Harrington.

PROCLAMATION OF 6TH MARCH, 1841.

Harrington is bounded on the north by Arundel and Montcalm, east by Wentworth, south by Grenville and Augmentation of Grenville, and west by Ponsonby.

A mountain range, passing through the Township from north to south, divides West, or what is usully called Old Harrington, from the part which has been more recently settled, and though the land in the west is somewhat broken, it is mostly free from stone, and is divided into many fine farms. In the western part also, the River Rouge passes through the Township from north to south. This Township is divided into two School Municipalities, designated as No. 1 and No. 2; the School Board of the former meets at No. 1 School house at Lost River.

The Municipal Councillors at Harrington are: Jos. Milway (Mayor), John Fraser, Peter McCrimmon, William Morgan, David Green, Henry Morrison and Donald Dewar.

Presbyterians, of whom there are a good many, have held service here many years. There had been much talk and a strong desire in this body to build a church edifice here; but owing to their inability to agree on a location, they divided into two factions, and in 1893 each one erected a church building. Unable, however, to maintain two pastors, one of these buildings is now occupied by the Methodists, who hold service in it regularly.

A cheese factory has lately been built here, which is patronized by all the farmers of this section.

The first settlers of this Township were MURDOCH MCCRAE, DUGALD CAMPBELL and WILLIAM CAMPBELL. They had not been here long, however, before the settlers named below followed.

ANDREW FRASER came from Inverness-shire, Scotland, and first settled at Caledonia, Ont., then at Lost River, Harrington, on the farm now owned by John McMillan. He had four sons and five daughters who came with him to Canada; the sons bought 500 acres of land at Lost River, and on this they and the father settled.

Alexander, one of the sons, worked on the Ottawa a few years, and, about 1854, bought 100 acres of land in West Harrington, on which he now lives. There had been but five acres cleared at the time, but he has since cleared the whole of it, and bought fifty acres more of woodland in Grenville. He has been a Municipal Councillor, and is a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church. Soon after buying his farm in Harrington he married Christie, daughter of Dugald Campbell. Seven of their children—five daughters and two sons—are now living. Three of the former are married; one lives in Montreal, and two in this County. John, the eldest son, who now has charge of the homestead, was married, in January, 1892, to Jennie McLean.

JOHN SHAW, from the Isle of Skye, Scotland, came to Canada in 1832, and died the same year, in Ontario, from cholera. His wife, not knowing of his death, with

her boy, John, and a young daughter, came to Canada the following year, expecting to find him. Learning that he was dead, she settled in Dundee, where she lived ten years. John, her son, having bought a tract of land in Harrington in 1843, and built a house, she came here and lived with him till her death, 17th February, 1875. There were but twenty acres cleared on this land when Mr. Shaw purchased, but he has cleared nearly all of the home farm, comprising 120 acres, and has purchased 260 more. He has been one of the active, substantial citizens of the locality, and served as School Commissioner and Municipal Councillor a number of years, and for a long time has been Secretary-Treasurer of No. 1 School Municipality, of this township. He has also been an Elder of the Presbyterian Church over thirty years. He was married 22nd February, 1851, to Sarah McPhail; she died 22nd April, 1862. Six of their children—one son and five daughters—are now living. The son, John Shaw, jr., married to Miss C. A. McCulloch, lives on the homestead. Two daughters of Mr. John Shaw, married, live in Harrington.

ROBERT DOBBIE, a weaver by trade, came from Glasgow to Canada, about the year 1832. He first lived in Lachute, then at Hill Head, till 1846, when he bought a farm in Chatham, in the 6th range, which is now owned and occupied by his son, Thomas Dobbie. He lived there till his death, 11th June, 1881; his wife died in May, 1848. Six children—four sons and two daughters—grew up; one of the former is now deceased.

John, one of their sons, in 1863 bought the farm of 250 acres on which he now lives, nearly all of it then being forest land. A great part of this he has since cleared, and he now has one of the finest farms in the County. Mr. Dobbie is a striking example of energy, industry and physical vigor. Going into the lumber camp when a young man, he worked until he had money enough to buy his present farm, and with what energy he has since worked to clear up and bring his land to its present state of cultivation, they alone know who have had similar experience. A few years since, he built a fine, commodious, brick dwelling; and he has all the barns and outbuildings indicative of successful farming. He has all the improved farming utensils, and besides horses, sheep and a lot of young stock, keeps a fine herd of thirty cows. He has added largely to his original farm, and erected a saw mill and grist mill on his premises. He was married 11th February, 1865, to Jane McOuat, a lady of much intelligence and amiability. She died 24th October, 1893. Seven of their children are now living; two sons, Robert and Peter, and five daughters, Maggie, Jennie, Aggie, Jessie and Ellen Maud. Harold I. and William G. Crabbe are two boys that Mr. Dobbie has kindly adopted.

While Mr. Dobbie has been a model of industry, and very successful in the accumulation of this world's goods, he has not, like too many others, retained his means with a miserly grasp, but his house has ever been the dispensary of free-hearted hospitality, and his purse open for the support of religious instruction, schools and public improvements. Like himself, his sons and daughters all appreciate the value of industry, and practise it; consequently they are intelligent, strong and healthy, with skill to perform different species of handiwork. Two of the daughters, Aggie and Jessie, are successful teachers; the latter being a graduate of the Normal School, Montreal; a younger sister has also attended the same school. Mr. Dobbie has long served as School Commissioner and Councillor, and one term as Mayor of Harrington.

Altogether, his farm, with its broad meadows, luxuriant crops, and most beautiful mountain scenery around, is one which even the passing traveller will not be likely to forget.

Dugald Campbell came from Scotland, and was one of the three first settlers in Harrington. He remained at Point au Chêne a while, and then, doubtless, about 1845, came to Harrington and took up the land now owned and occupied by Alexander Campbell. He lived here till his death, 28th April, 1881. He had several children, but only two sons, Donald and Alexander, and one daughter, Christina, grew up. Alexander married 5th August, 1866, Mary McRae; they had nine children—six sons and three daughters—who are now living. Two sons, married, live in the States, and one daughter, married, lives in Montreal.

Mr. Campbell died 5th May, 1881; his widow, with her younger children, still lives on the homestead.

Kenneth Campbell, from the Highlands of Scotland, came to Ontario, and later, about 1837, to Harrington, and took up the land now owned and occupied by his grandson, Alexander Christie Campbell. He died here about 1871; he was twice married. Four of his sons, by the first marriage, settled in this County; Kenneth, the eldest son, married, 10th April, 1867, Ann McRae. He lived on the homestead until 1886, when he bought the farm of 121 acres, where he now lives. He has four children, two of each sex, now living. His elder son, Alexander Christie, married Mary Fraser. Mr. Campbell (Kenneth) has had much of the unpleasant experience and hard labor of those living in new and secluded settlements, but he now has a good, well cultivated farm, with all the comforts of life.

Walter McVicar, from the Isle of Islay, Argyleshire, Scotland, engaged as clerk for the Hudson Bay Company, and went to the North-West. On his return, he bought the farm now owned by J. W. Wainwright, St. Andrews. In 1826, or thereabout, he married Mary Dockstadter. They had eight sons and five daughters; three of each sex settled in this section. In 1836 he sold his farm in St. Andrews, and subsequently bought a farm of 200 acres, in the rear of Chatham, which is now owned by his son William; he died there about 1866. Walter, his second son, 5th February, 1851, married Hannah Williams, and, about 1868 bought 100 acres of wild land in Harrington, near the Grenville line, on which he still lives. There was no road here at the time, and now his house is located near the junction of two excellent roads; a store is adjacent, while his well cultivated farm looks as if it might have been cleared for a century. He has five sons and two daughters, all married save one. William, his eldest son, married to Emily K. Stewart, December 15th, 1874, lives on the homestead, and has a blacksmith's shop here.

At the junction of the roads mentioned above stands the new store of S. M. Brennan, of Calumet. Another one, in which he was doing a good business, was burned in June, 1894, it is generally believed, by an incendiary. Sympathy for his loss and indignation at the villainous act have secured Mr. Brennan a large increase of trade in his new store.

At a short distance from this store lives **James Bennett**, on a good farm of 275 acres, which he bought in 1889. He was married the same year, 19th March, to Charlotte Bigrow. Mr. Bennett's father, Louis Bennett, was an orphan, and was reared by James McOuat, of Lachute. He settled, in 1875, near Calumet, on a farm of 200 acres, where he now lives. He has six sons and two daughters; two of the former are married. About half a mile north of Mr. Brennan's store a bridge crosses the River Rouge, which still preserves its full width amid wild mountain scenery.

About the same distance farther on is the house of **Donald McIntosh**, in which is the Post office, established in 1877, with the name of Rivington. Mr. McIntosh came from the Parish of Petty, Inverness-shire, Scotland, in 1860, with his father's family of seven children. They lived two years in Ontario, and then moved to

Harrington, where the father died in 1863. They were the first settlers in the township on that side of the Rouge. Donald, the third son, bought 200 acres of land here, but relinquished part of it to make the payments more easily, and afterward bought in smaller quantities, till he now has 350 acres. The original farm was wild land, in what, at that time, must have been an exceedingly wild place; but through the industry of Mr. McIntosh the forest has disappeared, and his farm abounds in prolific crops of grass and grain. He was married 6th January, 1863, to Sarah, daughter of George Bates, of Avoca. Mr. McIntosh gratefully acknowledges the help he has received from her, and believes her counsel, prudence and industry have contributed to their success as much as his own. Though threescore years of age, Mr. McIntosh, notwithstanding his decades of toil, is still in the full vigor of his strength, and attends to his work with step as elastic as that of youth. Besides being Postmaster, he has been Municipal Councillor, School Commissioner and Mayor of the township. They have one son and five daughters now living. The eldest daughter is married to Walter McVicar, jr., and lives near her parents.

Donald Fraser, in 1847, came with his family from Glenelg, Inverness-shire, Scotland, to Glengary, Ont., where he lived two years, and then moved to the 5th Range in Harrington, and settled on 100 acres of land, which is now owned by his nephew, William Fraser. He died 19th August, 1856. On his arrival at this place he was twenty miles from mills and market, without roads; and half of this distance, for a long time, was traveled only by means of blazed trees.

Colin, his second son, says that he had lived there three years before he ever saw a horse at his father's door, all their provisions having to be brought on their own backs, and their seed to be put into the ground with a hoe. Even after the lapse of three years, when they owned a horse, it was customary to plant their grain on the rough ground with a hoe. Colin Fraser was married 28th March, 1863, to Margery, sister to Donald McIntosh noticed above. They first lived in the Augmentation of Grenville, 11th Range, where Mr. Fraser cleared twelve acres of his wild land; but after three years he sold it, and bought 200 acres in Harrington, 2nd Concession, where he now lives. This also was forest land, and 100 acres of it he has himself chopped and even logged alone, save now and then, when he has obtained a few days' help by exchanging work with his neighbors. His sons, after they were old enough, gave him a little assistance, but the work of chopping and clearing was chiefly done before they could render much aid.

It will be seen that few men have had more knowledge of the hardships of pioneer life than Mr. Fraser; he has persevered in the face of obstacles before which thousands would have quailed, and, single-handed, accomplished an amount of work that seems incredible—and yet he is still young looking, though past fifty, and continues to labor with strength apparently unimpaired. It is a fact on which he may be congratulated, and of which he has reason to feel proud, that there have never been spirituous liquors on his premises in all the years he has lived here. Mr. Fraser is not only a temperate man, but one whose love for the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," renders him a man whom one likes to meet. It should also be said that, in the practice of this rule, he has the hearty encouragement of an intelligent Christian wife. Until the age of fifteen, he could not speak a word of English, Gaelic being his native tongue, and the latter is still the language in which he and Mrs. Fraser often converse. Owing to the entire absence of schools here in his early days, he did not receive the advantages which they confer; yet his wife, being a great reader, and he an attentive listener, and, withal, possessed of a remarkable memory, his mind became stored with a degree of knowledge, especially Scriptural, which many a good scholar might covet. Like others already mentioned,

he now enjoys the reward of his privation and toil, possessing a good farm and stock, with all modern labor-saving machinery—reaper, horse rake, mowing machine, etc. Mr. Fraser has been an Elder of the Presbyterian church, as his father also was, for several years. Their youngest child, Maggie, is a successful pupil in the Normal School, Montreal, and in their household may be found a variety of books and papers —the Montreal *Witness*, *Christian Herald*, *Northern Messenger*, etc.

The reader will, doubtless, remember that in the sketch of Mr. James McArthur, in the history of Grenville, mention is made of Colin Fraser, a boy who rowed the unlucky canoe on Bevin Lake. He and the Mr. Fraser noticed above are identical. That incident, as will be seen, was not the last of his unpleasant voyages in a canoe.

Until the bridge was built across the Rouge here, about fifteen years ago, Mr. Fraser and all the settlers that side of the river, whenever they went to mill or market, had to experience an amount of trouble, sufficient, it would seem to most men, to induce them to sell out and leave the locality. On reaching the river bank with his horse and cart, each man had to detach the horse, unload the cart and row the latter across. He would then return, get his grist or whatever comprised his load, row over, and then return and make a third trip for his horse, which always swam beside the boat. On returning home, he had the same labor to perform, and, in case it was dark, not unfrequently hitched the horse to a tree, and left him and his load till morning. It seems incredible that here, less than half a century ago, and within thirty miles of a long settled country, was a community enduring all the hardships and privations experienced by our ancestors, when they first opened up the country.

CHARLES BAIN was an orphan, reared in the old Protestant Orphan Asylum, 2409 St. Catherine street, Montreal. He was indentured 28th February, 1853, for six years, by the directresses of that institution, to a man in Hawkesbury, Ont. Like many another homeless and friendless boy, he had a sorry time of it, being compelled to work early and late, in sunshine and storm, in heat and cold, and often at labor far too severe for one so young to perform. After enduring this treatment for some time, he determined to return to the Asylum, lay his case before the directresses who had placed him there, and ask them to get him another place where, at least, he would be accorded treatment more humane. On his way there, he was offered good wages and a pleasant home, if he would go to the States; but being too conscientious to run away without the permission of his guardians, he refused. As might be supposed, his complaint to the directresses was unnoticed, and he was sent back to complete the term of his indenture. Five months before the term of his indenture expired, feeling that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, he left the place; his only reward for his five and a half years' labor being the few old clothes which he was compelled to wear during that period. Fortunately, he next engaged to work for an old couple, where kindness was the rule rather than the exception. After working in Kenyon, Ont., and other places, till 1862, he bought 200 acres of land in the 2nd Range of Harrington, where he now lives. In order to earn money to pay for it and make improvements, he subsequently worked for J. P. Wells, Vankleek Hill, and John Bell, of Pembroke, Ont., lumbermen—ten years. He was married 7th September, 1864, to Rachel, daughter of the late George Bates, of Avoca. They have had nine children —seven sons and two daughters. Five of the sons and the daughters are now living.

Mr. Bain, like his neighbors, has seen many hardships. But like them, also, he has persevered and cleared up a large part of his farm; he has twenty-two head of cattle, three horses, and all the comforts which bespeak prosperity. He and his wife are members of the Baptist church. He has served as School Commissioner and twice as Valuator of the township.

William Stewart is another of the men who fell upon the wild forest in this part of Harrington, and literally conquered for himself a home. He came from Coleraine, in the County of Derry, Ireland, in 1847, to Quebec, where he remained two years. His mother, brother and two sisters came with him; but the mother died on the voyage. A few years later, he bought 100 acres of land in the Augmentation of Grenville, which is now owned by John G. Crawford; cleared it and erected buildings. Selling this property about 1868, he purchased 200 acres in Harrington, in 4th Range, where he now lives. Not a tree had been felled on this property, where now he has eighty acres under a good state of cultivation, twenty-four head of cattle, five horses and eighteen sheep. As he began life in Grenville without a dollar, his success affords ample proof that farming, even under many discouragements, may be followed with profit. Mr. Stewart has served his township as Municipal Councillor; he has five sons and four daughters. Two children—a boy and girl—are deceased. Robert W., the eldest son, who now has charge of the homestead, is married to Hannah McVicar. Two daughters, married, live in the County.

Robert Harrison lives farther on, and near the western line of Harrington. He came from the County of Antrim, Ireland, about 1869; since which time he has lived chiefly in St. Henry, Montreal. He was married 10th September, 1873, to Eliza Jane Brombey, of St. Laurent. In the spring of 1893 they came to Harrington; and he is now engaged in farming, assisted by his son William H. Harrison.

John J. Keys, checker at Montreal for the Merchants' Line of Steamers between Montreal and Kingston, came from the North of Ireland to Canada about fifty years ago—1845. Not many years subsequently he was engaged to fill his present position, and has held it ever since—valid proof of his efficiency. In October, 1856, he married Sarah Woodhouse, and they have eight children—one son and seven daughters. In 1879, Mr. Keyes bought 245 acres of land in Harrington, bordering on Ottawa County, and his wife and children came to live on it. There was but one acre cleared at the time, and the family, with the exception of the son, Walter A. Keys, did not long remain here. Walter A. was married, 10th April, 1888, to Annie Isabella Dodd, of Grenville, Que. He now manages the farm, which is nearly all tillable, and has cleared over sixty acres, so that it now sustains fifteen head of cattle, twenty sheep and three horses.

LOST RIVER.

From the fine farming section known as "Old Harrington," a road leads through a wild mountainous section, several miles into the south-eastern portion of the township known as Lost River. On this road, about two miles from the old settlement, in a rough dell, shut in by woods and mountains, is a saw-mill and a large frame dwelling, in which is the Harrington Post Office, which was established in September, 1856, Alexander Campbell being Postmaster. A year later, D. B. Campbell was appointed Postmaster, and still holds the position. For the next three miles, through a country equally wild and chiefly wooded, past three or four small ponds, the road continues, before reaching a more habitable section. The rest of the distance to Lost River is through a narrow valley between mountains, in which are a number of fairly good farms.

About a mile before reaching this suggestively named stream, on the summit of a hill, is the dwelling of Murdoch Bethune, who was appointed Postmaster at Lost River in 1882. The Post Office was established at this place about 1875, Roderick McLennan being the first Postmaster.

The first settlers at Lost River were Neil Bethune and Donald McQuaig,

who came from Glenelg, Inverness-shire, Scotland, to Lochiel, Ontario, in 1849, and the following year to Lost River.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE also came from Glenelg, Scotland, in 1849. He lived five years in Lochiel, and in 1855 bought 100 acres of land at Lost River, which is now owned and occupied by his son William, and which he and his sons cleared. He died at the house of his son Murdoch, with whom he had lived a few years, 25th May, 1877; his wife died 15th January, 1870. They had four sons and five daughters; all except one of the daughters, who died, live in this section. Murdoch, the third son, in 1860, bought 150 acres of wild land, on which he now lives, and a part of which he has cleared. He spent some time in a lumber camp in the State of Michigan. In 1870, 29th December, he married Sarah Cameron. He has been a School Commissioner and Councillor, and, besides being Postmaster, is recording Secretary of the Orange Lodge at Lost River.

NEILL BETHUNE (or Beaton, as the name is usually called in this locality) died about 1872, leaving six sons and two daughters. His son Donald came to Lost River with him or in the same year, 1849, and bought half of Lot 4, in the 4th Range. A few years later, however, he let his own son Donald L. have this, and he removed to Kincardine, Bruce County, Ont. Donald L. Bethune was married 29th September, 1870, to Christina McCaskill, from Glengarry. He sold the homestead about 1875, and bought 100 acres contiguous to it, Lot 4, 4th Range, where by industry he has made farming profitable. He has been one of the members of the School Board.

Descending a long hill on a road entirely shut in by hills and woods, about a mile from the Post Office, we reach Lost River and the little hamlet of the same name. This small, dark stream is so called from the fact that; soon after leaving one of the little lakes or ponds, a few miles above, and of which it is the outlet, it passes under a natural bridge or rock, three or four rods in width, and covered with soil and trees. This bridge is level with the surrounding land, and, of course, in its passage under it this short distance, the stream is lost to view—hence, Lost River.

A saw-mill, store, hotel, Orangemen's Hall, a shop or two, and three or four dwellings, comprise all the buildings of this place. The hotel, located at the end of the little bridge which crosses the stream here, is owned and occupied by GEORGE W. BURCH. He is a grandson of Benjamin Burch, and a son of Alva Burch, both of whom are noticed in the history of Lachute. He went to California in 1871, where he spent five years. He was married 22nd November, 1882, to Janet C. Thom; they lived in Lachute till 1889, when Mr. Burch bought 200 acres of land at Lost River, built and opened a public-house, in which he still resides. He also has 200 acres about ten miles from this place in the 11th range of Wentworth, at Sixteen Island Lake. To this tract, also, belongs an island of six acres, which is a great resort for sportsmen.

WILLIAM FRASER, a son of Andrew Fraser mentioned in the history of Harrington, followed work on the river Ottawa about ten years, married Margaret McRae, 17th June, 1857, and settled at Lost River, on a farm of 200 acres, on which they lived till six years since, when they removed to this little village. Mr. Fraser is one of the prominent citizens of this township, and has been Municipal Councillor and School Commissioner several years. Alexander W. Fraser, his son, in 1886 built a store here, in which he is doing a good business; he also erected a saw-mill here in 1893. In 1871, a fire swept over this place and quite a tract of country around, destroying McLennan's dwelling and store, and other buildings; in all, four dwelling-houses and three barns, Mr. Fraser's buildings among others. Mr. Fraser and his

family are staunch Presbyterians, and with them, at present, is living the Rev. Robert B. Thomson, who came as missionary with his family to this country in June, 1887 from Dundee, Scotland. He has been engaged in missionary work for thirty years, and has labored in different fields in Canada since his arrival. He came to Lost River in 1892, and is building a church here.

JOHN MCCULLOCH came to Lost River from Kintelle, Scotland, about 1853. In 1855, he married Kitty McRae. They have two sons and five daughters. About twenty years ago, or in 1874, he moved to Old Harrington, to a farm of eighty acres, where he now lives, and which is in a good state of cultivation. In 1884, he sold his farm of 175 acres at Lost River, to his son, Murdoch McCulloch; the latter was married at Christmas, 1886, to Mary Mott, of Chatham. He now lives here, and is among the enterprising and prosperous young farmers of Lost River.

NIEL MCCRIMMON came from Glenelg, Inverness-shire, Scotland, to Glengarry, Ont., about 1852. He lived there five years, then settled on 200 acres of land at Lost River, which is now owned and occupied by his son, Peter McCrimmon; he died here 16th November, 1889 He had ten children, who grew up; three sons and five daughters are now living; two of the former live at Lost River, and one in British Columbia; two married daughters, also, live in this County, and one in Chelsea. John, one of the sons, an energetic young man, was employed profitably five years in Minneapolis, Minn. About the year 1876 he bought 200 acres of land adjoining the homestead, on which he lives, and which with his large acreage of grain, his stock of cattle, horses and sheep, gives evidence of industry and prosperity. He was married 18th August, 1886, to Bella McMillan. He is a member of the Orange Lodge, which erected a Hall at this place about ten years ago. Peter McCrimmon, who lives on the homestead, and is a brother of John, noticed above, spent ten years in Michigan, and three in Wisconsin, in lumber camps—the proceeds of which labor he has prudently saved. There was not a tree felled on this land when his father came here; two-thirds of it is now cleared, and on it the son has 23 head of cattle, horses, and thirty-five sheep. He was married 17th April, 1892, to Diana McMillan. His mother, who can speak nothing but Gaelic, lives with him.

LAKE VIEW.

About six miles from Lost River, in a northeasterly course, is a Post office which was established in 1878 with the name Lake View. WILLIAM T. HIGGINSON, who lives here, was appointed Postmaster, and his family, with a very few more, comprise the population of the locality. The land between this place and Lost River, though less broken than it is at the latter place, is but sparsely settled, and considerable of it uncleared. The cleared portion at Lake View borders the eastern end of the Lake bearing the same name, which, until within recent years, has always been known as Macdonald's Lake. It is six miles long with an average width of 1½ miles, and its location among such wild mountain scenery renders it to the lover of nature an object of great attraction. Were the means of communication better between this locality and the cities, there is no doubt that it would become a noted summer resort.

William T. Higginson is a grandson of George Higginson, one of the four brothers who came from Lorne, County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1817, and settled in Hawkesbury, Ont. He was first employed by Thomas Mears, then by Mears' successors, the Hamilton Brothers; and after living two years in South Nation, he purchased a farm in West Hawkesbury, on which he lived until his death. He had 12 children, six of each sex; only two of his sons remained in that section.

William T., his third son, was married to Mary D. Byers, 13th May, 1850. He had learned the carpenter and millwright trades, and after working a few years in North Nation and Buckingham, he bought a farm in Hawkesbury, near the homestead, on which he lived from 1856 to 1873, when he sold it. He followed his trade till 1878, when he purchased 300 acres of land in Harrington—Lots 8 and 9, in the 8th Range, of which only ten acres were cleared. The creek, which is the outlet of Lake View, crosses this land, and on it, at the time of his purchase, was an old saw mill. Mr. Higginson, soon after coming here, erected a grist mill, and in 1886, built a new saw mill of the most improved style and machinery, to which he has added a shingle mill. The saw mill, owing to the large quantity of timber hereabout, is of great utility to the locality, and the grist mill is scarcely less important.

Mr. Higginson and his son, William C., who lives here, and now has the chief care of the business, have cleared up many acres of the land, and have a good farm which, in connection with their mills, gives scope for the exercise of the energy and industry for which the Higginsons have generally been noted. Mrs. Higginson died 8th January, 1892; they had ten children, but only three sons and four daughters arrived at maturity. Mary D., one of the daughters, now the widow of Edwin Brown, lives with her father and brother.

At the end of Lake View, and contiguous to the dwelling of Mr. Higginson, lives Donald K. Campbell. His grandfather, William Campbell, was one of the three first settlers in Harrington. He came with his family from Glenelg, Scotland, and first settled in Kenyon, Ont. His son, Kenneth, about the year 1856, bought 400 acres of land at what is Lake View, one-half this quantity comprising his home farm, on which he lived till his death about 1871. He was one of the loyal actors in the suppression of the Rebellion of 1837. He was twice married: first to Christy Campbell, by which marriage he had ten sons and two daughters; she died in 1866, and he then married Catherine Fraser—five sons and one daughter were the fruit of this union. Donald K., his fifth son by the first marriage, about 1874, bought 200 acres of wild land adjoining the homestead, and the following year, 16th November, was married to Mary Jane, daughter of John McCulloch. He is one of those hardy, persevering Scotchmen, to whom no physical labor seems impossible or a hardship. He has cleared about 100 acres of his land, chopping it all himself, and is yet young in appearance and in the vigor of manhood. He possesses the stock of cattle, horses and sheep usually seen on the premises of a thrifty farmer, and has a shop in which he performs not only his own blacksmithing, but that of his neighbors, and, withal, has time to serve his townsmen as School Commissioner.

In August, 1894, bears, five or six in number, attacked one of the oatfields of Mr. Campbell, and though considerable effort was made to destroy them, they continued their destructive work. Just as the inhabitants were thoroughly aroused and resolved to unite in a war of extermination, the marauders cunningly left the place, "for fields and pastures new."

A lover of the wild and beautiful in nature could scarce find a retreat where the scenery would minister more fully to his gratification than at the home of Mr. Campbell. At the left, a short distance down the meadow slope, the placid lake reposes between farms and woodland on the one hand, and a chain of high rounded hills on the other; their sides and summits clad with a dense forest of evergreens where loneliness and silence reign undisturbed. In front, and near at hand, a thousand cedars rear their spar-like trunks, and scatter their fragrance far and wide, while in the rear, and at the right, mountains with wooded sides and bald, jagged fire-swept cliffs add to the wild grandeur of the scene. But wild and grand as is the scenery, it is surpassed by that which meets the eye in traveling the next three or four miles

toward Arundel. From the height of land a road descends for some distance, through a dense wood; the heavily timbered mountain slope rising abruptly on the left, while on the right, the tree tops sinking rapidly in height give evidence of a lake, or a deep chasm, between the road and the steep mountain ridge which rises at no great distance beyond. A little further on, and the curiosity is in a great measure gratified by a glimpse, through the branches, of water far below, and a little further drive to a turn in the road and a cleared space reveals a wonderful lake, stretching back in the course we have just come, till lost to view among precipitous cliffs. It is not more than half a mile in width; but its location, beauty and solitude fill one with wonder and admiration. The right shore, looking backward, rises gradually, till it becomes a mountain cliff, and the left is one steep mountain slope from the water's edge, so steep, indeed, that we wonder if it has ever been trodden by human foot. In the distance, and just before the lake recedes from view behind projecting cliffs, midway between the shores, lies an islet, bewitching in its garment of evergreens.

Has that islet ever been visited by a human soul? Have the waters of this solitary and beautiful lake ever been ruffled by the oars of civilized man? Did the canoe of the red man ever glide over its surface? What was its appearance at the time the Algonquin warrior was struggling to repel the hated Iroquois from his soil? Such are the questions suggested to the mind by the solitude of its isolation. No house, no barn nor human being is in sight; a crane, as he rises from the margin and wings his solitary flight along the base of the mountain, is the only indication of animate nature. Loneliness indeed!

But what lake is this? Even of its existence we had never heard. Is it possible that people living hereabout are so accustomed to the wonderful and beautiful in nature that they never speak of it? Surely, a lake like this in some countries would become the theme of every tongue, and writers and artists, in the portrayal of its beauty, would exhaust the cunning of their art. We take a reluctant leave of this awe-inspiring sample of nature's work, with the impression that we shall not see it again; but to our surprise, after another drive of a mile or less among the hills, we come again upon its shore, when it spreads out much broader than before, and new scenery for admiration meets the eye. Later still, we drive along its margin, where its waters are nearly level with the road, and we learn that it winds around among the mountains, for a distance of three or four miles, in most fantastic shape. We learn, too, that instead of some romantic Indian name, of which it seems so well deserving, it is known only as "Green's Lake." While we are still reflecting on the peculiarity of its form and location, we come upon another lake, on the border of Arundel. Though beautiful and far more regular in shape than Green's Lake, it lacks the wild scenery which renders the other so attractive. The drive along its shore is romantic, a cliff having been cut down so as to leave a space just wide enough for the road between the base of the cliff and the water; this has received the euphoneous name of Matilda Lake.

In Harrington, near the end of the lake which bears his name, lives DAVID GREEN. His grandfather, James Green, came with his family from England, about the year 1830, and settled in Thomas' Gore, where he spent the remainder of his days. His son William married Margaret Humes; they had eleven children—six sons and five daughters. About 1864 he bought 100 acres of wild land in Harrington, Lot 13, 9th Range, of which he and his boys cleared eighty acres. He died 26th September, 1881, at the age of 61; Mrs. Green died 27th January, 1886. David, one of the sons, remained on the homestead, and has added to it 100 acres. He was married 12th May, 1879, to Elizabeth Cameron.

Romantic as is the location of his home, and prosperous as seems his present

condition, one cannot forbear thinking what must have been the isolation of Mr. Green's family on their arrival here, thirty years ago. There was no road, and the difficulties of obtaining necessaries was a repetition of what many others experienced half a century before. But the way in which he has succeeded shows that he lacked none of the essential qualities of a pioneer. The absence of a school, however, is still a great detriment to his children; in order to reach one, they have to travel a distance of three miles.

THE GLEN.

In the north-eastern part of Harrington, at the southern extremity of Bevin Lake, is a tract of level land shut in by mountains, which is known as "The Glen." It is divided into several farms, each of which includes a portion of this level tract, as well as many acres of the wooded heights in the rear, into which they reach. A romantic stream, a large brook, the outlet of Lake View, with swift current and many a turn and cataract, flows through "The Glen," a distance of three or four miles, into Bevin Lake. The mountains so nearly approach each other at the western end of "The Glen," that only a narrow gap intervenes, and through this gap, beside the stream, amid scenery of the wildest nature, a road leads from Lake View to "The Glen."

It was in this remote corner of Harrington that Mr. Lachlan McArthur had the rough experience of pioneer life related in the history of Grenville. He was also connected with an incident that occurred while he lived here which cast a gloom over the community of scattered settlers through all this region, and which is still related by the aged people here with unabated interest.

Near the dwelling of James Colquhoun, beside the road at the entrance to "The Glen," is a single grave—that of BENJAMIN BURCH, who was drowned at this place and buried here nearly forty years ago.

It was in the Spring of the year, when the creek connecting the two lakes was a swollen torrent, more dangerous, from its rapid current, than many of our navigable rivers. Mr. McArthur, a man named Kimball, and Burch, were about to set out from "The Glen," to obtain seed grain and potatoes, and, on account of the absence of a road and the difficulty of travelling, Kimball and McArthur wished to row up the creek in a bark canoe. Burch, not being able to swim, rather opposed the scheme, but being assured that if he would but sit quietly in the boat he would incur no danger, he laid aside his objections, and embarked. Soon afterward they had to pass under the trunk of an uprooted tree, which lay a few feet above the water. All were obliged to bow their heads low, but Burch, probably, through nervousness, caught hold of a projecting limb, which caused the boat to upset. After much struggling against the current, Kimball and McArthur gained the shore, and on looking for Burch, found him clinging to a tree, whose top lay in the creek and the trunk reaching at an inclined angle to the shore. Mr. McArthur thrust a pole towards him, with the request that he would take hold of it and be drawn ashore; but the poor fellow was too paralyzed with fear to comply, and then Mr. McArthur cautiously walked out on the tree, extended his hand and begged him to reach out his own hand and seize it; still, he was unable to accept the proffered aid. Finally, McArthur in desperation made a dash at the coat collar of Burch, intending to drag him by force to the land. Being a powerful man, he would, no doubt, have effected his object, but, unfortunately, his foot slipped, he fell against Burch, and both were again in the wild current. McArthur had a harder struggle this time to regain the shore than he did before; but he finally regained it,

after being carried some distance down the stream. The body of Burch was found, after a search of two or three days, in which several joined, nearly covered by sand, just where the bridge now crosses the stream. The state of travelling was such that it was impossible to take the body for interment to a cemetery, and it was buried there in the wilderness, close by the scene of disaster.

James Colquhoun, whose house is noticed above, came from the County of Donegal, Ireland, with his father's family to Canada in 1845; and both he and his father worked in the Seigniory of Argenteuil the three following years. The father, then, bought 200 acres of land in Chatham, parts of Lots 4 and 5 in the 10th Range. He lived there till 1866, when he moved to Harrington Glen, and settled on 100 acres of Lot 8, 9th Range, which is now owned and occupied by his son John; he died here about three years later; Mrs. Colquhoun died about 1881.

The son, James, was for some time in the employ of Peter McArthur of Dalesville. At the age of 21, he engaged to work in lumber camps, and was thus employed five or six years. In 1858, he bought 200 acres in "The Glen," parts of Lots 7 and 8, 9th Range; half of which had been owned by his father; of this he has cleared 75 acres. When he first commenced work here in the forest, he often walked back and forth to his father's house, in Chatham, 24 miles distance, carrying loads on his back varying in weight from 40 to 80 lbs. The first year that he began work here he covered with his hoe six bushels of oats, from which seed he raised nearly 100 bushels. His nearest mill was at Dalesville, about 25 miles distant. He was married 1st May, 1860, to Dora Clifford; they have five sons and four daughters; two of each sex are married.

Mr. Colquhoun has served for several years as Municipal Councillor and School Commissioner.

Wentworth.

Proclamation of the 3rd of June, 1809; organized 1st of July, 1855.

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This township is bounded on the north by the township of Howard, on the east by the townships of Gore, Morin and Mille Isle, south by Chatham, and west by Harrington. It contains about 61,600 acres of land, and thousands of acres of water. A mountain range enters it from the township of Gore on the third Range, and runs westerly on the north of Lake Louisa, into Harrington, and there are also several other mountain peaks within its limits.

Wentworth may be truly said to be a land of lakes and mountains, a township replete with scenery wild and picturesque. It contains thirty lakes, varying in size from ½ a mile to 5 miles in length. Of these, Sixteen Island Lake and Lake Louisa are the largest; the former, which is about 5 miles long, with an average width of 1 mile, is located in the north-west part of the township; the latter, 3 miles long and 1½ wide, is in the south-west. It is a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by hills and mountains, and contains several attractive islands, clothed with evergreen trees. A number of people have, for several years, resorted to it, in the summer season, and the late Hon. J. J. C. Abbott had a summer house on its margin.

There are also the Upper and Lower Rainbow Lakes; the former is on the 4th and 5th Lots of the 6th Range; and the latter is on the 8th and 9th Lots of the same Range. West River is the outlet of these two lakes, and it passes through two more lakes before leaving Wentworth; the first being Round Lake, about a mile in circuit,