Rhyne with her brother. He had a good deal of conversation with her on divers subjects. At Liverpool he discovered her name and when it was familiar to him he asked her where she lived and who she was as the name was a familiar one in Scotland. She said she lived in Ireland and knew who he was very well and after making him guess several times she at length said, 'I am Margaret Adamson!' Robert had never seen her before. She and Toby were up the Rhyne looking for information regarding a law-suit he was engaged in as Counsel.

There was a great gale a few days after you left but you must have been well at sea. If you have the breezes which have been blowing here for the past fortnight you must be at your destination now, for they have all been easterly.

Florence and Georgia are in the country yet. Isobella is well and there is no news. Believe me, my dear Evans,

ever yours affectionately,
"Chris Adamson"

Do not forget to write from Richibucto, it is very probable I will not be settled before Spring. Fever is very bad here."

DELAY AND TROUBLE AT RICHIBUCTO

October passed into November and the Helena still found herself berthed at Richibucto. The delay was commencing to appear purposely arranged and John Evans suspected that the finger of James FitzGerald was in it. He now recalled how that gentleman had warned him that, "there will be no profit on this trip".

The ship's cargo had long ago been discharged and hauled away to coastal settlements. The crew had now lain idle for upwards of a month with their wages and food bill eating into any profit that there may have been, but still Debrisay kept finding excuses why the lumber was not being delivered. This man virtually controlled the shipping at this port and it was his scows that plied the coastal waters and carried the cargoes from the shallow harbours to the sea-going vessels.

Finally, on November the 25th, with the feel of winter in the air and some urging from his Captain, John Evans sought out another owner of a scow, a man called Holden, who agreed to get the Helena loaded. Immediately the first load was taken to the moored Helena, a chain of events was set off that might have ended the Helena's shipping adventures on the coast of New Brunswick.

We return to John Evans' diary for the happenings of November 26th . . .

"This morning I received word from Debrisay that he would like to see me and I immediately went expecting anything! Upon my arrival at his place of busines, he commenced by telling me that Holden was not capable of giving me advice or assisting me with the cargo. I replied that I was not asking Holden for advice but that he had treated me in a very gentlemanly way. His manner then became quite insulting and I told him that it was no one's fault but his own that the ship was still here instead of being loaded and half-way home.

"Then he told me my assertions were absolutely false and with that I walked up the steps, where he was standing and told him he lied. With that he made a motion as if to push me off the steps - when of course I gave him a clout on the face. The stevedores and his men separated us and when one of his men did push me off the steps I took the ox-whip out of his hand and struck him across the face.

"That was the end of the fight, there being no blows struck except the two I got in. I left him wiping his nose and went to see my friend DeBlois and asked him to represent me should anything arise. He very kindly undertook the office but said I should let the matter stand as I appeared to be the aggressor and as Debrisay was a man of some importance I must await his challenge. Up to the present he has done nothing and the barque is continuing its loading by Mr. Holden."

There is very little more to tell regarding John Evans' second voyage to Canada. We hear nothing of Debrisay. The Helena was finally loaded by the 3rd of December after a six weeks' stay at Richibucto. FitzGerald's prediction of "no profits" looked as though they might come true.

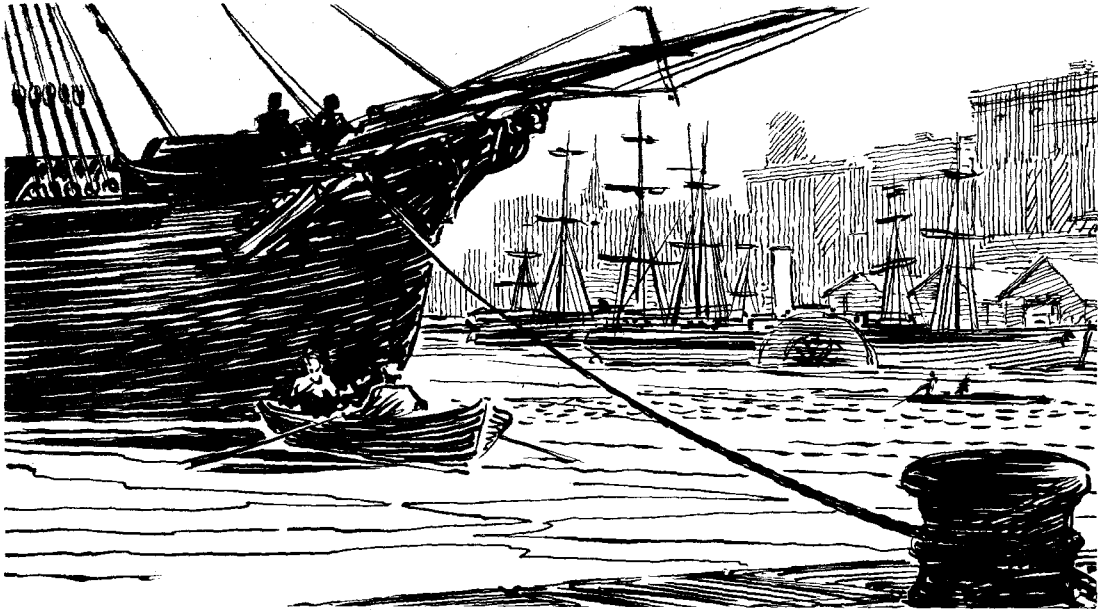
With all the excitement, the diary of John Evans was neglected and there are no further entries, save a few remarks regarding the first mate's sore thumb which was broken as the last of the cargo was being hoisted aboard.

On the 8th of December, after receiving settlement for all accounts, the Helena put out to sea, homeward bound for Liverpool. John Evans had familiarized himself with more things than shipping.



Chapter 18

JOHN EVANS DISSOLVES HIS PARTNERSHIP



The Helena returned to Liverpool in January of 1848. I have no record of what took place but the partnership with FitzGerald was immediately dissolved. What financial loss was incurred, we can only surmise; there must have been considerable.

In earlier pages I may have, in the reader's opinion, stressed too greatly the age of John Evans and led you to believe the final outcome of his shipping venture was perhaps the result of his immaturity. I feel I would be remiss if I do not say that this is not my opinion. One hundred years ago children went to work as soon as they were able and by the time they were in their teens, they were considered men and women. This perhaps was not so evident in the class of society to which our family belonged and to them it would be safe to say that their heads matured earlier than their hands. A man was considered old at forty and certainly matured at twenty. By this reasoning, it is safe to say that John Evans was matured, in all things, after his experience with FitzGerald.

He entered into partnership with FitzGerald at a time when business did not worry too much about ethics and FitzGerald was a man who possessed an economy of truth. His was the choice, to mock or to keep the Divine Law. He parted with FitzGerald stronger than ever in the belief, "As men sow so do they reap".

His last Sunday evening in Liverpool was spent at St. Judes Church. There he listened to the Rev. Hugh McNeil preach on this very subject ---

"The anger we create will rend us; the love we give will return to us. Biologically, everything breeds true to its type; moods and thoughts just as much as birds and beasts and fishes. Rage will beget rage and go on begetting it. Those countries of the future we must carve out of the humanity of today, and begin building them up ---"

That Sunday evening John Evans boarded the boat for Dublin with these words ringing in his ears. In the morning he stepped on Irish soil believing profoundly in the future of Ireland. Though Protestant, he was always a Nationalist - overnight he had become an extreme one! As he walked down beautiful O'Connell Street to his brother's home, he was sure Ireland was his "Isle of Destiny" and that his future awaited him in Connemara.

Throughout their history Irishmen have always wrought better for others than for themselves. John Evans was no exception. It is not supposition on my part to say, that by the Carbery 'moiety' settlement, he possessed certain entitlements. What they were, I do not know, but now we hear of him doing another unusual thing. For some reason, not explained, he signed a document relinquishing any rights he possessed in the moiety to his brother Chris. Chris at this time was Curate at Killeshandra and desirous of marrying the daughter of the Dean of Ardagh. Whether it was his Irish nature and deep brotherly love that prompted him to execute such a document, or whether there was pressure from another quarter, I do not know. One can only suppose. The Dean was a prominent person in that part of Ireland and, no doubt, like most divines in the higher echelons of the church, saw to it that his daughters married men of worth as well as family.

Well, be that as it may, the document was signed. I have been told by others that they have heard my father and my Uncle Alan, who became the lady's god child, refer to their aunt's father as the "Wiley old Dean of Ardagh". Far be it from me to suggest "motive" on the part of anyone, though I may say in passing that the minister of God perhaps had a better concept of the complexities of this ephemeral life, than the young Connemara landman, now home from the sea. A present day Adamson youth, with all their ease of tongue and manner, would perhaps end the "moiety" discussion by saying

The wiley old Dean of Ardagh
Had a daughter the Curate ne'er sagh,
Till she held on her marriage,
His bonds, and his carriage,
And the Dean had the Deeds in his clagh!

I am perhaps doing the Dean a great injustice and I will, therefore, not pursue the subject further.

I have not the date of Chris's marriage but I believe it to be centering on the year 1850. The Dublin home would by then be given up. Georgia had married the Rev. George Payne, the old family friend, and was by this time living at Carrickfergus. There were no children by this marriage and Georgia died quite young. Isobella married G. S. Mears, Jr., of Dublin and Florence married H. C. Fletcher, also of the City of Dublin. That is all I know about our great aunts.

Chris became Curate at Killeshandra and we are to hear very little more of him. The great attachment between the two brothers remained as ever strong and we read a letter that Chris wrote to John Evans after the arrival of the latter's first son on February 18, 1856.

A few months after this letter was written, Chris died. That his death was unexpected, there seems little doubt. I have heard it said that he died in Malta, but I do not think so, as he was buried in the family plot in St. Andrews. He left only his widow, Elizabeth Emily.

Christopher Adamson was the last of the family I have mentioned earlier in my story, to be buried in St. Andrews in the family tomb. The slab, enclosed within an iron railing, bears this inscription . . .

"Here lieth all that is mortal of
REV. CHRISTOPHER ADAMSON
formerly Curate of Killeshandra and
Doyle, great grandson of the 5th Lord
Carbery, who departed this life in the faith
of Christ and love of God, July 31st, 1856,
age 35 years. Here also lie the body of his
father and mother and of his Grandfather
REV. C. ADAMSON LLD, died March 1798
Here also are the remains of Frances Elinor
Adamson, died March 6, 1820 and of her
husband the Rev. Alan Bell LLD"

BOOK FOUR

Wild, beautiful Connemara

A changeless land whose past will be eternal!

It is, of course, to be noted that an error was made. Frances Elinor was the wife of James Adamson and mother-in-law to the aforesaid Alan Bell.

CONNEMARA

Connemara! the Land of the great King, whose acres and ways of ruling over the people were said to be endless. He made his own laws and challenged and defied all others. Connemara! the Land of smugglers and caves and murders, and men such as the O'Grady's of Hoy who for a tageen of whiskey would yell the hills flat.

Even today curiosities are aroused at the mention of Connemara - not only on account of its wild scenic beauty but for its people as well. It is said of the women of Connemara - "proud women, all beautiful, they might be Queens". The stories that have come out of this land "would warp the hinges of credulity".

Mention of the name O'Grady brings our own family to mind. The Hoy O'Gradys were Catholic and should not be confused with the Limerick Protestant family who were mentioned in my story some chapters back, and a son of whom generations later was to marry an Adamson.

These Hoy O'Gradys lived on an island by that name off Ireland's west coast. The island was one vast closet, full of rattling skeletons, a hide-out for pirates and smugglers - the O'Gradys being hand in glove with both. Longhope Castle and Hoy Keep, according to local gossip, witnessed rape, pillage, incest and murder most foul. Down

the years it ran a close second to Sligo Rock, on the mainland, and Sligo holds the championship for dastardliness.

For the greater part of the last century, a peculiar ceremony was enacted each year by the householders of Hoy. The fire on every hearth but one - that at the Castle - was damped out by saturating it with the blood of a lamb. For twelve hours, from sunset to sunrise, no matter what the temperature, no other fire burned on the island. Then the chief O'Grady bore a flaming brand to each cottage to re-light the hearths. This was to show the supremacy of the O'Gradys over the natives on the island. In 1870 the last O'Grady of Hoy died and the rite was buried with him.

And so the stories go. Of mermaids and fairies, of banshees and duels, all mingled together with Connemara and Dick Martin. "Hair-trigger Dick", who cared so little for his own life, or the life of a man, but so much for the life of animals; who fought more duels than any man of his day, or anyone's day.

The land of undulating stone walls, loosely built and half fallen down and upon enquiry you are told "and sure why shouldn't they be. I stacked stones since I was a spalpeen, only to have the ragin wind tumble them down, half over me. Faith, and didn't my old women die on me from carrying stones to mend the chimney".

Some pages back, I expressed surprise that John Evans chose Connemara to Westmeath in which to settle. After reading such books as - and no doubt he had read them - "Letters from the Irish Highlands", "Wild Sports of the West", and others, it need not be so surprising.

John Evans returned to Connemara and within the next two years saw his dream "of someday possessing Kill Cottage" come true. By 1851 this cottage and two hundred acres of hills, valleys, bogs, and stoney ridges composed the estate. A wild beautiful stretch, within sight of the Atlantic, and in the shadow of the "Twelve Pins" that are today photographed in Irish travelogues. Here it was that the traveller, home from the sea, settled amongst his friends and here it was that he brought his bride some four years later.

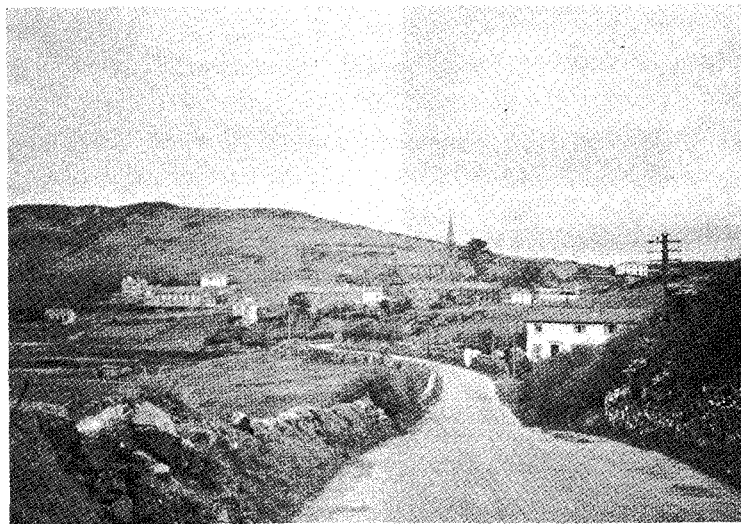
John Evans Adamson and Harriette Bell, daughter of Alan and Harriette Lucinda (Adamson) Bell, were married in 1854. I cannot tell you anything regarding the courtship or the wedding ceremony. It has to be assumed that John Evans made several visits to Banagher,



Country side outside of Clifden showing stone houses with thatched roofs.



Country around Clifden



Clifden

her, to the home of Mrs. Bell, and that the wooing and winning of Harriette's hand and heart had its difficulties.

Mrs. Bell had then been a widow for over sixteen years. She lived with her four daughters at Cuba House, where her oldest son, the Rev. James Bell, was Headmaster of the Royal School. There is no doubt that she approved of her prospective son-in-law but she would have grave concern for her daughter who would be leaving the comforts of Banagher for the wilds of Connemara. Indeed, she had it first hand from no less an authority than the Dean of Ardagh, that it would be a troublesome place for a girl such as Harriette to reach, let alone live.

The marriage arrangements, with the "imaginary" worries of Mrs. Bell and her sisters, must have had some embarrassing moments for John Evans after the rugged life he had lived. No doubt I am being unfair to these kind ladies when I say their worries were imaginery; actually from their point of view there was reason for concern. The matter was taken up with the good Dean and his promise secured that letters would be sent to his clerics along the way. Let me quote a few lines by Maria Edgeworth, covering exactly the same route that Harriette would take ... A letter to her brother, Pakenham, reads ---

... "We did not reach Ballinasloe (about 12 miles north and west of Banagher) till it was almost dark. There goes a story you know, that no women must ever appear at Ballinasloe Fair; that she would be in imminent peril of her life from the mob. Be that as it may we were allowed to drive quietly through the town; and we went quite through it to the outskirts and stopped at the Vicarage. And well for us that we had a letter from the Dean of Ardagh, else we might have spent the night in the streets.

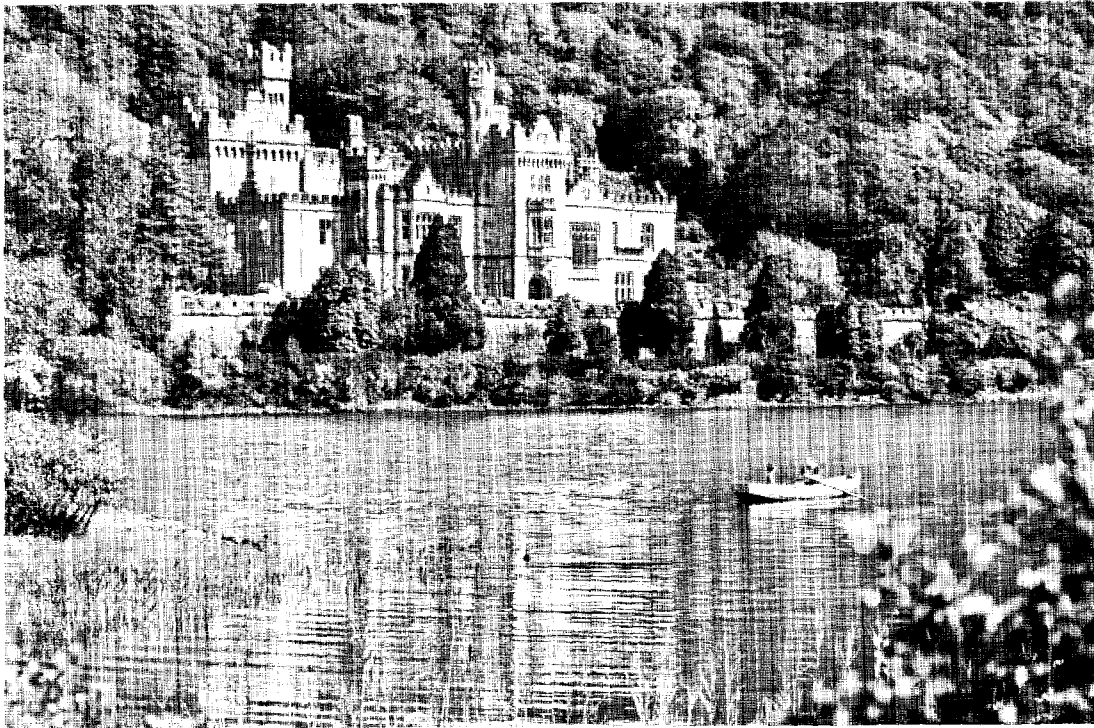
"Next day to Galway and still it was fine weather and right for the open carriage and we thought it would always be so. Galway, wet or dry, and it was dry when I saw it, is the dirtiest town I ever saw and the most idle and desolate. Here we spent the night. So the morning came and a fine morning still it was and we set out, thinking to reach Clifden this evening. We inquired how far it was to Ballinahinch Castle, where the Martins lived and which I knew was some miles on this side of Clifden. I wrote with ink on my card with Miss Edgeworth on it, my compliments, a petition for a night's hospitality, to use in case of our utmost need. The Scotchman at the Inn had mentioned we would have some "bad steps".

"The first bad step we came to was indeed a slough. The horses the moment they set their feet upon it sank to their knees, and were whipped and spurred, and they struggled and floundered, and the carriage sank and sank. The postillions leaped off, and bridles in hand gained the shore, and by dint of tugging and whipping and hallooing, with everyone shouting in Irish and English we were got out and were on the other side. Further on we might fare worse from what we could learn, so we got out of the carriage and said we would walk. And when we came to the next bad step, the horses seeing it was a slough, like the first, put back their ears and absolutely refused to set foot upon it, and they were the postillion agreed, quite right; so they were taken off and left to look on, while by force of arms, the carriage was to be got over by men and boys, who shouting, had gathered from all sides, from mountain paths down which they poured, and from fields where they had been at work, or loitering; at the sight of the carriage they flocked to help - such a carriage they had never seen before - to help jaunting cars over the bad steps they had been used to. But this heavy carriage! 'Sure it was impossible, but sure they might do it'. They talked and screamed together, and in spite of all remonstrances about breaking the pole, pole and wheels and body they seized and jumping from stone to stone or any tuft of bog that would bear them, they, I cannot tell you how, dragged, pushed and screamed the carriage over. And a great giant, of the name of Ulick Burke, took me up in his arms as he would a child or a doll and proceeded to carry me over, telling me to be easy and I'll carry you to the other side all in good time.

"Just as we reached the bank he stumbled and sank knee deep, but threw me, as he would a sack, to shore. I confess, Pakenham, I was frightened nearly out of my wits. My scattered senses returning, it now occurred to me that it would be desirable for me to avail myself of the card I had in my bag, and beg a night's lodging at our utmost need, for though it was still broad daylight, it was evident we were not going to get to Clifden before dark ----"

That no doubt is the kind of trip that Mrs. Bell pictured was in store for her daughter, and which no doubt was. I have related it not only because it gives us an idea of what travel was like in Connemara, but also it makes mention of the Dean of Ardagh and the Martins and Ballinahinch Castle, people and a place that John Evans and Harriet often visited during their lifetime.

If this was a fairy tale, it would be nice to end it here and now by saying "the good fairies got them through the bad steps and they lived happily ever after". It is not a fairy tale and for the next decade and more, the fairies and the banshees lived on even terms.



KYLEMORE ABBEY This magnificent castellated mansion stands near the shores of Killary Harbour, in the heart of Connemara, overlooking three lakes teeming with fish. It is the home of the Irish Benedictine Dames, and is a girls' boarding-school in winter, a guest - house in summer. Not far from here is Ballynahinch Castle, old home of the famous Martin family of which Dick Martin (variously known as "Humanity Dick" for his work in founding the R. S. P. C. A. and "Hair-Trigger Dick" for his prowess in duelling) was the best known.

Chapter 20

KILL COTTAGE AND KILL HOUSE



The slight flutter of prosperity in Ireland, caused by England's participation in the Russian-Crimean war, did not last long. The war was over and the tariff bars were up. 1855 saw John Evans and his bride commence farming operations under difficult conditions. It is not difficult, however, to write his story. His pencil and his little notebook were ever present at end of day and he has left for us an accounting of his years spent in Connemara.

Each day his diary gave expression for his abiding Faith and the joy and inspiration he found in living amongst his cottiers and neighbors. His creed can be found in the words of Edwin Markham -

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast -
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of man is cast.



"Kill House" c 1869

Harriette
Arthur Frances John Evans Jr.
 William (missing Chris) Alan
 James John Evans

Some old account books, now yellowed by age, have just come in to my possession. They give a methodical accounting of what went on at KILL from the day John Evans returned to it, until the evening of the day of his first and, what turned out to be, his last illness. "Each morning saw some task begin - each evening sees it close."

Every day's work is accounted for and the name and the recompense of the servant or cottier who performed it. Difficulties are never noted but work 'well done' always carries a marginal notation and the performer rewarded with an extra tuppence or shilling. To paraphrase an anonymous poet, he ---

Watched the sun set in the west without regretting;
And hailed its advent in the east - the night forgetting;
He smothered care in happiness and grief in laughter;
And held the present close - not questioning hereafter;

The year 1856 was a memorable one in the lives of John Evans of KILL and his wife Harriette. Their first child was born on February 18th. For this event, Harriette returned to her mother's home at Banagher. Before she returned, the great tragedy of Charlotte Bronte Nicholls' death had occurred at Hawarth.

Harriette returned to Kill Cottage in April with her baby. The boy was christened Arthur Christopher in honor of his paternal grandfather and his uncle, the Rev. Chris Adamson. The year was made more memorable when tragedy struck again, in July. On the last day of that month, the Rev. Chris died, at the age of 35.

In 1857 another son, Alan Joseph, arrived. Two years later the third son was born and christened John Evans, in honor of his great grandfather, the fifth Lord Carbery.

By this time space at Kill Cottage was becoming cramped and a larger home was required. The labor for Kill House was supplied by cottiers of KILL farm. The house was completed in 1861 and was a stately mansion. It was constructed entirely of stone and contained ten large rooms. Much sweat and muscle went into its completion.

It will no doubt be of interest to the reader to be able to read what did go on at KILL a century or more ago. We can chose a week at random from the account books kept by John Evans the week of April 23, 1860

John Hanne and Johnny Hanne attended to the milking and carted seaweed for turnips, John Berry and Pat Burke sowed carrots and cut and spread seaweed for turnips, M. Carravan and Jas. Flaherty boated home turf and threshed oats, J. Nyland attended cattle, girls cut and spread seaweed, Brian Flaherty herded sheep For the week they received five shillings ten pence a day! And so the weeks went on clipping lambs, thatching roofs, settling slip for launching boat "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing".

In 1861 the first and only girl arrived and she was christened Frances, no doubt after her maternal aunt. It is about this time that we first hear anything regarding the social life of the district. We have already heard through Emma, wife of the Rev. Alan Bell, that Harriette "has at last obtained a governess to assist with the children". A room in Kill House has been set aside as a class room. Arthur and Alan would be old enough to commence their schooling and that was part of the duties of a governess.

In 1862 another son arrived and christened, strangely enough, Christopher Arthur, and in 1863 still another son to be baptized William.

It is about this time that we have another social note. It tells of a garden party being given in honor of the Queen who is visiting Connemara for the first time. The party was at Ballinahinch, the home of the Martins.

It seems that the attention of the Queen was attracted to a very small and pretty little child who had broken away from a very excited governess. Noticing Her Majesty's interest, one of the ladies-in-waiting inquired of one of the Queen's Irish Aides who the child was. The Aide, much to the delight of the child, picked her up and carried her over to the Queen. The Queen, greatly interested, chuckled the child under the chin and asked her if she had a kiss for her. The child did and then hurriedly scrambled free and rushed across to her bewhiskered father, who was sternly viewing the episode from the side-lines.

The child, you may have guessed, was little Frances and the Aide, Captain "Joe" Adamson of the 38th Regiment of Foot. That, I may say, was the second Royal kiss received by the family. Frances's grandmother, about half a century earlier, in telling of her trip to England, remarked, "and the little old Queen kissed me and I learned

to speak high English". She was referring to Queen Charlotte.

The foregoing today, one hundred years later, is indeed a pretty story. Beautiful or not, a very embarrassed governess returned in the carriage to KILL that evening. In those days there existed a well-bred conformity, that had less loopholes in it than the laws of the Medes and Persians, and this was that "children were seen and not heard". There need be no doubt but that Frances's display of early mental development would be considered almost unpardonable by John Evans. The only thing that could have possibly saved the governess was the presence of lovable "Old Joe", who seems to have been all things to all people, in or out of trouble.

One more child was born to Harriette and John Evans. He was christened James. The family was now a replica of the first family to be born in Ireland, that of John Adamson and Elizabeth Tyrrell, both families having six sons and one daughter.

Large families in Ireland are and always have been the rule, rather than the exception. Children from the cottages had little schooling but went to work, tending the flocks, stacking stones or digging turfs from the bogs, as soon as they were able. With the gentry it was different; schooling was the first requirement and the tutor, who sometimes had his own school, was well known.

Since the commencement of this story, I have done considerable generalizing on the social and political aspects of Ireland, and I seem to have made no attempt to catch the day to day life of a family such as those raised by any generation of Adamsons. Outside of the parents there was no one more important in rearing of a family than the village school teacher and the village preacher.

Our old friend, Oliver Goldsmith, makes this abundantly clear in his poem "The Deserted Village". Let me quote a few lines on his estimation of these two worthies.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind: or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
T'was certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson ow'd his skill,
For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Good old Oliver, he certainly gives us a complete picture of the Village school teacher, of one hundred years ago; he knew him well. His verse on the Village preacher is no less picturesque ----

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
.....

The sentiment expressed so aptly by Goldsmith in that poem, gives atmosphere for the letter I possess of my father's, written just exactly, I would say, one hundred years ago. It has no date nor place of origin. It is written on a little sheet of ruled paper about four inches by six inches and says:

my Dear Mama

I have been wish-
ing to write to you
this long time and
~~as~~ as today is wet
I am going to do it
Has Papa bought the
pony yet. I hope
little Pamchissy

Letter from Arthur

and Fannie are well
and you and papa
too. I

I have no more to
say but to kiss
the little ones
and give my love
to papa give
fond love Arthur

The little letter, written in a small boy's hand, suggests that both Arthur and Alan were away from home attending school. They could not have been more than six and seven years old, as it is apparent that the three other children to be born to John Evans and Harriette had not yet arrived.

I recall, while visiting in Ireland during the first World War, Alan Bell took me to a small village, several hours drive from Portadown, somewhere in County Mayo. We stopped at a thatched cottage where he introduced me to a very polite old lady, who must have been well over eighty. When he told her I was from Canada and the son of Arthur Adamson, she became greatly interested in me and asked question after question, but always in such a courteous and dignified manner. Looking over into one corner of the little mud floored room, she remained silent for what seemed the longest time, then looking at me said, as if to herself, "Poor little Arthur, he did his sums there".

Over a mug of some sort of brew, which she poured from an earthen jug, she told me that she had come to that cottage many years ago with her husband, who taught the children of the gentry. I left, promising to visit her again and which I regret to say, I never did. The little home-made bench and desk which I saw in the corner of the room was, no doubt, where the little letter was written.

Meanwhile the work went methodically on at KILL farm. One of the chief sources of revenue during the 1860's was the dairy herd. The Town of Clifden was dependent on KILL for its milk supply, as is evidenced by some chance notations.

From time to time, attempts were made to find a market for produce such as wool and mutton in England but the bars were up and fastened. Ireland and its vast majority of people were still entirely dependent on the potato. The great care given to the potato fields and to the growing crop makes it quite clear that the potato, sometimes referred to as "that root of poverty" had to be preserved in order for them to exist.

It is far from my intention to infer that all Ireland's poverty can be laid at England's door. What the real feeling was towards England by such Protestant people as our own relatives, is actually of no interest to this history. John Evans of KILL certainly felt the unfair trade and tariff walls. His great loyalties, so amply displayed while he was in America in 1847, seem now at times to become frayed. I

have already referred to him as being a prodigious reader of good books of all sorts. One wonders as to where his love lies when we note what that pencil of his has done to Thomson's poem "Rule Britannia". For the benefit of our United States' relatives, who are citizens of that great country, I will present some evidence which they might conclude to be "shattered loyalty".

For those who are not familiar with the words of "Rule Britannia", I will quote from this little, well thumbed book of poems, whose verses carry the tick of John Evans's pencil.

RULE BRITANNIA

.....
.....
The nations not so blessed as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shall flourish great and free,
THE DREAD AND ENVY OF THEM ALL.

It was here that John Evans's pencil, like the pen of that first ancestor Patrick, was taken out and drawn through that last line, and in its place, he has substituted

"THE BIGGEST TYRANT OF THEM ALL"

The great respect John Evans had for his neighbor and his fellow-man is evidenced by looking in his accounts book and seeing the same cottiers employed by him throughout their lifetime. Son has sometimes replaced father, or daughter replaced mother, but he cared for them all as though they were his children. Let's look at another week's work, seven years after the one we considered some pages back. We find the same families, to wit:

Week of June 24th, 1867:

John Berry spent the week making hay, Val Burke cleaned mangles and Owen King attended to the milking assisted by Peter Carravan. Pat Murray hauled turf for Tom and George Corbett who spent the week at turfing roofs. John Hanne, Lemmy Burke, Tom Joyce, John Mullin and John Sweeney did work about the yard and assisted in making hay. The men received the same rate of pay as they had seven years earlier, that is, ten pence a day.

And so the work had gone on at KILL. Year after year with the

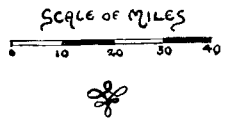
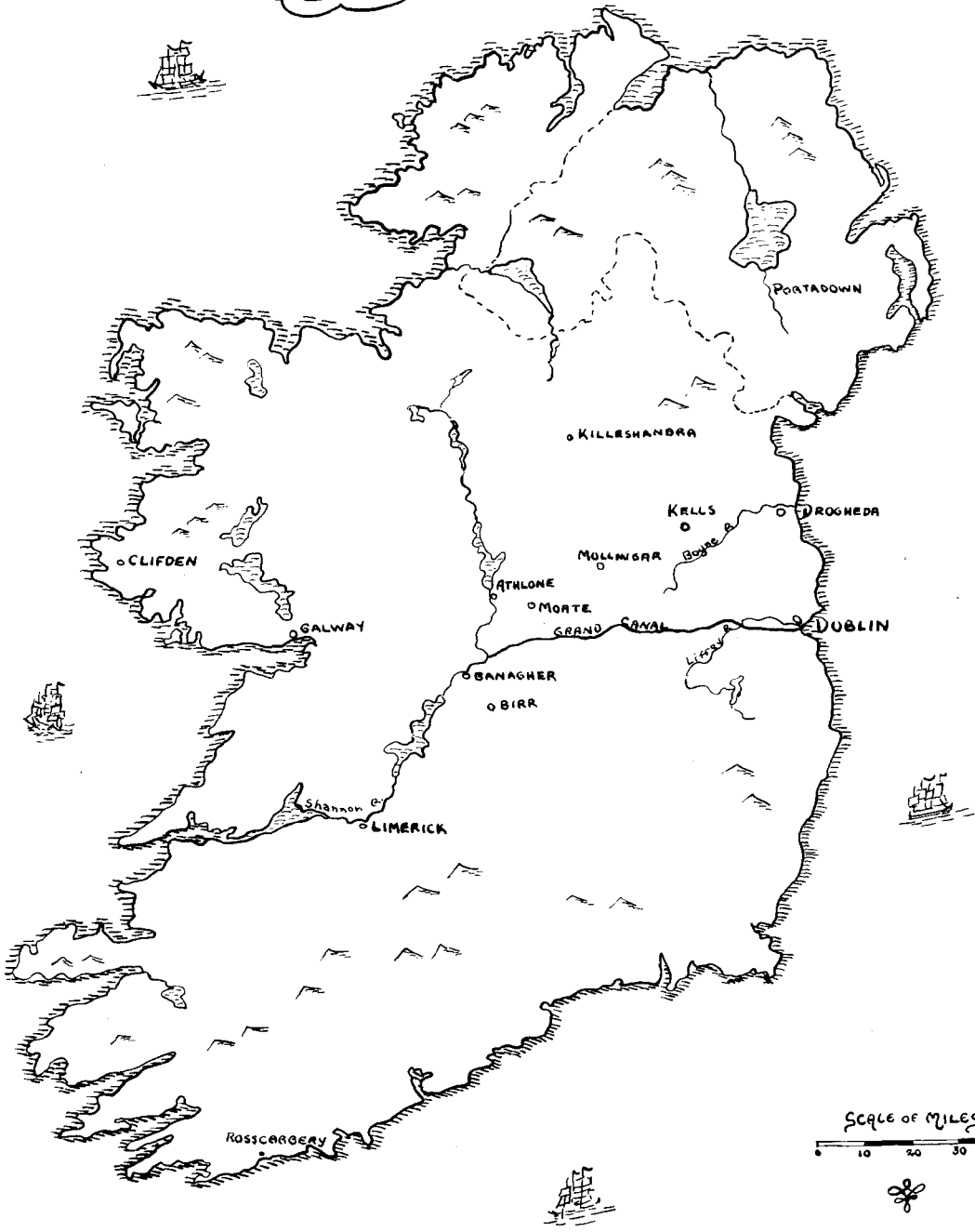
Berrys, the Burkes, the Kings, etc. and every day something was attempted and something done and recorded in the records. We are even told that on January 15, 1867, "Norma and Speed, two greyhound pups, out of Fairy, were born". On January 31, 1868, the early potatoes were sown and on April 12, the last of them were planted and from then on, every week, until the digging in September, the potatoes received fertilizing with seaweed or "moulding", which no doubt we refer to as hilling or hoeing.

Everything was done by many men, and all by hand. We see where eight men spent six days sowing rye, but by way of evening up, we also see where a shepherd sheared fifty sheep in one day and another cropped the lambs.

On Saturday, September 4, 1869, the Berrys, the Burkes, five girls and five boys and some extra men finished "reaping the oats" and after the notation of the record, John Evans has entered a big "Good work" and we notice in the wage column, they were paid off with an extra shilling, making one and ten for the day.

And now from the record we must assume that John Evans was taken ill on Saturday, September the 11th, 1869. It is the first week for fourteen years when the activities of the week were not enumerated. The hours of work and the wages are recorded and his last entry is of the hours of work of four girls showing they had earned nine shillings and fourpence.

A MAP OF IRELAND





Tomb of John Evans Adamson

Chapter 21

JOHN EVANS - IN MEMORIUM



The American Civil War had greater repercussions in Ireland than it did in England. When that war was over, another wave of emigration flowed toward America. John Evans, however, gave no thought to emigration. His decision had been made and though all of Ireland had its back to the wall, there was hope of better things to come.

When 1869 arrived, Ireland's hopes were high. William Gladstone, an Irishman, had been elected Prime Minister of England, on a platform of a Home Government for Ireland. This gave promise of great things for Irish industry and trade.

If, through the election of Gladstone there were better things in store for Ireland, John Evans did not live to see them. He died two months after the Liberal Government's election. His death, at the age of forty-seven, took place at KILL, on October 5, 1869.

Fate played many a trick upon him. A man who went from childhood to manhood, without the chance of youth, it seems. Born with feet to walk in far off places, whose aims were high-but, through circumstances, achievements few, he was far from being a failure. As Moses did not reach the Promised Land, but died at the mountain-^{top}

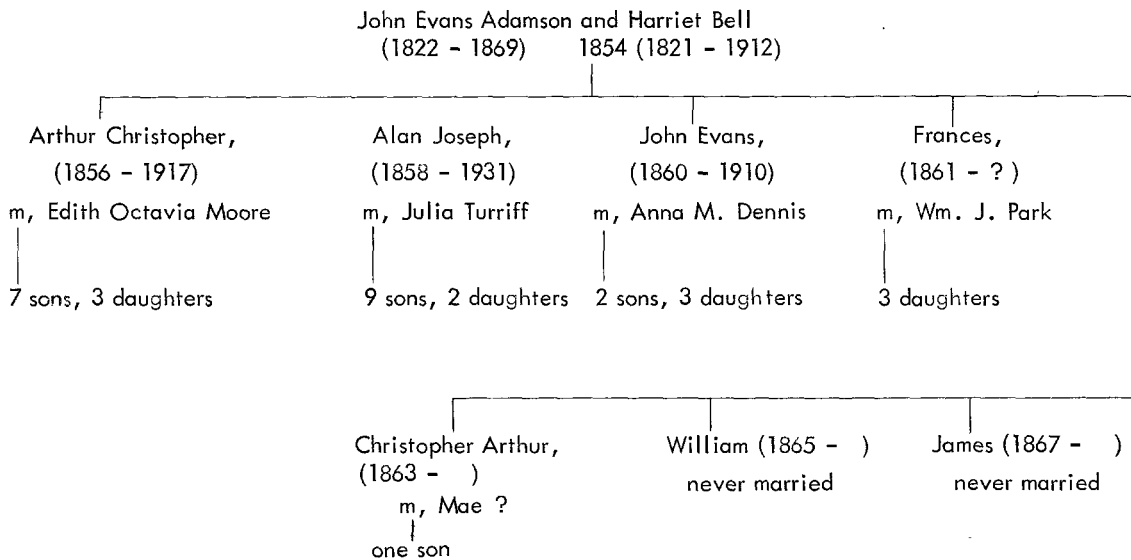
viewing his dreams from afar, so died John Evans.

In spite of his rebuffs, he remained true to his beliefs - gentleman of God and a lover of his fellowman. No finer tribute could be given than that conveyed in the words, etched in granite above his grave, and placed there by his friends and neighbors.

John Evans lies alone of all the Adamsons in the little graveyard at Clifden, in the barony of Ballynahinch, beneath the soil of his beloved Connemara.

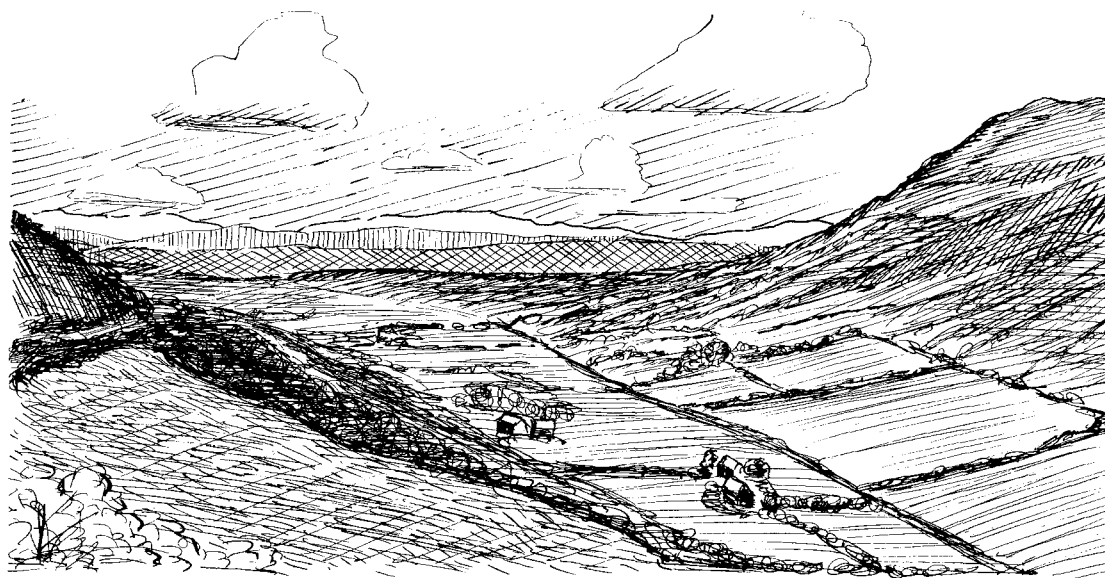
Walls forever faced him, but by his code, walls were but challenges - obstacles to be scaled. He left a legacy of flesh and blood and added lustre to the name.

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 8



Chapter 22

THE FAMILY RETURNS TO BANAGHER



That an era had closed with the death of John Evans, there is little doubt. Poor Harriette found herself with a grey head on green shoulders, seven children, the oldest of whom was 13 and the youngest 2, and a host of kind friends.

I have no first-hand information of what took place at KILL. I set down here only what may have happened. Harriette's brothers, Joe and James, had no doubt come from Banagher, and in all probability, Captain Joe Adamson from Dublin. The farm would have to be disposed of, and that, on account of the economic situation then prevailing, would present a problem.

A buyer, in the person of a Captain Thompson, was eventually found and KILL was sold. Few people possessed any cash and the disposition of the farm followed the practice of the sale being made on a crop share basis. What this amounted to I do not know, but I have lately been told that KILL was again sold, this time to the Land Commission for twenty-four years' rents. Here I might say that the Land Commission subdivided it among the tenants. Kill House was left with two acres of ground and acquired by Mr. E. G. King. He in turn sold it to his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. It is being used today as a summer tourist resort and a very beautiful

place it is.

Harriette and the children returned to Banagher and the boys were enrolled at Cuba School, whose Head Master was their uncle, the Rev. James Bell. We can imagine that the peace and quiet of the whole of Banagher was awakened after the arrival of this lively bunch of boys from Connemara. Many stories have come down concerning their boyish pranks. We are later to hear of the three oldest attending school in Dublin; whether this was a cautionary move towards the over-all defense of Banagher is not clear but the suspicion is there.

Banagher and the Bells were synonymous with peace and quietness. The troublesome times, when "Bell's Banagher Fensibles" had been raised to keep the peace, were now long passed. The battle of Vinegar Hill, when the Rev. Alan had worn his uniform, was all but forgotten and a more tranquil spot could not be found in all of Ireland.

Mrs. Bell (Harriette Lucinda) had moved out of Cuba when her son James took over the Headmastership and, after living in a town house for a short while, had moved into the Hill House and taken with her, her daughter Mary and Arthur Nicholls, whom Mary had married. It was a most hospitable house where all the family were received with the warmest of welcomes.

Many young cousins met there to work off their exuberance by dancing and picnics on the Shannon. There were plenty of ministers and maiden aunts to keep them in line as well as their great uncle, Colonel Joseph, whom they all loved and respected. Each evening the Rev. "Joe" came in to lead in family prayer.

It was to this home that Harriette and her seven Connemara children came. This was only temporary and it was not long before the three oldest, Arthur, Alan and Isnie (John Evans) were sent to a tutor in Dublin and Frances was enrolled in a private girl's school to continue her French and piano.

In Dublin the family had many relatives. In Rathmines suburb, lived Colonel Joe with his son Robert and his daughter Minnie. The Tuthills and the Tyrrells, who were their kinfolk, held important posts and had their homes in the city. I was told very recently by a Trinity Medical graduate, that he had often heard his father speak of a Mr. Jim Adamson who tutored him while at Dublin University.

We hear of the three boys attending a Saturday matinee with their tutor, Professor Tyrrell, who quite likely had his own school as well as a chair at Trinity. That the three boys were real representatives of Connemara's ruggedness, there is little doubt, for we hear of the tutor suggesting that they spend their holidays with their grandmother at Banagher "so that the winds of God may blow through you".

It was during one of these visits that we hear of the calm of Hill House being a bit disturbed. It appears that when their aunt (widow of the Rev. Alan) returned from her husband's Regimental south seas posting, she brought back with her two parrots, one of which was given to the Hill House. The boys, especially Isn't, soon discovered that the bird was a very apt sort so far as vocabulary was concerned. He became so fluent under young John Evans's tutorial system that it became necessary to remove him from the room, or cover the cage when guests were present or during the hour of family prayer when their uncle, the Rev. Joe, came to lead in their devotions.

The story goes that during one of these hours of prayer, when all eyes were supposed to be closed and all hearts open, Isn't, the Connemara devil, quietly reached up and lifted the blanket from the cage and the parrot, apt pupil that he was, immediately screeched "AMEN JOE AMEN!". It was not recorded what happened after that.

Other stories have come down and they all tend to show that the boys, including Chris, were not the "run of the mill" type, but were above normal in intelligence and initiative.

An incident occurred once when this latter quality, though somewhat questionable, was displayed. It seems that while they were attending Cuba School, an individual came to the school door one day begging. The master told him to be off before he called the police. The beggar turned, then stopped and picked up a rock and hurled it at the master, who ducked, to have the stone crash through a window. The boys then came to the rescue and seized the villain and threw him to the ground, whereupon the master instructed them to hold him while he hurried off to get the police. However, when the police arrived, they discovered the boys "had made a deal" and let him go. It was "logically" explained that they had made an honest beggar out of him, for when they freed him, "he really did have nothing, not even his trousers!"

We who were to become the children of these boys, I am referring to Arthur, Alan and Isn't, have often marvelled how well educated

they were, though none of them were university graduates. For myself, I have never met men who could converse so freely and intelligently on any subject, though they were specialists in none. They were scholars, of the type of master that Goldsmith described, and had a solid grounding. They were prodigious readers of good books and had been taught to read effectively. They were cast in a brave mold and the society of brilliant men was never out-of-bounds to them. One learns a lot by listening and this they had been taught to do.

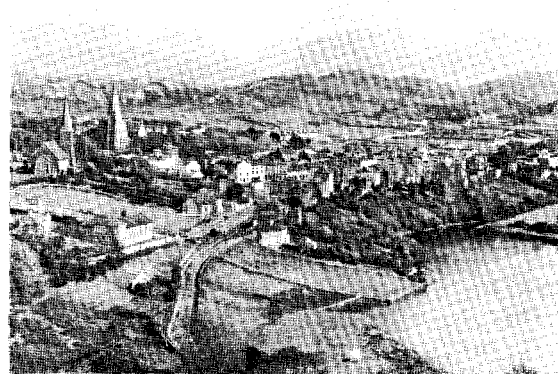
THATCHED COTTAGES, CONNEMARA: On the edges of bogs, amidst the green hills, and along the rocky coasts are hundreds of cottages - thatched and white-washed - with the grey smoke of peat fires rising from their chimneys. Many of the cottages have such wide fireplaces that several people can sit in under the chimney beside the turf fire.



COLLECTING TURF, CONNEMARA: In Ireland today there are still vast stretches of this ancient romantic land where the old ways are still the best. In Connemara, under the blue shadow of rocky mountain ranges, the patient donkey brings home the turf sods which have been skilfully cut and stacked to dry in the summer months, and which will warm the thatched cottage of the fisherman, during the winter ahead.



CLIFDEN and the "TWELVE PINS", Connemara, Ireland: Clifden is the "capital" of Connemara, the region of wild and rugged grandeur stretching westward from Galway City to the Atlantic, and dominated by the rocky mountain range of the Twelve Bens which rise from a coast line fretted and carved into hundreds of rocky inlets. It was this region that John Evans Adamson chose to come to in 1847. A monument erected to his memory by his friends may be found marking his grave in the churchyard of the Anglican Church in Clifden.



BOOK FIVE

1873 And Emigration

I have left you behind,
 In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
 With the best of God's hours
I have left you at last.

Dora Shorter.

Chapter 23

1873 AND EMIGRATION



Well - time marches on. Gladstone, though he had won his election on a "Home Government Plan for Ireland", had not yet made good his promise. Ireland's future appeared as bleak as ever and again the thought of emigration was in the minds of many.

Christmas of 1872 saw the family gathered at Banagher, at the home of their grandmother. Their ages at this time were -- Arthur Christopher, 16; Alan Joseph, 15; John Evans, 13; Frances, 11; Christopher Arthur, 9; William, 7; James, 5. Their mother was 48 and their grandmother 71.

Granny Bell had been a widow for over thirty years. Unlike many of her friends and most of her relatives, she had lived her life in comparative comfort. She was, at this time, still very capable and energetic and although she had never to sweep a room or put coals on a fire, she had none the less been confronted with many family problems that often called for wise decisions.

Her "Family", by this time was a large one. Alan's widow, Emma had been home from King Williamsland for some time and now had three growing sons, Willie, Arthur, and Alan, to find a future for. Her second son, the Rev. "Joe" had a family of six, dependent upon

the meagre pittance of a minister's stipend. To these were added Harriette and her brood of seven Adamsons.

The three oldest Adamson boys had returned from their Dublin school with tales of emigrants and stories of their country's poverty. The steamship had now replaced the sail. Canada, they told their mother was now only twenty days away, instead of forty, as it had been for their father. The boys, though only in their teens, had Connemara granite in their bones and had confided in their mother that they thought their only hope was to join the flow of emigrants to the new world. Just as Connemara had become a persistent and inescapable idea with their father, so had Canada now become to his sons. They had inherited tremendous faith in themselves, that faith so conspicuous in their father. Tales, coming back from the new world, of hardships and privations, only added fuel to their fires of desire.

When their mother presented the proposition to their grandmother and their uncles, all hands were against it. "They were much too young" so their opinion went, and besides they must finish their schooling and go on to university! This, they were told, could be done with their grandmother's assistance.

And so the Yuletide holidays of 1872 passed and the boys, by force or persuasion, returned to their Dublin school to doodle with their pencils while Euclid's Theorems and Latin conjugations drummed a distant beat. Winter turned into spring and the flood of emigration increased until the word was in the mind of every youth.

Those spring days at school were dreary ones. Their desks served only for their bodies. Their minds were far away drawing fanciful pictures of the two voyages to Canada their father had made. To the Maritimes, a place called Richibucto, and where everything seemed now to be going into decline. To Montreal, where he had written in his tiny note-book, "Its not the place for settling in". Westward their minds travelled, through the fishing harbours on Georgian Bay, through the settlement where Lake Superior dumps its waters at Sault Ste Marie, and on and on until another settlement was reached and marked on their minds map as the Red River Settlement of Assiniboia. From there the land, once all ceded to some Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay by that Merrie Monarch, Charles II, and now known as the Hudson's Bay Company, seemed to go on endlessly, Mile after mile to the west stretched the prairie. Three hundred miles away was Regina, then a pile of buffalo

bones, and called so by the Indians. As far again was Edmonton House. There was no Calgary, nor was there a Vancouver.

The days dragged on at school. The dreams continued. The Easter Term was about to end when on that very day John Evans was awakened from his reveries by the stern voice of his tutor and fellow kinsman, James Tyrrell, "Adamson", it was saying "try that again". Qui Transtulet Sustinet!" and then added as an afterthought "that, incidentally, is the motto of one of the New England States, perhaps you had better exchange it for your own".

When the Latin incident was repeated by Isnie to his brothers it only served to bring about another night's discussion this time commencing with horticulture and ending as usual with emigration. The tutor's whimsical remark sparked their determination to a blaze. Their roots so deeply planted in Ireland's soil, to be sustained, must be transplanted. When they returned to Banagher for the Easter holidays, the die was cast. A disappointment was in store for John Evans.

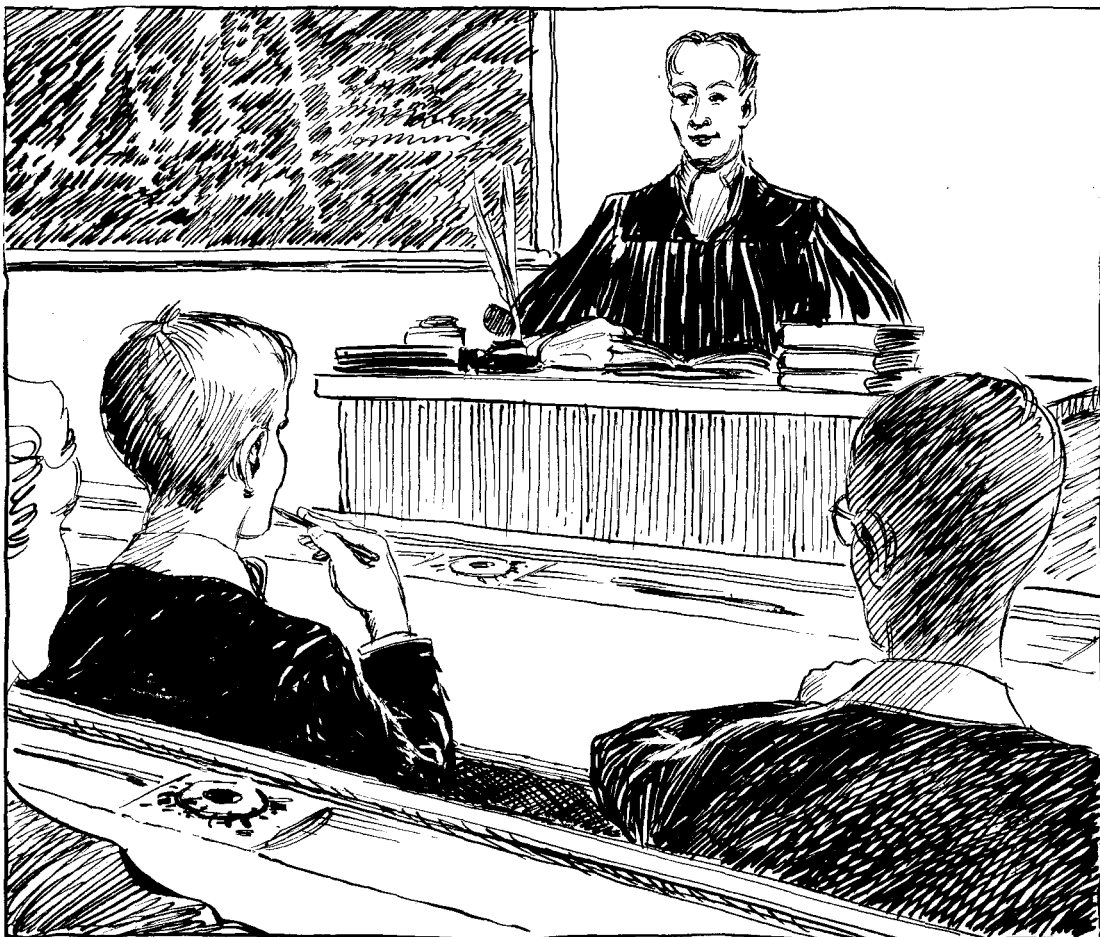
On their arrival at their grandmother's home the question of emigration was immediately taken up with her and their mother. After two days of discussion, Arthur's and Alan's determination finally, though against her wishes, received their grandmother's blessings. She agreed to give the two boys what financial assistance was required, but she would not under any consideration, agree to Isnie's going. He, in her opinion, was much too young and must continue with his schooling.

John Evans was beside himself with disappointment. It took all the persuasive powers of his four reverend uncles and his great uncle, Colonel "Joe", who was now a man of 62 and retired from the Army, to pacify him. In fact they never did. His brother Alan was 16 - 'anything he could do, I cando as well' he argued. He, however, could find no backers. That emigration age of 16, was put to storage in his mind. We will have to wait to learn how long he kept it there.

Arrangements for Arthur's and Alan's emigration were completed and May 8th, 1873, saw them, with a host of others, boarding an overnight steamer, from a Dublin Quay for Liverpool. The following day they were going down the Mersey, aboard the steamship Pearl, bound for Quebec, a port on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River.

That evening they stood at the rail and watched their green Isle fade into the gloom. What thoughts were in their minds? What tides of fortune awaited them?

"Far beyond the broad horizon, hidden
from your view,
Isles of treasure and of fortune are
awaiting you.
There they lie for those who have the
courage to explore,
Setting out on stormy waters for a
distant shore."



Chapter 24

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA



Rev. Wm. Agar Adamson

I will pass silently over the boys voyage across the Atlantic, following the same sea-lanes that their father had 25 years earlier. Judged by today's standards, it would be a long and wearisome two weeks. Arthur and Alan, however, would be comparing it to that earlier trip of the *Helena* in 1847 and, no doubt, considered they were travelling in comfort, if not in luxury.

This time their ship was bound for Quebec instead of Richibucto. Although the port of Montreal was fast taking away Quebec's shipping, nevertheless, on account of the rapids in the St. Lawrence above Quebec and the late spring ice in the river, many ships still called the port below the Plains of Abraham, the end of navigation.

Since the commencement of this family history, I am aware that many of the things I have recounted were of necessity conjectural, while others came to me second-hand. The generation now arriving on the shores of North America are parents of a generation, who are for the most part, still actively engaged in life's pursuits. They are not the first Adamsons to come to this country. I have told you that the oldest grandson, (Rev. William Agar), of Christopher of St. Marks came to this country, with Lord Sydenham in 1840, as Chaplain to the Queen's Forces. He was later to join, what we now call the

Civil Service, and to remain here. I have also told you that Maria Adamson after her marriage to Robert Delmage migrated to this country to remain in 1846. They settled in the district of Belieul, near Montreal.

I have no reason to believe that Arthur and Alan had made, before leaving Ireland, or had any intention now of attempting to make contact with any relatives. They were definitely on their own and apparently intended to remain that way. That, I think is an Irish characteristic. We are, as a race, the least emotional of any with perhaps a greater degree of independence. I suppose that is but natural considering Irish history.

In order to retain the chronological aspects of the family's history I will leave Arthur and Alan cooling their heels on the Gaspé coast while I return to the year 1840 and to William Agar Adamson. He and his eldest son, James, were so deeply connected with the "behind the scene" activities which led to the confederation of this country that I must again return to history.

The curriculums offered in our educational institutions today appear to de-emphasize the importance of history and geography. For those of you who may be interested, let me say a word about this country a few years before, and a few years after 1867 - the year known as the year of Confederation.

Prior to 1867, this vast stretch of land, rock and water, comprising over four and one half million square miles, was made up of the four Atlantic Provinces - Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. North and west of these were two more, Upper and Lower Canada and now called Quebec and Ontario. Quebec was almost entirely French speaking while Ontario was for the most part, Anglo-Saxon.

West of Ontario was another vast stretch of country, usually referred to as The Northwest, and included the District of Rupert's Land, whose administration came from a fur trading company, called the Hudson's Bay Company. What is now British Columbia, was just a British colony, served only from the Pacific Ocean.

Each province had its own government and its own troubles. They squabbled amongst themselves, with their mother parliament in London, and with their border neighbors to the south, over trade and boundary treaties.

Since 1840 attempts had been made to find a solution to their many problems by joining in some sort of Union. It was not until 1863 that a meeting took place at Charlottetown which led to the holding of a Convention at Quebec in 1864. The people attending have become known as the Fathers of Confederation.

The best remembered names are John A. MacDonalD, George Brown, Etienne Tache, Georges Etienne Cartier, all from Canada. From Canada also was D'Arcy McGee, whose name is connected with the Fenian raids, of which mention will be made later. From Nova Scotia came Charles Tupper, "Joe" Howe's great rival. Pity they both lived in so small a province as history is to show there was not room for both. From New Brunswick came Leonard Tilley and Prince Edward Island sent J. H. Gray. Newfoundland refused to take part.

The Convention drew up 72 resolutions which became the basis for the present Canadian Constitution. They also became the basis for the bitter Confederation Debates. Opposition came chiefly from the French. They feared absorption. Lower Canada was not alone in disquiet. Prince Edward Island didn't like it and sent a petition to the Queen; New Brunswick made it an election issue and the ballots snowed it under. In Nova Scotia, Joseph Howe set that province against it and Newfoundland never listened to it at all. Unity was out of the question. The country was much too sectional.

By 1865, thoughts of confederation were forgotten. Then came the end of the Civil War across the border. The word Fenianism was heard. Thousands of Irishmen and Irish sympathisers were drilling under the closed eyes of the Washington Government. Talk of invasion was everywhere. A Republic of Canada would be formed to avenge the wrongs of Ireland. Thinking north of the border quickly changed. The invasion came but it only amounted to some raids that were quickly put down by Loyalists. It, however, caused another election in Canada and returned John A. MacDonalD on a promise of better terms for the Maritimes.

The grandstand seats that the Atlantic Provinces had occupied during the Civil War, over States Rights, made them more receptive to MacDonalD's terms. When he offered to throw in, as a sort of "boot" that "useless" stretch of country - without consulting the people who lived there - from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick nodded their acceptance. Prince Edward Island refused.

In 1867, the British North America Act was passed and a new country came into being with what John A. claimed "a continental look". The Act contained no clauses for amending. This could only be achieved by Imperial statute. The Fathers closed and locked the Confederation door and threw the key into the St. Lawrence. In no time, the Union brought dissatisfaction to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Act denuded them of their revenue and left them without powers to do anything about it. For at least a generation - indeed they still do compare federation to the lion's den; the tracks all led in, none could be seen coming out!

The birth of confederation was by no means as simple as the foregoing sounds. I have told you that the labor pains attending this birth had been going on since 1840. Without boring you too much with British North America History I would ask you to refresh your memories by again reading the "Durham Report" of about 1838. The report was pretty definite but neither the Whig cabinet, nor its successor, the Tory government of Peel were anxious to accept the Colonial Secretary's findings without reservation.

In 1839, Charles Poulett Thomson was asked to go out to British North America and reconstruct the Durham report. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Sydenham and in 1840 arrived here. He was a cocksure little man, a former President of the Board of Trade in the Cabinet of Melbourne, with plenty of drive and not too concerned with democracy. And with him, as chaplain came William Agar to be followed a year later by his wife and eight children. It was the oldest of these sons who was to be responsible, as a behind the scenes power in the shaping of this country's future.

The seat of Government at this time was in Montreal and it was here that William Agar lived as Chaplain to the Senate and H. M. Forces. He was later to become our country's first Parliamentary Librarian and it was during this period he became so well known to both ruler and ruled.

A well known Canadian authoress, writing of Dr. and Mrs. Alphaeus Todd, another and later Parliamentary Librarian has this to say about our ancestor

". I do not know when Dr. Todd was appointed Librarian but think it was after the death of the Rev. Dr. Adamson, who was a personality seldom met with.

"The doctor belonged to a class of persons who are now almost extinct as Great Auk's eggs. Tall, remarkably handsome, and belonging to the best type of Irish gentlemen, he was one, who if he had five thousand a year would spend five thousand five hundred. A very keen sportsman, especially of fishing, but, alas, was everlastingly getting into debt, and being visited by the bailiff; and there is a story about them, that after one of the bailiff's visits, Mrs. Adamson, who was as beautiful and witty as he, taking him by the arm, and walking around their dismantled rooms without saying one word until their peregrination was ended turned to him and said: "Well, Billy, my boy how much do you think your salmon cost you a head this year?"

"Everyone loved the Adamsons, but realized they had stepped out of one of Lever's novels, and the stories about that family are unending, for their children inherited their wit and uncommonness." End of quote.

Dr. Adamson was the author of several books, one on fishing which is looked upon as a piscatorial classic. It is humorously written and very enjoyable to those with a bit of Isaak Walton in their makeup.

Dr. and Mrs. Adamson had their sorrows as well. During the cholera epidemic of 1848 they lost four of their children. They were buried in the Military Grounds on Papineau Rd. but were later moved to the Montreal Protestant Cemetery and their grave markers can be seen there to-day Sec. B No. 542.

Of the three surviving daughters the oldest was Sarah and she married the Rev. Walcot. There is a story about her to the effect that she heard the shot that killed D'Arcy McGee and saw the fugitive running away. Mrs. Walcot did not belie her ancestry, the story goes, she used to have most glorious hair and when her husband died, plaited it in two long braids, cut them off and put them in the coffin; she said he admired her hair so much, no one else should ever see it.

Another of the daughters, Charlotte Knox married O'Grady, a family who I have mentioned in an earlier chapter as coming from Limerick. Another daughter married Lindsay; a great grandson Gordon C. Lindsay, recently retired General Manager of the Toronto General Trust, lives with his family in Toronto.

Dr. Adamson died the same night as D'Arcy McGee, August 7th, 1868. His wife Sarah died April 25th, 1883. They are buried in Montreal's Protestant Cemetery.

The monument at the head of William Agar Adamson's grave bears the following

"This monument is erected to the memory of the Rev'd William Agar Adamson by his Excellency the Right Hon. Charles Stanley, Viscount Mouck Gov Gen'l of British North America and other friends in the public service of the late Province of Canada".

Dr. Adamson left his oldest son, James, to carry on the name. I cannot do better than copy his obituary that appeared in an Ottawa paper, in which city he lived from the time the Capital was moved from Montreal, until his death May 26th, 1891.

"The Late James Adamson

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die". When Georgina, Dutchess of Devonshire died, Charles Fox said; 'We have lost the best heart in England'. Very much the same expression will spring to the lips of every man, woman and child in Canada who knew James Adamson and who hears that he is dead. This very sad event took place at 11:30 on Tuesday night, after an illness of a painful character extending over two or three weeks. Notwithstanding that the illness lasted so long, the death seems sudden to his friends for up to the day he felt compelled to place himself under medical care he seemed in robust health and spirits. He attended the opening of parliament, was present in his office; and was active and as cordial as was his habit, in greeting his friends of the Senate and the Commons. Then he succumbed to the illness which suddenly grew alarming and which, after a period of painful anxiety has terminated in his death.

"Mr. Adamson's Life

Mr. Adamson was the eldest son of the late Rev. Agar Adamson D.D., who was for many years the chaplain and Librarian of the Legislative Council of Canada. He was born at Birr, King's County Ireland, 15th, of October, 1826, and was consequently in his 65th year. He came to Canada in 1841.

In 1863 he married the daughter of the late Stewart Derbyshire

of Quebec. In 1842 he entered the service of the Legislative council and continued in that service until 1867, when on the establishment of the confederation, he was made clerk of the journals of the Senate. In 1882 he was promoted to be the clerk assistant of the Senate, a position he filled at his death.

This is but a bare and brief record of a long official career, but as a rule, official careers do not offer many opportunities, for adventure, or for distinction; the work is done quietly and privately; it is mainly the record of the policy and proceedings of public men, who, in the nature of things, not only assume, but deserve, the credit, as they must bear the responsibility. Public men, however, are really seldom ungrateful, even for the routine service, which facilitates their own proceedings; and few men had more sincere friends among parliamentarians than the late James Adamson.

"Some leading characteristics

In his public position no man could have been more earnestly desirous of seeing the right thing done well. His courtesy and helpfulness towards men in public life was unflinching, and he may be said to have had a personal friend in every man who has had a seat in the Senate since confederation.

As a churchman he was sincerely earnest and active in that good-natured, cheerful and ever jocular manner which was natural to him, but which was invariably all the more good-natured when the thing he felt bound to do was to likely involve him in dispute or controversy. His charities abounded: he was not a rich man or anything approaching to it; but he gave freely and he gave willingly, and, above all he gave with a kind heart, and a kind word, as if he were obliged for the opportunity of doing a good action. He also had the faculty of engaging other people in his charitable objects with as much cheerfulness as he himself exhibited.

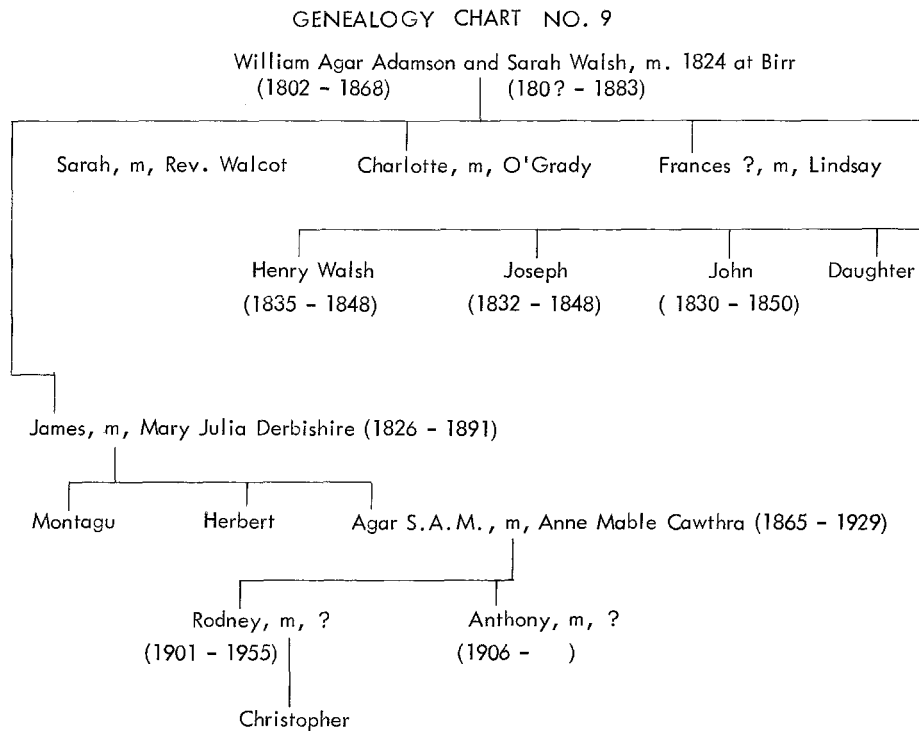
"As a friend and companion he was staunch and honest and a more genial soul never enlivened a company. He had a large store of reminiscences of England, of Ireland, of the various cities of Canada which he would produce on occasion. He had anecdotes of all the public men of Canada of the past half century, none of them were malicious, though many were amusing. His shrewd knowledge of human nature prevented him from having his good nature too often imposed on by imposters.

"His instinctive gentlemanliness made him detest in his humorous way anything like a snob. He delighted in the company of very young people; and enjoyed taking a party of them about the parliament buildings and telling them stories about the different houses. In the library, in particular, he was a frequent and welcome visitor, his hereditary interest in the institution giving him a keen enjoyment of its present value and beauty; he loved to personally conduct a stranger about the galleries.

"What Mr. Adamson was in domestic life may not be said at length here; those who are now sorrowing for him have alone the right to express the sence of his goodness, his loving care and his lifelong devotedness. That he may rest in peace is the heartfelt prayer of every one who knew him well enough to appreciate one of the best and the kindest of men." End of quote.

James Adamson married Mary Julia Derbishire, daughter of Stewart Derbishire, Queen's printer and first M. P. for Bytown after confederation. They had three sons, Montagu, Herbert and Agar S. A. M. They appear on the following chart.

We will leave this family and return to the Gaspé coast where we left Arthur and Alan.



Chapter 25

THE JOURNEY TO THE WEST



If there ever had been prosperity in Canada, there was no sign of it when Arthur and Alan entered the St. Lawrence in May 1873 and commenced their four hundred mile voyage to the port of Quebec. The river trip was slow and the weather atrocious. Spring comes late to the Gaspe country. The inhabitants there today shout to high heaven about their beautiful autumns, but they are honest enough to admit that it must be the Almighty's way for making amends for their terrible springs.

These Connemara slips, however, were well acclimatized to rough weather. When the steamship Pearl was berthed by its St. Lawrence river pilot at Quebec, they stepped dauntlessly down the gang plank to find themselves in a place where only French was spoken.

The language was not sufficient barrier for them to quickly learn that this part of Quebec or the Atlantic Provinces, was not the place for settling in. They, with most of their shipboard friends, boarded the first train to Montreal. If any effort was made to contact their Aunt Maria's family, who had settled in the Belieul district, twenty-nine years before, I have no knowledge. Here again the language was French with no apparent need of Irishmen. They went on to

Toronto.

At Toronto their eyes were opened wide. Depression was everywhere. In the words of one historian, "Mortgages had fallen all winter like the snow flakes. Everyone was clamouring to go west, not because they were assured of anything better, but nothing could be worse, they argued, than Ontario." There was a land of Hope and Glory in the Red River Settlement of Assiniboia.

The Manitoba Homestead Act had been passed the year before and under this Act, 160 acres of land, of practically your own choosing could be had for a registration fee of ten dollars. Sure, there were plenty of stories about trouble with the native population, a white man had been shot and another murdered, but these were events that acted like a magnet to draw the venturesome westward. If there was to be trouble, they were assured that the Government had it well in hand. They had already despatched a Company of the Queen's Own Rifles and at this very moment were recruiting a force of mounted men for the maintenance of law and order from the Red to the Rockies.

We, who have lived our lives in Western Canada, are familiar with what is known as the "Metis troubles" centering around the years when our fathers settled in the Red River Valley. It may not be so clear to our relatives now living in the United States. Like your own great country, the part of the West into which our fathers came in 1873, was born in rebellion.

I have told you that Rupert's Land, in which this settlement was situated, had been ruled and administered by the Hudson's Bay Company since the time when a King of England had given it to some Gentlemen Adventurers. By the Act of Confederation in 1867, Hudson's Bay rule, by negotiation peculiar to high finance in London, had been brought to an end. When the officers of the Company in North America were advised, they considered that they had been treated very badly.

These men and their fathers and their grandfathers had been here for over two hundred years. They were the friends, and in a lot of instances, the relatives of the Metis. The Metis were the friends and the servants of the officers of the fur company. It was a good company, as trading companies go, though it was owned largely by English interests and had no particular allegiance to Canada or to Canadians. Nearly all its officers, in the field, were Orkney men or Scots Highlanders, whose passionate loyalty to the Company almost

transcended their own national loyalty. To these men, the fact that the Company was an Empire seemed incontestable. At this time the population of the Assiniboine Settlement was about twelve thousand, over two-thirds of them were Metis, (or French half-breeds).

These half-breeds or Metis were Roman Catholic and their language was French. They had visionaries among them who saw in this nucleus a French Northwest. They saw a guarantee that Canada would be forever dual tongued. With mass emigration pouring in, their vision became clouded and their hope lost. With the new settlers came surveyors, marking their country off into squares, with total disregard for their strips of land running to the rivers.

When the time came for the handing over of the country in 1869, trouble had begun. The Metis had found a leader in an educated half-breed called Louis Riel. He commenced by seizing Fort Garry and setting up a Provisional Government. It is generally agreed that, up to this point, the half-breed protests were warranted and their anger justified. All that they wanted was their own land, their own church, their own schools, and to be allowed to speak their own language. All these were eventually granted them under the Manitoba School Act of 1870; the Act that twenty years later was to become a lawyer's lullaby. The whole trouble was that suppression came first and explanation later.

Up to this time, no actual fighting had taken place but as a precautionary measure a Company of the Queen's Own, under the command of Major Dennis had been sent overland from Toronto. Finding Fort Garry occupied by Riel, they set up their barracks at Portage La Prairie. I mention the Queen's Own particularly because a daughter of the commander became the ancestress of many Adamsons now domiciled in the United States.

Eventually an official, called Scott, was shot and buried, half dead, on orders from Riel's Council. This so angered Toronto that a Force under Col. Garnet Wolsely was sent to the Red River. Before Wolsely arrived, Riel left the Fort and moved to St. Vital, where he had many friends. He was nominated for the constituency of Provencher as their representative in the House of Commons. He stepped down in favour of Sir George Cartier. On Cartier's death a few months later, Riel was elected and returned again in 1874. He was not allowed to take a seat in the Dominion House and soon a warrant was issued for his arrest. It was then that he withdrew south of the border, where he became an American citizen and found employment

as a school teacher at Sun River, Montana.

There is no need to say anything of the actual Rebellion; that came a dozen years later, when some tribes of Indians, objecting to a railway and white settlers pushing over their teepees, and with the urging from the Metis, went properly on the war path. Riel was brought back from Montana to lead them from the sidelines.

So the seeds of rebellion sown in the Red River Valley may have rotted there with a little clearer vision on the part of both sides. It was not to be, however, and Canadian history has been given such names as - Big Bear, Poundmaker, Wandering Spirit, Frog Lake, Batoche, Duck Lake, Cutknife Hill and others. The whole pitiful story ended for Riel and others on a scaffold, in a Regina goal, in 1885.

Louis Riel! Patriot or Traitor? The question is still unanswered. The answer lies upon the tongue you speak and where your camp fire burns. Historians, as one writer has said, sometimes make mistakes.

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

And now to get back to Toronto where we left Arthur and Alan. A few paragraphs earlier I mentioned a Police Force that was being recruited for duty in the West. This Force, to be called the North West Mounted Police, is mentioned in my story at this time because one of its original recruits was later to become associated with our family, not only as a neighbor but later as a relative. I refer to an Irishman called Richard P. Pentland. He rode West with that Force and was in McLeod, Alberta in 1874 when these scarlet coated gentlemen commenced their law enforcement patrols that brought fear to the law breakers, but respect to all. Their history is known around the world for missions creditably accomplished. Today they are called the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and though their heels are still adorned by spurs, the majority of their noble steeds prefer a shot of gas and oil to that of a nose-bag or prairie wool. Dick Pentland's family will be mentioned again.

ARTHUR AND ALAN LEAVE TORONTO

So the boys, too young to join the police, though I don't suppose they gave it a thought, joined the swarm clamouring to get West. In those days, to get from Ontario to the Red River Settlement, one had a choice of routes. The Defence Forces travelled the all Canadian way, the same route as the Hudson's Bay people and the French voyageur. Up past Georgian Bay, through the isolated trading posts, to Sault Ste Marie, where Lake Superior empties its waters, and then on around that lake to Port Arthur, to Rainy River, the Lake of the Woods and so through the bush to the Settlement at Fort Garry. The route for stout hearts and strong bodies.

An alternative route could be found by going overland to Collingwood, then by boat through Lake Huron, around its north shore islands to the Sault and then by lake boat through Lake Superior to Duluth, from there by railway to Moorhead, North Dakota, and then river boat down the Red to Fort Garry. In the winter time travellers went to Chicago and St. Paul and then overland by sleigh, 600 miles, to the Canadian Settlement. Moorhead was the favorite spot for travellers getting fitted with their needs. Arthur and Alan detrained at Moorhead and were soon to learn that a Jim Hill paddle steamer would be leaving for the Red River Settlement early next morning. They listened while an Englishman asked a swarthy Jim Hill agent, "Wot time, old chap, do we come aboard?" and "When does your old boat push off?". The answer from the riverman was as expected by the Connemara boys, who long ago had been taught to see all, hear all, and keep your mouth shut - "When you bloody well want to old chap, and when we're bloody well ready to push off, old chap".

The boys sought out a supply store, also owned by Jim Hill; in fact the whole town appeared to belong to this man. Here they found a friendly clerk who advised them on what to buy and what not to spend their short supply of money on. A tent was a necessity, in fact, they would require one for their night in Moorhead, unless they chose one of the flea infested log shacks where a bunk could be obtained for twenty-five cents. The agent also suggested a small bore rifle would come in handy, not because they were going into hostile territory where at any time the season might be declared open on its hostile natives, but one would eventually be required and could be purchased much cheaper in Minnesota than Manitoba. So a small tent was acquired and a second hand 22 rifle and a box of shells.

That night they pitched their tent on the banks of the Red, above the landing stage and watched the rivermen loading. They went to sleep amidst the shouts and clatter and awoke at daylight to find the loading still going on. A 4 A.M. blast from the boat's whistle was the signal for the passengers to come aboard. Human cargo appeared incidental to Jim Hill's river boats. The boat was loaded to the water line with everything conceivable. Crude farm implements, such as walking plows and disc harrows, cart wheels and pitch forks, axes for cutting and ones for picking, spades and shovels, bales of dry goods and boxes of groceries, and hardware, barbed wire and bale after bale of hay wire and telegraph wire. All were piled below and on the deck until there was scarcely room to stand much less to stretch out. The Captain of the boat was a bewhiskered square-jawed individual while the crew for the most part, French halfbreeds, and who appeared to look at a bale of hand axes and a group of emigrants with equal interest.

In the middle of the afternoon, the boat put into a few scattered buildings along the river's bank and unloaded some bags of mail and one or two pieces of the cargo. It would be where the town of Grand Forks is today. At dusk the boat tied up to the right bank of the Red and the passengers were advised that it would remain there till daylight, as they were only one hour south of the border. Though the Captain or mate had not said so, the feeling was amongst the new comers that anything could be expected once they crossed that border line. Around every bend they might expect an unfriendly whoop - for that was hostile country! However, the night passed and the day came and went without an argument over scalps.

On every voyage into the unknown, when journey's end is reached, expectations are usually let down a notch by realization. That evening when the Jim Hill river boat let down its gang plank, and the live cargo disembarked and scrambled up the Red's muddy left bank to be greeted by an array of earlier arrivals, what their first impressions were is left to our imagination.

The sun on that last day of May was setting behind the walls of Fort Garry and gave reminder to the boys the advice handed out to them by Jim Hill's agent who had sold them their tent. "And when you get your tent and commence your travels, make it your 11th commandment to get it pitched before sundown and darkness. Doing things after dark that should be done in daylight leads only to accidents and God knows you've got to stay healthy in this country to remain alive". Sounded like good advice which they were to remember.

The sun had set, but before darkness had descended, their tent was pitched. A few hundred yards above the Fort on the left bank of the Assiniboine a spot was found. To members of the family, now living in Winnipeg, that spot should be of interest. It is just about where the Assiniboine causes busy Donald Street to end. To the two weary Irish boys, whose combined ages were 33, that spot was journey's end. The date was May 31st, 1873.



Fort Garry

"... a few hundred yards above the Fort they pitched their tent. ."



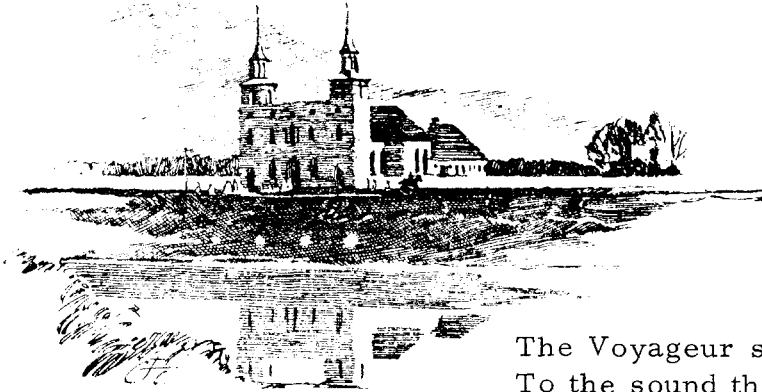
Louis Riel



Richard Pentland

Chapter 26

JOURNEY'S END



The Voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace
Well he knows the Vesper ringing .
Of the Bells of St. Boniface,
The Bells of the Roman Mission
That calls from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the River
To the huntsman on the Plain.

..... WHITTIER

No greater prize for reaching journey's end could have been presented to the tired "voyageurs" than that first night's rest on the banks of the Assiniboine. Excitement at the end had given way to utter weariness and scarcely before they had their blankets spread, in the gathering gloom of that first Manitoba evening, sleep had overtaken them. Nor did they waken till the sun was high in tomorrow's eastern sky. Then it was that the pealing of a church bell, coming to them on a morning breeze from across the Red, brought them back to the land of reality.

They lay for a minute listening to Bishop Tache's morning Angelus calling the Roman Catholics to early Mass. Now wide awake, they pulled on their breeches and their muddy boots, while a crow called its raucous welcome and a meadow lark atop a fence post, joined in. They opened the flap of their tent and stepped out to survey the morning scene.

The Red River Settlement was at this time a settlement with a radius of about fifty miles. Its population was about twelve thousand, of whom well over half were discontented French halfbreeds. Louis Riel was living quietly a few miles away. He was, as I have told you, later to pay the price for being guilty of "treason" against

a State to which he did not owe allegiance. The government of John A. MacDonalld had the year before been defeated, chiefly on account of the economic conditions then existing. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, the leader of Canada's first Liberal Government, had assumed the reins of office with "depression" as the password and the watchword in Central and Eastern Canada. It would, I suppose, be wrong to say the word was applicable to the West. Here was a land without an economic past, without an economic elsewhere, for that matter. If the yardstick of wealth was money, then there was no wealth. If the measure of wealth was work and opportunity, then it was here abundantly. For the sweat of his labours, the one so willing, might have to accept as payment a cow or an ox, a balky horse or a broken cart, but the opportunity was there for those who cared to pioneer with willing hands and stout hearts.

That, briefly, was the economic and political situation when that meadow lark sang from its fence post on that first June morning in 1873. The physical situation was something, perhaps, less attractive. Down a mud road from the Fort was a conglomeration of shacks, tents, and other buildings called Winnipeg, an Indian name meaning "dirty water". Its population of about five hundred were a wondrous lot. How or when they all got there would stretch the imagination and the inventive powers of a modern Hollywood.

There were Irish-Americans, who seemed to be mostly in the real estate business and eyeing each new arrival for any sign of wealth; there were Scottish farmers, full of kindly suggestions and telling those who cared to listen, the intricacies of agriculture. There were Englishmen - Cockneys - who didn't know gee from haw but telling everyone, whether he wished to listen or not, how things should be done. Remittance men were there who had gone through the pater's cash they had on their arrival, and now awaiting a further supply from dear old mater. There were Oxford and Cambridge graduates, holding forth in bars and toasting all and sundry with a verse from Virgil or some other of the classics if the occasion so demanded. And "over and above" the babel of the accents, was the French Voyageur and the quiet Metis, individuals of stamina and "know-how", but whose ambition reached no further than the end of day.

Across the Red was the spic and span village of St. Boniface. This was the ecclesiastical seat of the Catholic Diocese and here that beloved historical figure of the West, Bishop Tache, made his home, when he was not at some far flung Mission administering

to the souls of his parishioners. The village's population was double that of Winnipeg.

Down past The Fort, along the Red's left bank, the boys walked, towards the muddy village. On the river could be seen the half-breeds arriving in their birchbarks to barter something with the trader. Towards the west they could see the ox trains with shouting drivers and screeching wheel hubs disappearing on a three months' journey. If the words of Dora Shorter's poem had been in their minds when they quit the shores of Ireland, Whittier's poetry must have come to their minds as they viewed the scene --

Past saloons, shops and tar-paper shacks, whose every window contained a board on whose surface was scrawled in letters, hardly legible, "cook wanted", "man wanted to cut bush", "drivers wanted", "ditchers required", and so on and on to a more substantial building where a large somewhat imposing sign offered employment for all who cared to bend their backs in toil.

Pushing their way through the small crowd gathered around the door, they stepped inside and soon had a clerk giving them his attention. They soon learned that work of every description was available. Railway labourers were wanted for the Manitoba Colonization Line, then building south and west - a railway, incidentally, destined to be dangled before their eyes in later years but never realized. Ox drivers, ditch diggers, bushmen, surveyors, clerks were required. Even bookkeepers were required, and the jobs were offered them "if they were good with figures".

They looked at one another and stopped to ponder and while so doing, a gentleman, much the most important individual they had seen since their arrival, came out of an office marked 'private', and noticing the cut of their clothes and their somewhat youthful appearance, stopped, in his seemingly great hurry, to talk to them. It was quite apparent that he was impressed with their fine speech and show of education. He volunteered the information that the Dominion Land Office had work for boys like them.

When they thanked him for his kindness, he offered what he deemed good advice. "I suppose", he said "like nine out of ten of those that come here, you will eventually go farming. When that time comes, pick out a place near where you can get logs for your buildings, and lots of water for your needs. Don't let anyone sell you horses, buy oxen. Don't go into debt. Don't buy what you don't need

but only what you can't do without". Then he asked, "Have you had your pemmican this morning?" Seeing the look of perplexity on their faces he shouted at a halfbreed, lounging on a stool, "Gabriel, take these boys to your mother's for their pemmican", then scribbling something on a piece of brown paper, which he initialed DS, he continued, "and when they have eaten take them and this note to Colonel Dennis".

On the way to his mother's shack, their guide explained that his mother kept a place to eat and "she mak de best dam pem-mi-can in the hol nor west, Mr. Smit, he sez so too!"

It only dawned on them then, that the man who had spoken to them so kindly was Donald Smith, the man of iron and of the hour, then looking after things for the Dominion Government in the Northwest.

Donald Smith had been one of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, for thirty years, when John A. MacDonald requisitioned him from the Company's Montreal office. He had spent many years amongst the Indians and halfbreeds and was MacDonald's choice when trouble started in the Red River Valley in 1869. Smith was elected to the House of Commons but eventually broke with the Government over the Metis and other issues. His story is not relevant here other than the fact that he was certainly the most important person in the Red River Valley at the time of their arrival. Smith was defeated in the election of 1878. He was, however, to be knighted by Victoria and chose Strathcona for his title, a name familiar in the West today.

Mother Labrie took the Irish boys to her native heart and filled them with oat porridge and pemmican and when they showed an interest in the making of the latter, she gave them a lesson in the art. Pemmican, they later found, was an Indian word sometimes loosely used by the whites. Quite often, on the trail, a driver would look at the sun and then shout "Time for Pemmican", and when the halt was made, a jack rabbit or a prairie chicken might be whipped up for the meal. We, of course, are all aware that pemmican is very substantial fare, easily kept, easily carried, and certainly played a very important part in the building of the West.

BOOK SIX

PIONEERS

A broken wagon wheel that rots away beside the river,
A sunken grave that dimples on the bluff above the
trail;
The larks call, the wind sweeps, the prairie grasses
quiver
And sing a wistful roving song of hoof and wheel and
sail.
Pioneers, pioneers, you trailed it on to glory

Walt Whitman

Chapter 27

PIONEERS OF THE WEST



That same morning, through that brown paper note with those magic initials "DS", the boys passed from emigrants to pioneers. At the Dominion Land Office, where their halfbreed guide had taken them, they were interrogated by an engineer who quizzed them on their knowledge of surveying. "Can you run a theodolite or a level? No! But you can use a sextant! Can you draw profiles? No! But you can figure cross sections! Can you walk twenty-five miles a day, for a week, if you were asked to? Yes... you can! Very well, we have jobs for you, the pay is thirty dollars a month and your grub. You'll furnish your own blankets but the Government will supply the shelter. You can report to a party fourteen miles west of here, the camp is on the left bank of the Assiniboine."

They returned to their tent and at the suggestion of Alan, Arthur wrote a letter to their mother. As an after thought, Alan added, "Better put in a note to Isnie... don't tell him about the pem-mi-can or he'll want some sent over." That job done, they struck their tent and after another layer of pemmican at Mother Labrie's, they struck out for the survey camp. About six hours later the camp was located in the vicinity of what is now called Headingly.

During the summer they surveyed at different points within the

perimeter of the Red River Settlement. By the time the month of September rolled around, Arthur was theodoliteman and receiving fifty dollars a month. Alan had been sent to another party further west surveying the United States boundary south of Cypress.

It was while on this party that the urge to travel into the far blue yonder took possession of Alan. Miles and miles he could look without a tree, twig or hill to obstruct his vision. An ox cart train could be seen on the horizon as a tiny speck coming out of the Northwest, and hour by hour it would grow until the shriek of the scolding hubs would finally cease and the train would bed down for the night, beside a watering place with millions of mosquitoes, all intent on getting in their last bite, before the smudges were set going giving man and ox some rest. The morning sun would see them on their way and before the sun had set, another train, this time from the East maybe, following the same ruts that called themselves a trail, to Touchwood, thence days later to Clark's Crossing and on to the North Saskatchewan at Carlton.

Man's curiosity to discover what is at the end of trails prompted Alan to quit his survey job and with his savings purchased two oxen and two Red River carts and before the summer was out he was on the trail himself. Not having covers for his carts, he hauled on that first trip, non-perishable freight. Two loads of glass insulators, oak cross arms and wire, and incidental hardware that was being used in the construction of a telegraph line to Edmonton House. His first trip took him only two hundred and fifty miles west of Winnipeg. At this point his lead ox went lame and he decided to dispose of his carts and oxen, to a fellow freighter, and return on foot to Winnipeg.

Winter's snows were in the air when he got back to the Red to find Arthur working in the Survey Office in Winnipeg. During the summer, Arthur had seen considerable country and had about made up his mind to file on a homestead as soon as he was old enough. In that event, it would be the following spring before it could be done. On the offer of a job cutting bush for a homesteader in the Headingly district, he too quit the survey work and with Alan they contracted to clear a ten-acre field for this man. They were to receive their board, a team of oxen, a cow and her heifer calf.

The winter of 1873 - 1874 was one of Manitoba's mildest winters with a comparatively light snow-fall. Before the snow had disappeared, they had completed their contract. With the return of spring, Alan had once again decided to become a freighter. He could not,

however, interest Arthur in joining him. It has been said that Arthur did not consider he was endowed with sufficient or efficient vocabulary to join with Alan! I feel quite sure that this was not the reason but rather that he was now eligible to secure a homestead and he intended doing so as soon as spring returned to the Red River Valley.

Weather has always been king on the Canadian Prairies. Once snow covered the ground and ice was spread across the navigable streams and lakes, and the sloughs froze to their bottoms, practically all activity came to a stand-still in those early days. The dog teams took over from the stoical ox and the birchbark canoe. Short hauls were made with teams of horses but the white man, like the native, soon learned to respect a Manitoba blizzard, and he was content to wait till spring was in the air before becoming activated. The "break-up" period, those few days or weeks between winter's farewell fling and spring's slow coming, were days of intense anticipation. Everything must be ready for the start, for well they knew that summer days were all too short and another winter was just around the corner.

When the ox carts started West in the spring of 1874, Alan was in the van. During the winter he had acquired and readied twenty carts and oxen, all equipped with tarps against the spring rains, and each five carts in charge of a suitable driver. Two trips were made that summer. The second trip commencing in July with a train of thirty-eight carts, got back to Winnipeg the end of October, the time of year when frozen ground and foraging becomes too hazardous for oxen.

Arthur, in the meantime, after working during the "break-up" season for the Anglican Mission farm of St. Andrews, a few miles from Seven Oaks where later the spilling of blood was to mark the place in history, secured a few acres of land on a rental agreement near Headingly. Here, on the eight or ten acres of cultivated land, he sowed some oats and barley and, as an experiment, a few square yards of wheat. A few hills of potatoes and beans completed his horticulture pursuits that first spring.

During these days, settlement was pushing westward. Many travelling by flat-bottomed boats up the Assiniboine as far as what is now Brandon. The prairie lands were not the first to have settlements. Donald Smith's advice was heeded and most settlers were seeking out the wooded lands with flowing streams. Arthur, during

his survey days, had been told of the Pembina Mountain district and so it was that towards the end of June, when his work was completed on his rented acres, he joined a small party of land seekers and with them crossed the prairie grasslands to choose a homestead in the Nelson district of southwest Manitoba.

A letter written to his mother, after he returned to Headingly from filing on his homestead, speaks of his three-day journey with a half a dozen other land seekers. In it he expresses great elation and mentions returning to complete his three months residence which the Government required. This he expected to have done before Alan gets back from the Northwest. He tells her how he has become very fond of pemmican and the different methods of making or curing it. No mention is made of any hardships and these items we know must have been forever present, but not for transporting over the seas to add to the burdens of his widowed mother.

It may be of interest to my readers for me to digress here and quote from an item that appeared in the Farmers Advocate, a Manitoba farm paper, whose publication commenced around the turn of the century. This is of particular interest to our family because of the fact that it is an interview given by A. P. Stevenson to that paper on January 4, 1911. Sandy Stevenson, or "Crabapple" Stevenson, as he was to become known from the Annapolis Valley to the Okanagan, was one of our fathers' pioneer neighbors. In those days, he was one of the most, if not the most, important person in the district. I do not remember him by his apples as we had left the district before this man from Bannockburn became honored by success. I well remember Sandy Stevenson, with his kindly eye and neatly trimmed brown beard, reading the scripture lesson and passing the collection plate each Sunday in that little church at Nelson. At any rate, this is how Stevenson described his trip to the district of Nelson...

"In the spring of 1874, in company with five others, with ox and cart to carry provisions, I started for Pembina Mountains to look for land.... The old Missouri trail was followed between Headingly and La Salle River, near Starbuck. Nearly two-thirds of the way was through swamps, with water two or three feet deep. The ox and cart were mired three or four times, and what a delightful time we greenhorns had, up to the waist in water, with millions of mosquitoes adding their cheerful notes to the proceedings.

"It was a hungry tired crowd that camped late that night on the

dry banks of the high smelling La Salle, trying to dry socks, etc. Our clothing had early in the day been made up in bundles and tied high and dry on our backs during the passage of the swamps. The following morning we found our ox had broken loose and taken the road to the Boyne River. So we started on foot for the same place. The distance was thirty miles, a dead level plain, without a tree, shrub or twig, no house of any description, nor a drop of water to drink . . . Years have passed since then but the memory never fades of sufferings endured for the want of water on that thirty-mile stretch, walking on blistered feet on a hot day in the month of June."

Whether Arthur was one of those who went in search of the lost ox, I have no knowledge. He did, however, cross the same thirty miles of torrid plain and the Boyne River, about where the Manitoba town of Carman now stands. He continued southwest for another twenty miles or so, until he found his land at the foot of the north-eastern slope of the Pembina Mountains. Here was timber in abundance, wild fruit, black dirt and a stream that carried off the mountain snows. The creek was later to be named "Diamond Creek". The reason for its name I do not know. On the South East Quarter of 25, he staked his claim. The distance to the nearest store was seventy miles, to the nearest post office, fifty. He then walked to Dufferin to register his filing at a Dominion Land Office.

He retraced his steps to Headingly to see about his interests there. Little did he realize while crossing the prairie land, that it was to be his destiny, when his children and his herds had become too numerous for his homestead, to settle in the centre of this treeless tract. Today the whole plain is a beautiful farming district. Huge trees and flowering shrubs surround the homes while dug-outs afford an everlasting water supply. How else can one view them but as monuments, monuments to those early pioneers.

1874 in the Red River Valley is historical for several things. It was the year of the coming of the Red Coats, bringing law and order to the West. It was the year that Louis Riel, for the time being placed his discretion before his valor, and left the country. It was also the year of little rain-fall and a plague of grasshoppers, followed by killing July frosts.

When Arthur got back to his rented land at Headingly, there were no decisions to be made. The drought, grasshoppers and early frosts had already made them for him. He acquired a yoke of oxen

and a wagon, the necessary tools for cutting timber, and a good supply of pemmican, and moved out to his homestead to commence his first year's duties. By the time his three months of residence had gone by, he had his cabin up, a building for his oxen and a well dug. He was now a full-fledged homesteader. He then returned to Winnipeg to find winter employment in order to augment his savings for his farming operations in the spring.



Alan J. Adamson - Manitoba - taken 1875

Chapter 28

THOSE FIRST FIVE YEARS



Arthur returned to Winnipeg to find Alan making preparation for the wintering of his ox teams. There was plenty of hay to be obtained from the halfbreeds north and west of the town and it was here that Alan made his headquarters during the winter. Arthur again found employment with the Dominion Land Office. Under the provisions of the Manitoba Homestead Act, a parent was allowed to reserve a homestead for a son, or an older brother for a younger brother, providing the son or brother was within twelve months of his eighteenth birthday. Arthur had taken advantage of this clause and had reserved for Alan the South West Quarter of Section 25 and had pre-empted for himself the North West of Section 24.

In the spring, Arthur, with some others who had been working in Winnipeg, gathered together their homesteading outfits and returned to the Pembina Mountain country for their first year's work. Alan, with more ox carts than the year before, had, during the winter received contracts for the hauling of many tons of freight to the west and northwest. The story regarding these ox cart trains is a story in itself and I will not enlarge upon them here. To be a successful ox train owner and operator, one had to be a man of many parts. One wrote his commandments on the end-gate of a cart and, through flies, rain, swamps or searing sun, adhered to them. There was no yardstick for marking hardships; they were but blessings of a

lesser order. One went to sleep, under his tarp each night, happy to have survived the day.

Alan returned to Winnipeg the end of July from his first trip west. Before setting out again, he went to Dufferin and officially filed on his homestead. He then had six months in which to enter upon his duties that led to obtaining title to the land.

Arthur meanwhile had fulfilled his obligations to the Government by getting the prescribed ten acres broken. This was accomplished with four oxen and a 14-inch breaking plow. With a neighbor's disc, he cut the sod up after it had rotted and, with a drag harrow made of brush, he mulched his breaking and smoothed it down. The grasshoppers, that had done so much damage the year before, were but the vanguard for the swarms that struck that first year he was on his homestead. The year 1875 is remembered as the year the grasshoppers consumed Manitoba. A few of the settlers left, convinced that the country was only good for raising furs.

There was no thought in the minds of most for quitting and they went about their business of building homes and creating a settlement that, today, is one of the province's finest districts. Alan disposed of his ox train during the winter of 1875-1876 and joined Arthur in his cabin on the homestead.

By 1876, all the choice homesteads in the Pembina Mountain country had been filed on. The closest store was still seventy miles away and the closest post office fifty. Some of the settlers had grown some wheat. The Manitoba Free Press noted that Leary and Duncan had each threshed two hundred bushels. During the winter of 1876, the settlers held a meeting to give the settlement a name and to consider means for getting a post office and grist mill. The district was named Belmont (not to be confused with Belmont the Manitoba town of today which is eighty miles west). Under date of February 14, 1897, the Manitoba Free Press mentions this meeting, held at Silver Creek, eighteen miles north of the international boundary.

A month later the Free Press correspondent wrote:

"Building operations have been going on all winter. Several hewed log houses are raised already and more to follow. Amongst the rest, Thomas Duncan has built a substantial blacksmith shop and goods will be in shortly for our first store."

And on April 29, 1876, the correspondent reported:

"T.S. Gray of Point Douglas, Winnipeg, has opened a general store ... whilst our friend, J.F. Galbraith, postmaster elect, smiles over a gorgeous array of groceries, seeds and such."

"There is a good opening for a steam saw and grist mill. If we could only induce some enterprising capitalist to visit us, the matter would be as plain as the nose on his face."

The visiting capitalist came in 1877, in the person of Adam Nelson, Sr., with his two sons, both skilled mechanics. They were impressed and returned to Ontario to bring out the necessary machinery for a flour and lumber mill.

The mills were soon set up and did such a booming business, that even with continuous day and night operation, the Nelsons were unable to keep up with the demand for lumber and grist. The milling business brought other business and more settlers. In appreciation of what the Nelsons had done the name of the town was changed to Nelsonville.

One of the first new faces to arrive in 1876 was Isnie. True to his promise, he left Ireland a few days after he was sixteen and arrived via the same route his brothers had taken two years before, as the maple leaves were breaking out along the banks of Diamond Creek. After a visit with his brothers, he cut bush and dug roots for a neighboring settler for which he accepted as his pay, a milk cow. The cow turned out to be the champion kicker of the settlement and so any thought John Evans may have entertained of becoming a dairy king was quickly forgotten. He found employment in the town during the remainder of the year. In the spring of 1875 he went to work with one of Colonel Dennis's survey parties and remained with that work for well over a year.

By 1878 the boys had acquired a team of horses and these were used for all cases of travel. Oxen were still, however, the popular means of transportation and power.

During the year of 1878, the boy's mother and the rest of the family arrived. The route they came was the same as that of the boys, except, for some reason not explained, the boat was forced to dock at St. Johns, Newfoundland. There the passengers disembarked and spent the night ashore.

Grandma and her children - Frances 17, Christopher 15, William 13 and Jamie 11, found shelter for the night in one of the several places called hotels. That evening, it seems, before locking herself in the one room she had engaged, she put Willie's and Jamie's shoes out for the "porter" to clean. When morning arrived and the boys were sent to retrieve their shoes, they discovered two were missing, and as ill luck would have it, the missing ones were the right of each pair. All that sat outside the door was two left ones with all the mud of Newfoundland still caked solidly on them.

Grandma summoned the proprietor and all his staff and in no uncertain manner demanded the return of the shoes. A search of the premises commenced with Grandma standing at the top of the stairs shouting orders and the servants doing their best to avoid her wrath. The hotel was turned inside out but no shoes discovered, while the hour of departure of the boat was quickly arriving. In an effort to placate "that Irish woman", the hotelman secured a pair of shoes, that with considerable tugging, William was able to get his feet into. Poor Jamie had to be content with the two left shoes. Before Grandma finished with the hotelman, the shoes were, or what was left of them, discovered out behind the hotel where two husky sleigh pups had spent the night trying to devour them. Poor Grandma and her children eventually arrived in Winnipeg with Jamie's feet lined up in echelon while Willie's Achilles tendons were just about rubbed through from the Newfy boots he had fallen heir to.

Arthur met the family on their arrival at Winnipeg. They had made the trip down the Red in the same boat that the boys had arrived in some years earlier. Bright and early the next morning, with their trunks piled in the wagon, they set out for the homestead. On the evening of the second day they arrived at Arthur's cabin, where Alan bid them welcome with "a very fine supper". High on the menu was pemmican, which the boys had become adept at fixing. Well, the next few days must be left for the reader's imagination.

It was over five years since Arthur and Alan had seen their mother. She was now a woman of fifty, and it is not necessary to say that the trip she had just completed was a most exhausting one. The five years she had remained in Ireland after the boys' departure were difficult ones. Her mother, now nearing 80, and her sister Mary had been very kind to her and her children, but the poor woman had been without a home of her own for nine years. It is little wonder that the boys saw a great change in her. They found her most difficult to satisfy and impossible to reason with. The simplest way to get

long was to allow her to give the orders - orders which they did not have any intention of following.

Frances was, of course, a delight for them to have. She soon learned the art of making pemmican. It was not so necessary now, however, since the grist mill had arrived. Whole wheat flour was the only grade that the stone mill ground and now that women were arriving and taking over the culinary duties, a better grade of flour was being desired. In 1879, the citizens, with plenty of urging from the women folk, raised \$6000 for a new and modern mill that went into operation the following year.

Nelson was by the end of 1879, a flourishing town. The settlers had built their church and were soon to have a school. There were two general stores and other shops. The Dominion Government Land Office, with Mr. Landerkin as agent, attracted a continual stream of land seekers. The Nelson mills always had a yard filled with fine oak logs waiting to be sawed and there was a continual backlog of grists waiting their turn to be made into flour, even though it was whole wheat. The town was indeed booming. With such an admirable quality of men and women for settlers, it had gotten off to a mighty start. All it needed was a railway and it would soon be the metropolis of the southwest country. "The railway was as good as built, the survey having been completed."

That first winter on the homestead was a long one for Frances and her mother. The two smaller boys attended school in Nelson when they could get there. Chris had found employment in the town and did not spend much time at home. Arthur and Alan did their best to keep their mother and their sister smiling but it was a difficult job.

Frances, describing that first winter, many years later, said, "I think mother and I cried every day. In desperation, Arthur sent for Isnie. Isnie had a beautiful Irish tenor voice and a great flare for reciting Irish and Scotch poetry. The poor boy sang, danced and recited poetry to us all winter. Spring came at last!"

BOOK SEVEN

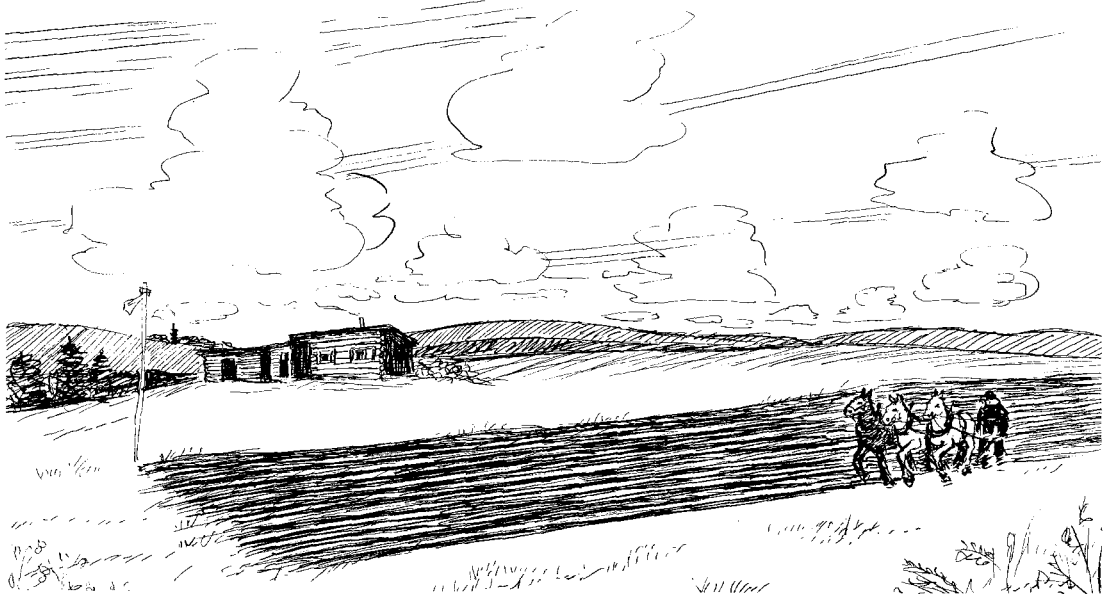
OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying -
 That's where the West begins.

- Arthur Chapman

Chapter 29

THE NEXT FIVE YEARS



The years from 1878 to 1883 saw many changes, all marked by progress, for the settlers at Nelsonville. The railway from Minneapolis reached Winnipeg in 1880. In 1881 the Golden Spike was driven and the Canadian Pacific Railway tied Manitoba to the west coast. The settlers in the Pembina Mountain country still waited for the Manitoba Colonization Railway and, while they waited, more settlers kept coming in and settling further up and over the other side of the mountains, in a district called Manitou. A man called Gayton and another called Turriff, who had brought along three sisters, were now established there.

We, of my generation, who live today and were privileged to know, and see through children's eyes, those early pioneers, still marvel at the handicaps so ably overcome by the husbands and fathers, and the hardships so cheerfully endured by the wives and mothers. What mighty men and women they were!

Changes in the Adamson family kept apace or ahead of changes in the district. Before the five years was up, some members of this Connemara family were seeking other Lands. Frances went to Wisconsin to visit relatives that had come out from Ireland some years before. (I regret I have not the name of these people but I think they



Grandmother Moore whose daughter Edith became the wife of Arthur Adamson.



Grandma Adamson with son Arthur and wife Edith

may have been the family of Robert Adamson, son of Colonel Joseph Samuel). She had other friends there and before her visit ended she discovered that she had lost her heart. On her return to Manitoba, she found it extremely difficult to pound out pemmican and bake whole wheat bread for her brothers without this important organ. In 1880 she succumbed to the entreaties of her fellow countryman, William J. Park. After their marriage they set up housekeeping on William's farm at Edgerton, Wisconsin, and there, on that same piece of land, lives today her daughter Violet, the wife of Henry Pierce. Her oldest daughter Mary, whose name is already mentioned in this story, lives with her husband, Archie Anderson, at Jackson, Mississippi. Their five American children live in Mississippi, Iowa, the Dakotas, California and Oregon, worthy grandchildren of a great Irish Grandmother.

Jack (John Evans) Adamson returned to Nelsonville and in the spring of 1880, in partnership with a son of Adam Nelson, built the Nelson Hotel. On March 2nd he married Anna Marie, daughter of Major Dennis, whom I have mentioned some chapters back. In the meantime, Alan had found more than scenery over the mountain, up Manitou way. There, in his cabin on his homestead, dwelt Jack Turrif and his three sisters, Henrietta, Julia and Lillian. Johnny Gayton already had designs on Henrietta and so it was, that Julia became the chatelaine of a cabin on Diamond Creek that flowed through the South West Quarter of Section 25.

During the summer of 1882, Arthur was fortunate enough to have his heart's desire deposited almost on his cabin's doorstep. An English widow, with her six daughters and eight sons, arrived in the district in June and settled on land adjoining his homestead on the south. Six of the sons left the immediate district, after seeing their mother settled, but the daughters and the two youngest boys remained to join the older pioneers. An ex-North West Mountie got there first and claimed the oldest girl, but Arthur, like his brother Alan, won the heart and hand of the second and two months after the first girl's marriage, another wedding ceremony was performed.

The wedding was arranged for the afternoon of February 6, 1883, at the church at Nelsonville. The day before, a Manitoba blizzard, that lasted throughout the night, descended on the community, and when the morning of the wedding day arrived, the thermometer's mercury was so low it could not be read and snowbanks were piled to unbelievable heights. An edict was issued by the groom's mother, whom I have already mentioned was sometimes difficult, that the

wedding ceremony would be postponed. Postponement of events in those days caused considerable disruption, especially in the winter time when word had to be passed by mouth from door to door. The poor bride, not yet twenty-one, fretted a dozen years away while mothers fumed and nervous bridegrooms eyed the practically impassable road.

By noon it was decided, with the help of Alan and the bride's brothers, Francis - 21, and Bob - 16, that an attempt would be made to reach the church. Four horses hitched in tandem were put in harness to the sleigh and with the bridegroom's mother shouting "stupid", and the bride's mother sitting in frozen silence, the wedding party set out. They arrived at the church at 3 P. M., only two hours late, to find the neighbors all gathered and the minister waiting. The ceremony was performed and the wedding party and all the guests returned to the home of the bride's mother whose house boasted a large living room, big enough for dancing. With two violins and an organ, the night was danced away with schottisches, polkas and minuets.

The summer of 1883 brought disappointment to the settlers in, and north, of Nelson. A re-survey had been made and the railway, so long awaited, was to pass seven miles to the south. Petitions and demonstrations from the pioneers at Nelson were all to no avail and the railway was built and a new town called Morden came into being. The town, without a railway, could not compete with the new one and soon merchants commenced to move their buildings into Morden. The exodus started in the autumn of 1883 and three years later, Nelson was but a ghost town. Arthur and Alan were not affected by the railroad's plan as their land was about midway between the two towns. John Evans, however, was of course put out of business.

By 1886 a new generation of Adamsons had appeared on the scene. John Evans and his wife Anna Marie had two daughters and a son; Alan and his wife Julia had two living sons, two others had died in infancy; and Arthur and his wife Edith Octavia, a name with an unusual connotation, had a son and daughter. The eldest son in each family was christened after John Evans of KILL and named John Evans.

It was at this time that John Evans and his family left Manitoba and moved to Illinois. I am reluctant to give any further account of him as he has many descendants who are now all American citizens and better informed about him than I. It was my great good fortune

to be sent to live with him and his wife and fine family when I was 13 years old. At that time, he held the responsible position of Chief Special Agent of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway. His name became known in police and protective services across the country. In 1910 he met with an unfortunate injury, resulting from a fall on a slippery pavement. Peritonitis developed and though he battled with all the gameness of his tremendous character, death won its victory. It was before the days of wonder drugs and the poison which entered his blood stream could not be arrested.

From the 4th to 15th of January, bulletins appeared each day on the front pages of the Pennsylvania papers, announcing the day's result of his struggle with the grim reaper. On January 16th, 1910, Death's Victory was announced. The flags on all the buildings of the Railway, throughout its entire system were flown at half-mast, honoring the memory of its great and popular official. When the day came for his burial, in spite of inclement weather, one of the largest crowds ever assembled for such a ceremony in the City of Scranton, gathered to pay their last respects.

The employees of the Lackawanna Railroad Company presented a Preamble and Set of Resolutions to his family, one of which read:

"RESOLVED, that the death of John E. Adamson is deeply lamented by his fellow employees; that he was ever a zealous and faithful friend, substantially manifesting in numerous instances his love for each and everyone of us.

"RESOLVED, that in his death, The Lackawanna Railway Company has lost an official faithful to its interests, the City of Scranton a citizen of unblemished record, earnest patriotism and cheerful charity; that his official career was marked by wisdom and merited honor, and that the helping hand displayed by him is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration."

Like his father before him, John Evans II, died at the Mountain's top. He was a mighty man.

Now to return to Christopher, Willie and Jamie. By now, Christopher and Willie had grown to manhood and they both had been working in the hope of saving sufficient to continue their education. Chris had secured a contract with the Canadian Government for hauling supplies to the Northwest Territories where the Queen's Forces were engaged in quelling trouble with the Indians.

On completion of this work in 1885, he had made enough to allow him to enroll at Ann Arbor University where he set his sights on becoming a surgeon. This, of course, took him to the United States and he became a citizen of that country. He graduated "with distinction and credit" from Ann Arbor. He married an Irish girl from Peterborough, Ontario, and set up a practice at Cando, North Dakota. In a few years, he moved to Bemidji, Minnesota and his practice became the largest in the city and surrounding district.

On May 8, 1902, the whole State was shocked when, at the age of 38 and at the height of his career, he died. Cause of death was given as overwork, complicated by erysipelas. His obituaries were long and many. I will quote from the "Bemidji News":

"Died at his residence, in this city, Christopher Adamson, M. D., aged 38 years and 11 months. The funeral services were held at the home of the Rev. Grant Teeters of the Methodist Episcopal Church and his body then taken to Cando, N. D. where it was interred on Sunday.

"A long procession, led by the Bemidji city band followed the remains to the Great Northern station, being in numbers the largest attended funeral ever held in this part of the State. Odd Fellows took charge of the body at the depot and accompanied the same to its last resting place.

"Dr. Adamson will be greatly missed by the community at large, and particularly with his intimate associates. No event has brought such shock to the city of Bemidji. Sunday and Monday he went about his ordinary performance of his professional work, although he had remarked to the writer on Monday morning, that he was very nearly worked out. For ten days he had been up night and day attending professional calls. The irregular meals and loss of sleep had practically exhausted him.

"Dr. Adamson had just arrived at the point of life when he was in a position to take some comfort and pleasure. Only two weeks ago he purchased a beautiful home in the most desirable location in the City. He had just occupied it when he was summoned to his eternal rest. His departure from us will be keenly felt by all."

Chris left his wife, Mae, and one son, Arthur, aged four. Arthur is presently residing in Portland, Oregon. His mother passed



Francis & W. J. Park of Wisconsin



Alan Adamson and his wife Julia



John Evans Adamson



Annie - wife of John Evans

away December 13, 1958, in Fargo, North Dakota, where she had been residing.

William was of a different disposition than his brothers. I have heard it said that he took after the Bells and that he and his brother Arthur were very much alike. He, too, moved to the United States and entered the University of Wisconsin, from which institution he graduated with an engineering degree. He never married and after the turn of the century became a city engineer for the City of Portland, Oregon. In later years he took his mother to live with him and it is in that city where they both died. Grandma Adamson died in 1911 and William in 1940.

No one knows what the end of Jamie was. He wandered around Canada and the United States, putting in an appearance at different homes, and then moving on as secretly as he had arrived. He was last heard of in 1904.

By 1886, Arthur and Alan were the only ones left in Canada. Good neighbors, however, remained and this story would not be complete without mention of some of their names. For this information I owe my thanks to Mary Alice (Godkin) Peterson.



William Adamson



Dr. Christopher Adamson

Chapter 30

SHANNON SCHOOL DISTRICT AND ITS FIRST SETTLERS



Let us now give praise to the pioneer neighbors of our fathers. The list is not long. They have left their footprints in the sands of time, and an indelible mark in our memories.

In alphabetical order, we remember so well - the Bradshaws and Baileys, the Cummings, Duncans and Drivers; the Findleys, the Godkins and Grains, the Hanburys, Harveys, Hendersons and Billy Kier; the Learys, McLeans, Metcalfes and Moores, the Nelsons and the Sandercocks; the Simpsons, Stevensons, Topleys and Sammy Sunderland. A map at the end of this chapter shows the land on which they lived.

The year 1876 and 1877 saw the greatest influx of these settlers into the district. By then the best homesteads had all been taken and by 1880 quarter-sections, that were originally homesteads, were finding new owners.

I am indebted to some writings of Mr. Henry J. Pugh for much information on these early days. Mr. Pugh worked for the Nelsons. It was Adam Nelson who built the first mills and in honor of whom the town was named. Mr. Pugh later went into the service of the Union Bank and was in later years their manager at Virden, Manitoba.

Before the mills were established, the settlers hauled their grain to Emerson by ox team. This was a six-day journey and the price realized was hardly worth the effort. To get a grist of flour they went a similar distance to St. Joe, North Dakota. The United States soon commenced to charge a custom duty of twenty per cent on the wheat that was brought for gristing and through this, the settlers persuaded Adam Nelson to start their own mills.

The Nelson Mills, of course, were built of oak and all the logs brought to them for sawing were oak. Soon every building in the town and country was oak, even to the shingles. As soon as the mill commenced turning out lumber, the town commenced to grow and an unheard of boom hit the district. This was in 1878 and by 1879 quite a little village had sprung up.

By 1882, five years after the erection of the first building, Nelson was full grown and began to acquire the reputation of a "Winnipeg". Its main street was ninety feet wide, that being the width of the road allowance between Township 3 and Township 4 in Range 6. Nelson lots became a best seller in Winnipeg and nightly in the Queen's Hotel, Joe Wolf or T.P. Murray conducted auction sales and the lots were eagerly grabbed up by speculators at high prices, \$1000 being paid for a corner lot. John L. Nelson was the owner of the quarter-section from which the lots were being sold. He finally dumped the remainder of his quarter on the auction block and it brought \$20,000 cash an unheard of sum!

Life on Nelson's Main Street became a round of drinks, a roar of good fellowship, a merry-go-round of sudden fortune. Everybody suddenly became a "remarkable man", "a hell-of-a-good fellow" and why not? Nelson, once the railway was through it, would be another San Francisco! A magic Baghdad! Life in a boom town takes on a ferocity seldom seen anywhere. Winnipeg, in those days, was also on the boom, and Nelson kept a step ahead.

And then the boom busted. The fortunes vanished. In the words of Stephen Leacock, "The good fellows turned back into ordinary people, glad of a treat across the bar. The Oxford men got jobs in livery stables. The Cockney went away, looking for a war, and the boom was over. Bankers and economists explained it all away as an over expansion of credit. The boom was the reality, the collapse the accident".

Within a year after the boom broke, another disaster awaited

Nelson town, when the Manitoba Colonization Railway sold out to the Canadian Pacific, and the railway, which I earlier told you of, was built seven miles south. The merchants of the town then decided that if the railway would not come to them, they would have to go to the railway. The exodus that started in 1884 was complete by 1886. The homesteaders were left to themselves with only a church.

It may be of interest to recount the social life that went on in the district before the advent of the boom. Mr. Pugh tells of a great event that took place on New Year's Day, 1878. The originators of the event, for the want of a better name, called it the "Great Game Hunt".

Two leaders were chosen who selected equal sides and the competition was for them to take their "arms" on New Year's Day and go forth, in the morning, shoot what game they could, small and large, during the day, and bring the tail of each to an evening entertainment to be held at the home of Jim Duncan. One point would be given for a squirrel, two points for something larger, and so on up to deer, moose, elk, timber wolf and bear. The losers had to pay for the cost of the refreshments at the dance. It should be explained that there were no game laws in those days and game of all sort was practically on your doorstep.

The competitors came from long and widely separated distances and by the time all had gathered at the home of the host, with their trophies from the chase, the numbers both in contestants and tails were so numerous that quite a problem was created. Besides this another problem arose when it appeared that the leaders of both sides eyed with disapproval several of the tails. They may have come from an animal but in many instances, they had been a long time separated and each side was hard to convince that this lynx or that coyote was suffering from a rare disease that caused the tail to have such a shabby appearance.

However, tactics and strategy employed was given way to and not allowed to disturb the harmony or distract from the joy of the dance. In order to please everyone, the frolic lasted until noon the next day and the cows were late in getting milked.

There were some peculiar characters among those earlier settlers, writes Mr. Pugh, and perhaps Tom Ticnor was the leader of this class. He came from the wilds of Ontario and sought out a homestead in the bush and mountain country of Range 8. He was a deadly

shot and he kept the settlers supplied in game of all sorts. Besides shooting many deer, he also had captured two while they were young, and had taught them to pull a cart, as well, and a great deal faster, than a team of horses.

Tom scorned the dress of the ordinary man and always arrayed himself in skins, draped around him like a Roman Legionnaire, with a cap made from the pelt of a timber wolf and the tail hanging down his back.

He appeared on the platform of the Morden station to meet the arrival of the first train which carried many dignitaries. As the train steamed in, Tom, much to the amazement of its passengers, went into a wild dance accompanied by a succession of piercing whoops that would have put a whirling Dervish to shame!"

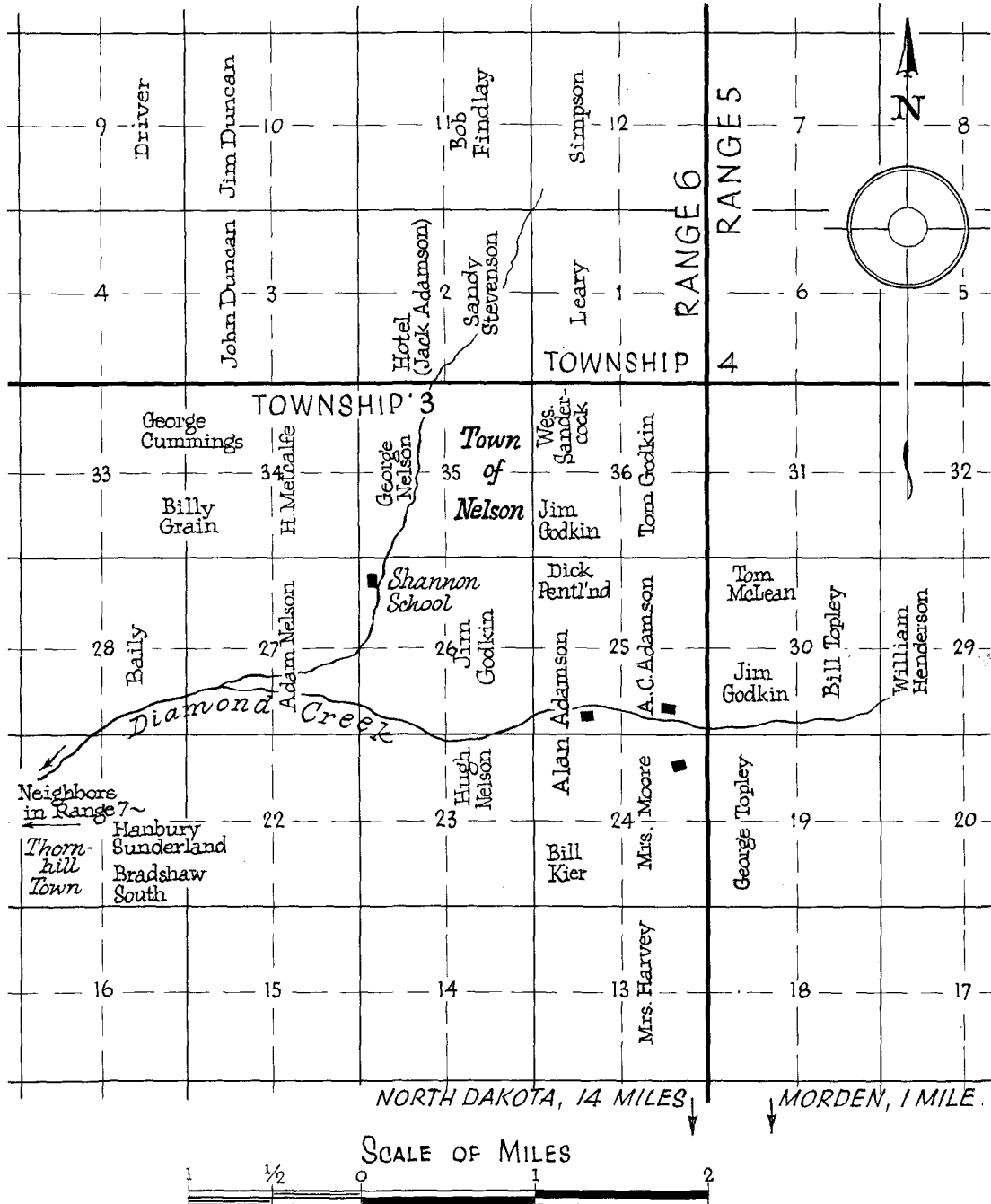
The spiritual needs of the early settlers were well looked after by its several Ministers who served as missionaries in the first place. The first church built in Nelson was erected by the Methodists, then a Presbyterian, and not long after an Anglican. The Rev. Thomas Wilson was the Church of England Minister, and had some outside stations that he visited.

He was the only Anglican Minister that ever served the district and, when the town moved away, Tommy went to farming. He married Miss Sparling, who only lived a year or two afterwards, much to everyone's grief. Tommy was short and rotund, and a man of some eccentricities, which only endeared him all the more to a large circle of friends. He drove a team of ponies in his buckboard while visiting his flock and at certain intervals urged them into a canter, partly, it was explained, to rest them, and partly to get there a little sooner and thereby beat the devil. There was a ridge above the town over which the trail ran, and when the Parson would be seen coming over this ridge, sitting well forward on his seat, with the reins held far apart and even with his ears, and the ponies on the canter, the comment in the town always was, "Here comes Tommy, resting his ponies, and beating the devil!"

And so it goes. There are none left now who helped build that memorable town that has long since vanished. Even their children, of which I am one, are lamentably few, but we have fond memories of their happy years of pioneering.

"When time, who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew. "

MAP OF SHANNON SCHOOL DISTRICT AND NAMES OF ORIGINAL SETTLERS



Chapter 31

THE LAST DAYS AT NELSON



By 1890, the Town of Nelson had disappeared and Morden was incorporated. A new school district was created, a few miles south of Belmont and named Shannon. If the choosing of the name, in a district by no means Irish, caused argument, it has never been recorded. One cannot but conclude that the name had its backers in those families whose fathers, in their childhood, played on Shannon's banks at Banagher. At any rate, it was in this little school that a dozen or more Adamsons learned to respect the stern eye of the country school master.

Since the commencement of this story, it has been my intention to carry it only to the end of the 11th generation. At that point I have now arrived. We are the 12th and, although we can claim - if it may be said with becoming modesty - a certain qualification for being considered pioneers, nevertheless I will leave it for future generations to tell our story.

We were children of the district's first settlers and, as such, have vivid recollections of those early days when our parents hewed their homes from the primeval oaks.

We can mark the site of the first oak cabin - the grave of the first

pioneer - the rutted path we walked to school - the spots where it was safe to cross the creek. We remember the stillness of a winter's night and can see again the light in the window of the cabins guiding the traveller in the night.

We remember the scanty furniture that our mothers were forever fixing - the homemade cradle that always seemed to have an occupant - the bottle of castoria and the one of castor oil. We can taste again the sulphur and molasses that our mother doused us with each spring and can recall her anxiety when a rash or a sore throat appeared. I must add that it was also our good fortune to live in an age when the characteristic of parenthood was looked upon with something akin to reverence.

By 1890 the word pioneer was about forgotten and the settlers were looked upon as farmers. They no longer had to haul their produce seventy miles to Emerson. Grain companies were now being formed and warehouses were being built in the new town of Morden. These companies required local agents and one of the first of these representatives was Alan Adamson. He employed a man called Reinhardt, and who everyone in the district referred to as "Billy the Dutchman", to do the work on the farm, while he went back and forth each day to the elevator about four miles away.

A huge Scottish Goddess, called Mrs. Galloway, was also employed and if my memory serves me correctly, it was really this lady that kept things upon an even keel on the farm. Mrs. Galloway was as capable and determined as she was huge and her Scottish brogue was as broad as her massive waist. How or when this lady came into the lives of my Uncle Alan's family, and our own for that matter, I do not know, I never knew her husband and I rather think he was left 'amang' the heather in faraway Galloway. Nor do I remember what became of Mrs. Galloway, but her massive size, tremendous capabilities and the great kindness remains in the memory of us all.

Alan Adamson's grain buying agency proved to be the beginning of the end of his days of farming. From the farm at Morden, he with his large family moved to Winnipeg where he became an active member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. This was only A. J. Adamson's start.

He was soon to leave Winnipeg and move to the Northwest where he became associated with a group in Land Settlement. He and his

associates formed the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company. They were one of several such companies who obtained charters for bringing in and settling settlers on the prairie land of the Northwest Territories. In this their Company was most successful and it has been said that, of all the companies so engaged the Saskatchewan Valley was the only one that fulfilled to the letter the Agreements set out in their charter.

Before long the Company was engaged in many businesses allied to settlement, and the name, A.J. Adamson, and his brother-in-law, J.G. Turriff, were soon well known throughout what is now, Saskatchewan.

Both Alan Adamson and Jack Turriff were sent to the House of Commons as representatives of the Northwest. They soon became Lieutenants of Sir Clifford Sifton, who was then a Member of Sir Wilfred Laurier's Liberal Cabinet, and looked upon as father of Western Canada Land Settlement. This was the commencement of their meteoric rise to fame and fortune. Turriff, subsequently was appointed to the Senate of Canada and moved to Ottawa. Alan Adamson retired from politics and returned again to Winnipeg, this time to sit in the presidential chair of a Western finance company.

He bought a large home on the south banks of the Assiniboine, directly across the river from the spot where he and his brother Arthur had pitched their tent some thirty years earlier. The house, though not officially named Mayfair, has always been referred to as the "Mayfair House", for it was Number 161 - Mayfair Avenue. It was a large affair of twelve or fourteen rooms, no more than required to house the many guests, children and servants, and must have reminded Uncle Alan of his father's home at Clifden.

His family then consisted of six boys and two girls. They were to have the advantage of a university education and to become a family of scholars and great athletes.

Alan Joseph Adamson died at the commencement of the West's great depression: The West, which he himself took such a leading part in building. His wife and four of his sons, two in infancy, predeceased him. Five sons, all prominent in law, medicine, and finance, and two daughters were left to carry on his greatness. He was indeed, a Mighty Man.

THE LAST ADAMSON AT PEMBINA MOUNTAIN



Arthur Adamson the last Adamson at Pembina Mountain

By 1896 my father was the only one of the family left in the Pembina Mountain country. He was now forty years old, my mother thirty-four and their seven children made a step ladder from the cradle until they reached my brother Fred, who was then 13. Grandma Moore, after marrying off her daughters, moved into Winnipeg with her remaining three and left the farm in charge of her youngest son Bob.

Bob was then a young man without a wife, indeed, he, like six of his brothers, never acquired one. He was a long happy-go-lucky type and a great favorite of everyone. He was much at our place, in fact he depended upon my mother, who of course was his sister, to do all his cooking. In later years he was associated with my father in business and always remained a very lovable character, his popularity and single blessedness remaining with him throughout life.

One thing that should be mentioned, in those last days at Nelson, was the fearful tragedy that befell my parents when some carelessly placed hot wood ashes were fanned into a blaze setting fire to the yard. It happened on a morning when the men were busy in the fields and without anyone to assist my mother, the whole place was soon an inferno. She was forced to flee the house with two or three small children leaving everything to the flames. Grandma Adamson

had brought out many priceless things from Ireland such as oils, manuscripts, silver plate, etc. and these were all left with my father while she was visiting some of her sons who had moved to the United States.

Everything was lost, priceless heirlooms as well as all buildings, furniture and clothing. In those days a settler carried his own insurance and so the loss was nothing short of, as I have said, tragic. Stout hearted parents and real neighbors, however, met it with the same determination as they had met other calamities and it was not long before another home was built and life went on. The house, constructed of sawn lumber, in place of logs, still stands on the old farm. It has been enlarged and is occupied by the son of one of the pioneer girls of the early days, Mary Alice Godkin.

It was only a few years after the disastrous fire that my father commenced to feel the need of more land. Not being able to expand in the immediate district he sold his old homestead to his neighbor George Bradshaw for six thousand dollars and purchased a new farm at Culross, forty miles north of Morden. The location was right in the centre of that "torrid plain", that he had walked across some twenty odd years earlier and which I have already mentioned as being a monument to the early pioneers.

I well remember those final days at Nelson. Our family seemed to be one of the corner stones of the district and neighbors could hardly realize that we were really leaving. Though we were only moving forty miles we may as well have been going four hundred in the eyes of those friendly Nelson pioneers.

The day for our farewell party finally arrived and by the time the coal-oil lamps were lit the whole neighborhood had gathered to say good-bye. Everyone for miles arrived and it was soon found necessary to make more room for all the guests. The large wood heater was carried from the living room and placed outside. The stove pipes that ran up through the ceiling and on out the roof were taken down and the younger members of our family were sent upstairs to bed. I remember putting on my flannelette nightgown and then laying down on my stomach and gazing down the stovepipe hole at the guests below. I lay there till midnight.

The evening entertainment took the form of a concert. There were recitations, when a settler's wife who fancied her elocution recited most pathetically, and perhaps for my father's sake, appropriately,

"The Charge of the Light Brigade". Jim Duncan's hired man, a squatty Englishman with a walrus mustache sang in a bass voice that reached to his boot tops, "Many Brave Hearts are Asleep in the Deep", even tho the settlers were a long way inland, it was well received. There were solos and duets when such songs as, "Tenting tonight", and "The Red River Valley", brought sniffles from some of the ladies.

The concert over, most of the ladies repaired to the kitchen to prepare the supper while the odd scoundrel slipped out with a knowing wink to see if his horses were all right. In those days the brewing of coffee was practically unknown to most of the women. Tea was the universal beverage but on an occasion such as this coffee must be served. This practically called for a vote of confidence among the women as to which one of them would have this honor thrust upon them. It was made in a complicated manner with eggs, including the shell, and the ground coffee tied up in a cloth. How the finished article was enjoyed I have no idea but I expect that is why everyone drank tea in those early days.

Supper over, the guests quieted down and everyone sat and waited for Sandy Stevenson, the man of the hour on such occasions, to give the farewell address and give the nod to Billy Grain to present the traditional clock. This part of the programme was supposed to be a surprise but everyone appeared to know that the present was an "eight-day" clock. Some curious guest had wound the thing and although it was wrapped in a box it could be heard ticking away during the whole of the evening.

I recall a slight hitch when after father received the clock he placed it on the table and then resumed his seat without saying anything. During the slight embarrassment, mother got up and commenced to say something and it was then that father arose and mother sat down. This was so in character to my father. When occasion demanded he was a good public speaker. He always seemed slow to start and his habit was to look intently at his hearers before saying anything. Once started all his words seemed weighed and to the point. I do not recall, or perhaps was too young to comprehend, what he said, but I remember most of the ladies had their handkerchiefs handy and the good neighbors were looking pensively down their noses when he sat down.

The next day my mother and five of the children (the family now consisted of eight) were taken to Morden from where they took the

train to Winnipeg to remain with her mother until things were settled on the new farm. My father, Fred, Bert and myself, as super cargo, left with a herd of cattle and three waggon loads of furniture and equipment for the three day trek to Culross. Here it should perhaps be explained whom I mean when I speak of Fred. His proper name is John Evans but he has received Fred all his life. It seems that when he arrived he was to be called Frederick, after my mother's brother, and while an infant was so called by all his aunts. There was some delay regarding his christening but when the time did arrive for the ceremony, Grandmother Adamson suddenly decided that he should be called John Evans. When Grandmother Adamson made up her mind to anything she - well she made up her mind. To retain the entente cordiale between the two families, the child's maiden aunts bowed to the paternal Grandmother's "command" but that is as far as they went. They continued to call him Fred and so has everyone else to this day.

The move to Culross might have turned out differently for my father but for certain historical events that were happening about this time. These were the days of the commencement of the Laurier Government. Sir Wilfred had been elected in 1896 and in his cabinet he had a man called Clifford Sifton who was Minister of the Interior. Sifton's dream was to fill the great open spaces of the west with settlers and to this end had commenced a policy of mass immigration. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants were streaming into a newer country further west than Manitoba. In point of numbers, they were mostly continental Europeans, but there were Britishers and Americans as well. We perhaps remember these early immigrants better from the "Men in Sheepskins", as they were called.

My father's brother, Alan, was at this time a Member of the House of Commons and associated with Sifton in this land settlement. It was he who prevailed upon my father to give up farming in Manitoba and move to the West and go into the 'supply' business in getting these thousands of new comers settled. A trip to the West convinced him of the possibilities. In the spring of 1903 he sold his holdings in Manitoba and we moved to the "wild and woolly" west as it was then described.

It was to the village of Saskatoon we moved and it was here that we again met the Bells and it is here that I will take time out from our own story, to go back to this family whom we left thirty years ago in Banagher. The branch that we were to live near and to know so well in Saskatoon were the children of the Rev. Alan and his wife

Emma and who, when we last heard of them in the 1860's were in King Williamstown, South Africa, where Alan was posted as senior Chaplain to the Queen's Forces.

A few months before the expiration of Alan's posting, in 1868 to be exact, he died. Emma with her three small sons, William, Arthur and Alan returned to Banagher and for a time lived with her uncle Joseph Conroy. In 1882, the boys now young men, emigrated to Manitoba. They took their mother with them. In order to have some place to go when they reached the west, they had sent sufficient money out to an acquaintance to purchase for them a farm. This was a very pretty place, in the summer time, at a place called Shoal Lake. On their arrival in Manitoba they went immediately to their farm and they named it Erinview.

It was not long before they discovered that Erinview was useful only for its summer beauty. It was very poor land, covered with stones and not at all suited to agriculture, even if they knew anything about farming themselves, which of course they did not. They were starved off the place and Willie with his mother moved to Stonewall while the other two, who were not married moved further west. Willie had married Carrie Elizabeth Davies, daughter of the Rev. Peter Davies. Arthur eventually became associated with Alan Adamson in lumber mills in the bush country north of Prince Albert, while Alan, of all things, became a river Captain on a paddle steamer on the North Saskatchewan river.

In 1902, Willie moved with his mother and family, to Saskatoon and went into business supplying the vast hord of immigrants with farm machinery. Later he expanded into the automobile business and met with considerable success. He eventually built a lovely home on the banks of the river and it was from here with Carrie and "Aunt Emma" that he dispensed true Irish hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives. William Bell became a great Saskatonian. He was one of that now fine city's pioneer benefactors. The University, the YM and YWCA and the beautiful Cathedral church are all landmarks which today owe their existence to Willie Bell and a few of his friends.

Willie, perhaps like my father, would not be classed as a mighty man, but he was like my father, one of the great gentlemen of early days. He had a lovable character. That, with his slight impediment in speech, his soft Banagher accent, and his kindly charm, make him ever remembered amongst the pioneers of Saskatoon.

In later years he and Carrie moved to Vancouver to live with their eldest daughter and it was there they both died; Carrie in 1945 and Willie in 1952. They are buried in that British Columbia city.

Arthur Bell, for a number of years as I have said, was associated with Alan Adamson in business. In 1909 he married Lily Jane Adamson. This was the third time that a Bell and an Adamson were joined in holy matrimony. After the marriage, Arthur, for a time, went to work for the Department of the Interior and when the First World War came, he took advantage of his knowledge of the lumbering industry and accepted the appointment of Officer in Charge of a Forestry Unit with the rank of Lt-Col. He spent sometime in Latvia during the war but died a few years after its end. He left besides Lil, four children, Some years later, Lil married again and is now living in Maryland.

Alan was an odd sort, perhaps I should say eccentric. I only saw him but once and that time for only a fleeting second. In order to say a few words about him I have to get ahead of my story. Some years later, Alan was in charge of a barge of lumber billed to my father, at a point on the North Saskatchewan river where he had commenced a retail lumber yard. It was in the fall of the year when every farmer in the district was waiting for this shipment in order to build granaries to store their grain. The barge, however, became stuck on a sandbar and in order to expedite things, father sent a number of farmers with their teams and wagons to lend assistance.

In a short while one of them returned with the news "that there is a crazy Irishman in charge down there standing at the rail with a marlin spike in his hand threatening to knock the brains out of the first man to set foot on his barge". This took my father down and sure enough, there was the Skipper, one Alan Bell, as mad as all-get-out and defying anyone to come aboard. I never did discover what had gotten into him and I also do not recall when the wind with her vagaries decided to blow him from the bar. That was Alan. I do not know his end.

LANGHAM

It is not my intention to go fully into my father's days at Langham. That is a story in itself and of interest only to our immediate family. I will, however, mention a few of the highlights of those early days.

Picture, if you can, a vast stretch of virgin land, lying waiting for the advent of the white settler. A few years before it had all been Indian country but by the turn of the century these people had moved onto reserves and the whole country was thrown open to Sifton's settlers who through colonization companies were being settled on land. The stretch of country was not what is known as cow-country. Cow-country was away further south in what is now Southwest Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta.

The country into which my father undertook to supply the agricultural wants of settlers, was grain growing land. Later cattle ranches were started, but during the early years the only cow-boys one would encounter were those fellows from Southern Alberta who trailed great strings of broncos into the district to be sold to farmers for agricultural purposes. There were cattle of course, but these for the most part were used only for dairying as far as the cows were concerned and most of the males became oxen.

There was no railway other than the one coming up from Regina, no churches or schools or roads, Nothing but just miles and miles of country with the North Saskatchewan river flowing through it and the promise of a railway that was now fast approaching the district from Winnipeg, passing twenty miles north of Saskatoon and going on to Edmonton about four hundred miles to the west.

It was into this district that my father came and built a shack at a point where the surveyor's stakes for the railway crossed the North Saskatchewan river. That was in 1904. His first lumber arrived by barge from down the Saskatchewan River. A townsite had been laid out unnamed; it was natural that my father should call it Clifden.

By 1905 the railway reached the river crossing and it was then that the lumber yard was moved back to the townsite which was some eight miles east. It was also then that the name was changed from Clifden and the place became known as Langham. I don't know which would be proper to say; that Langham was the Adamsons or that the Adamsons were Langham. Certainly the town and a district stretching for miles was built around the Adamsons.

My father was the town's first mayor, its first postmaster, its first magistrate and certainly its first merchant. They were fantastic days. The days before electricity, before gasoline machines or vehicles. The days when a man's worth was measured by his

honesty in meeting his obligations. Very few people possessed money. Business was almost entirely transacted by an individual's promise to pay. Sometimes accounts were closed by signing of a promisory note drawing eight percent before and twelve percent after due date and all made payable on the first of November, when the harvest was safely garnered in. These notes were in turn discounted by the banks or held as collateral against the merchants loan.

An amusing story pertaining to credit reflecting on the character of my father went the rounds during the free and easy days of 1912. My father, though never actually a wealthy man, never refused a settler the opportunity to get himself established. He often granted credit when others had refused and his was always the first name on a list for some charitable organization or community enterprize. At one time in about 1908, there were no less than seven churches built in the district; Anglican, Presbyterian, a couple of Lutheran and several by the followers of Menno Simon.

All the material for churches was supplied at cost and in most cases time was allowed the different congregations for payment. The men of the congregations usually undertook the responsibility for the church building, while the ladies of the congregation would raise the money for the church's furnishings. It was usually well known by all members that the ladies met their obligation on the date promised, while the men were inclined to drag their feet and not too many of them worried about their obligation to A. C. Adamson. However, every congregation had at least one who was forever prodding them about these obligations to Mr. Adamson.

The story goes that at a meeting of one of the congregations, the chairman of the building committee really went to town on them, ending his half hour harrangue by saying -- ". . . now we have been worshipping here in this building for three years at the expense of Mr. Adamson. We've taken advantage of his kindness of heart, and his payment is long overdue. If for Mr. Adamson's sake we are unable to raise this money by volunteer subscription, then for God's sake let us put a mortgagage on the building, as He would have us do".

The man meant no sacrilege but the story got somewhat twisted or exaggerated but had a salutary effect on all the delinquent congregations. The churches were all eventually paid for.

Several of my mother's brothers and sisters, as well as her mother, Mrs. Moore, joined us at Langham. Aunt May, who married

Charles M. Camroux, lived next door for ten years. It was in Langham that they raised their fine family of five and who became so closely associated with us all. Charley Camroux and his brother-in-law, Fred Moore, were pioneer suppliers of hardware and building supplies. Another sister of my mother married Charles Peyton, who at one time lived beside us in Langham. They later became one of the pioneer homesteaders of the Kindersley district, where their son "Fritz" is a well known stockman.

And so the years rolled on until the commencement of the first world war when the face of everything was changed. Banks and Loan Companies tightened their credit overnight. Machine Companies sent their collectors through the country until the Government placed moratoriums in an endeavor to protect the creditor. The thousands of promisory notes became of doubtful value. By 1915 Canada was one hundred percent in the European war. It was in this year that the Langham business was sold.

I must not close this chapter without a word about my mother. She was a mighty pioneer. A stalwart supporter of my father through good times and bad; forever helping the unfortunate and with a kind word for all. She was the mainstay of those early Divinity students and missionaries and I am sure they appreciated her many kind acts to them and to their charge.

Both my mother and father were great lovers of young people and always ready to assist them and encourage them in their undertakings; both were great lovers of the Theatre and never missed a visit to Saskatoon when the theatre season was on. They were both tremendously fond of athletic events and seldom did they miss turning out when a hockey, baseball or soccer game was being played.

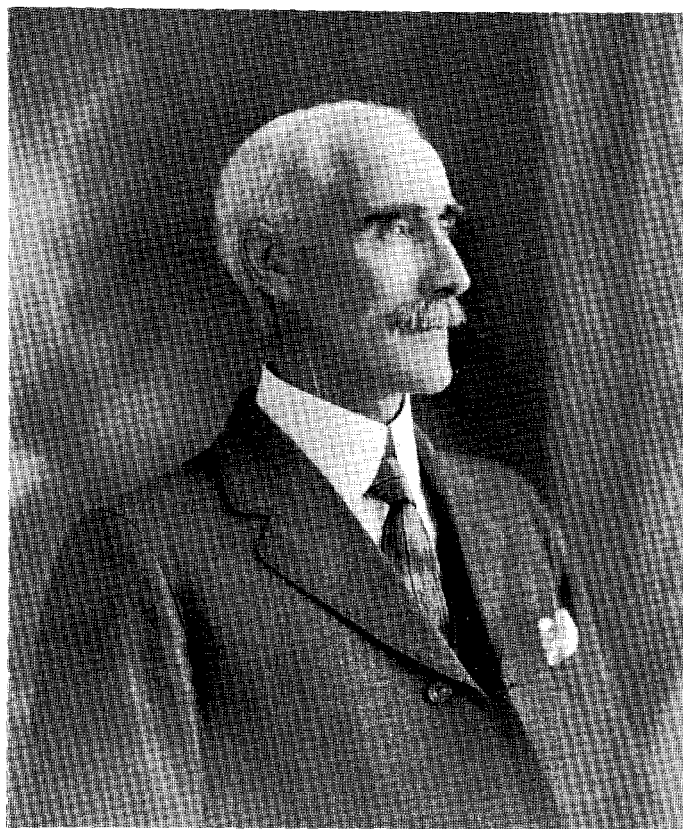
Our home was at times like a hotel with visiting clergy, bank clerks, farmers or evening travelling salesmen. Many times we would come home to find not only our place at the table taken but our bed as well. Marska, the Doukhorbor woman who did the washing, or Old Stephania or Kate who helped with the housework were all treated more like members of the family than servants.

Many stories have been told about my father discharging his duties as a police magistrate. Though he never let that fine type of young Mounted Police, we used to have in those days, down, he did everything possible to find the accused not guilty. He was a non smoker and practically a tee-totaler and I am sure his greatest enjoyment

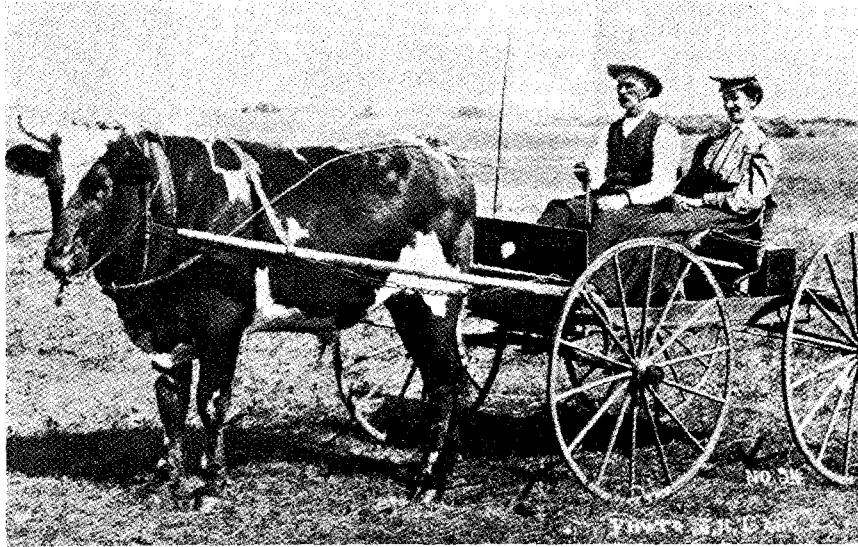
enjoyment in life was doing a kind action for his fellowman.

After the sale of the business, my parents and the younger children remained a short time in Langham. It was then that I joined the Forces and my parents moved to Radisson to live with my brother Bert, who farmed alongside that town. On October 10, 1917, while I was with my Regiment in France, my father died. He suffered from a kidney ailment and was in a Saskatoon hospital when death came. A memorial service was held at Langham attended by the whole district. An old family friend writing his condolences to me and speaking of the Langham service, said, amongst other things, "...your mother rose to still greater heights in the eyes of us all, if that were possible, during your father's memorial service. Her faith is a lesson to us all ...".

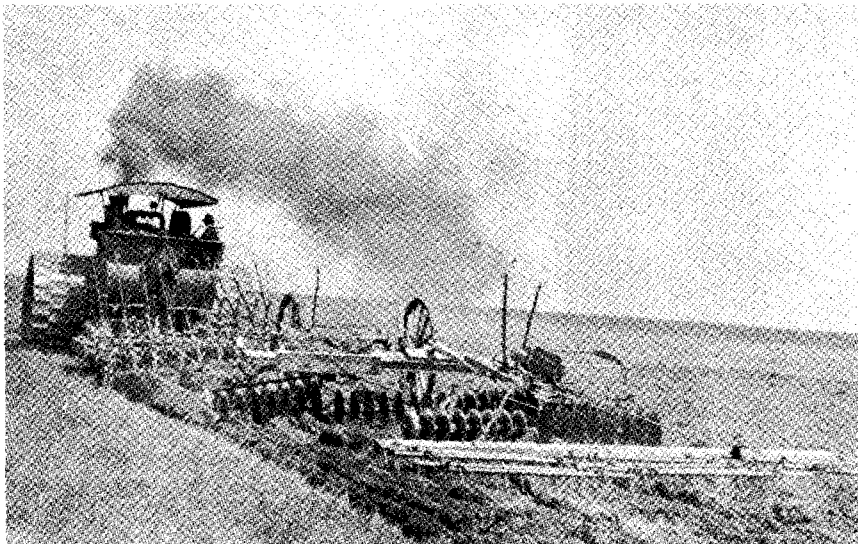
My mother died in June 1928. They are both buried in Woodlawn cemetery in Saskatoon.



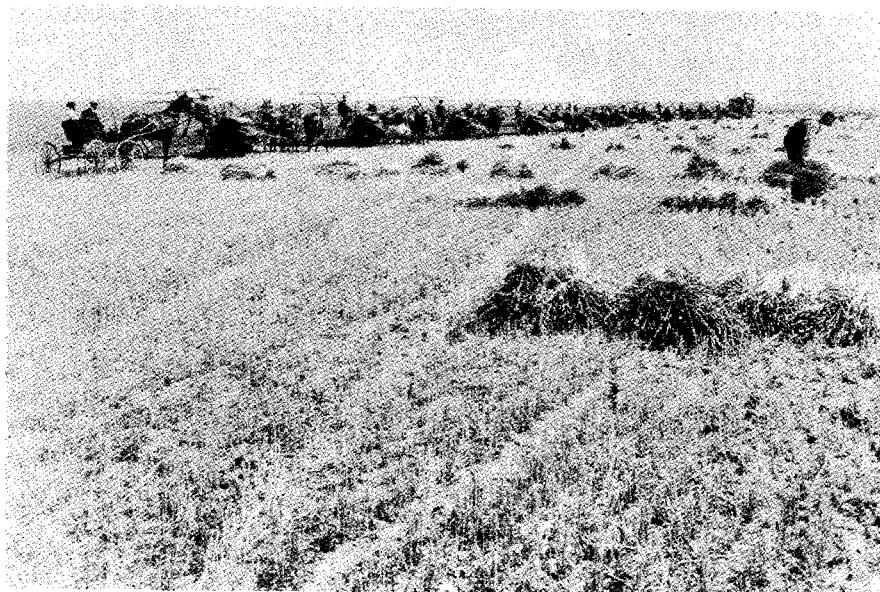
W. J. (Willie) Bell



An entry for the free-for-all



"Give me land, lots of land,"



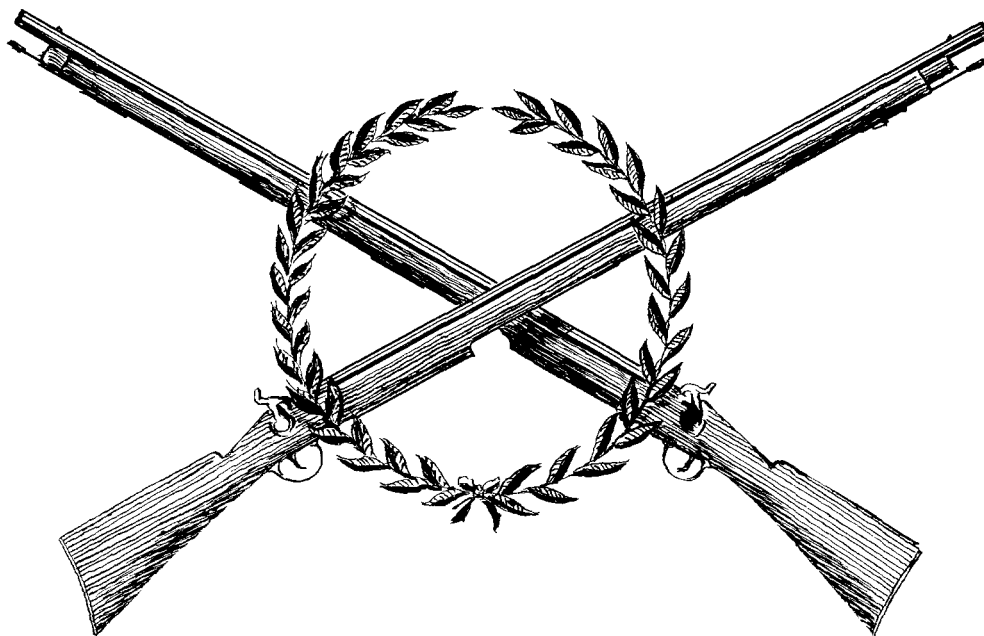
They shall come rejoicing



Jim Adamson riding at the Calgary Stampede
"Stay with him Jim"

Chapter 33

IN COMMENDATION



I now come to my final chapter. It is appropriate, not only from a chronological point but from a praiseworthy one as well, that my story ends with a few words eulogizing illustrious soldiers.

The most senior of these, speaking from a Canadian point of view was Major-General Arthur H. Bell, C. M. G. ; D. S. O. Before coming to this country, at the turn of the century, he held Field Officer's rank in the Imperial Army and commanded a Company during the South African War. At the close of this war he emigrated to Western Canada and tried his hand at one or two things before again joining the army.

At the outbreak of war in 1914, he was District Officer Commanding Military District 13, covering the Province of Alberta. When the 1st. Canadian Expeditionary Force was recruited he was given the Command of the 31st. Battalion, C. E. F. and as their Commanding Officer took them to France. The Regiment soon became known as "Bell's Bulldogs", a name which has stuck to them to this day. Arthur H. spent 39 months in France and Belgium and commanded a Brigade when hostilities ceased.

At the end of the war the Brigadier returned to Canada and in a



Major-General Arthur H. Bell, C.M.G.; D.S.O.

few years became Adjutant General of the Canadian Army with the rank of Major-General. He held this rank on his retirement in the 1930's. The General never married and for some years after his retirement lived in Ottawa. The last year of his life he lived with his sister Jane's son, Ernest Newland in Edmonton. It was in that city that he died and is buried there, mourned by many. He was a great Irish gentleman.

Another of the line who won renown as a soldier was the General's nephew Philip Newland. Phil joined the "Bull-dogs" as a ranker and won his commission on the field. In the fierce fighting around Amiens in March of 1918 he won for himself and his platoon the Distinguished Service Order. He was "killed-in-action" a few weeks before the Armistice.

And now we leave the Bells and return to the Adamsons. Best known of these, and again from a Canadian point of view, was the first Commanding Officer of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, Lt-Col. Agar S. A. M. Adamson, D. S. O.

Agar Stewart Allan Masterton Adamson was the second son of James Adamson, Clerk of the Canadian Senatè, and who I wrote about some chapters back. Agar was born on Christmas Day in 1865, in the city of Montrael. He was brought up in Ottawa in the very early days of that town. He attended Trinity College School, Port Hope and later in England at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

He became a Gentleman Commoner of Downing College and came down in 1889. While at Cambridge, he took an active part in athletics and was an enthusiastic amateur jockey, riding his own horses at New Market in both flat and steeplechasing.

He returned to Canada and entered the civil service in Ottawa. He later went into the office as Clerk of the Senate. He was an Officer in the Gov. Gen. Foot-Guards from 1893 to 1899 and held the rank of Captain. In 1899 he married Ann Mabel Cawthra. The wedding trip was an extended tour of Mexico on horses.

On the outbreak of the South African war he joined up and took a draft of fifty men to South Africa to join the Lord Strathcona Horse. On arrival in S. A. he was attached to the South African Light Horse, one of its units then acting as a flying column for Gen. Buller's main force, in pursuit of DeWit. He captured President Kruger's

last flag after his unit had taken the Boer Headquarters. This flag now decorates a rumpus room in Toronto.

He was invalided to England in 1900 but returned to S. A. again with the rank of Captain with the 6th. Canadian Mounted Rifles. At the end of the war he retired from the Canadian civil service and came to Toronto to live, where he and his wife founded and managed The Thornton-Smith Company, of Canada. He remained a keen horseman and was a familiar figure in a high cart and piebald tandem.

On the 12th of August 1914, he was gazetted to the PPCLI and though he was over fifty and had only sight in one eye, the sight of the other being lost in a football injury, he served in the front line most of the time in command of his Regiment, for over four years. (see "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, 1914-1919, by Ralph Hodder Williams, Vol. 2 for his subsequent actions)

Although I never personally met Col. Agar, while I was in France I heard many fantastic stories about him from the rank and file of the "Pats". He was affectionately called by his men "Old Ackity Ack" and they all would follow him to hell. I have told you that he had sight in but one eye; his 2ic, Major Gaunt had only one leg and another Major was missing something (I think an arm), anyway when ever we were along side the Pats in the line someone was bound to say, "If the bloody Pat Headquarters was ever captured, it would sure give Kaiser Bill's boys a lift when they saw what a bunch of crocks Ackity Ack and some of those Field Officers of his are". The Pats, as we all know, became famously known for their fighting and certainly a lot of the credit must go to their first Commanding Officer, Lt. - Col. Agar S. A. M. Adamson, D. S. O.

After the war Col. Adamson spent his summers at Port Credit and his winters either in Ottawa or England. While in England he became a flying enthusiast and a fall into the Irish Sea in 1929 - while flying with Mr. Harper, the well known aeroplane manufacturer, where he spent over three hours in the water before being picked up by a trawler and taken to the Isle of Man, undoubtedly shortened his life

He died on November the 21st, 1929, in London. He is buried in Trinity Churchyard Port Credit. In 1899 he married Ann Mable Cawthra, only daughter of John Cawthra of Toronto. They had two sons, Rodney and Anthony.



Lt. - Col. Agar S. A. M. Adamson D. S. O.

Rodney became a Member of the House of Commons and a very promising career was cut short when he and his wife were among the entire passengers and crew who lost their lives in an air disaster April 8th, 1954. A family survives.

FINIS

My story is now ending. I bring it to its close with a feeling that there is still much to be told, even of the men and women who have their names placed on the family tree. Many, many names are missing. Branches galore waiting for the pen of someone of the line.

Countless stories can be written of the descendants of those two cousins Charles and William, who wearied of the strife and turmoil of Europe's wars and politics sought a quieter life far removed from luxury or ostentation, and joined the simple industrious frugal colony of Quakers then getting a foothold in New England.

From them no doubt descended Basil Adamson, the builder of "Adamson's Choice", built quite possibly where The White House stands today. Across the Potomac John Adamson, years before those settlers displayed their feelings towards England's King, built his home and called it "Adamson's Rest", while another of the line, called William, gave the name to a creek in eastern Tennessee. He acquired two and one half miles of land, extending up the creek and there he built his home and called it "Adamson's Hide-Away". Those were homes built in New England, over two hundred years ago, and from the tone of the owners were Adamsons of "our line".

One hundred years later came Robert, only son of Colonel Joseph Samuel Adamson, our kinsman who helped to immortalize England's "Thin Red Line". Robert was not a Quaker, neither was he a soldier. He settled in what is now Indiana Territory and was most likely the progenitor of John Wesley Adamson who built a magnificent home that became the focal point for all that preferred peace to war. And he named it "John Wesley's Retreat on Adamson Branch".

Yes, my reader, my pen points you to paths now barely discernible but trod by our fathers. The Tree that I planted in 1536 with old Patrick as its tap-root has shed its acorns - and mighty fertile acorns - until we have for our exploratory enjoyment today a veritable forest. From Patrick's baseline run paths in a myriad of directions waiting for someone of the line to follow them and tell their story.

There will be vales to descend and hills to climb and frustrations will meet you on many turns but I feel sure the words of Wordsworth will spur you on, as they have me

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodills

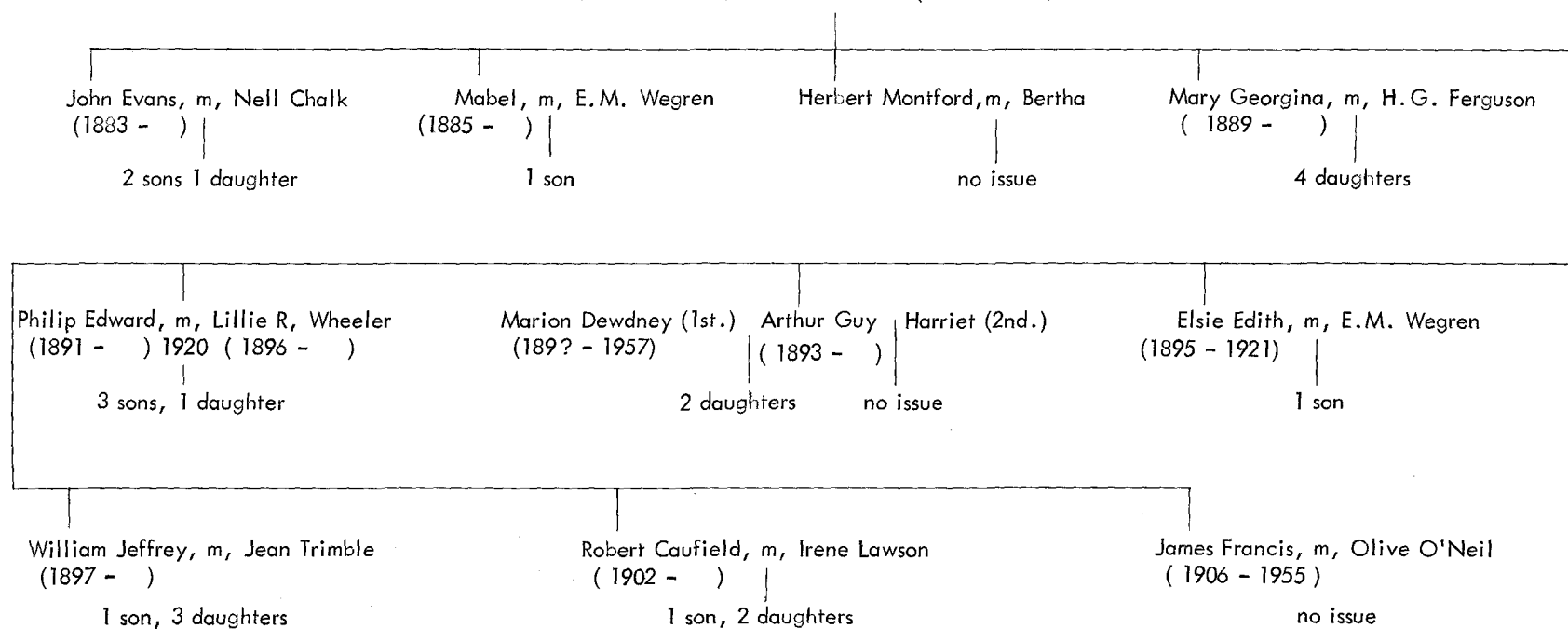
- and you will follow the path to its end and find your journey most rewarding.

As for me I leave you with that thought and return to the spot from where I set out four centuries ago and some words of my Prologue - "I set it down, so that those who come after, the record may endure".

Veterum Non Immemor.

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 10

Arthur Christopher Adamson | Edith Octavia Moore
(1856 - 1917) m, 2/6/1883 (1862 - 1928)



GENEALOGY CHART NO. 11

Alan Joseph Adamson and Julia Turriff
(1858 - 1931) 1881

John Evans (d. an infant)

Son, d.

John Evans, m, Mary Turriff
(1884 - 1961)

1 son, 4 daughters

Robert
(1886 - 1905)

Christopher Arthur, m, Margaret
(1885 - 1951)

4 sons, 1 daughter

Edna Turnbull (1st.)
(189? - 1918)

James Douglas (1890 -)

Jean (2nd.)

2 daughters

Ethel (1st.)

Alan Bell (1889 -)

Lilias (2nd.)

no issue

no issue

Lily Jane (1891 -)

Arthur J. Bell (1st.)

Marangella (2nd.)

Herbert, m, Dorothy
(189?-)

1 son, 1 daughter

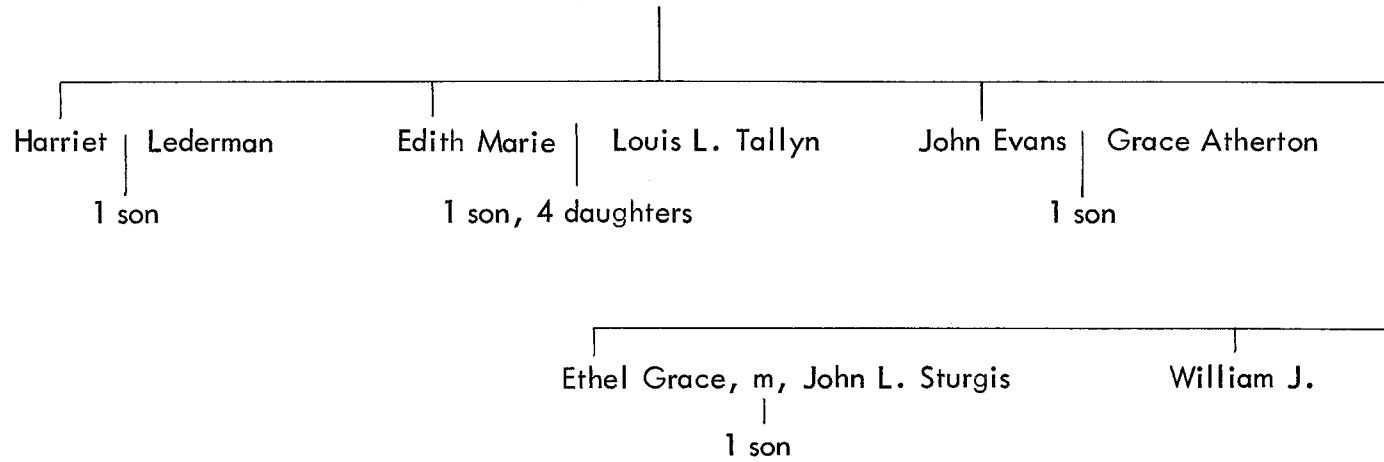
Harriet

Gilbert Loggie, m, Emma

1 son, 1 daughter

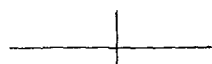
GENEALOGY CHART NO. 12

John Evans Adamson and Anna Marie Dennis
(1859 - 1910) 1881



GENEALOGY CHART NO. 13

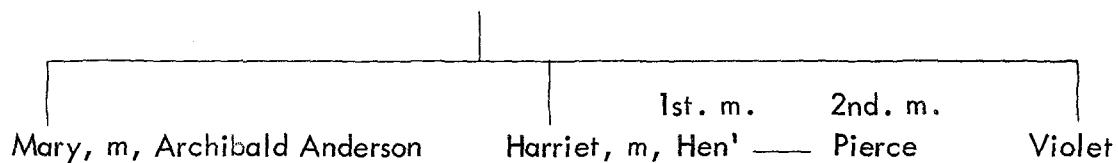
Christopher Arthur Adamson and Mae
(1863 - 1902)



one son Arthur W.

GENEALOGY CHART NO. 14

Frances Adamson and William J. Park



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

To thank all those who have encouraged me in the compilation of this family history would not be practical. I must, however give praise to some, Without their assistance and inspiration the story would never have been commenced, much less completed in all its inadequacy.

The late Clara Amelia (Pentland) James (1883-1961)
The late Lillias Mary Adamson, Dublin (1870-1962)
The late John Evans Adamson, LLD. Winnipeg (1883-1961)

Mary (Adamson-Park) Anderson, Jackson, Mississippi.
Ethel Grace (Adamson) Sturgis, Portland, Oregon.
Betty (Newland-Bell) Davies, Dublin, Eire.

Colonel James Douglas Adamson, M. D., Winnipeg, Man.
Prof. Anthony Adamson, M. A., Toronto, Ontario.
Arthur W. Adamson, Portland, Oregon.

Rev. D. T. O. Barr, M. A., St. Marks, Dublin, Eire.
Mr. Edward McLysaght, Irish Manuscripts, Dublin, Eire.
Mr. E. G. King, Clifden, Connemara.

Mrs. M. Nancy Browne, Scots Ancestry Society, Edinburgh.
Hope (Newland-Bell) Buckwell, Vancouver, B. C.
Wing Commander David Ritchie Adamson, RCAF, Ottawa.

Last but by no means least my two work horses, my
daughter and my nephew,
Dorothea Grace Adamson, Calgary, Alberta.
Robert Adamson Wegren, Edmonton, Alberta.

PEA.

