P. E. I. Genealogical Society Inc.

P. O. Box 2744, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
C1A 8C4

Visit our Website at www.islandregister.com and click on PEIGS

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It is always nice to receive letters as it reinforces the Societies work in trying to provide information which will help people with Island connections gather information or find something of interest. Thank you Kathie for your kind letter and the further information you provide. (Editor)

To PEIGS

My April issue arrived in the mail today, and I sat down to read it after dinner. You can imagine my delight at finding the reprint of the letter to The Guardian, which was written by my grandmother's first cousin, Jessie Matheson, to her half-brother Angus Matheson and his wife "Tot" (not Lot!), born Mary Elizabeth MacPhee. The letter was even more meaningful, as I actually knew all of these people.

Jessie Matheson was a nurse who lived most of her adult life in Massachusetts, as did my grandmother. They were close in age, not quite a year apart; shared the same given name, Jessie; and were close friends, as well as cousins, all of their lives. Jessie spoke of her father, who was Alexander (Sandy Big William) Matheson, of Glen William. Jessie was the youngest child by his first wife, Mary Ann MacKenzie. Angus was a child of his second marriage, to Annie Stewart. Jessie wrote that she wished she had taken the trip while her father was still living. Alexander Matheson died in 1935, which does help to date the letter. "Grandfather" was William (Big William) Matheson, born at Stenscholl, Skye, about 1815. Together with his wife, Mary Martin, and five living children, he emigrated from Skye to the Island about 1862. The community of Glen William, where he farmed, was named after him. Two nephews are also said to have accompanied him to P.E.I. A number of years ago, my husband, my daughter, and I made the journey to Skye, and drove to Stenscholl, which is still every bit as beautiful as Jessie wrote.

My great-grandmother was Big William's daughter Ann, who married George MacLeod of Beach Point. I am the proud grand-daughter of Ann's daughter Jessie Ann MacLeod, and her husband William Clements Sencabaugh, of Murray Harbour; and I thank you for printing Jessie's letter.

Kathie Sencabaugh, Chattanooga, TN

ALSO FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE:

Colonsay and Oronsay records *by Kevin Bryne submitted by Linda Harding*
Civil War Pensioners of PEI *submitted by Michael Meggison*
The Mayo Journal by Margaret Mayo *submitted by Jean MacLean*

Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc.

The society is a non-profit organization founded in 1976 and incorporated in 1988. Among the objectives of the society are:

- to promote education and research in family history.
- to encourage the publication of family histories and the depositing of these and other genealogical information at public repositories such as The Public Archives and Records Office of Prince Edward Island.
- to facilitate the exchange of genealogical information through lectures, meetings and other means.
- to encourage the development of genealogical research skills with the assistance of organizations such as The Genealogical Institute of the Maritimes.

Meetings

The society holds four general meetings per year in February, April, September and November. Notice of the exact date and locations of these meetings is printed in the society newsletter. Visitors are always welcome.

Membership

Membership in the society is open to anyone interested in Prince Edward Island genealogy whose dues, as set at the Annual General Meeting, are paid. Membership entitles one to receive the society's newsletters, to participate in its activities and to vote at its meetings.

Membership in the society may be obtained from the Membership Convener at P.O. Box 2744, Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1A 8C4. Membership dues are due 15 December each year.

Membership Dues (2000):

Canadian Members $ 20.00 (possible change)
U.S. and Overseas Members $ 20.00 (possible change) in U.S. funds to cover the increased cost of postage.

Members joining the society after 1 November are assumed to be enrolling for the following year, unless otherwise indicated. Members joining prior to 1 November are assumed to be enrolling for the present year and will be sent back issues of the newsletter for that year.

Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. Executive 2001 - 2002

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The three county vice presidents form the nominating committee for the Executive Council. Names of volunteers willing to serve on the executive are welcomed.

P.E.I. Genealogical Society, Inc. Newsletter

Volume 26, Number 3 (September 2001)

Table of Contents

LETTER FROM A MEMBER 1
Submitted by Richard Savidant

SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTES
Society News 4
Membership Application 4

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK 5

OTHER ARTICLES
The Mayo Journals by Margaret Mayo *submitted by Jean MacLean* 6
Civil War Pensioners of P.E.I. *submitted by Michael Meggison* 44

ANNOUNCEMENT
Announcements and upcoming events 16

RECORDS
Colonsay & Oronsay Census Records 1841 *Compiled by Kevin Bryne submitted by Linda Harding* 17

QUERIES 44

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE 45

PUBLICATION Order Form 46

The Newsletter is published four times a year in February, April, September and November. All members receive a copy. The newsletter welcomes submissions of a *broad general interest* to those researching Prince Edward Island families. Preference will be given to articles submitted on computer disk in word processing format. Please send all submissions to the attention of the Editor at the society address. Unless otherwise indicated, articles from the newsletter may be reprinted provided the original source is credited. Every effort has been made to insure the accuracy of the information provided. However, the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society cannot be held responsible for errors or opinions expressed by submitters.

Society News and Notes

Annual Meeting Announcement

The General Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. will be held on Saturday, September 29, 2001 at 2:00 PM at the Church of Latter Day Saints in Charlottetown. The guest speaker will be Bob Steen speaking on "The Genealogy Philosophy of The Latter Day Saints and why they make their research available to everyone". The Church of Latter Day Saints is located on the corner of St. Peters Road and Northridge Parkway and is wheelchair accessible. Visitors are welcome to attend.

Newsletter Submissions and Deadline

The deadline for submissions to the November 2001 newsletter will be October 24, 2001. Submissions made after that date may be considered for publication in future issues. Submissions may be sent to the society address. It is *strongly* recommended that articles of more than one page in length be submitted both on computer disk in word processing format and printed on paper or forwarded via E-Mail to the Editor.

To become a member or Renew membership. . .

The Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc.
P.O. Box 2744
Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1A 8C4 Canada

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION YEAR _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____ **POSTAL/ZIP CODE** _____

TELEPHONE ( ) _____ **E-MAIL** _____

MEMBERSHIP DUES:
Canadian $ 20.00(possible change)
American and Overseas $ 20.00 US Funds(possible change)

CIRCLE ONE:

NEW MEMBER MEMBERSHIP # _____

FAMILY SURNAMES RESEARCHED

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK....

I hope everyone had a wonderful summer and had an opportunity to get some research done while on holidays. It certainly seemed to be busy here on P.E.I., I observed many people at various research locations throughout P.E.I. One hopes that more people have a better understanding of what resources are available to make their visit more successful. The Society will continue to try and provide information which could be helpful to researchers who are not able to get the P.E.I. for their research.

This summer the Society was able to hire two students who worked at the McNaught History Centre and Archives in Summerside. The main focus of this work was the conversion of cemetery transcripts to a computer form to help the Society to more easily and quickly update these in the future. The emphasis was placed on doing transcripts which had been updated over the past few years so that these revised editions can be printed and made available for sale. The intention is to also index each transcript (many were completed this summer) and of course print a new transcript for Prince Co. and to finally print one for Queens & Kings Co. Several of these updated transcripts will be available this fall, unfortunately the County indexes will take somewhat longer as we will need many volunteers to input the data. Watch the Newsletter listings for the updated versions.

I mentioned in my last message of the importance of preserving information for future generations. A recent incident also brought home the importance of preserving current data. i.e. Backing up you files on a regular basis is so very important, one of our members had a computer problem and lost years of researched work, which unfortunately was not all backed up. So don't wait, make sure you save your precious information now and continue to do so on a regular basis

I repeat some of the info regarding the release of the 1901 census, as I noted on Eastman's Newsletter that he too is taking up the cause and is urging people throughout the world to write to our Canadian Government to allow the release of this important information after the normal 92 year waiting period.

The Expert panel recommendations were: "We are persuaded that a guarantee of perpetual confidentiality was not intended to apply to the census. We believe that the indication of transfer to the National Archives also implied an intention that the census records would eventually become public and we would not view any legislation deemed necessary to do so as a breaking of a promise to respondents." "We view the historical and international precedents as fully supportive of this position. The panel is equally convinced of the value of the census and other works of Statistics Canada and is unwilling to make any recommendation which it believes will jeopardize this work." "It is for that reason that we recommend release of the pre-1918 Census records and post-2001 records on a 92 year cycle." "The panel recommends that the government commit itself to the public release of census information arising from the censuses from 1921 onwards and determine what, if any, legislative steps might be required to do so." "We recommend that, should any legislative change be required, it be to the National Archives Act and clearly refer only to the release of census records".

We as a Society and as individual members must write to our local MPs and to Minister Tobin and ask that the government follow the recommendation of the Expert panel in this matter. You can write to your MP or Minister Tobin free at House of Commons, Ottawa Ont K1A 0A6 or E-Mail: Tobin.Brian@ic.gc.ca or Tobin.B@parl.gc.ca.

Let's join people from around the world and let our voices be heard on this important issue as we strive to make this information available to future generations. Write now.

Until next time..... Richard

This Journal was started when Margaret Mayo was entering her 90's as a legacy to her family. A US Copyright is pending but Margaret has given the Society permission to print her Journal in our Newsletter. She dedicates this to Catherine Corbett and Catherine Smith who exemplify the indomitable spirit of the people of PEI.

Submitted by Jean MacLean
with the Permission of Margaret Mayo

Part 3 Final

Canada

(A JOURNAL)

by

Margaret Mayo

Visiting

Visiting was an important part of our Canadian summer. We made many calls to various relatives, arriving early in the morning and leaving well after dark. One can never leave a farm unattended so visits were planned far ahead. There was no telephone, nor public transportation between the settlements. Communication took place at church or through the mail that was delivered by horse and carriage to the mail boxes outside the main gate of the farms. Some of the farms didn't face a main road. These homes might have a mailbox a half a mile or so away from the house. The farmers were conscientious in their dealings with each other and their word was their bond. If someone wrote that they would visit on a certain day, they would arrive that day come hell or high water. And only a dire emergency would cause someone to drop in uninvited.

When we went calling we were greeted with warm affection, hearty kisses and a day planned for our entertainment. The parlor would be opened, the best English china on the table (every home had a special parlor and a beautiful set of Spode china or some other elegant brand, used only for guests) . Special food would be prepared and there would be a mid morning snack, a large dinner at noon, a mid afternoon tea and a supper at night. The work of the farm always went on but the visitors joined right in with the chores.

I loved visiting time. We started out for a distant farm while the roosters were still proclaiming the dawn. Wrapped in a warm blanket, seated behind a brisk horse who kept shaking his head and snorting in delight at the early morning canter, one would feel the freshness of the new day on his face, breathe in deeply the odor rising from the earth and vegetation, revel in the songs of praise pouring forth from the throats of the birds, and feel as though this was the Garden of Eden rather than the Garden of the Gulf (of St. Lawrence as it is called) . The only other time I ever experienced this purity of unity between heaven and earth and the creatures on the earth was on safari in Africa many years later when my grandson (thirteen years old) and I went on the early morning game drives through the heart of the Masai Country in Kenya.

When we arrived at our destination we found three small children sitting on the gate at the main road, waiting to open it for us. They swung the gate open, let us through, rode the gate shut, and scurried along the path to the next one. When I was a small child my one desire was to be in charge of opening the gates. It was all so dashing, jumping down from the back of the carriage, unhooking the wire holding the gate, giving it a push while jumping on it. Letting the horse and carriage through, pushing and riding it shut, hooking the wire over and leaping on the back of the carriage until the next gate was faced. There were often three or four such gates to get through before one reached the Courtyard. All that jumping off and on, swinging back and forth, and the control one had of not only the horse but all the adults sort of went to my head. No girl was ever allowed to tend the gates so I never dared ask for the job but it had the highest priority of any other job on the farm in my estimation.

One invariable fact that seemed to hold true in all these families were the great numbers of children born to them. They were very fruitful. There was just one family where this didn't ring true. It was one of my grandmother's sisters and her husband. They spawned just one child, a son. Unfortunately they lived in the most isolated of the family farms. The great aunt and uncle were warm, open hearted people, but the son, being so apart from his peers, was painfully shy. He attended the little country school in his district but had only three or four schoolmates, none his age. When my mother and her sisters were young they would be taken to visit these relatives and the girls could never get the

young fellow to kiss them, he would just stand back and blush. Finally they would lure him in back of the barn and take turns kissing him. He seemed to enjoy this activity but could never be made to participate when anyone was around.

As he matured his parents began to worry about his future. He was a fine young fellow and a great worker and enjoyed farm work but how to give him a life? They decided to write to relatives in Scotland asking them to look around for a healthy young woman who might want to come to Canada to live. It wasn't long before word came back that a young woman had been found willing to join her life with the shy young man. Plans were worked out for her to take a ship to Halifax, Nova Scotia where her future mother-in-law would meet her and bring her to her new home. My great aunt went off on the designated day to meet the young bride-to-be. She was delighted to meet a handsome, strong young woman who was as full of blushes as her intended husband. The women became acquainted while traveling to the Island and grew to be firm friends. They remained devoted to each other during their long life together.

The three young children were the offspring of this union. They were, like their parents, handsome, active and very shy. After getting our equipage safely through the gates they disappeared. We went into the house and were warmly greeted by the four adults. There was no sign of the children. We were ushered into the parlor where a light repast was served. Once in a while a little head, with a big smile, would appear around the door, but disappeared as soon as it caught our eye. After the last scone and cup of tea were enjoyed, my great uncle returned thanks for the food and our safe arrival and the children were called into the parlor. They were told to shake hands with the adults, (my grandmother, grandfather and mother), and then to take my sister and me on a "look see" around the farm. At the time of this visit I was seven years old and my sister nine. The other children were a little younger. My sister was extremely friendly and outgoing. I was considered shy but compared to these children I was a chatter box. We marched out of the house single file, and followed our cousins to the cow shed, the sheep cote, the pigsty and hen house. These animals all compared favorably to Grandpa's although my sister and I made no comments about them. We would enter a building, stand in complete silence, look everything over, then move to the next structure, still in single file, and with big smiles on our faces to show our good will.

My face was beginning to ache from being so pleasant. The last building we entered was the barn. The silence between us was becoming oppressive, the day ahead boded no relief. Then my sister took one look at the haymow and something seemed to snap in her. She started climbing up to the top as fast as she could go. When she reached the peak she gave a blood curdling yell and with arms flailing wildly and feet kicking she hurled herself into space. I had seen many fine leaps in my short life but nothing to equal that one. The three little ones and I stood there spellbound and then it was as if something let go in all of us. We started climbing, jumping and yelling as if we had gone mad. It was a wonderful feeling. We kept it up until we were exhausted and ended up on our backs half buried in the hay and laughing uproariously as we gasped for air. Every bit of shyness had evaporated and we, at that moment, became fast friends. The rest of the day was sheer delight. We climbed the spruce trees to get sap for chewing gum. Spruce gum is delicious in flavor but so hard to chew our jaws ached. We took an old wooden farm cart with wooden wheels, pulled it up a small rocky hill on the property, all climbed aboard, and with a good push from a sturdy pole, went rollicking down the bumpy hill at top speed. It was a teeth jarring experience. We went deep into the dark woods in back of the farm where a bear was purported to have been seen.

We each took a solid stick to be used as a weapon if we came across the intruder. We also decided it would be "canny" (the children's word) if we would pick out a climbable tree and sit there for a while to see if the prey would show up. We found two trees, close together and the five of us climbed them and settled down to wait our victim, meantime discussing how we would attack this bear if it ambled by. We would climb down from the trees, as one tight group, screaming at the top of our lungs, and beat the daylights out of the creature, attacking from all sides with our weapons. Suddenly, from a thicket, a little beyond our refuge, we heard rustling. Immediately we all turned chicken, we froze on our branches. To our complete delight, instead of a bear emerging, a dainty, little fawn came dancing out from its cover. It came hesitatingly right up to our trees and stood there, poised to run, but lifting its head to stare at us with its beautiful large eyes. We were absolutely entranced and began to coo at it as at a baby. It stood for one unforgettable moment, trembling a little, but still looking at us, and then with a beautiful leap it bounded back into the woods. We forgot all about the bear, climbed down to mother earth, and headed for home. When we got to the house we gave a detailed account of our meeting with one of "god's bonny little creatures." It was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

It was now time to start out for Cardigan. We had supper and evening worship, kissed everyone heartily, including the children and their shy parents, and took off for home. It was dark by now and we wrapped ourselves in blankets, Grandpa gave the horse its head, and we had a magical ride back. The rhythm of the horses hoofs, the murmur

of the adults talking quietly above our heads, the moon and stars lighting our way from above, and that night the aurora borealis was unusually active with streamers ascending in a fan shape merging from pale red to yellow. The horses hoofs, hitting the flint in the road, gave off sparks that looked like tiny stars. It was like flowing through a wonderland. It always put me into an hypnotic state as I never remember reaching home on these nights and must have been carried in and put to bed as I would wake up in the morning in my nightgown with faint memories of something miraculous having happened.

Another visit that we made was closer to the farm. It was to a good sized village, Montague, on the shores of Hillsborough Bay. At that time it was an active port and ships were still being built there. The village was small enough so a child could wander at will and I did. I loved visiting the shipyards and seeing the, to me, large boats being built. The activity was exciting. The pounding of hammers, the rasping of saws, the pervading odor of hot tar over all, whistles blowing, men shouting. It set my pulses pounding and I would wander around for hours. There were no safety rules in those days so I was never told not to go anywhere. It was a fascinating sight to see the ships growing in front of your eyes.

The relatives we visited in Montague were from my father's side of the family and were completely different from my gentle, quiet, MacPherson kinsmen. These people were the Campbell's and lived up to their ancient reputation. As a child I always felt a little different from my gentle maternal forebears. My MacPherson grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, mother, sister and brother (who came along seven years later) had a calmness to them that I seemed to lack at times. I had something, deep in me, that was at times implacable, and I often felt I would die rather than cave in if certain circumstances came up. I found that same hard core in the Campbell side of the family. The women had sharper voices and the men faced life with a challenge. My great grandfather Sandy Campbell was the tailor of Montague. He was a tall, slim, active man, always on the move. He had two sons and a daughter who had this same push. The boys went to college, which was unusual in those days, and one uncle became the Commissioner of Works in Springfield, Massachusetts and the other fellow went into the New York Stock Market. Both prospered. The daughter, my grandmother met a young fisherman off a fishing boat from Provincetown, Massachusetts. He was a handsome young man from Portugal who had joined his boat when it went into port at his home town. Many American fishing Captains put in at Portugal to pick up young recruits. Portuguese men were known as exceptional fishermen.

My great grandfather, at that time was known as João Francisco De Mello. When he became a crewman on the Provincetown fishing boat the Captain changed his name to John Francis Williams. This was common in those days. When he met my grandmother in Montague he was the most romantic man she had ever seen. The Portuguese men have tremendous sex appeal, and they know it. But my grandmother, I was told, was a match for him in appeal. She was tall, slim and had snapping brown eyes and very high coloring, and knew her own mind, a true Campbell. They fell in love and wanted to marry. Her father said "no" but she said "yes." They married and went to Provincetown, Massachusetts to live where they bought some property and brought up six children. My father was their third child.

In the meantime my great grandmother died leaving Sandy alone. He continued his tailoring. With his two sons and daughter living and raising families in America he was left at loose ends, a man in his late seventies but hale and hearty. He met a very young woman who was happy to marry a kind, well-to-do man with a fine business and home. The marriage was a success and when Sandy was in his early eighties she found herself pregnant. They were delighted as were his sons and daughter. However, they soon found that the town couldn't believe that he was able to father a child at his age and a rumor went around that a nameless younger man was involved. When the couple heard this they were naturally upset but made up their minds not to let it destroy their happiness. In due time a healthy little girl arrived and she was the joy of their life and the delight of the older brothers and sister in America, but the nasty little rumor still remained regarding the child's paternity and it would crop up every so often, especially after Sandy died in his late nineties. His widow was a strong minded, sensible woman who refused to let it bother her and Sandy's children never had any doubt as to their father's virility and considered the girl a true half sister. And then I was born.

The first time I was brought to Canada the family and the town were amazed to find I was the spitting image of Sandy's last child who was now a young woman. This finally ended the gossip and the town accepted Sandy for his true worth. Instead of making little snide remarks they now boasted of his sexual prowess, which amused his widow and daughter. When my mother and I were widows we spent a summer on the Island and visited with the daughter, whose mother had passed away. During the conversation the daughter brought up the old scandal and she and my mother had a hearty laugh at the comeuppance the town had received. She and I still looked exactly alike, more like mother and

daughter than like great aunt and niece. It is a family legend that my father cried when I was born because I was the third daughter and not the hoped for son. This made sense to me and it didn't bother me as I had always felt wanted. My face may not have launched a thousand ships" or I may not have "walked in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," but I did, by my birth, remove the stain from the August name of Campbell in Montague.

I always enjoyed staying at the Montague house. It was beautiful and considered very "modern." A chemical bathroom had been installed. I never could figure out how this worked as there were no sewer pipes in Montague at the time and this toilet flushed by pulling a chain connected to a water tank over our heads, as our bathroom in Boston. The same gush of water would emerge from the tank, roar into the toilet, swish around and disappear in a whirlpool down a connecting pipe. In Boston it all worked smoothly so I as a small child just hung on to the seat until the operation was over, but here one could feel a vacuum connected to the process that frightened the wits out of me. I was sure I would be drawn into the vortex and pulled into the yawning pipe. What would happen after that did not bear considering. So, before I pulled the chain, I would hop off the seat, reach up and give it a yank, and back to the safety of the side wall. There was no odor connected to this chemical process but the room lacked the coziness of the outhouse. That snug, homey feeling was missing. I couldn't imagine a clique of young girl cousins gathering in one of these bright, antiseptic rooms for a heart to heart. But I suppose it was an improvement over the old way. The use of modern machinery (up to computers) and the chemicals put into our air and food supply give me doubts if they have detracted from or enhanced our mental and physical well being.

There was no longer a parlor in this house used only for guests. It now possessed a living room occupied daily by the family. The turkey red rug was gone, replaced by a pleasant flowered carpet. The horsehair furniture had also disappeared and in its place was a set of intricately designed mahogany chairs equipped with soft cushions covered with rich fabrics and tassels. These fabrics, in turn, were protected by antimacassars on the arms and backs. Bright draperies adorned the windows. There was no portrait of Queen Victoria, and I don't think there ever was, (I don't remember one) . I doubt if Sandy bowed to any royalty. He was like all the Campbells, including my father, very much his own person, owing fealty to no one on earth, and not very subservient to whoever was in heaven. It was a very pleasant room. The bedrooms were brightened up but still served as bathing areas and there was a pump in the kitchen supplying the well water for cooking and washing up .My MacPherson and Campbell relatives knew and respected each other though they were so different in life styles. The Campbell's attended Church but did no praying openly in the home. There was no morning nor evening worship and grace was not said at the table. The MacPherson's were quiet gentle people and the Campbell's were high spirited. Both were kindly folk and a pleasure to be with.

Another visit was made to my mother's oldest sister who lived in the heart of Cardigan Village on top of the hill overlooking Cardigan River. She was married to the village smithy and had two adult children, a daughter still living at home who was the bookkeeper and clerk at the one and only general store of the village. She was being wooed by one of the up and coming young farmers in the district who had a fine tract of land with a comfortable home and farm buildings. This couple eventually married and had twelve children. They were all educated and entered into different occupations throughout Canada. The young were beginning to spread their wings. Canadian parents were being given a stipend for each child, which helped out these large families when it came to educating them, beyond the free provincial schools, and going to the university was not impossible for the average bright child. My aunt's son found his future in British Columbia in forestry. That province has a fifth of North American standing timber and is known as the Canadian Galapagos for its diversity of plant and animal life. It was attracting a great many young Island boys and many a cousin went seeking his fortune there.

As a child the great plains of western Canada were to me what Outer Space is now to our young. I would hear the men and boys talking of the "Harvest Excursion" and it seemed to be their rite of passage between boyhood and manhood. Every August special railroad cars would be shunted into Cardigan Station to pick up young farmers going on this "Excursion." The Dominion of Canada ranks third in area after the former Soviet Union and China, among the nations of the world. The principal single industry of Canada is agriculture, including wheat, oats, barley, other grains, potatoes, flax seed, hay and clover. Because of its small population and large agricultural production Canada is one of the leading exporters of food products in the world. Wheat was the most important single crop and the Prairie Provinces formed one of the greatest areas in the entire world for this grain. Huge parts of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba were planted with these cereal grasses and when harvest time came help was needed to harvest the crop. They would recruit young men from all over Canada to help in this process--thus the "Harvest Excursion." We would go to the station to see our young men off on their Odyssey. Many had never been off the Island. They would see black earth,

large cities, mountains, vast plains, cowboys herding cattle, deep forests and would be working with combines (a machine which harvests, threshes, and cleans grain while moving over the ripe crop). A bounty was paid these young fellows to induce them to give of their time and energy. Some used it to help out at home, others to start a life of their own. Many a girl, weeping at the station, while she waved goodbye to her young man who would be spending the next few weeks a continent away, would become a bride at his return, thanks to these opportune circumstances.

The boys would be equipped with warm home woven garments. It was this occasion I had in mind, as a small child, when I would knit, at the evening family meeting, my future husband's underwear. Fortunately, he was never called to make the Harvest Excursion, (in fact he never heard of it), as I failed to get beyond a very rough version of such a garment. I finally ripped it out and made mittens which were also a disaster. The cozy little housewife I never was. These young men would have mounds of well packed foodstuff to see them through the long trip across the country. The families were determined none would go hungry. It was exciting to see them go off. Unfortunately we were always back in Boston before their return. Most young men came home happily to their family and life on the farm, but others, having had a taste of the outside world, took off for greener fields. So the Excursion, to some families, were a blessing, to others a sadness.

My uncle (uncle by marriage to my mother's oldest sister) was the village blacksmith. Longfellow described him perfectly in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith" except there was no spreading chestnut tree for him to stand under. He was "a mighty man" (but short) "with large and sinewy hands and the muscles of his brawny arms were as strong as iron bands." "Honest sweat was always on his brow" and he "owed no one." His daughter (a la Longfellow) "sang in the church choir" and his dearly beloved wife was "lying in her grave. His family owned one part of the main hill overlooking the river with his house perched on the top, his parents, sister and her three children lived in the house in the middle of the hill and the Forge was at the bottom with a barn in the back supplying space for their horses and carriages and outhouse. In the middle house was the newly established telephone office. It was set up in one of the family rooms and the daughter was the operator. This didn't infringe on her family life as few calls came in, in fact, I didn't know anyone on the Island at that time with a telephone. Even the one general store in the village, where my cousin worked, didn't have one. But it was a matter of great interest to me. (We didn't have one ourselves in Boston for several years later.) One wall of the room had a panel with a switchboard. Occasionally a bell would ring and Mattie would seat herself in front of the board, put a contraption on her head and plug a wire into a jack on the wall and start a conversation. It was fascinating. I would sit there watching this happening, trying to figure out who she could possibly be talking to. I hadn't become aware of the poles and wires gradually being raised throughout the community.

Mattie noticed my interest and tried to explain how it worked. She said the voice came over the air by electrical impulses and there were district selectors, incoming selectors and final selectors in the circuit from the calling line to the called line. It didn't make any sense to me then and it still is a puzzlement. She couldn't help laughing at my bewilderment and I did what I have done all my life, pretended to understand something that was completely Greek to me. I figured it out the best way I could and went on to other problems, the main one at the time being Mattie. I was not well versed in the ways of the world and only half understood many situations I found myself privy to. Here was a woman with three children living in her parents' home, apparently unwed. She was what was called a fine figure of a woman, tall, very erect, with a fine bosom and a small waist, a lovely face with a lively, kind expression, extremely well dressed and well coiffured hair, in fact very elegant looking. I thought she was beautiful. When my mother and her sisters mentioned her they always called her "Poor" Mattie. In a group of people she always stood out, speaking easily to women and men alike so I never could figure out where the "Poor" came in. Her oldest boy was a little older than I and the most beautiful boy I had ever seen. For the first time in my life I had met a boy who was different. Up to then boys were just boys but not Eric. He was as special as his mother. And the younger boy had the same qualities, but not the girl, Sally. She could easily be referred to as "Poor." She was just plain ordinary. It was hard to believe she belonged to the same family. Sallow complexioned, lanky hair, a dumpy figure and short fat legs. She was pathetic and she never showed any animation or smiled. When the family came to church on Sunday the grandparents would march in first, behind them came the beautiful Mattie and her two golden boys, and then Sally, dressed to the teeth, but unappealing. She had one trait that unfortunately didn't show--she had a heart of gold. Her family knew this and loved her dearly but no one else seemed to catch on. She told me that she had no friends. I would look at her and try to figure out what could be done to help her but never came to any conclusion. She just seemed sort of hopeless.

Eric was a different story. Just to look at him made you feel great. He was kind and thoughtful on top of his spectacular looks. He would take me canoeing on the river now and then. I would sit in the prow of the canoe basking in

his charm and beauty while he paddled us up and down the river in silence except for the gentle lap of the paddle and the birds calling to each other from shore to shore. He was not a chatterer which suited me fine as I was very shy. He knew special spots along the river. He would berth the canoe and carefully help me ashore, take my hand and lead me to them. One was deep in the tall woods to a special opening that looked like a cathedral with the sun filtering through the trees in beautiful shafts of light down to the tree trunks where a secret cache of Jack in the Pulpits could be found. Another was a boggy spot where small green snakes lived. We would make a small race track and have them compete with each other. Another spot had beautiful violets. These excursions were a delight to me and I especially liked his holding my hand. When I was in school in Boston our class would be taken on a "Walk of Discovery." We would have to choose partners as we often crossed busy roads. Sometimes a boy would be my partner and I never liked holding his hand. My sister had been my protector in my younger years and I always felt safe holding her hand. It was dry and thin so I could feel the bones. I liked that. My mother and father had the same kind of hands. But not these school boys, I always got one whose hand was fat and moist. Returning from our "Walks of Discovery" I would go to the restroom and wash my hands. I had "discovered" I didn't like to hold any hands except the family ones. Fortunately, my husband and children had thin boney hands. As did Eric.

One time the village had a fair on our hill and Eric took me. It was magic. The tremendous Harvest Moon sailing above us, the aurora borealis had a waving appearance that night that is called "merry dancers" which was very appropriate as a dance floor had been set on the top of the hill, all open air, and the fiddlers were outdoing themselves. We didn't dance, as our church didn't approve of it, but we enjoyed standing on the sidelines watching the others. To me it didn't look very inviting, all the jouncing up and down and the perspiring that was going on. This time Eric put his arm around me and I leaned against him and it was very agreeable. I hoped there would be more dances but the end of the summer was on us and it was nearly time to go home.

Sally and I spent time together. We took long walks and visited our older mutual cousin in the general store where she would treat us to delicious pink taffy out of the candy case. After stopping in for our treat one day we went on to meander along a secluded path through a small grove of trees, slurping and sucking on our candy, when a man could be seen approaching. He didn't look like any of the men from around there and was dressed in a different manner. He was not the solid, rugged type like the native farmers but more loosely put together, darker in complexion and dressed in a rakish style. As he came near us Sally acted uncomfortable and I became uneasy. As we met face to face he removed his cap and said, "Hello, Sally, how are you?" all the time looking hard at her and ignoring me completely. She very politely said, "I'm fine, thank you," and swallowed her taffy with a big gulp. When we had gone on a short distance she said, "That is my father and they call him "Black Jack." I asked why and she said that people think he looks like the Jack of Spades in a pack of cards. That surprised me as no one I knew down there played cards, (an invention of the Devil), so I had to wait to go home to Boston where my father kept a pack of cards in his desk drawer. He had taught me to play Double Canfield and Cribbage at which he was an expert. When I looked carefully at the Jack of Spades I could see the resemblance to Sally's father. When we got back to my uncle's I asked him about the "stranger" and he said, "We don't talk about that, dear," and went on pounding the ploughshare he was mending at the forge, with a few extra large blows, making the sparks fly. I knew he was upset about the encounter by his attitude.

So I was left with a wonderment to try to figure out. A beautiful woman, without a husband, three children without a regular father and a strange man who looked like a gypsy. And then it hit me. Perhaps he was a gypsy. Once in a while a group would appear on the Island in their caravans and go around selling sweet grass baskets and trinkets. In fact, my mother gave me a wooden sewing box when I was married, that was covered with rushes woven into designs. I cherished it. What is left of it is still in my home attic. She told me it was made by the gypsies traveling through the Island. Black Jack could possibly be one of these gypsies and having come to Cardigan saw the beautiful Mattie and fell in love with her. Mattie could have returned the ardor. It would have been utterly impossible for a young Presbyterian woman to join a band of gypsies and equally impossible for a young gypsy to be accepted into a tightly structured environment such as a Presbyterian home. However the young couple handled it over the next ten years or more they had rendezvoused enough times to result in the births of three children. Some ceremony must have taken place as the children had a different last name than their mother. In an Encyclopedia I found that "Gypsies accept the religion of the people among whom they move. But that acceptance does not extend to a church wedding." There could have been a civil ceremony. When I came along in later life Mattie and her children were highly regarded in the community. The only hint I ever got of anything awry was that of "Poor" Mattie in the conversations among my mother and her sisters. Not said in scorn but commiserating with her for her lost years apparently. I later found the boys had prospered and had every advantage. Sally married a young farmer with a great deal of push. He was one of the first farmers to turn to fur

farming. Fox fur farming had its start on Prince Edward Island. At the beginning, first class skins were selling for $1000.00 apiece. The first men in the business became rich. One of these was Sally's husband. They raised a large family and together searched out Black Jack and took him into the family. Eric and his brother made contact with their father as well, so a general healing took place. It was too late for Mattie, she had died by this time. To this day I think of her as "Poor" Mattie. But Sally, who had visually so little to recommend her, ended up the protector of the family and was loved by them all.

When I wasn't walking with Sally or canoeing with Eric I was sitting on my stool in the Forge. This was an awesome place. It was dug deep into the bottom of the hill, a subterranean chamber with a low ceiling and dirt walls and floor. The only light came from the always open wide, barn-like doors and the flaming forge. This was not a cozy fire, it was a living entity, leaping, sparking and roaring up the chimney. When it showed signs of quieting down my uncle would take his heart shaped bellows and bring it back to its normal fury. To see him standing in front of his fire, urging it on to greater intensity was a fearsome sight. He was a short, bald headed man with bulging muscles all through his chest and arms. He dressed in a sleeveless undershirt of black with black pants. A black leather apron reached from around his neck to just below his knees and a black peaked cap was on his head, but his arms were bare. Silhouetted against the fire in that dim cavern, working his magic with the bellows, he looked like a sorcerer from a Grimm's Fairy Tale.

A horse would be led in for shoeing. If it was a heavy, plodding draft horse things would go smoothly. But if it was a sleek, high spirited carriage horse it would be very skittish, shaking its head and making snorting sounds. The fire would terrorize it. My uncle would take the bridle from the owner, move next to the horse's head and start a running dialogue with it, calling it his beauty and his friend. He had a deep, caressing tone to his voice. Between that and the running of his hand comfortingly over its flank, caused it to gradually begin to quiet down. He would position it with its back to the fire, facing the open doors, lift up the affected foot and start to work on it, keeping up a steady litany of what a great creature it was. First he removed the bad shoe, then took a sharp knife and pared down the horn of the hoof. With his tongs he would reach into the blazing fire and remove a red hot shoe, put it on the anvil, take his heavy sledge and pound it until it was the proper shape, meantime sending sparks all over himself and his immediate vicinity. By this time the crooning had the horse mesmerized, he would be swaying slightly as though ready to fall asleep. Apparently the red hot shoes don't penetrate through the horn (or crust) of the hoof. To see a fiery shoe being clamped on the hoof of a nervous colt, and no reaction result, seemed like a miracle. The nails were pounded in and the foot would be as good as new. The owner and my uncle would exchange a few pleasantries and off they would go. I was spellbound by the whole operation, and the reactions of the different horses. Every animal responded in a dissimilar way causing my uncle to change his tactics but not the crooning, they all responded to that. He was a wizard wielding his art in his underground cave.

In the evening my cousin and her young man would go riding through the countryside. Sometimes they would take me with them. He was a dashing young farmer whose hobby was driving a fast trotter. After a day in the fields or barns or behind a plodding draft horse his delight was to meet up with another young blade and race their steeds. No bets were made on these races, it being against church regulations, but no race track ever witnessed more enthusiastic participants than when these young men, with their admiring girls at their side, sent their eager horses, full of nervous energy, pounding down the hard packed roads in competition. The horses loved it. The two rigs would line up together, horses quivering with anticipation, the men holding the reins taut. At a signal the animals would be given their head and off they would go with necks stretched out, ears laid back, phlegm spewing from their mouths. The fellows urged them on with loud shouts, the girls let off high pitched screams, but I hanging on for dear life, had no breath to spare, I just kept making croaking sounds. They told me I sounded like a lady bullfrog. They thought it funny, I reveled in the speed, I had never ridden in an automobile. They were not in our section of the Island and scarcely still in operation in Boston. The greatest speed I had ever experienced was on a train going to the Island. What I particularly loved was being in an upper berth, in the middle of the night, plunging through the Maine and New Brunswick forests, hearing the shrill whistle of the train as we approached tiny villages that were just a flash of light in the dark as we roared by. Once in a while the train would slow down to a grinding halt to deliver mail and produce to some isolated settlement. When this happened a few lights would appear, men's voices would ring out, and a great deal of bumping and banging went on. The train would be letting off steam, vibrating slightly, like a crouched beast impatiently waiting to get on with its business. Finally, with a few shouts from the men and the slamming of train doors there would be a shudder, and with a gut wrenching tug, that could be felt all through one's body, gears would engage and a mighty force would again propel us on our way. It was a physically exciting experience, I would try to stay awake so as not to lose any of the thrill of

motion but I never succeeded.

I was now back at Grandpa's house and in a situation practically unheard of in the family, I was the only child, at the time, in the house. My mother and sister would be arriving in a few days but for the moment I was the kingpin. Grandma figured out that it was the first time since they married and had their first baby that only one child was in residence. And it was the first time in my life I had been the only child in a home, having been the third child in my family. I loved every minute of it. I have always been unusually shy but my new situation went to my head. Grandma told my mother I never stopped talking and Grandpa told her that I had a very sweet voice but he rarely understood a word I said. The combination of his poor hearing and my small voice (I was always being told to "speak up" all through my school years) made conversation difficult but it didn't discourage me apparently. I had a wonderful time. The two of them truly loved children. As Grandma would make curls on my hair, instead of the usual braids, she would tell me about why they allowed my mother to live with Aunt Margaret, (her sister) and family. To me it was a sad story. Grandma had thirteen children and Aunt Margaret had only three. Grandma's children came along every two or three years. After her eighth child she became pregnant again, and to her delight, so did her sister. Grandma had twin girls (my mother and aunt) and Aunt Margaret had a girl. They named both little girls Katherine. (Katherine and Margaret were important family names. Every generation had several of them.) My aunt's two older boys and daughter loved their little sister dearly and when she died at an early age they were heartsick. Living on isolated farms made the loss of a child even more tragic, and they were desolate. One day they came to visit Grandma bringing the three children. They entered a house warm and alive with little ones including identical twin girls who resembled in looks and disposition their lost sister. When they went home the two boys and girl were depressed. They couldn't figure out why their little sister died when their aunt and uncle's house was filled with children. The idea arose among them of how great it would be if little Katherine could come to stay with them for awhile. Negotiations were started between the two families. Grandpa and Grandma didn't want to lose their little girl, even though they had one that was so similar only their mother could tell them apart. Finally an agreement was reached that Katie could spend the winter with them. It all worked out fine. Katie accepted her new family and they adored her. When she became our mother we loved having her tell us about her two families. She made no distinction between them and accepted them both without prejudice. Her brothers and sisters told me, years later, that one of the high points of their life as children was having Katie come to visit. To them she seemed like a little princess and they received her royally. The rest of her life was shared equally between the two homes. There was enough of the old clan alliance left in them to accept this situation without question.

I followed Grandpa in and out of the barns but wasn't of much help. I accompanied him to Cardigan in the horse and buggy while he negotiated swaps between Grandma's eggs and staples for the house. Everywhere we went he would be asked who I was and would be told I was "Katie's daughter from Boston." I would stand there and grin until my face was stiff and achy. I missed my sister. If she was present a history of our family would be immediately forthcoming. He taught me how to recognize the difference between barley and wheat as we drove by the fields and how to speak a few Gaelic pleasantries that I used for effect whenever it seemed appropriate. Whenever he looked at me there would be a twinkle in his eye that I loved and he always called me "dear." I had never heard that from my father and enjoyed it. In fact, all the Canadian men called children "dear" including their sons which I thought very pleasing.

I gathered the eggs every morning and washed and packed them. I enjoyed that immensely. I went out with Grandma to feed the chickens. She would let me get the mash from the barn and spread it around while she would cluck from away back in her throat, that was a form of communication with her charges. I never could do it as hard as I tried. I helped her polish the lamps, clean the chamber pots, punch up the beds and do what cooking was necessary for the three of us. She was very quick in her movements and I spent the day at a half trot. I helped make the butter in a wooden churn, spin the wool on the clicking wheel and one of my favorite jobs--doing the wash. She had an all wood washing machine. A round tub with a wood dasher and wood wringer. We would carry hot water from the well of the range out to the washer, add the soap Grandma made herself, and I would turn the handle that set the dasher into play. We would take turns rotating the handle as it was our muscles that were causing the dasher to slap among the clothes and it took strength to turn it. After a reasonable amount of effort the clothes would be rung through the wringers. They would fall into a tub of water with blueing added and wrung back through the wringers. Now was the fun part. Grandma always washed on a bright breezy day. Her clothesline was of wire and she didn't have clothes pins. The clothes were hung over the wire lines and things too small or fragile for that were laid out on a stretch of grass that was clipped just for that purpose. The clothes were divided neatly into categories so when the entire wash was hung one could get a clear picture of the inhabitants living in this particular house. The women's and children's clothes danced gracefully in the breeze, the men's heavier attire slapped and tugged impatiently, sheets and towels billowed in great swoops of delight, and the

delicate bits of linen and lace coyly hid in the grass under all this activity. I made it my job to check this operation regularly to be sure everything was under control. It made me feel very important. When all was dry we would bring out a rush basket and carefully fold everything and pack it down. If this was done properly it saved on the ironing which was boring and time consuming. I found this particular chore, the washing, so completely to my liking that when we returned to Boston, and my mother would do the family wash (before the days of washing machines), I would ask her to do it on a non-school day so I could hang it out. As far as it was possible she would comply. I really thought I was an authority on hanging out the laundry. On my way to school every day I would pass a small commercial laundry. I could see women in the back of the building hanging clothes. I envied them. They were experts and I loved to see with what precision they went about their job. It looked like the ideal work for anyone. One day I took my courage in my hands and walked into the office. There was a man behind the counter who asked if he could help me and I said I would like to hang clothes for him. My head was just above the counter and I was small in size for my age and my voice was weak. He seemed at a loss for words and called in a woman from a back room. After a conference they asked me if my parents knew I was asking for a job and I assured them they wouldn't mind knowing how much I liked to hang clothes. They asked if I had working papers and I said "no" but I was sure I could get them, as I used to hang clothes for my grandmother in Canada. They asked if I was a citizen and I said not yet, but I hoped to be one soon. They both laughed and told me to go home and talk it over with my parents. If they approved, and I got working papers, perhaps they could find something for me to do. I assured them again I just wanted to hang clothes. We parted on friendly terms. I couldn't wait for my father to come home. As soon as he arrived I approached the subject. My sister was horrified and my mother and father were speechless. Their rather frail and very shy young daughter wanted to work in a laundry. I begged to be allowed to go into Boston to get my working papers. In those days it was safe for a child to use the transportation system to travel around the city and I had done small errands for my mother in Boston using the streetcars and tunnel trains and enjoyed it, so that was no problem.

The problem was me, I was the last person any sensible manager would hire to work in a laundry, but they didn't want to discourage my first signs of self confidence. They were sure I would never get working papers so allowed me to go in and apply. I did and found myself in an office in line with a group of brawny, big muscled men. I came up to their elbows. When my turn came the clerk called for assistance. My voice was so low he could barely hear me and he couldn't believe what he was hearing. This little skinny kid wanted working papers to work in a laundry because she liked to hang clothes. He called in an older man and they had a conference. The older man had the same twinkle in his eye my grandfather had and took over my case. After asking if my parents were making me get a job, and being assured they weren't he asked why I wanted this particular line of work and hearing my explanation, he decided to grant me the papers, and he made a big fuss over having me sign everything properly. He gave me the permit and wished me good luck, and asked me to come in sometime and let him know how I was doing. When I reached home with my working papers my parents were dismayed. They decided this had gone far enough and said they were pleased that I showed such initiative but felt I wasn't quite ready for the working world. I don't remember being particularly disappointed at the outcome as Camp Fire Girls came along at this time. So with school, an active Youth Group program at Church and Camp Fire Girls, and summers either in Canada or Provincetown on Cape Cod my life became very fulfilling without embarking on a clothes hanging career.

My mother and sister arrived back at Grandpa's after a round of family visits. It was near the end of our Canadian sojourn but there was one more visit to make. To the home of my mother's youngest sister and her family. She is the aunt who as a small child "exhausted her hands" helping Grandma make haggis and she was the little girl who could play the organ without having lessons. She had been organist in her church for many years and had taught many many children throughout the countryside to play the organ. She had four children, one son and three daughters. She had married an outstandingly bright young school teacher and they became parents of four children in a very short time. The children were exceptionally bright, inheriting their father's quickness of mind and their mother's musical ability. Unfortunately the young man died (1885-1919, 32 years, less two months actually) before he was out his twenties. For many years after his death people in the community would refer to his unusual intelligence. A few years later my aunt married an older man in the neighborhood and the young family moved into his home which was a little way up the road. This left their first home empty, which made a delightful playhouse for we five girls. I particularly loved the orchard. I had never seen one like it. It had a coziness to it that delighted me.
The trees were closer together than usual and the branches entwined in a mysterious way and the grass that grew under it was deep enough for us to make concealed barrows in it. To a city child it was like an enchanted garden. We rummaged through the old house and came up with a few treasures, the most unusual one being a bright green woman's corset. We all admired it and tried it on but my middle cousin, who felt things more deeply than the rest of us, lost her heart

completely to it. She kept murmuring, "It's so beautiful." It became her delight. First she wore it under her dress, but felt it too attractive to hide away, so put it over her dress and was constantly adjusting it. If anyone had come along and seen a little girl playing in the orchard clad in a green corset he would doubt his eyesight. If we were in Ireland he would be sure the leprechauns were abroad. The whole place bewitched me. On other farms there was constant activity. Here there was complete peace. No work, no adults, no animals, the place seemed caught in a time warp, under a spell, with the birds chirping quietly in the trees, bees humming over the grass, the sun hot, the wind fragrant and the quiet voices of my cousins playing their imaginary games. I loved it all. Years later, when I would tell my Canadian cousins what it all meant to me, they seemed puzzled. It was just "home" to them, nothing particularly magical. But to me it was Andersen's Fairy Tales, Grimm's Fairy Tales, the Secret Garden, Alice in Wonderland, Heidi and all the other books I loved as a child, all here in this mystical place and it nourished me.

It was now time to leave for home. There were many tears shed. We took the afternoon train out of Cardigan Station to Charlottetown. There we got a room for the night in a hotel near the station. We had an early dinner, a leisurely walk around the little town, and then to bed. The next morning we woke to much bustling around. People leaving to catch the train ferry for Boston. We joined the crowd and were soon casting off for Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick. As we moved into Northumberland Strait I went to the stern of the boat to take a last glance at the beautiful little Island with its red cliffs and green pastures against the blue waters. I hated to see it disappear in the distance. When it was a small dot on the horizon I went to the prow of the boat and stood with my back against the Pilot house letting the wind slam into my face, taking my breath. This excited me and as the shores of New Brunswick came into view I felt an eagerness for home, my father and friends replacing my sadness. I arrived home with my face full of freckles, although I had worn my hat faithfully; my feet uncomfortable in shoes, after a summer of bare feet; five pound's added to my weight, making my clothes too tight; and a pronounced Scotch Canadian accent, and a tendency, in school, when we would sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" to break out in "God Bless our Gracious Queen."

Gradually the freckles disappeared, much to my mother's pleasure (they didn't bother me as I couldn't see them our family not running to mirrors) . New shoes took care of the squeezed toes. New clothes adapted to the gain of weight. My accent gradually disappeared and with my father's encouragement I became more Americanized except for the time the school put on a pageant and my sister and I were chosen to represent Great Britain. My mother taught us how to sing "Rule Britannia, Britannia Rule the Waves, Britains Never, Never, Never shall be Slaves." which my sister sang with much vigor and I did the best I could. We wore proper costumes and got much applause. My father wasn't too happy about it as he was getting a little annoyed at our strong Scotch Canadian leanings. His mother was of the same mixture as my mother, but his father was born in Portugal. He, himself, was a dyed in the wool American, and stood up every time he heard the American anthem played.

When I was in Prince Edward Island my grandfather didn't like to see me read anything but a religious tract. At home my father didn't like to see me read anything that wasn't true blue American. I did a great deal of reading in my upstairs bedroom and in the neighborhood public library, as I had in Grandpa's haymow and orchard away from the eyes of adults. I respected and admired both men but didn't pay much attention to their advice nor to the advice of my schoolteachers or Sunday school teachers. I was a loner, adjusting as best I could to other people's expectations of me, but I felt I had to go my own way.....

Why We Love Children

A small boy is sent to bed by his father. Five minutes later . "da-ad".. "What?"
I'm thirsty. Can you bring me a drink of water?". "No, you had your chance. Lights out"
Five minutes later. "Da-aaad... I'm THIRRRR-STY. Can I have a drink of Water???" I told you NO! If you ask again, I'll have to spank you!!" Five minutes later.. "Daaaa-aaad.. "WHAT??". "When you come in to spank me, can you bring me a drink of water?"

An exasperated mother, whose son was always geting into mischief, finally asked him, "How do you expect to get into Heaven?" The boy thought it over and said, "Well, I'll just run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St Peter says, "For Heaven's sake, Jimmy, come in or stay out!"

Announcements & Items of Interest

Ontario Vital Statistics Microfilm 1869-1928: Microfilms of Ontario Vital statistics (Births, Marriages, Deaths) are now available for purchase from the Ontario Genealogical Society (OGS). For detailed ordering information visit OGS website http://www.ogs.on.ca, E-Mail: ogs@istar.ca, Tel 416 489 0734.

Canadian Letters & Images Project: This project is seeking letters and images to allow Canadians to tell their own story on war-related correspondence, postcards, pictures. It is hope the project can provide a permanent record on-line which can be accessible to anyone interested in this aspect of Canada's history. The project is under the auspices of the History Dept of Malaspina University College. For further information you can visit the website at http;//www.mala.bc.ca/history/letters, e-Mail letters@mala.bc.ca, or write to Malaspina University-College, Dept of History 900 Fifth St Nanaimo BC V9R 5S5. Tel 250 753-3245, Ext 2131

Tracing your Saskatchewan Ancestors: A guide to records and how to use them: The Saskatchewan Genealogical Society has just completed this book. The cost is $26.00 plus $7.00 shipping. If you have any Saskatchewan connections, this may be for you. Visit their website http://www.saskgenealogy.com, or write to Saskatchewan Genealogical Society, PO Box 1894, Regina SK S4P 3E1

Descendants of those buried in St James Cathedral Cemetery, Toronto: An application has been sent to the Ontario Registrar of Cemeteries to close and move a portion of this cemetery and relocate some 3000 remains. The Ontario Genealogical Society is seeking any descendants to help in their opposition to this closure. An index to the burial Register is available at websitehttp://www.rootsweb.com/~onttbogs/torbranch.html. For further information contact Diane Clendenan at E-Mail dclenden@netrover.com. Tel 416 489-0734 or write The Ontario Genealogical Society 40 Orchard View Blvd, Suite 102 Toronto Ont M4R 1B9.

Raasay records: The the secretary of the Raasay Heritage Trust, Rebecca MacKay, has indicated that they are willing to share a lot of information that could be helpful to researchers. Raasay records are almost non-existent before 1841 and we rely on our oral traditions of genealogy to allow searchers to find their roots.
Write to: Rebecca Mackay, Secretary, Raasay Heritage Trust, 6 Osgaig Park, Raasay, Kyle, Ross-shire, Scotland IV40 8PB. Phone 478660207 E- Mail osgaig@lineone.net

Reprint of MCKEAN GENEALOGIES, 1902, by Cornelius McKean of Perry Iowa: Some member may be interested to this book, the contact person is trying to get a reprint done and wanted to know how much interest there is. The more copies produced the less it would cost per copy. Presently they are looking at a cost of $32.50 softcover and $44.50 hardcover, but if fifty are ordered the cost drops to $19.50 and $26.50 plus shipping of $5.00 per book. (I believe this is $US) If interested contact Sandy McKeen at E-Mail: mingary@earthlink.net

CENSUS 30th March 1851

Parish of Jura and Collonsay (part of), District of Islay and Jura, County of Argyll. Remarks of the Minister of the Parish: " Since last census about 80 persons emigrated from the parish of Colonsay to Upper Canada, and four families removed to different parts of Scotland. One family consisting of 7 persons came to reside in it - Lachlan McKenzie, Minister of Jura & Colonsay."

Enumeration District No. 8 "So much of the Parish of Collonsay as lies North East of the road leading from the Quay at Scallasaig to the house of Killoran and of an imaginaig line running from that South of the Houses of Bentuaidh to the sea on the north side of the island."
District No. 8 includes: 49 Separate Occupiers in 49 inhabited houses with 127 males and 150 females, a total of 277 persons. The enumerator was Alexr. McNeill, who witnessed on 2 April and submitted the returns to Dugald Taylor on 10 April; the latter witnessed it on 11 April and it was accepted by "Archd. Campbell Jura JP" the same day.

Enumeration District No. 9 "So much of the Parish of Collonsay as is bounded by a line from Killoran house to the Sea, and by the lake South of Killoran house and a line exdending from the West end of it along the ridge of the Hill to the Sea."
District No. 9 includes: 62 Separate Occupiers in 61 inhabited houses with 195 males and 180 females, a total of 375 persons. The total includes 9 males not "enumerated as inmates of any dwelling house" but believed to have slept "in barns, sheds or the like." Those that were enumerated included 4 males only temporary resident and excluded 1 male and 1 female who were absent but "usually dwell in the district". The enumerator was Donald Downie, who witnessed on 1 April and submitted the returns to Dugald Taylor on 4 April; the latter witnessed it on 5 April and it was accepted by "Archd. Campbell Jura JP" on 8 April.

Enumeration District No. 10 "All the parish of Colonsay that is South of the Church leading along the range of hills on the coast of Sclsaig to the sea on the west coast & also including Oransay Isl."
District No. 10 includes: 32 Separate Occupiers in 32 inhabited houses with 88 males and 97 females, a total of 185 persons. The enumerator was John McNeill, who witnessed on 31 March and submitted the returns to Dugald Taylor on 4 April; the latter witnessed it on 5 April and it was accepted by "Archd. Campbell Jura JP" on 8 April.

Therefore, total houses: 142; males: 410; females: 427; population: 837; families: 143
Since 1841 Census, the recorded population had fallen by 72 females and 70 males, but this can be corrected to an actual loss of 71 females and 82 males by allowance for transients. The number of families had fallen by28 and the number of occupied houses had fallen by 27; no houses were recorded as "unoccupied" in either census.

Note: the above information and the census information were transcribed by Kevin Byrne, Colonsay Hotel, Argyll PA61 7YPin September and October 1997; no attempt has been made to change significant spellings etc. It is thought to be accurate but detailed entries should be checked against the original documents. This transcribed information is intended for private research and is not for publication. Information on Colonsay and Oronsay emigration will be welcomed by Kevin Byrne. Email: hotel@premier.co.uk

Notes on change between 1841 and 1851 census figures.
1841 figures Total houses: 169; males: 480; females: 499; population: 979; families: 171
1851 figures Total houses: 142; males: 410; females: 427; population: 837; families: 143

Since the 1841 Census, the recorded population had fallen by 72 females and 70 males, but this can be corrected to an actual loss of 71 females (down 14%) and 82 males (down 17%) by allowance for transients.
The number of families had fallen by 28 (down 16%) and the number of occupied houses had fallen by 27; no houses were recorded as "unoccupied" in either census. The above broadly confirms the "Remarks of the Minister of the Parish", viz: " Since last census about 80 persons emigrated from the parish of Colonsay to Upper Canada, and four families removed to different parts of Scotland. One family consisting of 7 persons came to reside in it - Lachlan McKenzie, Minister of Jura & Colonsay." It is possible to identify those persons who appear in the 1841 census, but not in the 1851 returns; some are known to have died (O.P.R. and Graveyards inscriptions) but the balance must include the emigrants mentioned by the minister. It is also possible to identify "new" persons in Colonsay in 1851, 10 years of age or more, who should include the "family of 7 persons."

#	Name	Relation	Condition	Age M	Age F	Occupation	Where Born
	CENSUS 1851 COLONSAY & ORONSAY						
	DISTRICT # 8						
	SCALSAIG						
1	John Bell	Head	Mar.	59		Publichouse keeper	Collonsay
	Peggy "	Wife	Mar.		54	Housewife	Collonsay
	Maron "l	Daughter	U		24	Dawer (?)	Collonsay
	John "	Son	U	16		Fisher	Collonsay
	Peggy "	Daughter	U		19	Shewster [sewing]	Collonsay
	Maron Campbell		U		20	House Servant	Collonsay
2	Peter McNeill	Head	Mar.	47		Cowherd	Collonsay
	Mary "	Wife	Mar.		44	Housewife	Collonsay
	John "	son	U	19		Labourer	Collonsay
	Alexander "	son	U	18		Labourer	Collonsay
	Malcolm "	son	U	15		Labourer	Collonsay
	Archibald "	son	U	13		Scollar	Collonsay
	Hester "	daughter	U		10	Scollar	Collonsay
	Donald "	son		8		Scollar	Collonsay
	James "	son		5			Collonsay
	Neil "	son		3			Collonsay
3	Maron McKinon	Head	Widow		60	Pauper	Collonsay
	Janet McNeil	Daughter	Widow		26	General service	Collonsay
	Archd. McNeill	Grandson		4			Collonsay
4	Isabella Bell	Head	Widow		40	Midwife	Collonsay
	Angus Shaw	lodger	Married	60		Carpenter	Collonsay
5	Archd. Bue	Head	Married	41		Labourer	Collonsay
	Peggy "	Wife	Married		36	Housewife	Collonsay
	Angus "	Son	U	16		Labourer	Collonsay
	Cathrine "	Daughter	U		14	General Service	Collonsay
	Donald "	Son		10		Scollar	Collonsay
	Archd. "	Son		6		Scollar	Collonsay
	Ann "	Daughter			4		Collonsay
	Flory "	Daughter			2		Collonsay
6	Dond. McNeill	Head	Married	48		Shoemaker	Collonsay

	Peggy "	Wife	Married		40	Housewife	Islay	
	Neill "	Son	U	19		Shoemaker	Collonsay	
	Archibald "	Son	U	16		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Hester "	Daughter			13	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		4			Collonsay	
7	John Buchanan	Head	Married	35		Smith	Island Mull	
	Forbus "	Wife	Married		26	Wife	Collonsay	
	Maron "	Daughter			2		Collonsay	
8	Dun. Campbell	Head	Married	42		Boatman	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		40	Housewife	Islay	
	Archibald "	Son	U	18		Fisher	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Daughter	U		15	General Service	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter			13	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay	
9	Donald Campbell	Head	Married	52		Labourer	Mull	
	Ann "	Wife	Mar.		52	Housewife	Mull	
	Effie "	Daughter	U		16	General Service	Collonsay	
	Collin "	son		14		Scollar	Collonsay	
10	Mary McMillan	Head			44	Labour	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter	unmar.		28	Labour	Collonsay	
	Effie "	Daughter			14	Labour	Collonsay	
	Flory "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
	GLASAIRD							
11	Dond. McMillan	Head	Married	50		Boatman	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Wife	Married		40	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Hector "	son	U	21		Fisher	Collonsay	
	Bell "	daughter	U		20	General service	Collonsay	
	Ann Ross	granddtr			2		Collonsay	
	Dun. McMillan	Father	Widower	71		Pauper	Collonsay	

12	George Buchanan	Head	Married	68		Packetmaster	Isle of Mull
	Mary "	Wife	Married		60	Housewife	Isle of Mull
	Jean "	Daughter	U		26	Shewster	Isle of Mull
	Lachlan "	Grandson		7			Collonsay
	Barbra Blue		U		15	Servantmaid	Collonsay
13	Mary Darrach	Head	Widow		40	Pauper	Collonsay
	Neill "	Son	U	17		Labourer	Collonsay
	Dun. "	Son		14		Labourer	Collonsay
	Girsal "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay
	Ann "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay
	Mary "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay
	Dun. McNeill	Brother	Married	35		Shoemaker	Collonsay
	Peggy "	Br's Wife	Mar.		27	Wife to "	Collonsay
	Ann "	Br's dghter			2		Collonsay
14	Archd. McNeill	Head	married	69		Boatmaster	Collonsay
	Ann "	Wife	married		66	Housewife	Collonsay
	Ann "	daughter	U		24	General service	Collonsay
	Lizy "	daughter	U		20	General service	Collonsay
	Malcolm "	grandson	U	19		Fisher	Collonsay
	Hester "	granddtr			9	Scollar	Collonsay
	Duncan "	grandson		7			Collonsay
15	Mary Pirie	Head	Unmarr.		64	Pauper	Collonsay
	RESKBUE						
16	Coll McAlister	Head	Married	62		Fisher	Collonsay
	Chirsty "	Wife	Married		62	Housewife	Collonsay
	Alexr. "	Son	U	20		Labourer	Collonsay
	Margt. "	Daughter	U		17	General service	Collonsay
17	Dond. McLean	Head	Married	39		Crofter & Fisher	Collonsay
	Mary "	Wife	Mar.		39	Housewife	Collonsay

	Flory "	Daughter	U		14	at home	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Dond. "	Son		8		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Daughter			6	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter			4		Collonsay	
	Ann "	Br's Dgtr			2		Collonsay	
18	Rebecca Blue	Head	Unmarr.		48	Pauper	Collonsay	
	Neil McPhyden	Son		16		at home	Collonsay	
	Iver Blue	Son		12		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Dun. McPhyden	Son		10		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Ann McNeill	Daughter	Unmarr		24	General service	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Grdchild			1		Collonsay	
	CARN MORE							
19	Alexr. Campbell	Head	(obscure)	83		Pauper	Islay	
	RESKBUE							
20	John Darroch	Head	Unmar.	22		Labourer & crofter	Collonsay	
	Hugh "	Brother	U	20		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Charles "	Brother	U	18		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Sister	U		16	at home	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Sister			13	at home	Collonsay	
21	Dond. McPhee	Head	Widower	65		Crofter & weaver	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter	Unmarr.		28	at home	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter	U		26	at home	Collonsay	
	John "	Son	U	25		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	23		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter			14	at home	Collonsay	
22	Alexr. McNeill	Head	Marr.	33		Fisher	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Wife	Mard.		35	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Archd. "	son		8		at home	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter			5	at home	Collonsay	

	Malcolm	Son (sic)		4		at home	Collonsay
23	Bryan Reid	Head	Mard.	49		Fisher & labourer	Isle of Mull
	Peggy "	Wife	Mard.		52	Housewife	Collonsay
	John "	Son	Mar.	24		Taylor	Collonsay
	Mary "	Son's wife	Mar.		22	his wife	Jura
	Alan "	Son	Unmarr.	23		Fisher	Collonsay
	Chirsty "	Daughter	U		20	at home	Collonsay
	William "	Son	U	7		at home	Collonsay
24	Neil McInish	Head	Married	36		Fisher	Collonsay
	Mary "	Wife	mar.		33	housewife	Collonsay
	Angus "	Son		11		Scollar	Collonsay
	Flory "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay
	John "	Son		5			Collonsay
	Mary "	Daughter			2		Collonsay
	James "	Son		9m.			Collonsay
25	John McMillan	Head	Married	33		Taylor	Collonsay
	Flory "	Wife	Marr.		32	Housewife	Collonsay
	Malcolm "	Son		10		Scollar	Collonsay
	Bell "	Daughter			6	Scollar	Collonsay
	John "	Son		2			Collonsay
	Hector "	Son		9m			Collonsay
26	Mary Blue	Head	Mar.		40	Pauper	Collonsay
	John "	Son	Unmar.	20		Labourer	Collonsay
	Angus "	Son		8		Scollar	Collonsay
	BUNABHEA						
27	Malm. McPhee	Head	Mar.	64		Crofter Bedfast	Jura
	Ann "	Wife	Mar.		60	Housewife	Jura
	Donald "	Son	Mar.	29		Ground officer	Jura
	Mary "	Son's wife	Mar.		22	'"s wife	Mull
	Flory "	Son's dau.			1		Collonsay
28	Neil McPhee	Head	Mar.	32		Crofter	Jura

	Flory "	Wife	Mar.		30	Housewife	Jura	
	Duncan Blue			8		Herd boy	Collonsay	
	LONARY							
29	Alexr. McNeill	Head	Widower	76		Schoolmaster	Collonsay	
	Isabella "	Daughter	Marr.		52	Housewife	Collonsay	
	James "			14		Scollar	Collonsay	
	LOCHEND							
30	Finlay McMillan	Head	Mar.	48		Wood Ranger	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Wife	Mar.		50	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Chirsty "	Grddaugh			11	Scollar	Collonsay	
	UREGAIG							
31	Lachl. McKaig	Head	Mar.	36		Oversear	Islay	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		24	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Alexr. "	Son		2			Collonsay	
	Lachlan "	Son		2m.			Collonsay	
	Chirsty Reid				20	House Servant	Collonsay	
32	Lachl. McPhayden	Head	Mar.	50		Ground Officer	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Mar.		47	House wife	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daughter	U		22	General service	Collonsay	
	Malm. "	Son	U	20		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Lachlin "	Son	U	19		Schoolmaster	Collonsay	
	Sally "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Donald "	Brother	U	47		Pauper	Collonsay	Blind
	Cathrine "	Sister			71	Pauper	Collonsay	Blind
33	Dun. McNeill	Head	Marr.	52		Mason	Collonsay	
	Maron "	Wife	Mar.		42	House wife	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter	U		20	General service	Collonsay	
	Effie "	Daughter	U		15	General service	Collonsay	
	Peter "	Son		14		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Margt "	Daughter			11	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Maron "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay	

	Malm. "	Son		6		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter			3		Collonsay	
34	John McMillan	Head		47		Cowherd	Collonsay	
	Bell "	Wife			42	House wife	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter	U		14	General service	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Angus "	Son		9		Scollar	Collonsay	
	John "	Son		6		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Sister	U		47	Unhealthy	Collonsay	
35	Dond. McNeill	Head	Marr.	34		Crofter	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Marr.		30	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Neil "	Son		9		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter			7	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Dun. "	Son		5		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Alexr. "	Son		9m			Collonsay	
36	Neil McPhee	Head	Marr.	69		Crofter & Pensioner	Collonsay	Blind
	Cathrine "	Wife	Marr		48	House wife	Collonsay	
	Donald "	Son		12		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Angus "	Son		9		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Dolly McCaldred	Wife's dtr	Unm.		20	General service	Collonsay	
	Nancy "	" "	U		17	General service	Collonsay	
	Mary "	" "	U		14	Shewster	Collonsay	
37	Mary McNeill	Head	Widow		50	Pauper	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter	U		35	General service	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter	U		35	General service	Collonsay	
	Peggy McLugash	Gddghtr			7		Collonsay	
	Hugh Morison	Gdson		2			Collonsay	
38	Alexr. McNeill	Head	Marr.	74		Crofter	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Wife	Marr.		58	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Neill "	Son	U	24		Labourer	Collonsay	

Cathrine McNeill		U		32	House Servant	Collonsay	
39 Dun. McPhee	Head	Marr.	66		Crofter & weaver	Collonsay	
Peggy "	Wife	Marr.		67	House wife	Collonsay	
Archd. "	Son	Marr.	32		Labourer	Collonsay	
Flory "	Son's wife	Marr		22	'"s wife	Collonsay	
Cathrine Bue				12	Servant	Collonsay	
40 Lachl. McLugash	Head	Marr.	42		Crofter	Collonsay	
Mary "	Wife	Marr		35	Housewife	Collonsay	
Hugh "	Son	U	19		Labourer	Collonsay	
John "	Son		12		Scollar	Collonsay	
Chirsty "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay	
Mary "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay	
Flory "	Daughter			4		Collonsay	
Arch'd "	Son		3			Collonsay	
Ann "	Daughter			1		Collonsay	
41 Archd. Bue	Head	Widower	55		Cowherd & crofter	Collonsay	
Cathrine "	Daughter	U		19	General service	Collonsay	
Archd. "	Son	U	21		Labourer	Collonsay	
Mary "	Daughter	U		16	General service	Collonsay	
Alexr. "	Son		8		Scollar	Collonsay	
Cathrine "	Gddghtr			10	Scollar	Collonsay	
Hirusa "	Gddghtr			6		Collonsay	
42 John McLugash	Head	Marr.	40		Crofter	Collonsay	
Ann "	Wife	Marr.		33	Housewife	Collonsay	
Ann "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
John "	Son		10		Scollar	Collonsay	
Mary "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay	
Hugh "	Son		6		Scollar	Collonsay	
Flory "	Daughter			4		Collonsay	
Maron "	Daughter			6m		Collonsay	

43	John Darrach	Head	Marr.	72		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Flory "	Wife	Md.		67	Housewife	Collonsay	
	July Ann "	Daughter	U		25	General service	Collonsay	
	BALNAHARDE							
44	Angus Blue	Head	Marr.	56		Ploughman	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Marr.		40	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter	Marr.		19		Collonsay	
	Hector McNeill	Goodson	Marr	26		Barnsman	Collonsay	
	Mary Blue	Daughter	U		14	General Service	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter			12		Collonsay	
	Flory "	Daughter			10		Collonsay	
	Christiana "	Daughter			6		Collonsay	
	Barbra "	Daughter			3		Collonsay	
45	Angus McPhail	Head	Marr.	43		Cowherd	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Wife	Marr.		38	Housewife	Collonsay	
	Angus "	Son		13		Scollar	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daughter			12	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Maron "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Peggy "	Daughter			8	Scollar	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter			5		Collonsay	
	John "	Son		2			Collonsay	
	Flory "	Daughter			1m		Collonsay	
	Angus Mun	SisterSon	U	20		Herd servant	Collonsay	
46	Dond. Galbreath	Head	Marr.	58		Labourer	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Wife	Marr		51	House wife	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter	U		22	General Service	Collonsay	
	Janet "	Daughter	U		18	General Service	Collonsay	
	Effie "	Daughter	U		17	General Service	Collonsay	

	Duncan "	Son		12		Scollar	Collonsay
	Chirsty "	Daughter			10	Scollar	Collonsay
	Archibald "	Son		8			Collonsay
47	Hugh Bue	Head	Marr.	32		Ploughman	Collonsay
	Jean "	Wife	Marr.		34	House wife	Collonsay
	Jean "	Daughter			8		Collonsay
	John "	Son		5			Collonsay
	Mary "	Daughter			3		Collonsay
	Alexr. "	Son		2			Collonsay
	Ann "	Daughter			4m		Collonsay
48	Malm. Blue	Head	U	63		Labourer	Collonsay
	Flory "	Sister	U		56	General servant	Collonsay
	Lachlain Currie	Sist's son	U	24		Barnsman	Collonsay
	Don'd Currie	Sist's son	U	21		Labourer	Collonsay
49	William Paterson	Head	Marr.	62		Pauper	Collonsay
	Mary "	Wife	Marr.		58	Housekeeper	Collonsay
	DISTRICT # 9						
	GARTAGOAN						
1	Duncan McLean	Head	Marr.	38		Farm Lab.	Colonsay
	Catherine "	Wife	Marr.		38		Colonsay
	Donald "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur.			2		Colonsay
	John "	Son		3m			Colonsay
2	Hector McMillan	Head	Marr.	44		Farm Lab.	Colonsay
	Mary "	Wife	Marr.		38		Bowmore
	Mary "	Daur.	U		17		Colonsay
	John "	Son	U	15		Scholar	Colonsay
	James "	Son	U	13		Scholar	Colonsay
	Janet "	Daur			8	Scholar	Colonsay
	Malcolm "	Son		6			Colonsay
	Ann "				4		Colonsay
	KILCHATTAN						
3	Alexander Campbell	Head	Widower	48		Mason	Kilmeny
	Mary "	Daur	U		21		Colonsay

	Ann "	Daur	U		15		Colonsay
	Peter "	Son		12		Scholar	Colonsay
	Archd. "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay
	Mary "	Sister			57	Formerly dairymaid	Colonsay
	Neil "	Nephew		16		Scholar	Colonsay
4	Malcolm Marten	Head	Marr.	43		Weaver	Colonsay
	Mary "	Wife	Marr.		40		Kilmeny
	Hugh "	Son	U	16		Scholar	Colonsay
	John "	Son	U	14		Scholar	Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur			11		Colonsay
	Donald "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay
	Hector "	Son		6			Colonsay
	Malcolm "	Son		4			Colonsay
	James "	Son		1			Colonsay
	Margaret Ross	Mother	Mar		80	Pauper frmly Cook	Dornoch
5	Dugald McDuff	Head	Mar	73		Greenwich pensnr	Colonsay
	Flora "	Wife	Marr.		56		Jura
	John "	Son	U	24			Jura
	Catherine "	Daur	U		22		Jura
	Euphemia "	Daur	U		18		Jura
	Bell "	Daur	U		16		Jura
	Dugald "	Son	U	14		Scholar	Jura
	Alexander "	Grdson		4			Jura
6	Lachlen McNeill	Head	Widower	65		Farm 12 ac. arable	Colonsay
	Donald "	Son	U	27		Fisher	Colonsay
	Sarah "	Daughter	U		22	Farmer's daughter	Colonsay
	Isabella "	Daughter	U		19	Farmer's daughter	Colonsay
	Malcolm Blue	Visitor	U	66		Baptist local prchr	Colonsay
7	Neven Darroch	Head	Widr.	56		Farmer 4ac. arable	Jura
	Ann "	Daur	U		23	Farmer's daughter	Jura
	Donald "	Son	U	16		Scholar	Jura
	Margaret McNeill	Visitor	Widow		71	Pauper	Colonsay
8	Duncan McKinnon	Head	Marr.	47		Farmer 4ac. arable	Killfinichen
	Mary "	Wife	Marr.		46		Colonsay
	Lachlen "	Son	U	19		Farmer's son	Colonsay

	Janet "	Daughter	U		17	Farmers Daur.	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daughter	U		15	Farmers Daur.	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daughter	U		15	Farmers Daur.	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son		12		Scholar	Colonsay	
9	Donald Downie	Head	U	30		Teacher Eng & Gael	Inishael	
	Sarah Downie	Mother	Widow		66		Dalavich	
	Ann Downie	Sister	U		32		Inishael	
	Sarah Henderson	Neice			8	Scholar	Inveraray	
10	Angus Brown	Head	Marr.	58		Farm 10 ac. arable	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Marr.		48	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Isabella "	Daur	U		16	Farmers daughter	Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son	U	13		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		11	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Arch'd "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Neil Grahm	Serv.	U	26		Farm servant	Colonsay	
	Mary Darroch	Serv.	U		19	General serv.	Jura	
11	Barbara Currie	Head	Wid.		51	Farm 3 ac. arable	Colonsay	
	Donald Campbell	Son	U	23		Mason	Colonsay	
	James "	Son	U	16		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Sarah "	Daur	U		14	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	Anabella "	Daur			9	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Peter "	Son		6		Scholar	Colonsay	
12	John McInnis	Head	Marrd	41		Farm 3 ac arable	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Wife	Mar		44	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur	U		15	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	13		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son		10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			7		Colonsay	
13	James McMillan	Head	U	46		Farm 3 ac arable	Colonsay	
	Dorothy Blue	Mother	Widow		72		Colonsay	
	Margaret McMillan	Sister	U		32	Dairymaid	Colonsay	
	Mary McNeill	Neice			7	Scholar	Colonsay	

14	Alexander McNeill	Head	Mar	31		Farm 3 ac. arable	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		29	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Lachlen "	Son		6		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Daur			1		Colonsay	
15	Hugh McPhee	Head	Mar	34		Farm 3 ac. arable	Argyll N.K.	
	Margaret "	Wife	Mar		43	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Neil "	Son		4			Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		2			Colonsay	
	Mary Marten	Step dau	U		16		Colonsay	
	John "	Step son	U	14			Colonsay	
	Betsy "	Step dau	U		12		Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Step dau			9		Colonsay	
16	James Munn	Head	Marr	39		Weaver	Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Wife	Marr		35		Kilmeny	
	Donald "	Son	U	14		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Hugh "	Son		12		Scholar	Colonsay	
17	Hector Reid	Head	Mar	32		Ag Lab	Killfinichen	
	Margaret "	Wife	Mar		35		Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			7		Colonsay	
	Betsy "	Daur			5		Colonsay	
	John "	Son		2			Colonsay	
	Flora Galbreath	M-in-law	U		64	Pauper	Gigha	
18	John McFayden	Head	Mar	70		Pauper	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Wife	Mar		72	Pauper	Colonsay	
19	Sarah Munn	Head	W.		25	Farmr 3 ac arable	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Sister			9	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Hugh McLugaish	Serv	U	19		Farm Serv.	Colonsay	
20	Duncan Black	Head	Marr.	41		Carpenter	Jura	
	Flora Black	Wife	Marr		39		Jura	
	Malcolm "	Son	U	17			Jura	
	Mary "	Daur			10		Jura	
	Duncan "	Son		8			Colonsay	

	Bell "	Daur			5		Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			3		Colonsay	
	John "	Son		1			Colonsay	
21	Alexander Munn	Head	Marr	53		Farmr 8 a. arable	Colonsay	
	Flora "	Wife	Marr.		48	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Neil "	Son	U	27		Fisher	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	20		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur	U		14	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		12	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Sarah "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur			3		Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Brother	U	57		Formerly Ag serv.	Colonsay	
22	Duncan Grahm	Head	U	30		Farmer 4 a. arable	Colonsay	
	Sarah "	Mother	W		57		Colonsay	
	Ellen "	Sister	U		30	Teacher? obscure	Colonsay	
	Sarah "	Sister	U		28	Milliner	Colonsay	
	Angus "	Brother	U	18			Colonsay	
23	Archd. McLugaish	Head	Widr.	53		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Mary McLugaish	Daughter	U		26	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	19		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
24	Archd. McInnis	Head	Marr.	46		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Lucy "	Wife	Marr.		44	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Archd. "	Son	U	14		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Neil "	Son		11		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Finlay "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
	Angus "	Son		9m			Colonsay	
25	John McFayden	Head	Marr.	53		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Janet "	Wife	Marr.		49	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		29	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	19		Ag Lab	Colonsay	
	Angus "	Son	U	16		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		11	Scholar	Colonsay	
	James Galbreath	Gdson		8			Colonsay	
	Margaret McMillan	gddaur			1		Colonsay	

26	Catherine McMillan	Head	U		80	Paupe ex Gen Serv	Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Gdson	U	13			Colonsay	
	John "	Gdson		10		Scholar	Colonsay	
27	Angus McMillan	Head	Marr.	54		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Flora "	Wife	Mar		48	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Dugald "	Son	U	14		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Janet "	Daur	U		12	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		11			Colonsay	
	Barbara "	Daur			8		Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			4		Colonsay	
28	Malcolm McLugaish	Head	Marr.	48		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Euphemia "	Wife	Mar		48	Farmer's wife	Kilmeny	
	Donald "	Son	U	19		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Hugh "	Son	U	17		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		15	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son		10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur			8	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
29	Donald McMillan	Head	Widr.	70		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Angus "	Son	U	22		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
30	James McMillan	Head	Marr	36		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Marr		36	Teacher Sewing	Kilteran Ross	
	Francy "	Son	U	10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			8		Colonsay	
	James "	Son		3			Colonsay	
	Susan "	Daur			1		Colonsay	
31	John McMillan	Head	Mar	34		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Christean "	Wife	Mar		38	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	11		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Euphemia "	Daur			9		Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			7		Colonsay	
	William "	Son		4			Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			1		Colonsay	
32	Duncan Grahm	Head	Mar.	44		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay	
	Barbara "	Wife	Mar.		32	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	

	Catherine "	Daur			11		Colonsay
	Christian "	Daur			5		Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur			3		Colonsay
	Angus "	Son		1			Colonsay
33	Archd. McIlephedar	Head	Mar	39		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay
	Sarah "	Wife	Mar		35	Farmer's wife	Kilfinechan
	Archd. "	Son	U	14		Farmer's son	Colonsay
	Donald "	Son		10			Colonsay
	Duncan "	Son		10			Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur			8		Colonsay
	Innes "	Son		6			Colonsay
	John "	Son		4			Colonsay
	Flora "	Daur			6m		Colonsay
34	Sarah McIllephedar	Head	U		48	General Serv	Colonsay
	Angus Grahm	Son	U	15			Colonsay
35	Neil Munn	Head	Marr	62		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay
	Mary "	Wife	M		54	Farmer's wife	Colonsay
	Malcolm "	Son	U	23		Ag Lab	Colonsay
	Mary Blue	Step dtr	U		19		Colonsay
36	Flora Grahm	Head	W		77	Pauper	Colonsay
	Mary Grahm	Daur	U		38		Colonsay
	Donald McLean	Gdson	U	16		General Lab	Colonsay
	John "	Gdson	U	11			Colonsay
37	Angus McInnis	Head	U	28		Pauper	Colonsay
	Lachlen McMillan	Visitor	U	16		General Lab	Colonsay
38	Duncan McNeill	Head	Marr	44		Farmer 8a. arable	Colonsay
	Catherine "	Wife	Mar		42	Farmer's wife	Colonsay
	Anabella "	Daur	U		17	Farmer's daur	Colonsay
	Neil "	Son	U	14		Farmer's son	Colonsay
	Donald "	Son	U	12			Colonsay
	Archd. "	Son	U	10			Colonsay
	Malcolm "	Son		7			Colonsay
	Angus "	Son		4			Colonsay
	Margaret "	Daur			1		Colonsay
	Mary Buie	Daur	Marr.		21		Colonsay
	Neil Buie	Grdson		6m			Colonsay

	Angus Buie	Son in law	Mar	29		General Lab.	Jura	
39	Ronald McEachern	Head	Mar.	50		Farmer 8a. arable	Colonsay	
	Betsey "	Wife	Mar		46	Farmer's wife	Perthshire?	
	Finlay "	Son	U	28		Farmer's son	Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		9		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur			7		Colonsay	
	Ellen "	Daur			5		Colonsay	
40	Malcolm McMillan	Head	Mar.	40		Farm servant	Colonsay	
	Euphemia "	Wife	Mar.		30		Jura	
	Bell "	Daur			1		Colonsay	
41	Archd. Galbreath	Head	Widr.	39		Weaver	Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	10			Colonsay	
	Duncan "	Son		7			Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			5		Colonsay	
42	Torcal McNeill	Head	Mar.	39		Ag. Lab.	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Mar.		38		Colonsay	
	Sarah "	Daur	U		17		Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		12		Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			9	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Dugald "	Son		1			Colonsay	
	MIGRIS							
43	William Buie	Head	Mar.	31		Farmer 8a. arable	Jura	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		27	Farmer's wife	Kilmichel	
	Hector "	Son		2			Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur			1			
	Sarah "	Mother	W		72	Formerly cook	Colonsay	
	Sarah McFarlane	Neice	U		11	Scholar	Colonsay	
44	John McConnel	Head	Mar	39		Farm Lab.	Colonsay	
	Rosy "	Wife	Mar		32		Edinburgh	
	Donald "	Son	U	10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son		8			Colonsay	
	John "	Son		3			Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur			2		Colonsay	
	Margaret McPhee	Visitor			9m.		Colonsay	

	BENATUATH						
45	John McNeill	Head	Mar.	33		Farmer 2a. arable	Colonsay
	Marion "	Wife	Mar		34	Farmer's wife	Colonsay
	James "	Son	U	14		Farmer's son	Colonsay
	Duncan "	Son		12			Colonsay
	Catherine "	Daur.			10		Colonsay
	Hugh "	Son		8			Colonsay
	Ann "	Daur.			6		Colonsay
	Archd. "	Son		4			Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur			1		Colonsay
46	Ann Paterson	Head	U		58	Pauper ex Gen Ser.	Colonsay
	Catherine McKinnon	Daur	U		22		Colonsay
47	Donald Bell	Head	Mar.	39		Farmer 2a. arable	Colonsay
	Flora "	Wife	Mar		36	Farmer's wife	Colonsay
	Marion "	Daur	U		8		Colonsay
	Catherine "	Daur			6		Colonsay
	Ann "	Daur			4		Colonsay
	Flora "	Daur			1		Colonsay
	Donald McNeill	"Niece"		12			Colonsay
48	Donald McInnis	Head	Mar.	65		Farmer 4a. arable	Colonsay
	Ann "	Wife	Mar		63	Farmer's wife	Colonsay
	John "	Son	U	36		Farm Lab.	Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		30	Farmer's daur	Colonsay
	Euphemia "	Daur	U		23	Farmer's daur	Colonsay
	Archd. "	Son	U	16		Farmer's son	Colonsay
	Archd. McLean	Grdson		4			Colonsay
49	Donald Morrison	Head	Mar.	62		Farmer 2a. arable	Kilfinichen
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		65	Farmer's wife	Kilfinichen
	John "	Son	U	33		Farm Lab.	Kilfinichen
	Ann "	Daur	U		31	frmly Dairy Maid	Kilfinichen
	Christian Bell	Gddaur			7		Colonsay
50	Malcolm McCaldraid	Head	Mar	52		Farmer 2a. arable	Jura
	Catherine "	Wife	Mar		39	Farmer's wife	Kilfinichen
	Flora "	Daur	U		18	General serv.	Colonsay
	Dugald "	Son	U	16		Farm Lab.	Colonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		14		Colonsay

	Catherine "	Daur			10		Colonsay	
	Dolly "	Daur			8		Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son		2			Colonsay	
51	Alexander McMillan	Head	Mar	32		Farmer 2a. arable	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Mar		35	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		12		Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son		10			Colonsay	
	Roderick "	Son		8			Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur			6		Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		4			Colonsay	
	Neill "	Son		2			Colonsay	
52	Donald McPhee	Head	Widwr	72		Farmer 2a. arable	Kilmeny	
	Malcolm "	Son	U	22		Farm Lab.	Colonsay	
	Neil "	Son	U	18		Farm Lab.	Colonsay	
53	Donald Smith	Head	Mar.	36		Farmer 2a. arable	Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Wife	Mar		38	Farmer's wife	Colonsay	
	Elizabeth "	Daur	U		24	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur	U		22	Farmer's daur	Colonsay	
	KILORAN							
54	Duncan Smith	Head	Mar	34		Cart Wright	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		33		Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son	U	20		Farm Lab.	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur	U		11	Scholar	Colonsay	
55	Murdoch McNeill	Head	Mar.	60		Herd	Colonsay	
	Margaret "	Wife	Mar		55		Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	24		Herd	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	20		Under Gardener	Colonsay	
	Archd. "	Son	U	18		Herd	Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Son	U	15			Colonsay	
	Murdoch "	Son		10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Malcolm "	Grdson		7		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Grdaur			4		Colonsay	
	Mary Paterson	Visitor	U		31	Pauper	Colonsay	
	Marrion Munn	Visitor	U		22	Farm Servant		
56	Duncan McFayden	Head	Mar.	47		Ploughman	Argyllshire	
	Mary McFayden	Wife	Mar.		36		Argyllshire	

	Mary "	Daur	U		17	Scholar	Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	12		Scholar	Colonsay	
	David "	Son		10		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Janet "	Daur			7	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Duncan "	Son		5			Colonsay	
	Flora "	Daur			1		Colonsay	
	Gilbert McEachern	Lodger	Mar	47		(Service)	(Islay)	
	John McPhail	Lodger	Widr	78		Pauper	Colonsay	
57	Andrew Scott	Head	Mar	34		Ploughman	Perthshire	
	Margaret "	Wife	Mar		47		Perthshire	
	Eslspet "	Daur	U		10	Scholar	" (Clunie)	
	Catherine "	Daur			8	Scholar	" (Clunie)	
	Margaret "	Daur			6	Scholar	" (Kinaird)	
	Janet M'Ritchie	Stepdr	U		19		" (Clunie)	
	Elizabeth Scott	Daur			2		" (Kinaird)	
58	John McNeill	Head	Mar	48		Miller	Kilmartin	
	Hester "	Wife	Mar		46		Colonsay	
	Archd "	Son	U	17		Fisher	Colonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	14		Scholar	Colonsay	
	John "	Son		12		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Catherine "	Daur			10	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Alexander "	Son		8		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Hester "	Daur			5		Kilmichel	
	Isabella Gillies	Fosterm r	W		75			
	Janet Galbreath	Serv	U	17		Serv	Colonsay	
59	Angus Currie	Head	U	35		Head Gardener	Dunoon	
	Jean Darroch	Mother	W		69	frmly dairymaid	Campbeltwn	
60	Lucy McLean	Head	Mar		42	Pauper ex Ldy's Md	Colonsay	
	Angus "	Son	U	12		Scholar	Colonsay	
	Mary "	Daur			9	Scholar	Colonsay	
	Archd "	Son		6		Scholar	Colonsay	
	John "	Son		3			Colonsay	
	Jean McMillan	Aunt	U		82	Pauper ex Laundrs		
	KILORAN HOUSE							

6 1	Archibald Stewart	Factor	U	59		late Captain (army)	Colonsay	
	Mary Anderson	Serv	W		48	House Keeper	Jura	
	Malcolm MacKinnon	Serv	U	21		House serv.	Colonsay	
	Peggy Dewer	Serv	U		40	Dairymaid	Islay	
	Ann Blue	Serv	U		17	House maid	Colonsay	
6 2	Dond. McDougall	Head	M	68		House Carpenter	Collonsay	
	Archd. McDougall	Son	U	28		House Carpenter	Islay	
	Dun. McDougall	Nephew	U	17		Prentice Carpenter	Islay	
	DISTRICT # 10							
	MILBUIE							
1	John Reid	Head	Mar	68		Weaver	Co. Antrim	
	Mary Reid	Wife	Mar		58		Collonsay	
	Murdoch Reid	Son	U	20		Road	Collonsay	
2	Mal McAlister	Head	U	57		Road	Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	18		Road	Colonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		16		Colonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		14		Colonsay	
	Coll "	Son	U	12		Scolar	Colonsay	
	Jennet "	Daur	U		10	Scolar	Colonsay	
3	John Galbreath	Head	Marr	58		Road	Argyll	
	Margt "	Wife	Mar		57		Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	Mar		24			
	Dun Brown	Son - Law	Mar	26		Fishing	Gigha	
	Mal McChuaig (?)	gr-son	U	4			Collonsay	
	Ann Galbreath	gr-daur	U		7			
	Margt Brown	gr-daur	U		1m			
	AUCHDARRACH							
4	Flora Smith	Head	Widow		65	Pauper	Collonsay	
	BALEROMAN DUBH							
5	Fiorbes McCaldrig	Head	U	17		Cattle hird	Colonsay	
	Donald McCaldrig	Brother	U	14		Scolar	Colonsay	
	Alex McMillan	Br-law	Mar	30		Roads	Colonsay	

	Ann McMillan	Sister	Mar		26		Colonsay
	Flora McCaldrig	Sister	U		19		Colonsay
	Mal. McMillan	Nephew	U	18m			
6	John McLugash	Head	Mar	33		Plowman	Collonsay
	Lussie "	Wife	Mar		32		Collonsay
	Anable "	Daur	U		4		Collonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		2		Collonsay
	Ann "	Daur	U		6m		
7	Donald McNeill	Head	U	38		Cattle hird	Collonsay
	Flora "	Mother	Widow		68		Collonsay
	Margt "	Sister	U		30		Collonsay
	Jennet "	Sister	U		26		Collonsay
8	Archd. Blue	Head	Mar	40		Ag Lab	Collonsay
	Mary Blue	Wife	Mar		40		Collonsay
	Mary Blue	Daur	U		17		Collonsay
	Cathrine Blue	Daur	U		12		Collonsay
	Mal Blue	Son	U	9			Collonsay
	Mirran Blue	Daur	U		5		
	Archd. Blue	Son	U	1			
9	Donald McLugash	Head	Mar	52		Roads	Collonsay
	Effie "	Wife	Mar		49		Collonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		19		Collonsay
	Ann "	Daur	U		17		Collonsay
	John "	Son	U	15		Scholar	Collonsay
	Hugh "	Son	U	13		Scholar	Collonsay
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		9		Collonsay
	Donald "	Son	U	6			Collonsay
	Mal "	Son	U	2			Collonsay
	Mirram "	Daur	U		6m		
	BALEROMINMORE						
10	Mal McNeill	Head	Widower	64		Cattle hird	Collonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		17		Collonsay
	Ann "	Daur	U		14		Collonsay
	Ann Blue	Visitor	U		17		Collonsay
11	James Bell	Head	Marr	28		Roads	Collonsay
	Hester "	Wife	Marr		26		Collonsay
	John "	Son	U	5			Collonsay
	Mary "	Daur	U		2		Collonsay
	Grace Darroch	Servt	U		12		Collonsay

12	John McGilvera	Head	Mar	61		Roads	Collonsay	
	Hester "	Wife	Mar		54		Collonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		30	Pauper	Collonsay	
	Duncan "	Son	U	28		Roads	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daur	U		27		Collonsay	
	John "	Son	U	24		Roads	Collonsay	
	Dugald "	Son	U	16			Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		11			
	Cirstie "	Gddaur	U		2			
13	Mal. Blue	Head	Marr	56		Road	Collonsay	
	Cathrine McNeill	Wife	Mar		40		Collonsay	
	Donald Blue	Son	U	30(sic)				
14	Donald Darrich	Head	Marr	57		Idle	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Wife	Mar		27		Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		10		Collonsay	
	Flora "	Daur	U		7		Collonsay	
15	Margt. McLugash	Head	U		60	Pauper		
	John Galbreath	Grdson	U	8				
16	John Buie	Head	Marr	31		Drains	Collonsay	
	Jennet Buie	Wife	Mar		28		Collonsay	
	Mary Buie	Daur	U		8		Collonsay	
	Alex. Buie	Son	U	2			Collonsay	
	Margt. Buie	Daur	U		3m			
	Cathrine McFiaddon	Sr-Law	U		14			
	GARVART							
17	James Currie	Head	Marr	40		Plowman	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Wife	Marr		44		Islay	
	Margt "	Daur	U		16		Collonsay	
	John "	Son	U	11			Collonsay	
	Lussie "	Daur	U		8		Collonsay	
	Donald "	Son	U	5			Collonsay	
18	Alex. McMillan	Head	Mard	34		Game keeper	Collonsay	
	Flora "	Daur	U		16		Collonsay	
	Findlay "	Son	U	4			Collonsay	

	John "	Son	U	18m			Collonsay
	Janet Galbreath	Visitor	Marr.		30		Collonsay
19	Archd. McNeill	Head	Marr	33			Collonsay
	Jennet "	Wife	Mar		25		Collonsay
	John "	Father	Widower	73			Collonsay
	Mal. "	Son	U	6			Collonsay
	Effie "	Daur	U		18m		Collonsay
	Angus Blue	Br-law	U	14			Collonsay
	Margt. McLugash	Visitor	U		10		
20	Mirran Buie	Head	Widow		59	Pauper	Gigha
	Jennet "	Daur	U		27		Collonsay
	Margt. McNeill	Gddaur	U		4		Collonsay
	ARCHKENISH						
21	Angus McNeill	Head	Marr.	47		Cattle hird	Collonsay
	Margt. "	Wife	Mar		32		Islay
	Mary "	Daur	U		19	Derry maid	Collonsay
	Mal. "	Son	U	17			Collonsay
	Niel "	Son	U	16		Scolar	Collonsay
	Archd. "	Son	U	11		Scolar	Collonsay
	John McNeill	Son	U	9			Collonsay
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		2		Collonsay
	Lachlin "	Servant	U	30		Cattlehird	Collonsay
	Don McKinon	Servant	U	20		Ag. Lab	Collonsay
22	Archd. McCannal	Head	Mar	56		Ag Lab	Collonsay
	Mirram "	Wife	Mar		34		Collonsay
	Mal "	Son	U	11			Collonsay
	Dugald "	Son	U	9			Collonsay
	Alex. "	Son	U	6			Collonsay
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		3m		Collonsay
	MACHRINS						
23	Mirram McLugash	Head	U		53	Pauper	Collonsay
	Cathrine "	Sister	U		57		Collonsay
24	Donald Galbreath	Head	Mar	60		Barns Man	Collonsay
	Ann "	Wife	Mar		50		Collonsay
	Angus "	Son	U	23		Hird	Collonsay

	Lachlin "	Son	U	18		Ag Labour	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		16	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daur	U		12	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Mirram "	Daur	U		12	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		9		Collonsay	
25	Gilbert McNeill	Head	Marr	36		Cattle Hird	Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Wife	Marr		36		Tarbert	
	Anable "	Daur	U		13	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Mal "	Son	U	11		Scolar	Collonsay	
	Nicol "	Son	U	9		Scolar	Collonsay	
*	Donald "	Son	U	7		Scolar	Collonsay	
	Ann "	Daur	U		5		Collonsay	
	Gilbert "	Son	U	2			Collonsay	
26	Malc McMillan	Head	Marr	50		Plowman	Collonsay	
	Margt "	Wife	Marr		42		Collonsay	
	Angus "	Son	U	19			Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daur	U		14	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Bell "	Daur	U		10	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		8		Collonsay	
	Curstie "	Daur	U		6		Collonsay	
	Elisabeth Caray	Niece	U		9	Scolar	Glasgow	
	Malcolm McMillan	Son	U	6m			Collonsay	
27	Mal Galbreath	Head	Marr	33		Barnsman	Colonsay	
	Effie "	Wife	Marr		35		Colonsay	
	John "	Son	U	8		Scolar	Colonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		6		Colonsay	
	Margt "	Daur	U		2		Colonsay	
	Mary Thomson	Niece	U		7		Edinburgh	
28	William McMillan	Head	Marr	36		Plow man	Collonsay	
	Isabali "	Wife	Mar		35		Islay	
	Mary "	Daur	U		11	Scolar	Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		8	Scolar	Collonsay	
	James "	Son	U	6			Collonsay	
	Flora "	Daur	U		3		Collonsay	
29	Cannolas McFee	Head	Mar	30		Cattle hird	Jura	
	Flora "	Wife	Mar		29		Collonsay	
	Dugald "	Son	U	2			Collonsay	

	Annable "	Daur	U		20		Collonsay	
	John Gibson	Servant	U	24		Plow man	Collonsay	
	ORONSAY HOUSE							
30	Mirram Currie	Housekpr	U		44(?)	House Keeper	Collonsay	
	Mirram Blue	Servant	U		21	Derry Maid	Collonsay	
	Fran (?) Campbell	Servant	U		20	Derry Maid	Collonsay	
	Donald McFaddain	Servant	U	26		Plow man	Collonsay	
	Niel Darruch	Servant	U	21		Ag Lab	Jura	
	Donald Docharty	Servant	U	28		Ag Lab	Collonsay	
	Dugald Smith	Servant	U	18		Hird	Collonsay	
	Archd. McLugash	Servant	U	28		Hird	Collonsay	
	Roderick McLugash	Servant	U	22		Hird	Collonsay	
	Alexr. McNeill	Servant	U	19		Hird	Collonsay	
	Alexr. Campbell	Servant	U	18		Ag Lab	Collonsay	
31	Mal Blue	Head	Mar	33		Plow man	Collonsay	
	Jennet "	Wife	Mar		32		Collonsay	
	Angus "	Son	U	12			Collonsay	
	John "	Son	U	9			Collonsay	
	Margt. "	Daughter	U		7		Collonsay	
	Alexr. "	Son	U	5			Collonsay	
	Cathrine "	Daur	U		2		Collonsay	
32	Hector Buie	Head	Mar	32		Cattle hird	Collonsay	
	Hester Buie	Wife	Mar		26		Collonsay	
	Donald Buie	Father	Widower	68			Collonsay	
	Effy Galbreath	Servant	U		16	House servant	Collonsay	

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED:

1. No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
2. When your Mom is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.
3. If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.
4. Never ask your 3 year old brother to hold a tomato. 5.You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
6. Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair. 7. Never hold a Dust-Buster and a cat at the same time.
8. You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk
9. Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.
10. The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.

QUERIES

Genealogical queries may not exceed a maximum of sixty words, including name and address and are subject to editing. Members are allowed two free queries annually. Addition queries are $1.00 each for members, $4.00 each for non-members. Queries should be addressed to: P.E.I. Genealogical Society Inc. Attn: Treasurer, Po Box 2744, Charlottetown PE C1A 8C4. Please include your name, address and membership number.

HICKEY: Seeking any info on the parents, siblings, etc. of John P Hickey b. 4 Feb 1857 in Prince Edward Island; m. 8 Feb 1882 in Halifax, NS to Margaret Defreytas; d. 5 Mar 1942 in Union City, NJ. Children: Charles Daniel, Winifred, John Edmond, Evelyn, and Marion. John W Hickey, 4641 Parker Court, Oviedo FL 32765-8745 USA E-mail: Bls1972@aol.com. Member #1819

DEFREYTAS/DEFREITAS: Seeking info on the parents, siblings, etc. of Margaret Catherine Defreytas, b. 13 Sep 1859 in Halifax, NS ; m. 8 Feb 1882 in Halifax, NS to John P Hickey; d. 12 Aug 1929 in New York. Children: Charles, Daniel, Winifred, John Edmond, Evelyn, and Marion. John W Hickey, 4641 Parker Court, Oviedo FL 32765-8745 USA E-mail: Bls1972@aol.com. Member #1819

Civil War Pensioners on P.E.I. 1883

Submitted by Michael Meggison
7 North Goodman Street, Apartment 308
Rochester, NY 14607-1550

Certificate #	Name	Address	Cause for which pensioned	Monthly rate	Date of Original Allowance
183,483	Hogan, Thomas E.	Alberton	Rheum	$6.00	March 1881
161,631	Sullivan, Margaret	Charlottetown	Dep. Mother	$8.00	April 1873
19,420	McMullen, Christina	Charlottetown	Widow	$8.00	----------
184,733	Lawton, Jane E.	Charlottetown	Widow	$21.00	July 1879
63,451	Chase, Martha E.	Charlottetown	Widow	$8.00	January 1866
41,493	Sutherland, Mary J.	Charlottetown	Widow	$8.00	----------
---------	Baldwin, Ann	Montague Bridge	Widow	$8.00	September 1867
91,466	Murphy, Margaret	Peake's Station	Dep. Mother	$8.00	March 1867

Source: List of Pensioners on the Roll, January 1, 1883...as called for By Senate Resolution of December 8, 1882, volume 5, p. 617. Reprint Genealogical Publishing Company, Baltimore, 1970.

PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

From Ireland to Prince Edward Island. Revised 2000 *Compiled by Peter Gallant.*
Contains names and genealogical information for over 1,000 persons who emigrated from Ireland to P.E.I. Two sections. Section one contains abstracts from newspaper death and obituary notices (1835 - 1910). Section two contains cemetery transcripts. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society. 1990. +80pp. Softcover. Item No. P-1. $11.00.

From Scotland to Prince Edward Island. *Revised 2000 Compiled by Peter Gallant and Nelda Murray.*
Contains names and genealogical information for over 1,200 persons who emigrated from Scotland to P.E.I. Two sections. Section one contains abstracts from newspaper death and obituary notices (1835 - 1910). Section two contains cemetery transcripts. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society. 1990. Index. +160pp. Softcover. Item No. P-2. $20.00.

From England to Prince Edward Island. Revised 2000 *Compiled by Peter Gallant and Nelda Murray.*
Contains names and genealogical information for over 1,000 persons who emigrated from England to P.E.I. As with the other publications in this series, it contains abstracts from newspaper death and obituary notices (1835 - 1910) and cemetery transcripts. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society. 1991. Index. +81pp. Softcover. Item No. P-3. $12.00.

Prince Edward Island 'Strays in the 1891 Census', Volume I. *Compiled by William M. Glen, C.G.(C).*
A listing of 4,390 individuals living on P.E.I. in 1891 who were born elsewhere in North America or at sea. Includes the individuals surname, given name, age, birthplace and the P.E.I. census district in which they resided. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. 1997. 73 pp. Softcover. Item No. P-4. $13.00.

Prince Edward Island 'Strays in the 1891 Census', Volume II. *Compiled by William M. Glen, C.G.(C).*
A listing of 5,017 individuals living on P.E.I. in 1891 who were born outside North America. Includes the individuals surname, given name, age, birthplace and the P.E.I. census district in which they resided. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. 1997. 85 pp. Softcover. Item No. P-5. $13.00.

Prince Edward Island 'Strays in the 1901 Census'. *Compiled by William M. Glen, C.G. (C).*
A listing of 6,711 individuals living on P.E.I. in 1901 born outside Prince Edward Island. Includes the individuals surname, given name, age, birthplace, year of immigration (when given) and the lot number in P.E.I. where they resided. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. 1997. 116 pp. Softcover. Item No. P-6. $16.00.

Prince County, Prince Edward Island Index of Monumental Inscriptions.
A listing of 35,570 names recorded on Prince County cemetery monuments. Includes surname, given name and cemetery number. Published by the Prince Edward Island Genealogical Society, Inc. 224 pp. Softcover. Item No. P-7. $24.00.

Index to the 1870 Commissioner of Public Land's Report in the Journal of the Legislative Assembly, Appendix S.
Listing of names compiled from the report of the Comm. of Public Land as published in the 1870 Journal of the Legislative Assembly, Appendix S. Includes only individuals in Lots 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 14, 20, 21, 23, 25, 27, 32, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 48, 49, 51, 54, 55, 56, 59, 63, 64, 65, 66 and 67. Published by the P.E.I. Genealogical Society, Inc. 83 pages. Sofcover. Item No. P-8 $ 13.00

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