

The following unpublished manuscript “Lonsdale – Then and Now,” came into my possession over eleven years ago. It was written by Mrs. Annie M. Farrell, Marysville, Ontario and dated 29 October 1969.

Margaret Ann McAuliffe was born 19 January 1890 in Tyendinaga Township, Hastings County, Ontario to James and Bridget Letitia (Toner) McAuliffe.¹ Her parents had married 25 November 1889 in Marysville.² Her sister Sarah Agnes “Aggie” was born 20 June 1896 also in Tyendinaga Township.³

At the age of twenty-six Anna Margaret (as she was known) would herself marry in Marysville on 15th January 1917 to John Joseph Farrell, a farmer and thirty-year-old son of Michael and Ellen (Murphy) Farrell. At the time Anna was a school teacher.⁴

Juli Elizabeth Anderson
Wilmington, NC, USA
05 September 2017

¹ Margaret Ann McAuliffe birth registration no. 017132 (1891); Ontario Registrations of Births, 1891-; microfilm MS929, Roll 105, Archives of Ontario, Toronto; accessed through “Ontario, Canada Births, 1858-1913,” database with images, *Ancestry* (accessed 05 September 2017).

² James McAuliff to Bridget Letitia Toner marriage registration no. 004789 (1889); Ontario Registrations of Marriages, 1889 -; microfilm MS932, Roll 64, Archives of Ontario, Toronto; accessed through “Ontario, Canada, Marriages, 1875-1935,” database with images, *Ancestry* (accessed 05 September 2017).

³ Sarah Agnes McAuliffe birth registration (20 Jun 1896); Ontario Registration of Births and Stillbirths, 1896-; microfilm MS929, Roll 138, Archives of Ontario, Toronto; accessed through “Ontario, Canada Births, 1858-1913,” database with images, *Ancestry* (accessed 05 September 2017).

⁴ Ann Margaret McAuliffe to John Joseph Farrell marriage registration no. 009763 (1917); Ontario Registrations of Marriages, 1917-; microfilm MS932, Roll 419, Archives of Ontario, Toronto; accessed through “Ontario, Canada, Marriages, 1875-1935,” database with images, *Ancestry* (accessed 05 September 2017).

LOMSDALE -

THEN

&

NOW

A. M. FARRELL

LONSDALE - THEN AND NOW.

My mother and father were married on November 25th. 1889 at Marysville. I was born on January 19th, 1891 at Joe McCullough's house where my father was working. Later we moved to the house where Fred lives now and my sister Mary was born here. This house of West's (Bill) was smaller and nearer to the river; the distance you can figure by the stone (flag-stones) from the former little gate to the house. We then moved to the Jim Johnston farm across from Charles Kimmerly and which, it is interesting to know is now owned by a Mr. Johnston. We lived in half the house and I can still hear Tommy and May Callaghan calling to Mrs. Johnston their aunt. "Auntie Jo-Anne, Auntie Jo-Anne". Here Frank and Aggie were born. When Aggie was 2½ years old my dad bought the Sweeney farm from the Sweeney's.

In Winter-time the road through this West farm made a short-cut winter road from the top of McGuinness's hill, as it was called, down the crooked S hill and along the laneway on the West farm, said road separating or bounding Fred McGuinness's farm (now owned by Fred Farrell). It was lovely to hear the sleigh bells as they hurried, jogged or loitered or in whatever mood. When we went sleighriding at night down Hayes' Hill we gave a good listen for galloping bells before we started down the hill and across the two bridges.

Talking of Lonsdale it was a small but busy village, and it always reminded me of the poem which said "It went half-way up the hill and then sat down". Remember it?

Its main street, Rock Street, was a gorgeous broadwalk, no, stonewalk for the youngsters. On the north side of this street the protruding rock made a runway for us. We raced along over it to Bridge Street, crossed the street and up again on the rock past the tire house, climbed down to cross in front of the hearse barn up again and we cautiously hurried by the hotel and round the corner and up to school. That rocky ledge extended over to James Street. But this rocky ledge had to give way to more space for motors.

We lived on the west end of Rock Street, in a 3-storey stone home facing the Salmon River, with a crooked rocky lane to drive the cows to drink. We loved to skip stones across the water. There was a "deep hole" there too and the cows had to swim through to reach the 3-cornered end of our farm. In this home was a dark room. I wonder if all the houses of the early ages had one. These Sweeney folks were nicknamed "Mary Anne, Julie Anne and Dinny Anne". When my father went to the barn in the morning he would whistle "St. Patrick's Day" and Frank West would whistle back "The Protestant Boys". That was their "Good-morning to you". My father was a great whistler - the best. This was the Sweeney farm. They had a harness and shoe shop. Across the street was the Sweeney Hotel. I can remember Pat Nash's living here. (Mrs. Nash had a weaving machine up in the barn). He was a carpenter. She used to take her washing down to the river. In an open space in front of this barn the boys did pole vaulting. Incidentally there was a lime-kiln just near this barn and a well on the common.

At the foot of our hill a road veered off the main road, went by that hotel past the barn where Enoch Murphy (Enoch the dauber) was remembered by me as having often stopped, past the hill and down to join the main road again. Here Ed Powers (Ned or Neddie) tied his horse to a post when he came to the store. Ned always asked for Handy Ammonia by putting up his hand saying "I want the hand". A butternut tree grew along here. I studied my notes for leaving High School in this shade.

Next to this Hall was the McCullough store and home, the post-office and the Winter's home. A series of wooden steps led up to the store and post-office. One time Bill West drove his horse up the store steps and into that store. This store and home was burned after Denis Hayes purchased it from James McCullough. I remember Sandy Winter's as post-master, shoemaker and lay-preacher at Salem. Sandy Winter lived in the Parsonage and Mrs. Winter had lovely flowers in her garden. Her pansy bed was a sight to see.

South of Rock Street West beside the Sweeney place was the Parsonage with its barn. The weighing scale (just about where Eric Cappell had his sunning and resting chair). Next came the store of stone and the home (where Denis Hayes moved after fire destroyed his store and home). Between this store and home a series of wooden steps led down from the street to the garden below. Here Frances and Florence Hayes played house with dolls and broken china dishes.

Beside this was a shop; Ken Haight thinks it was a harness shop; my sister thought it was a tailor shop as there were many shelves in it. On Sundays Church meetings and services were held in its basement. Locally it was dubbed "Pros's Tabernacle". It is said Dan Maybee's lived in this basement. Later it became the first garage in Lonsdale operated by Jack McAuley.

Across the hill from this was a building which we do not know. East of this was the Nealon House which had a roadway off the street down to the barn. This barn also had a roadway running from the foot of the hill (Hayes' kept their horse - a spotted horse called Jack - in this barn) using the south entrance.

On over the street was another smithy - Gough's - with their paint and carriage shop. Next to this lived Billy Martin and family and at the end of the street lived Jim Whiteman.

Coming back to the Winter home we cross Bridge Street to the Bruein business block - blacksmith shop, woodworking shop, paint shop and carriage shop. The tire-house was amazing - open the big door and out came the tires (steel) red as red which were dunked in a tank of water. Mr. Bruein was the undertaker. The caskets were kept in a building near. The hearse barn was on Rock Street; the hearse was drawn by a team of back horses draped in black nets.

Next came the Casey house. Mr. Wat. (Walter) Casey was a furniture maker. I have my mother's kitchen table purchased from him when they were married. Several of their family died of diphtheria when they were young.

Next to this was the Pat Doyle Hotel - a stately place with long porch and many sheds to accommodate the horses of the patrons. He was a great man to fish.

Across from this corner lived Mrs. Paddy McGuinness who taught dress-making. My mother was a pupil of hers; made button-holes for months - she was a good button-holer.

McGuinness's lived in the centre of this block with their home in the centre of their property.

Jack Gough's lived in the corner house - Norman Whiteman's lived here before Gough's.

Across the street lived John Doxsee and family. He worked in wood-work shop at Bruein's and I am sure Santa Claus bought all the small, medium and large sleds at this shop and I'm sure he must have ordered them painted red. Norm Whiteman toiled at Bruein's for years as blacksmith. Robert Kerwin worked here too as did Frank Corrigan.

Going back to Main Street - On the south corner of Main and Bridge lived Prosper Randall who married a Maggie Goodfellow. His house was moved away.

Across from Randall's the Bruein family lived, their barn across on the corner. In the block between Bridge and Princess stood the old Presbyterian Church, also the old school. On the north-east corner of Main and Princess lived Tom Gordon and family, Wilma, Maysell, Maude and Eva. Across from this home Ben Haight and family lived - in a nice old-fashioned well-verandahed home. Maude Robinson lived with them. This home had a dark room too. Next was the McGuinness home whose property extended from Main to Rock Street.

Richard Gough's built their home on the north-east corner of Main and James. East of Mary Jane's sideroad was the Windover farm with a hotel managed by a Mr. Winter. 'Twas said a certain lady who imbibed too freely was clapped down in a well nearby until she was herself again - must have been shallow or dry eh! Mac says it used to have a few feet of water.

At the foot of the big hill on the east side and the north was a saw-mill. The flour mill was on the island whose name, I believe, was only registered as "The Island". Across from the flour mill was the pretty residence surrounded by a white picket fence and from where the Lazier's

sold their woollen goods. Barns and sheds were built on the island. On the south side of the second bridge stood the woollen mill with the drying racks across the road. This was all Lazier property.

On Main Street South, east of Bridge Street Mrs. Tillie Whiteman McQuay lived in a small home west of Dr. Redner's home. Jim Doyle lived between Redner's and the Methodist Church. Between the Church and the corner I understand a Mr. Quackenbush lived and Allen Foote whose home is still standing. Alex McRae used to keep his car in this place. South of Foote's home across the street was Daniel McRae's home and at the top of the hill was the imposing brick home of the Lazier's. (Ed. and Josephine).

On this street west in the house on the corner at the top of the hill lived successively Beckwith's, Alex McCullough's and Connie Bowerman. In the next block was the Frank West farm.

Now starting over again. Archie McCullough and Alex McCullough lived for periods on the Sweeney place before my father purchased it. Agnes McCullough told me lately that she was born in the Sweeney home.

Pat Nash's and Mike Ford's lived in the house across from us which was eventually sold to John Ford.

The Parsonage was occupied by several Ministers - Mr. McArthur, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Spooner, Alexander Winter. Later Denis Hayes bought this property where Jack Hayes and family lived for several years. The store was operated by Denis Hayes and Jack Hayes then taken over by William Callaghan for a time, purchased by Coffey Brothers. Joe Coffey lived here with his wife and daughter for several years and sold to Peter Roache, then to Jimmy Buckley. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Cappell bought the store, home and parsonage property and the store was closed - 1956. We can't recall the shop across the hill.

The Nealon House is gone - just part of the foundation stands. Only Ken Haight's garage stands on that area east from the hill.

The Martin's moved to Deseronto. The Whiteman home is no more. Two of this family became doctors, Dr. Gus and Dr. Bob, one settling in Picton, the other in Whitby. The Doxsee's moved to Deseronto, Prudence Kinnear Garrett lived in the Doxsee house then Mr. & Mrs. Doherty from Deseronto, Potter's from Toronto, a watchmaker or repair man. Mr. Potter worked with the farmers. When he went threshing he was heard to remark "All we got was potatoes and pork, pickles and pie." Din Callaghan, Geff Osborn, Mrs. Hunt also lived there.

The Norman Whiteman's lived in the house later occupied by Jack Gough and later bought the Dr. Redner property where Norm lived until his death at 96 years of age. Jack Gough's moved to Detroit from this place. Sheridan's bought the Jack Gough place. Joe Hannafin took it over. A Mr. Sargenson lived here for a short time. Lastly Kenneth Haight purchased the property.

The McGuinness home was torn down. When Ab Bruein married he lived in the Mrs. McGuinness place on the corner. He sold fur coats, black astrakhans with sable collars - fitted and just a bit below waist-line in length. The Ab Bruein's moved to Belleville. Pat McVicker bought this place where he had post-office and small store.

Now the Pat Doyle Hotel. He sold it to James Williams who, when he went to Detroit sold it to Joe McGuinness and Joe Ford. The Joe Ford's moved to Rochester. I think Parker's of Toronto next purchased the hotel but later moved back to Toronto. He was a baker. Tom Murphy bought it. When Cassidy's moved there Tom Murphy bought the Winter lot from Joe McGuinness and built a home. Chas. O'Neill purchased the place. Here Pat McVicker died. Finally Mr. Irish bought the place as a private residence. The Casey's moved to Western Canada and United States. This house which was bought by John Bruein and the Bruein property was bought by Dr. J. McHenry who also bought the Wm. Haight house and lot. He was undertaker for some time. He managed a pool-room and barber shop for a time.

Before it was dismantled a Mr. Bert Kent lived in the Winter home. After Tom Murphy built his house on this spot a Dr. Dunn lived there for a short while - a veterinary doctor. Tommy Nash and family and Robert Kerwin lived here. Now the son Leo Nash and family occupy the property.

The Bill West blacksmith shop has gone. Before Mr. and Mrs. Bruein died their daughter May married a Mr. Bryant. Before Mrs. Bruein died in Belleville she begged for a drink of water from the well at home. Mike Murphy bought this place, then Joe Haight, John Sexsmith's lived there for a spell and it is now owned by Don Lyman.

In 1873 the parishioners built a new Church (Presbyterian, later United) on the hill north of Bruein's with its cemetery and sheds - stately splendor in a scenic setting. In the same year a stone school was built in the next block.

The McHenry property is now owned by Leon McGuinness. Pat Doyle bought the Ben Haight property and rebuilt the home, residing there until his death. McVicker's moved up from the Bruein place to this place where Mrs. McVicker died. Later a war veteran Henry Rodd bought it, then Fred Farrell, who later sold it to Ted McGuinness.

The Richard Gough home was vacant for some time. Mr. and Mrs. John P. McCullough and Oscar lived there for a time. When Oscar died Bernard Walsh bought it. Now that whole once quiet street has come alive with little people and lively play times.

I asked my friends about a Dr. Yourex, a name I often heard my mother mention. Dr. Redner was followed by Dr. Harvey Clare, Dr. Price followed, living in the Winter home and also in Jim Doyle's house. Dr. Haines of Belleville had an office in McAuliffe's house as did Drs. Jimmy McEvoy, J. J. O'Reilly and Dr. Sam McAvoy.

My mother talked of a teacher, Mr. Hopper, who went around on stilts. Succeeding teachers - Mr. Ross, Mr. Hardy (W.A.G.), Mr. Kiernan, Miss O'Riordan, Rose O'Connor - Sister Mary Caroline - Clara Murphy Kennedy, Sara McCullough McGurn, Miss Arnold, Miss Healey, Jean Love Hackett, Ann McBride, Miss Payne, Miss Brummell, George Nobes, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Orvis, Kay Walsh McGurn, Mrs. Maracle, Miss Alcombrack, Miss Williamson, Miss Withers, Miss Hubert, Olive Sherlock Hayes, Miss Bly, Miss Mary V. Walsh, Mrs. Jack McLaren, Mrs. Kimmerley, Mrs. Margaret Walsh. These names are not listed in order.

Some of the Ministers I recall but do not know if they lived in the parsonage - Mr. McArthur, Mr. Fuzee, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Spooner, Mr. Cruikshank.

The mill now is owned by Mr. Crowe who has remodelled it into a lovely home.

Joe McGuinness rented this mill in 1921 when Arthur McCullough moved and he bought it in 1924. Records show that James A. Lazier took it over in 1879.

The factory which had employed so many people was burned down in 1902. I remember running back to the field where my father was cultivating to tell him of the fire. He unhitched the horse, handed me the lines and he ran to be of some assistance. Me! I had to bring the horse home and I was so afraid he'd walk over me that, barefoot, I walked bravely through the junipers and let him have the pathway.

The engine-room of this factory wasn't damaged and later Pete and Anne Beaverstock lived there for some years. Lately Miss Lois Rollins purchased it and now has a charming home built. The drying racks have all disappeared and it was a challenge to run back and forth and not get picked by the pins.

Mr. Thomas Wagar bought the brick Lazier residence. His daughter Reah and husband Mr. Allen are owners now.

The place where Tillie Whiteman McQuay lived was occupied by Joe Whiteman but it has been long gone. There were two Doctors McQuay in Till's family.

The Methodist Church was closed and was converted into a hall. Mr. Irish purchased it when it was put up for sale. Here I insert a little poem -

The Jim Doyle home is gone. The Allen Foote house still stands.

West of the south hill Beckwith's lived in the corner house. During Connie Bowerman's tenure in this house Hornerite Revival meetings were held. And our dog Sport whined way out loud whenever they sang. Aggie told me that old Mrs. Bowerman died in her house prior to her moving there.

John J. Brennan purchased the Frank West farm, moved the house to its present location and remodelled it. Fred Farrell bought the farm from Mrs. Brennan. It is on West Street.

Now for my home - in the suburbs. It belonged to the Whiteman's who moved back to the 6th Concession. Wm. Waddingham's lived here until they purchased the Farrell farm down by the river. Ed. Walsh's lived here for a while and so did Ab. Whiteman. Then Jim McCullough bought the farm. When Jim moved to Western Ontario my father bought it and my Jack bought it from Dad.

S.S. No. 29 turned out many, many scholars in the various fields.

With all our hills Lonsdale, in the old days, had few accidents - not a car accident but a horse and buggy accident. Tom Murray's horse was gored by a shaft of some Tighe's buggy. Murray's horse died. This happened at the foot of McAuliffe's hill.

Feuds existed for a time but so long ago but everyone was so busy making a living that all went well. I understood Mrs. Gough to tell us at one time that they lived under the hill. She said she heard a ruckus on Rock Street and "I emptied the teapot, set it on a stump and hurried up the hill to see if "himself" was in it".

Washing long ago was done at the river. I remember Mrs. Pat Nash taking her washing down and I believe using a stone for a board. Her quilts she tied to a tree by tying a rope to one corner and to a tree and so getting it washed. Washing on the board was a task. My mother used to take pride in watching her clothes swing on the line after 2 washings, 2 rinsings, bluing, starching and then - just dare to hang them in disarray!

Dances, quiltings, picnics, husking-bees, skating, fishing, hunting were some of the daily life.

At school we played red-line, hide-and-seek, ball, anti-anti-over, here we go gathering nuts in May as some of our games. I recall playing marbles inside on Luke Gould's big warm cape. I've tried the game lately but my once agile fingers refuse to "rise to the bait". We had spelling matches weekly. My mother helped me with the words and with the caution "Study your spelling and don't let Willie McCullough beat you." We had, every Friday "addition on the side seats". Two leaders were named and they called out their lines of pupils who came with slate and pencil and damp cloth. Mr. Kiernan began "Forty nine 374" until he had given us about six lines - who could total and stand first? Losers went to the foot. Mind you we were getting more efficient by the week, and in High School work in Public School we even took Latin. When we got to do a sentence in Latin (translate, I mean) I remember one I made "Puer caris estis dulcis". I had a schoolgirl crush on someone - but I didn't do my sentence properly.

During the Hayes store tenure the son Jack went out through the north part of the township in his one-horse wagon to buy eggs and butter and he carried along store supplies for the people. Denis Hayes did a large trade practice. Many folks paid in wood and I've seen the road from the top of the hill to our corner with 2 rows of cordwood which was measured by Mr. Hayes who carried an eight-foot length of measuring stick. It was a great place to run the length of.

Running logs down the river in the Spring was an exciting event to onlookers. Our river was a race course for horse races in Winter. Sheep washing was another Spring "must" - poor sheep - wet men. A Sir Oliver Mowat sponsored trip was the canoe trip by Queen's University students following the run of logs. So often fishing at night was done by the light of pine torches in the front of the boat.

According to 1876 Atlas by Jackaberry, Lonsdale then had a population of 150. In 1878 the Atlas registered 200. This year, 1969, the population is approximately 70.

Tyendinaga was named after an Indian Chief of the Six Nations, Joseph Brant, who, with remnants of his tribe came from New York State.

After the American Revolution the British Government promised land to the Indians. In the Bay of Quinte Reservation the Mohawks were under the supervision of Chief Deserontyou and also of Captain Isaac Hill. The deed of this New Tyendinaga Township bears the date 1804.

In 1818 or 1819 the Indians surrendered the first four concessions. Settlers quickly took up the land.

In 1840 the northern half of the Township was surrendered. The first 24 concessions including the broken front is all that remains of the Mohawk Reservation.

Thanks to Mack McRae, my sister Aggie and Mr. and Mrs. Ken Haight for their assistance in this; also to Mr. Brooks Allen for his Village Plan, and Atlas, etc.

This is the story of Lonsdale, as we recall it. Maybe something of which we have written will induce research by someone. I graciously present this summary, but will just as graciously stand corrected by research.

Mrs. Annie Farrell.
Marysville,
Ont.

Dated: October 28, 1969.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH



Our village, oh! So many years ago,
Resounded with the peal of village bell,
Which called the faithful, in the sunset's golden glow,
To hurry hence from nearby hill and dells.

Spectator I; 'Twas interesting to heed,
The gathering, a quiet dream apart,
Some walked, alert, in proud profession of their creed,
Some rode in stately coach, others in humble cart.

At hitching post the clanking never stopped,
The men, in clusters, met to chat about
The weather, politics, and, yes, the crop,
And then, with one accord, the steps they mount.

A solemn quiet prevailed in our wee town,
Echoes of music floated through the air,
To mingle with Dame Nature's sleepy sounds,
And with God's Benediction and the prayer.

Ah now with bustle and with right good will,
The men brought round the carriages with ease,
So soon the Church grounds were so very still,
But for the jingle of the sexton's keys.

Our village now! No Church but just a hall,
Where people meet for business or pleasure,
But I feel sure that in the hearts of all,
Are lovely memories which they fondly treasure.

- P.S.1: - A Mr. Pat Murphy lived in the McCarron's house (Charles Meagher, now Claude McRae's). I can remember Julia Murphy going to school.
- P.S.2: - In early times pupils from as far as the Boundary came to Lonsdale to school. My mother mentioned Lily Abbott often. Pupils came from Kingsford too and some of the Whiteman's came from up the 3rd Concession.
- P.S.3: - Messrs. McArthur and Cruikshank lived at Melrose.
- P.S.4: - Mrs. Beckwith taught oil painting in the village. We, Aggie and I have paintings on velvet done by our mother.
- P.S.5: - Lonsdale school closed in 1967, the last teacher being Mrs. Maracle.
- P.S.6: - The old mill wheel ceased turning in 1963.
- P.S.7: - Lonsdale lost its post-office in 196 .
- P.S.8: - Our Municipal Telephone System was taken over by Bell Telephone Company in 19

P.S. - Some nicknames remembered:

I was Hanner

The Winter's boys:	Claude		Claudincus
	Sid	were	Siduncus
	Guy		Guyhucus

Arch Hayes was: Archie - bald Denis

George Whiteman - Al

Willie McCullough - Bill

Don West - Woody

Leo McGuinness - Baldy

Joe McGuinness - Shorty

Oswald Gough - Oscar

Fred Gough - Ned

Wesley Doxsee - Ling

Earl Doxsee - Jimmy

Myrtle Doxsee - Pinkie

Edith Doxsee - Tot

Sara McRae - Milty

Florence McRae - Toss

A. M. Farrell.

P.S. - When Father Jim was ordained Norm Whiteman gave him a lovely bouquet of flowers, remembering Father Jim's visits to Mrs. Whiteman about flowers.

