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# BOYLE BULLETIN

Issue 16      DEC. '86

## FOREWORD

If the preceding Issue of the Boyle BULLETIN was the Penultimate, then I guess that makes this the ultimate issue. When you put it like that, it sounds like its really going to be better than all the others. That was a daunting thought. I've had some really great material sent in in the past. Also, I've used up some of my own best material. --- But, after checking things through, I realised I do still have an Ace or two up my sleeve. I've discovered a great new source of high quality information. I've found a few half-finished articles which never got finished and could be dusted off. And --- Well, I think I've almost got enough great material here to take it as a challenge.

[Aside: You may also notice I've slipped one past Annie and got a little bit about some of my other pass-times into this one. She thinks that none of you would even be mildly interested in hearing about fractals.]

It is now December 18th and I've almost got this thing wrapped up. I just have to finish digging through my photo file, find my misplaced "miscellaneous branches" binder, and go through the correspondence section and it will be "fini". I am pushing to get this issue into the mail ON TIME. Something that I seem

The "BOYLE BULLETIN" is a hobby zine devoted to the publication of genealogical information relating to the BOYLES of Peter Robinson's emmigration to Canada in 1823. Published by Garvin Boyle, P.O. Box 1149, Richmond, Ontario, K0A 2Z0.

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to have been unable to accomplish during the past year. Hopefully you will receive it by January 5th or thereabouts. If I maintain my recent record (sigh) you may get it by March.

Please notice. This is my very last Issue of the Quarterly Serial, The Boyle BULLETin. When this one hits the mail, I'm hanging up my keyboard, so to speak. I definitely intend to continue researching and collecting on the Boyles of the Peter Robinson Emigration and on the Boyles of County Cork and would love to correspond with other such researchers. No promises, but I may send out a yearly newsletter under the same name. All those interested in receiving such a newsletter must communicate such interest to me in writing or you will be taken off of the mailing list.

Mr. Lendrum also asks me to remind you that he is actively continuing his efforts to trace our roots back into Ireland and would appreciate all the help you can give in that area. His address again, is P.O. Box 70, King City, Ontario, Canada, L0G 1K0.

Its snowing cats and dogs here. I suppose that metaphor is not quite right. It rains cats and dogs. When it snows it has to be something else. How about this? Its snowing yeti and sasquatchi here. In any case, its a beautiful winter day here and I'm taking a bit of a break from the work of publishing while I sip some tea and type up a foreword. I haven't been out cross-country skiing yet but this weekend seems like a good time to start.

I prefer cross-country to downhill. It puts me in mind of the times, when I was younger, that I used to borrow my brother's skis and take a run down the hill by the graveyard. Now there was dangerous run (or so it seemed at the time).

It starts with a turn at the top so as you can't see who may be standing in the road at the bottom. So you start with a holler "CLEAR THE ROAD, HERE I COME!". Then you "cut loose". After coming around the first bend you find yourself on a long straight road. It is solidly hedged on both sides by thick brush and steep slopes. There is just enough room for one ski trail, one toboggan trail and one footpath for returning up the hill. It is absolutely verboten to place a foot on the ski or toboggan trails. This is the "Law of the Yukon" around Sand Point. He who steps on toboggan or ski trail gets severely yelled at.

Ahead of you, you see the first hazzard. Some clutz has lost control of his skis and made a track from the ski trail onto the foot path and not patched it up. It is now frozen in place. You should have checked the trail before starting.

No less than three kids are hauling tobaggans up the footpath and not a one has paid any attention to your vocal warning of impending carnage.



Desperately you try to bypass the diversion but suddenly you find yourself, out of control, "dusting" down the footpath heading straight for the unfortunates. "LOOOOOOK OUOOOOOOTT!!!"

Unfortunate friend number one dives for the brush (he would never dive for the other trails, he'd get yelled at) just in the nick of time, as they say, but leaves his sled in the path. You jump it! (Whew!) You never knew you could do that!

Unfortunate friend number two leaps off of the trail taking his toboggan with him but shouting unkind words all the while.

Unfortunate friend number three turns his plastic toboggan on its side directly in your path before leaping aside with a smile on his face. You deliberate, only for a moment, as to whether you will concentrate on spearing him with your pole and take the inevitable crash, or concentrate on surviving the crash. Survival takes control over revenge and you decide to try to jump again. Success with the sled has gone to your head.

You crouch, you leap, you snag the plastic cord on your left ski but manage to stay upright. But you no longer possess even the least semblance of control.

You now approach Ripple Rock, the bank and the shed.

Ripple Rock was named after the famous underwater hazzard near Vancouver Island. You recall how, two years previously, you smashed a knee-cap on Ripple Rock and spent 20 days in bed. You still bear the scars.

The bank is a huge bank of frozen snow designed and built by those who wish to avoid intimate contact with the shed. It has a gradual slope at the bottom and a steep slope at the top. It is properly rounded so that people coming down on the ski trail or the toboggan trail can gracefully divert their momentum away from the shed toward a long flat plane of clear safe snow. However, people coming down the foot path did not figure in the design. For them it acts like a ski jump aimed at one of the windows of the shed.

The shed, the third obstacle, is just that, a large shed built right across the old road and standing solidly behind the bank.

The scene is set.

Ripple Rock cuts a groove through the bottom of the right ski, the only ski touching the ground at this point. You have brief thoughts of your brother as you become airborne. You land gracefully on your face at the foot of the bank. As you glide up the bank you scrabble for any kind of hand-hold but it is smooth from use. You become airborne once more. As you come into contact with the shed, just below the window sill, (whew!) you hear, amid the laughter, "CLEAR THE ROAD, HERE I COME!". You pay

no attention. What's to fear? Its gotta be safe down here  
behind the bank.

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Tea break is over. Its time for me to get back to work. I  
hope you enjoy the "BULL" this last time around.

-/-/-/-/-/-

#### SOURCES

##### Richard Boyle -- First Earl of Cork -- His Family

Continued from Issue 8, Page 9;  
Issue 9, Page 19;  
Issue 11, Page 22;  
Issue 15, Page 9.

This article is extracted from Burke's Peerage, One Hundred and  
Fifth Edition, MCMLXX, as were the above extracts. However, the  
following is from the section on the Earl of Shannon.

Some abbreviations used in this article:

b.	= born
d.	= died
unm.	= unmarried
s.	= succeeded
surv.	= survived
d.s.p.	= died without issue
d.v.p.	= died without issue (I don't know the difference)
D.	= reference to another book by Burke's
E.	= reference to another book by Burke's
L.G.	= reference to another book by Burke's
dau.	= daughter
yst.	= youngest

Also note that sons and daughters are numbered separately  
starting at one (it looks like separate families but its really  
just one) and that often not all sons or daughters are mentioned.

#### THE EARL OF SHANNON

CREATIONS - Shannon, E. etc. (I.), 17 April, 1756.  
Carleton, B. (G.B.), 21 Aug. 1786.

ARMS - Per bend, crenellee, arg. and gu. a crescent for  
difference.

Crest - Out of a ducal coronet or, a lion's head, erased,  
per pale crenellee arg. and gu. a crescent for difference.

Supporters - Two lions, per pale crenellee, the dexter,  
gu. and arg.; the sinister, arg. and gu. each charged with a  
crescent for difference.

Mottoes - Vivit post funera virtus, and Spectemur agendo.

RESIDENCE - Old Loose Court, Loose, Maidstone, Kent.

CLUB - White's.

'SHANNON.



The 9th Earl of Shannon (Richard Bentley Boyle)

LINEAGE -This is a branch of the house of Boyle, Earls of Cork and Orrery, springing from

The HON. Henry Boyle, 2nd son of 1st Earl of Orrery (see Cork, E.), m. Lady Mary O'Brien, dau. of 1st Earl of Inchiquin, and had issue,

1. Roger, d. unm. 1705.
2. Henry, created Earl of Shannon.
3. Charles, Capt. R. N., H.M.S. Bristol.
4. William, Capt. in Schomberg's Horse, and subsequently Commr. of Appeals in Ireland, m. Martha Beaufoy, dau. and heiress of Sir Samuel Garth, Physician to the Forces in Ireland, and d. 1725, leaving issue,
  1. Henry, Capt. of Horse; d. 14 Feb, 1756.
  2. Robert, d.s.p., when his estates in cos. Oxford, Norfolk and Berks, passed to his sisters.
    1. Beaufoy, m. 11 June, 1736, John Wilder, of Nunhide, Berks.
    2. Henrietta, m. 9 Dec. 1736, William Nichols, of Froyle, co. Buckingham.
    3. Elizabeth, m. 9 Oct. 1736, Matthew Graves, of Chiswick, and had issue.

HON. Henry Boyle d. during the Duke of Marlborough's campaign in Flanders 1693. His 2nd son,

Henry Boyle, 1st Earl of Shannon, of Castle Martyr, being sworn of the Privy Council in Ireland, and having filled some of the highest political offices in that kingdom (Speaker of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Justice, etc., etc.), was elevated to the Peerage, 17 April, 1756, as Baron Castle-Martyr, Viscount Boyle, and Earl of Shannon. His Lordship m. 1stly, Catherine (d.s.p. 5 May, 1725), dau. of Chidley Coote, of Killester. He m. 2ndly, Sept. 1726, Harriet (d. 13 Dec.



1746), yst dau. of 3rd Earl of Cork, and by her had issue,  
1. Richard, 2nd Earl.

2. Henry, who assumed the surname and arms of WALSINGHAM, m. Lucy (who m. 2ndly, 20 March, 1760, Viscount Clifden, and d. 26 July, 1802), eldest dau. of Col. John Martin, and d. 1756, having had issue,

1. Henry, d. 1757.

3. William, d. 1748.

4. Charles, m. 1755, Henrietta, only dau. of James Price, and d. 1758, leaving issue, a son,

1. John, of Bafford Hall, Dublin, b. 1758, m. 1799, Eleanor, dau. of R. Taylor, and d. 1809, having had issue, with a dau., Alice Mary (d. an infant 1802),

1a William Edwin, b. 1801, m. 1839, Mary, dau. of Thomas Redfern, of Leicester, and d. Dec. 1840, leaving issue, a son,

1b William Richard, b. 12 Oct. 1840, m. 1861, Elizabeth (d. 1874), dau. of H. Bates, of Nottingham, and d. 10 July, 1902, leaving issue,

1c Charlotte Mary, m. 1884, James Martin-Langley, and has issue.

2c Dora, b. 15 Feb. 1878.

5. Robert, M.P. for Dungarvan, Knaresborough, and Fowey, successively, who took the surname of WALSINGHAM, on the death of his brother, was lost on board the Thunderer, man-of-war, of which he was commander, in a hurricane in the West Indies, in Oct. 1779, b. 1736, m. 17 July, 1759, Charlotte (d. 1790), 2nd dau. and co-heir of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B. (by Frances, 2nd dau. and co-heir of Thomas, Earl Coningsby), and had issue,

1. Richard, b. 1762; d. 1788.

1. Charlotte, Baroness de Ros in her own right (see that title).

1. Juliana, m. 18 May, 1745, 1st Earl of Carrick, and d. 22 Feb, 1804, leaving issue. He d. 15 April, 1774.

His lordship d. 28 Dec. 1764, and was s. by his eldest son,

Richard, 2nd Earl of Shannon, P.C., having filled some high political offices, and being sworn of the Privy Council, was enrolled amongst the peers of Great Britain, as Baron Carleton, 21 Aug. 1786, b. 30 Jan. 1727, m. 15 Dec. 1763, Catherine (d. 30 Jan. 1827), eldest dau. of Rt. Hon. Speaker Ponsonby, of the Irish House of Commons, and had issue,

1. Henry, 3rd Earl.

1. Catherine Henrietta, m. 12 Feb. 1784, 1st Earl of Bandon, and d. 8 July, 1815, leaving issue. He d. 26 Nov. 1830.

His Lordship d. 20 May, 1807, and was s. by his son,

Henry, 3rd Earl of Shannon, K.P., b. 8 Aug. 1771, m. 9 June, 1798, Sarah (d. 6 Sept. 1820), 4th dau. of John Hyde, of Castle Hyde, co. Cork, and had issue with six daus. (d. unm.), [three sons of whom more is said in Burke's but I have elided here.]

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## HENRY BOYLE -- EARL OF SHANNON

[G.B. This article is taken from the Dictionary of National Biography.]

BOYLE, HENRY, Earl of Shannon, (1682-1764), born at Castlemartyr, county Cork, in 1682, was second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Boyle, second son of Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery [q.v.]. Henry Boyle's mother was Lady Mary O'Brien, daughter of Murragh O'Brien, first earl of Inchiquin, and president of Munster.

Henry Boyle's father died in Flanders in 1693, and on the death of his eldest son, Roger, in 1705, Henry Boyle, as second son, succeeded to the family estates at Castlemartyr, which had been much neglected. In 1715 he was elected knight of the shire for Cork, and married Catherine, daughter of Chidley Coote. After her death he married, in 1726, Henrietta Boyle, youngest daughter of his relative, Charles, earl of Burlington and Cork. That nobleman entrusted the management of his estates in Ireland to Henry Boyle, who much enhanced their value, and carried out and promoted extensive improvements in his district.

In 1729 Boyle distinguished himself in parliament at Dublin in resisting successfully the attempt of the government to obtain a vote for a continuation of supplies to the crown for twenty-one years. Sir Robert Walpole is stated to have entertained a high opinion of the penetration, sagacity, and energy of Boyle, and to have styled him 'the King of the Irish Commons'.

Boyle, in 1733, was made a member of the privy council, chancellor of the exchequer, and commissioner of revenue in Ireland. He was also in the same year elected speaker of the House of Commons there. Through his connections, Boyle exercised extensive political influence, and was parliamentary leader of the whig party in Ireland.

In 1753 Boyle acquired high popularity by opposing the government proposal for appropriating a surplus in the Irish exchequer. In commemoration of the parliamentary movements in this affair, medals were struck containing portraits of Boyle as speaker of the House of Commons.

For having opposed the government, Boyle and some of his associates were dismissed from offices which they held under the crown. After negotiations with government, Boyle, in 1756, resigned the speakership, and was granted an annual pension of two thousand pounds for thirty-one years, with the titles of Baron of Castlemartyr, Viscount Boyle of Bandon, and Earl of Shannon.

He sat for many years in the House of Peers in Ireland, and frequently acted as lord justice of that kingdom. Boyle died at Dublin of gout in his head, on 27 Sept. 1764, in the 82nd year of

his age. Portraits of Henry Boyle were engraved in mezzotinto by John Brooks.

Account of Life of Henry Boyle, 1754;  
Journals of Lords and Commons of Ireland;  
Peerage of Ireland, 1789, ii. 364;  
Hardy's Life of Charlemont, 1810;  
Charlemont MSS.;  
Works of Henry Grattan, 1822;  
Hist. of City of Dublin, 1854-59.

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#### BARONESS DE ROS

[G.B. -- There is also a section in Burke's on Charlotte Boyle, the Baroness de Ros, but my copy of it is unreadable. I refer interested people to their library for it.]

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#### A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS ABOUT BOYLES

The following is a non-comprehensive list of books which, either in detail, or in passing, mention the Boyles of Co. Cork or the Boyles of Pakenham (i.e. the P.R. settlers and their descendants).

1. A Pioneer History of the County of Lanark, Jean S. McGill, 1968, Clay Publishing Company Ltd., Bewdley, Ontario.
2. Many of the titles produced by Burke's Peerage Ltd., represented in the States by Arco Publishing Co. Inc., 219 Park Avenue South, New York, 10003, USA. Some sample titles:  
Burke's Peerage and Baronetage;  
Burke's Landed Gentry;  
Burke's Irish Family Records;  
Burke's Introduction to Irish Ancestry.
3. Dictionary of National Biography, Edited by Leslie Stephen, London, Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place, 1886.
4. Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, by J. Thomas, A.M., M.D.; Philadelphia; J.B.Lippincott and Co., 1870; republished by Gale Research Company, Book Tower, Detroit, 1976.
5. Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Family of the Boyles, Budgell, 1732.
6. A Consise Dictionary of Irish Biography, John S. Crone, M.R.I.A., New York, Longmans Green and Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, 1928.



7. Webster's Biographical Dictionary, G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., USA
8. World Who's Who in Science, The A.N. Marquis Company, 200 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611
9. The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, of Great Britain and Ireland for 1854, Charles R. Dod, Esq., London, Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.
10. Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, 1920, London, New Bond Street.
11. Pakenham, 1823-1860, Verna Ross McGiffin, Mississippi Publishers, Pakenham, 1963.

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#### FROM A BELDEN ATLAS OF THE 1880s

[G.B. This is a delightful little article describing the so-called "Robertson settlement" in West Huntley. This is the place Thomas and Henry received in exchange for their pieces of swamp in Pakenham Township. Having walked over some of the fields, gazed down into fissures easily 30 feet deep in the middle of pastures, and scraped through topsoil to find granite down only three to four inches; I find this description very eloquently conveys my opinion of the value of the land. There is also a great bear story lost in there somewhere.]

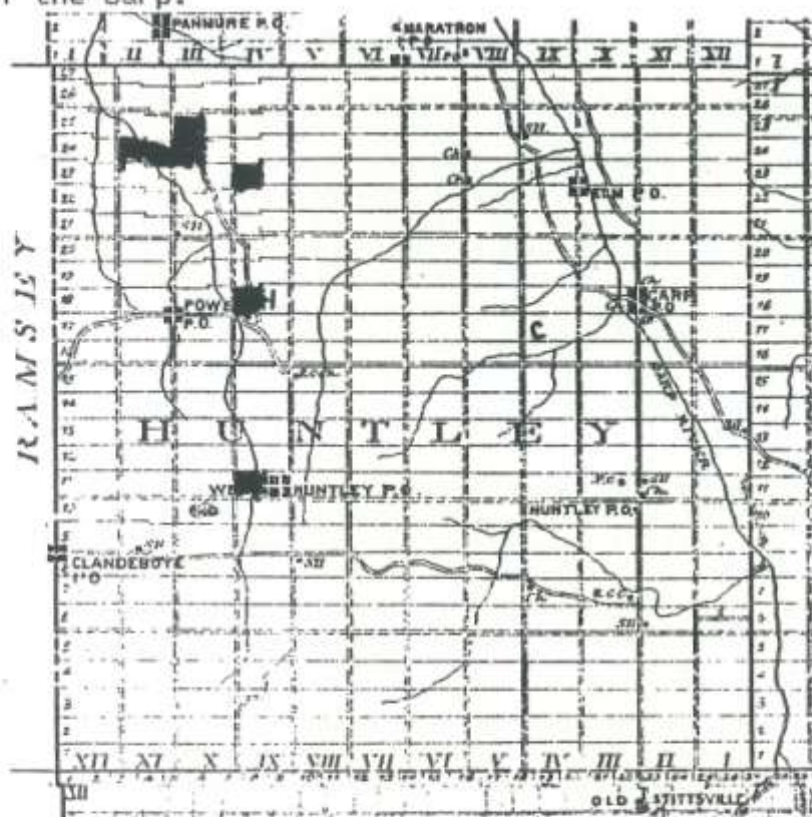
#### HUNTLEY

This township is the seventh rural Municipality in point of size in the County of Carleton, containing by actual measurement 55,060 acres. In 1871 it was the sixth in population; and according to the various assessment returns of 1878 it still retains the same relative position, comprising 2,401 souls. By the same authority it is also sixth in point of wealth; but by the "equalization" system -- a much fairer way to judge -- it is only eighth. It is one of the townships facing the County of Lanark, by which it is bounded on its south-west side, while its limits otherwise extend to the Townships of Fitzroy, March, and Goulbourn, on the north-west, north-east, and south-east respectively.

It is watered by the Carp, and a few small tributaries of the same -- the main branch of which enters it near the eastern corner of the Township, flowing in a general north-westerly direction across its entire breadth into Fitzroy.

The physical topography is smooth, except a portion of the northern corner extending beyond the valley of the right bank of

the Carp. The valleys of both the main branch and affluents of this stream are exceedingly level -- so much so that within the limits of the entire Township there is not a good water-power mill-site. The greatest of these valleys in extent -- both in length and breadth, as also in richness of soil -- is that of the main branch. The valley proper of the main stream varies in width from one to three miles. It is almost entirely composed of the very finest soil, and many of the best farms in the County are here to be seen. This is also the case -- though not in so marked a degree -- with sections through which the small streams run; the valleys are not so extensive, the best of the soil is scarce equal to that of the main valley, and the change occurs more quickly, though not so strongly marked. In fact we may say that there are but three sections of the entire Township fit for occupation: the Manion settlement, near the centre of the southern quarter; the Robertson settlement [G.B. He means Robinson as in Peter Robinson but he has it wrong all through this article.] near the centre of the western quarter; and the valley of the Carp.



The first-named settlement was established in the summer of 1825, when John Manion (died seven years ago) and Thomas Mordy (two years dead) came in with their families -- followed the same fall by John Kennedy; and in 1826 by James and Martin Manion. These comprised the only families in the settlement for a number of years -- at least till as late as 1831 or 1832, when the laborers off the Rideau Canal flocked in to a considerable extent, and formed scattered settlements in every direction.



The Robertson settlement was so-called from Hon. Peter Robertson, a man of means and influence, who was rather an enthusiast of emigration matters, and was the founder of many colonies of Irish emigrants throughout the Province at various points and periods. One of the chief of these was that now known as Peterboro', at the present time one of the finest and most populous towns in Canada. It is the County seat of the County of the same name, which was given it in honor of Hon. Mr. Robertson's first name -- Peter. He was not so fortunate, however, with his Huntley colony; and no one has to look farther for the cause than to know the extreme difference of the quality of the neighboring lands.

Among the Robertson settlers, whose descendants still live in the locality, were John Forrest and family, including four grown-up sons; James White and family, and Patrick O'Keefe and family -- including Patrick, jr., and John, then young men. This was in the year 1825, and though quite a large number of families came in together at that time, the settlement did not grow till the time when the causes which revived the Manion settlement also had their effect here.

One of the first things done by Mr. Robertson in establishing his colony was to have a grant of 200 acres (Lot 15, Con. 8) granted for church purposes. Most of the settlers then were Roman Catholics, and a Catholic church was soon after erected on the lot -- a log building -- which was replaced some 15 years since by a handsome and commodious brick church. Father Heron, and, later, Father Cullen, of Bytown, used to be the early and only preachers for many years, and they only visited the mission at periods varying from two to six months.

This section of the Township was under greater disadvantages from want of school facilities than even most other parts. It was not until our present school system came pretty generally into effect that the people of West Huntley realized any of the advantages of educational institutions whatever -- the causes being a combination of unfavorable circumstances, among which were the weakness of the settlements, the general poverty of the settlers, and their distance from more populous and flourishing centres.

The Township of Ramsay (which was settled before West Huntley) from the first supplied that section with milling facilities and the necessaries of life which could not be procured at home, there having been a thriving and prosperous settlement at the Village of Almonte from an early date -- Shepman, an American, being the one who built the first mill at that point, and continued for many years to be the leading business man of the place.

There are three post-offices in the western section of the Township, viz:--Powell (Lot 17, Con. 9), 4 miles from Almonte and 30 from Ottawa, kept by Cornelius Mahoney (who also keeps a



hotel); West Huntley (lot 8, Con. 8), 8 miles from Almonte and 26 from Ottawa, kept by John Manion; and Clandeboye (Lot 9, Con. 12), 12 miles from Almonte (by the mail route) and 28 from Ottawa, kept by R. McKinlay. They all have a tri-weekly mail, off Almonte.

In the section of the Township referred to there is not the semblance of a village; the great majority of the houses and outbuildings are of a description to which the word wretched might fitly be applied, and a very great bulk of the "land" (or rather of the surface, as there is not much land to be found in some localities) would rival the Rocky Mountains, if not in their picturesque effect and natural grandeur, at least in the "rocky" character and absolute worthlessness for agricultural purposes of its surface; while the general effect caused by the "great fire", which left nothing of value of what was once a dense forest, is one of desolation and dreary solitude.

Altogether, one is inclined to pity those who were so unwise or so unfortunate as to have located in such a place as Western Huntley, when so many splendid chances lay open to them in other directions, and to blame them for remaining there while there is still an acre of the "Great Lone Land" unclaimed. And they are beginning to feel this way themselves. Emigration commenced some years ago on no small scale from the poorer townships to the North-West, and within the past year more have gone forward from Huntley to seek a western home than in any two preceding it.

[Material skipped.]

The first church built in the Township was the "3rd line" Church (Episcopal), and the first clergyman who preached in it was Rev. Mr. Flood. but there had been regular religious services periodically held long before that, at different private residences, chiefly at Mr. McBride's; when Mr. Glen, Presbyterian Minister of Richmond, used to call on his way to and from Torbolton. He was the first to hold public religious services in Huntley, and Mr. McBride's was the first house in which such were held.

We find, on reference to the oldest records of March (1823), that, when it was organized, the Township of Huntley was included therewith for municipal purposes. The records do not show when Huntley withdrew as a separate municipality; and as all public records of Huntley, until a comparatively recent date, have been destroyed by fire, it is impossible to establish the fact to a certainty. It was a considerable time previous to 1840, at any rate -- as Robert Johnston, who was the first District Councillor elected by the Township, represented it for many years as such, and always sat at Perth. When the Dalhousie District was set off (1842), Henry McBride was the first District Councillor sent by the Township to Bytown.

[Material skipped.]

In the early days of the settlement, game, both large and small, was particularly plentiful, especially wolves, bear, and deer. The former were not nearly so destructive, however, as they were in some other parts of the country, or even in the County. The pig-pen and sheep-fold sometimes suffered, but there is not one instance on record of a human being killed, and only one instance of an attack by wolves. This was the case of an Indian who lived upon the banks of the Carp.

On a hunting tour one day, he was belated and treed by wolves. He stayed on his lonely perch all night, relieving the monotony of the programme by shooting an occasional wolf, which the others immediately devoured. He kept this up till his ammunition was exhausted, by which time he had killed more than remained, and as they had all been devoured in turn, he supposed the survivors had had enough to eat. Therefore, when daylight came and they took their departure, he at once descended and started quietly for his home.

It appears, however, he came down too quickly, for he soon discovered that the pack was again on his heels. The chase proved an uneven one, and by the time he arrived within a short distance of his cabin the foremost brute was upon him. He crashed its brain with his tomahawk, but this delayed him till another sprung upon him, and he found himself in a death struggle with the whole pack. He bravely cut away, growing weaker every moment, but every stroke making one less wolf.

The noise of the fierce struggle attracted his squaw, who arrived at the spot just as the last wolf had her chief by the throat and had borne him to the ground. Seizing his gun, which he had thrown from him on the first attack, she clubbed it and killed the savage monster with one lucky blow, just in time to save her husband's life.

When they came to count the wolves they found he had killed nineteen with his tomahawk, and she had finished the twentieth with the gun.

The early life of the pioneers was full of such adventures as the above, which they came to look upon as quite commonplace, though to us of to-day they are quite the rivals of the scenes of the days of chivalry. In fact, we are skeptical enough ourselves not to give credence to the above story, but for two good and sufficient reasons: first, every detail is solemnly vouched for by that proverbially correct individual, "the oldest inhabitant", as well as corroborated by a host of others; and secondly, "it isn't a bear story".

[G.B. -- What can I say? Sounds like a "bear story" to me.]

[Material skipped.]



In looking over the Township papers we notice that 1,961 1/2 acres of land in the Township have been advertised this year for sale for taxes, and the fact that a large portion of this has previously been offered without finding a bidder, but confirms what we previously said of the western part of the Township of Huntley. In looking over the Assessor's valuation we find whole lots (200 acres) marked as low as \$25. And though there are many thousand acres in the municipality which are really not worth paying taxes upon, yet the exceptionally good character of parts of it brings it up to about the average of the various Townships of the County in point of general quality, and chiefly contributes to render it, upon the whole, one of the most important minor municipalities of the Metropolitan County of the Dominion of Canada.

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#### UNWRITTEN HISTORY

##### THE FAMILY OF ROBERT BOYLE (AID=BF)

By F. Clyde Lendrum

Author's Note: Garvin asked me to submit a short history of the part played by my Grandad's family in opening up Canada. I have written a chapter on Grandad in Issue 11 of the "The Boyle Bulletin". This history is again based on a record of the family compiled by my Aunt Kit supplemented by personal remembrances.

Robert Boyle would never have considered himself a pioneer. He looked after his family and if moving meant a job -- moving it was. Like other members of Henry's family, he and his brothers and sisters slowly migrated from their part of "The Valley". The older members married and their families spread west following the lumbering and homesteading through Bancroft and Hastings County.

Robert married Margaret (Maggie) McAuley in Pembroke in 1871. Maggie's family were a Scottish-Irish family who came to Canada during the potato famine. She was born in Shady Nook but her brothers and sisters were born in Ireland. Her father, John McAuley was a bootmaker from around Dunseverick near the Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland. John's father, also a bootmaker, may have been the John who fled Scotland ahead of the English Press Gangs. John apparently fled in a dory from the Mull of Kintyre to Ireland where he assumed his mother's name McAuley.

The McAuleys were related to the Stewarts. Jacob Stewart married Maggie's aunt, Margaret McAuley, of Dunseverick, Ireland,



in 1848. The Stewarts moved to Canada and settled in The Valley near Deep River. This Jacob Stewart is the Jake Stewart in Bill McNeil's book "Voice of the Pioneer".

All the men worked in the lumber camps during the winter and farmed during the summer. We know Robert, along with Joe Davis, worked up the Kipawa in Quebec. In the years following his marriage, Robert drove team during the building of the CPR. My aunt Henri claimed he "drove team" with the CPR when it came to North Bay in 1883. She also claimed her brother Bill was a waterboy. Bill would have been twelve years old at the time. Robert's father Henry had helped to build the Rideau Canal; now Robert helped build the CPR.

Until 1894, Maggie apparently lived in or around Pembroke. With one exception, when Margaret Alice was born in 1882 in Trout Creek near North Bay, all the children were born in or near Pembroke. In 1881, however, Robert and Maggie farmed near the homestead but we know little detail.

In 1892, Henry's Catherine (AID=B(S2)) and Ned (AID=BI) sold the homestead and two years later Robert and Maggie moved with the family to Cache Bay, some seventy miles west of North Bay. We know little of their life here except Maggie's brother's family was also in the area. The Boyles lived in Cache Bay until 1896 when Henrietta, their youngest child, was born on March 18, 1895.

The year 1896 saw the first marriage of Robert's children. Mary, known to us as "Aunt Sis", married Alex LaFave from the Cache Bay area, in the Anglican Church in North Bay. The LaFaves also lived in Cache Bay where their first child was born in March 1897. This child died when a baby and is buried in the village. Mary and Alex moved with the various relatives to take up residence in the mining town of Copper Cliff. Mary lived there until at least 1903. Then the LaFaves moved to Kenaston, Saskatchewan to take up a homestead which eventually became a wheat farm of a section and a half. A section and a half is 960 acres. Alex's farm was self contained with his own shops and threshing gear. Aunt Sis's house had many of the amenities one only expected to find in the city. The farm remains in the family today.

Robert worked for a time at the Sudbury Nickel Mines and Maggie operated a boarding house in Copper Cliff. Robert's brother, Ned, and his family also came to Copper Cliff. Ned and his family stayed with Inco for a generation, but Robert and Maggie moved on, probably with Maggie's brother Hugh McAuley who was in lumbering, to Sault Ste Marie. They lumbered up the shores of Lake Superior at least as far as Michipicoten Harbour. The families lived in the Sault but Robert may have also worked in the iron mines at Wawa. The Boyles lived in the Sault until 1907 when the family moved to Cobalt. Robert had come a year earlier to work in the Silver mines.

From bits and pieces of information we know that two of the boys, Jim and Hugh, got employment as diamond drillers, probably with a contractor drilling in Copper Cliff. Both sons became "setters", the elite of the drilling profession. The "setter" set the black diamonds in the bit by hand, a delicate operation. Diamond drillers moved as the contractor took jobs drilling new mining prospects. In 1904 Jim married Susan Best in Essex when Jim was drilling for salt in the Windsor, Ontario, area. Jim and Suzie Boyle moved shortly to the coal fields of Pennsylvania living and working around Scranton, Pa. in such places as Mount Carmel and Brown Station.

Jim and Suzie came back to Canada, moving south to South Porcupine with their family. Jim was in the Porcupine at the time of the Porcupine Fire in 1912. Jim contracted and diamond drilled in the area. A civic minded individual, he served on the Town Council. He later took part in the gold rush to Red Lake in Northwestern Ontario in 1925. There he staked two properties; the Richmac and the Margaret Red Lake. Jim and Suzie eventually moved to Toronto where he died in 1958.

A second wedding in 1904 saw Margaret Alice married to Marquis Alphonso Ellis in Copper Cliff. Alice and "Phonsy" lived in Cobalt and Timmins. Phonsy died in 1922, leaving Alice a widow at 40 years of age. Alice worked as a saleslady in North Bay, Timmins, finally buying her own store in New Liskeard which she owned and operated until she died in 1953 at age 71.

Brother Bill left the family in Sault Ste Marie and went west to settle in Neudorf, Saskatchewan. His life story is told in Issue No. 7 of the Boyle Bulletin. He is to-date the only member of the family to reach the century mark. His sister, Catherine, is still living in Saskatoon at age 93.

Thomasina (Tena) was married in 1909 to Walter Armitage in Cobalt. Walter was a butcher who emigrated from Leeds, England. The wedding took place at home. The Armitages lived in Timmins where Walter managed the Hollinger Store. Late in the 1920s Walter bought a grocery store in Parry Sound and retired there when his son took over the store.

The youngest son, Hugh, also became a diamond driller. Hugh drilled for coal in the U.S., base metals in Sudbury, in Quebec, in Peru, and at Tonopah, Nevada. Hugh told me he had to leave a pump at Casapalca just off the road from Lima to La Oroya during an uprising in Peru. They came back to Lima and took a ship back to San Francisco arriving the day after the San Francisco earthquake. He worked with the clean-up crews the next day. He also drilled in Panama. As a result, Grandad had a carved coconut head familiar to a lot of the grandchildren because it was put on the staircase to discourage us toddlers from climbing the stairs.

Hugh married Ann McInnis Black in Fort William in 1910 possibly when he was drilling near Fort William on Black Sturgeon



Lake. The Boyles moved to South Porcupine in 1912 and Aunt Ann used to tell us her home, that first winter, was a tent with a board floor and four foot walls. Hugh built a home in South Porcupine and worked Canadian Longyear operating out of Haileybury, Ontario. In the mid 1930s a revolutionary development was the cast set diamond bit using cheaper bort or diamond chips rather than the expensive black diamond. The inventors had difficulty marketing their invention until about 1936 when they hired Hugh as their General Manager. From that date on the cast set diamond drill bit never looked back, it is the standard throughout the world, now. Hugh and Anne moved first to Toronto, then Cooksville where Hugh also raised Gladioli: twenty thousand of them. After he retired from CastSet Bits, they moved to Grimsby.

The next marriage was my mother's marriage to Frank Lendrum in 1914. Frank, though born in England, was raised in Uddingston, Scotland. He emigrated to Canada as farm labour but went to work as a newspaper reporter for the Toronto Telegram after serving his contract. In 1911, he joined the Cobalt Nugget and started a career as newspaper editor and historian in Northern Ontario. Dad retired three times, always from the same paper, the Timmins Press. The Porcupine Historical Society collected his columns in the Timmins Press and through the good offices of Lord Thompson, these columns are on microfilm in both the Dominion and Provincial Archives. Members of the Boyle family are mentioned in these records.

The last marriage was that of Catherine in 1922 to James Graham Hood who farmed a mile away from her sister Mary LaFave. Catherine apparently met Jim Hood during a visit to her sister. The marriage took place in Cobalt on the fifty-first wedding anniversary of Robert and Maggie. Catherine now lives in the Lutheran Sunset Home in Saskatoon.

Henrietta, the youngest child, never married.

This has been a very brief history of Robert Boyle's family. There were thirteen children, four died very young, but all the rest lived to a ripe old age. Formal schooling seems to have been when and where possible and did not extend beyond public school level. Despite this, Robert and Maggie's children were all well read and the boys served as members of Town Councils and school boards of pioneer towns in Northern Ontario and Saskatchewan.

The grandchildren of Robert and Maggie, of which seventeen reached adulthood, are scattered all across Canada. Five have been schoolteachers, two engineers, two continued to farm in a big way, the rest went into business or industry. Someday someone may trace the following generations.

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## TREE AND LEAF

### CORRECTIONS

These corrections are from Issue 10, Page 12.

#### FAMILY OF FRANCIS CLYDE B. LENDRUM (AID=BFKA) AND MARION L. MYERS

Name Francis Clyde LENDRUM  
AID BFKAA  
Born June 22, 1944  
Married Angela WALKERHAGEN, Nov. 5, 1972, Toronto, Ont.  
Issue 2; Lisa Christine LENDRUM, b. June 1st, 1975; Scott  
David LENDRUM, b. July 17, 1979.  
Notes Angela is from Germany.

Name Robert Douglas LENDRUM  
AID BFKAB  
Born Sept. 21, 1945, Normetal, P. Q.  
Married Mary EDWARDS, Nov. 6, 1966, Toronto, Ont.  
Issue 2; Jennifer Laurie LENDRUM, b. Jan. 17, 1971;  
Robert Douglas LENDRUM, b. May 24, 1979.  
Notes Robert and Mary are now divorced.

Name Leslie Anne LENDRUM  
AID BFKAC  
Born Feb. 16, 1947, Normetal, P. Q.  
Married Andrew LANGFORD, Nov. 4, 1966, Kingston, Ont.  
Issue 1; Tara Ann LANGFORD, b. Jan 15, 1970  
Notes Leslie and Andrew are now divorced.

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## BEAR STORIES

### ANNIE VS. THE BEAR(S) AND OTHER VARMINTS

This, my last bear story, comes from the real-life adventures of my wife, Annie Lampinen. She grew up on a farm in Northern Ontario. That's almost like saying she grew up on a pioneer farm as things in Northern Ontario have not all progressed as much as they have here a little further south. Life up there, even a few miles from the nearest major towns, tends to be a little rougher than it is here, and nature tends to be a little less tamed.

Annie's father, Unto, emigrated from Finland in the early 50's. He jokes as he says he came just to earn enough money to go back and buy a farm back in Finland. He's still saving up

that money to go back some day. In the meantime, he's established a business, taken Canadian citizenship, and dabbles in politics.

When he first came to Canada, Unto worked as a logger until he could raise enough money for a small farm. The growing season up there tends to be short, and the profits from a farm meagre, so he continued to work off-farm eight hours a day or more, and did the farming at night and on weekends. Annie's mother, Hilka, tended the cattle and the fowl during the day and tried to keep an eye on the two young'uns at the same time.

Annie has a younger brother named Victor. Annie claims its all Victor's fault, that the day he was brought home from the hospital, she was standing with her back to him and he pulled her hair. In retaliation she bit him (she was aged about one at the time). Ever since there has been a certain amount of rivalry between them. Annie claims that Victor then and thereafter has found every opportunity to get her into trouble but I think I know better. I know from personal experience that Annie loves nothing better than to tease someone who she knows will rise to the bait, and then act innocent when things happen.

Annie and Victor had certain responsibilities on the farm apart from staying out of trouble. It seems the most memorable chore was shovelling out the chicken sheds, one per week. You can imagine how much they looked forward to weekends. It seems that among the chickens that lived at the farm at the time, there were a few that liked to bully. In particular, they liked to attack Victor's ankles. As Annie tells it, she and Victor eventually came to make a pact: she would keep the chickens away while Victor shovelled. I wonder who taught those chickens when to attack.

In addition to looking after the livestock, there was also some responsibility to keep track of the activities of the wild varmints. Unto and Hilka used to order in batches of baby chicks to raise for market. The chicks would arrive in batches of 100 little fluffy balls. One morning when Unto went out to check the new arrivals he found only twenty-eight chicks remaining out of a brand-new full batch. A quick check around the hen-house revealed a new large rat-hole in one corner. That night Unto and Annie were waiting in the dark in the hen-house. At the scuttling sound of a visitor, Annie would shine the flashlight on the intruder to discover a very very large rat heading for the defenceless little fluffs. A quick shot and there was one less rat.

They had to be on the watch constantly for such rats, weasels, and skunks. There was one day when Victor came into the house and said "I've found a cute little baby skunk. He let me pet him. Can I keep him?" A little investigation revealed that the "baby skunk" was in fact a full grown skunk. Victor had cornered him in the hen-house and, evidently, a skunk will not spray if he is likely to spray himself. Caught in a corner, the



skunk had allowed himself to be petted and had, luckily, not tried to bite.

In Bruce Mines, there were often bears around. In many cases it was a wounded bear, shot by some careless hunter who could not find enough reason to follow up on his shot and finish the kill. Annie recalls days when there was a bear warning issued in the town and school was let out early, before dark. Special adult chaperones were called to see all the children home safely.

The one thing I notice, over the years, listening to bear stories, is that hunters are very quick to take that first shot at a bear. Every body sees himself as a Davy Crocket, I guess. When that bear does not lay down and die right away, however, they decide one shot at a bear was enough excitement for one day and pack it in. It's almost as if everyone agrees that bears deserve very non-humane treatment.

On to my bear story. One day towards the end of the day, Unto looked over the grain fields and saw three cows in the far end of the field. He immediately dispatched Annie and Victor out to shoo them back into the pasture where they belonged and to close the gate. As the kids sped off into the field of nose-high grain, Unto got to wondering why only three cows had taken advantage of such an opportunity and headed towards the pasture to look things over.

To his chagrin, he found the pasture gates secure and all cows accounted for.

Annie was just tall enough to see over the tops of the level heads of grain. She could see one cow clearly as a brown fuzzy patch of fur that came into and out of view. The other two seemed to be closer to the fence. She decided to circle around, approach the far two first, chase them towards the closer one, and then chase all towards the pasture. Head down, she and Victor zoomed along between the rows of grain towards the far fence.

As they approached the fence she heard a pick-up truck rattling over the field with horn blowing. Looking back, she saw her father waving frantically and coming towards them in the truck at top speed. Once ensconced in the cabin of the truck, they looked at the "cows". There was a mother bear scurrying over to her young cubs. With a cry of alarm she sent one cub for cover. The other cub was intent on getting one last bite of grain and was removed from the field by a swat that sent him flying head over heels into the brush.

That's quite an adventure for an eight-year-old.

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## A FEW FREE TALES

Here are a few odds and ends of bear stories that I'll toss in for free.

- Annie has a friend who, with her husband, tended to do some strange things for their vacations. For example, they had canoed the gorge in Algonquin and hiked the Chilcoat Pass. In the later adventure, they had heard about the prevalence of grizzly bears around the Pass and Anne (Annie's friend) had prepared herself. She had all the standard noise makers such as whistles, pans with spoons, buzzers, etc. She had one of each. Talk about overkill. When the guides saw her they laughed immediately. The explanation? Apparently the grizzlies around the Pass had been reading the same material because they now considered such noismakers to be a summons to dinner. Not that they ate people. The bears knew, however, that if there are people around there is likely to be food for the taking if you are a brave enough bear to take it. The considered advice of the guides was to leave the noisemakers quiet.

- I once read a story about an old gent who lived near the Rockies in Colorado. He had a habit of watching the grizzlies fish in the creek near his home. He was always surprised at the apparent intelligence of the bears. For example, often a bear would stand in the stream waiting for a fish and, when one came by, swat it out of the stream. The bear rarely missed his fish. After several successful catches, however, he figured the bear got full and slow because he would re-enter the stream and swat and swat and swat without producing any more fish. Then one day he noticed the bear swat the water, making a huge splash. As the foam from the splash washed down the stream towards the bear, the creature carefully stretched out one claw and broke the biggest bubble. The old gent realised that the bear was no longer intent on fishing. This bear just had a habit of playing in the water -- after the day's work had been done.

- Then there was the day my brother, David, took his wife fishing. He found her a good spot, baited the hook, instructed her on how to cast, etc. On her first cast she threw the whole thing into the creek, rod, reel, hook, line, sinker. As he waded into the cold water, retrieved the rod, and, standing in the water, handed her the rod, she said excitedly, "I think I've got one". Sure enough, she reeled in a prize trout. Wouldn't you know it, it was the only fish caught that day. "Beginner's luck" says Dave.

- Then there was the day Annie, David (my son) and I went fishing. Having read the "Trout Fisherman's Bible" the day before, I tried to tell Annie how it was to be done but she wanted to do her own fishing. I went my way, she went hers. We agreed to meet in an hour at the campsite with our catches. One hour later I showed up with two trout. She showed up with one trout and one fresh yellow lemon. Now I know she did not have



that lemon before she headed off into the brush. You tell me how she pulled that off in the middle of Algonquin Park. (Hint: The lemon had the marks of a coon's teeth in one end.)

- Then there was the winter when my great-uncle killed a bear, a huge bear, in a dead-fall trap. In the spring they returned to the site only to find nothing but hair and bones remaining. They gathered up the hair, spun it, and knit a great pair of socks out of it. It is said that that pair of socks never wore out, it just got smellier and smellier.

- Then there is one of my favorite cartoons about bears. In the first two panels there is this cute cuddly bear playing and splashing among the daisies and butterflies. In the third panel, there's a look of surprise and terror in its eyes as a hunter kills it among the daisies and butterflies. In the fourth panel there is a hunter in his living room with a room full of party guests. In one corner is a large stuffed bear on hind legs, with eyes burning, claws extended, obviously postured in attack mode. The posture of the hunter is mimicking the bear. He's clearly telling his bear story to the enthralled audience.

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#### A SHORT WORD ABOUT FRACTALS

[G.B. -- This is not really a bear story, but, I have to put it somewhere.]

Annie thinks I live somewhere in the borderlands between reality and insanity, wandering in and out of the jurisdiction at unpredictable times (sort of like a mental gypsy, I guess). When she wants to be a little more understanding, she calls it "Lost in Space". Recently the cause of my gypsy wanderings is a new mathematical theory called "Fractals". Annie has steadfastly thwarted my every inclination to put anything relating to such things into the "BULLETin" but, (Heh, Heh), she's at work and I've been left alone at home to patch this last issue together. I may be able to get this one past the sensors (censors? scenscours? Man I wish I could spell. That's when she usually catches me. When I get her to cheque the spelling.)

You may not know it but the Boyle BULLETin is not my first idea for publication. My first idea was a real humdinger. It should have made a bundle of \$\$ but, alas, it never did. It may also have been the reason why I have to be my own publisher in this, my second idea (i.e. the "BULLETin"). I couldn't stand another round of rejection slips.

[As an aside, let me tell you about my humdinger idea. I was thinking one day about how limited numbered editions of any old thing could sell for a bundle. Plates, paintings, cups, you name it.

I once bought a limited edition computer, serial number 11. That was a bit of a mistake. My ex employer is still using it, I believe.

I even once saw a pair of jeans that were issued in a limited edition with serial numbers.

While pondering the jeans, I also read an article about prime deserts. A prime number is any number which is evenly divisible only by itself and the number one. All natural positive whole numbers are either prime or not prime (called compound). Six, for example is compound (i.e. not prime) because two times three equals six. Because six is evenly divisible by one, two, three and six, it is not prime. Seven is prime because it is only divisible by one and seven.

A prime desert is any consecutive string of numbers which are not prime. A very small example of a prime desert is the number four (a compound number) nestled between the primes three and five. A better example is the string of numbers from eight to ten residing between the primes seven and eleven.

The theory of prime deserts says that you can construct a prime desert of any size you choose by a simple technique. I'll explain by example. Suppose you want a prime desert of length at least five. That's five or more consecutive compound numbers. Before you go looking for it, it would be nice to know if it exists and how far you would have to look before you found it. There's a lot of numbers out there to look through. It could be worse than the old "Needle in the haystack" problem.

To construct a prime desert of length at least five, multiply the numbers from one to six together. The result is some number  $X$  (a little algebra here, for you).  $X$  is obviously compound.  $(X+1)$  causes a little problem because we don't really know if it is compound or prime without looking at it closely. However, since  $X$  is divisible by two,  $(X+2)$  must also be divisible by two and is therefore also compound. Since  $X$  is divisible by three,  $(X+3)$  must also be divisible by three and is therefore also compound. Since  $X$  is divisible by four,  $(X+4)$  must also be divisible by four and is therefore also compound. Et Cetera up to six.

The actual numbers produced above are 722, 723, 724, 725 and 726; compound every one. Voila! A prime desert of length at least five. Note that the theory does not say anything about 721 or 727. I think they are prime but I've never worked it out.

Putting this together with the numbered jeans gave me the humdinger of an idea; as follows: produce a prime desert of length 1000 and publish it as a limited edition of plaques, one number in the series per plaque. The procedure described above uses the factorial function which, as any engineer knows, is approximated by the Gamma function. Using the Gamma function we can predict that the first number in such a desert will have



roughly three thousand digits in it. Easily enough to fit on one plaque.

Now there are a number of really cute aspects to this. If you think on it a bit, the only difference between any two of these horrendous numbers must be in the last three or four digits. Simply consider these last few digits of the number to stand for the serial number and there it is, built in. This makes sublime the notion that the serial number enhances the value, because the only content of the plaque is the serial number. And, of course, to distinguish the real art from a cheap imitation, you need the author's signature and each should be registered with the publisher.

The series is clearly limited in its edition. If the sales were going well, the publisher cannot just add a few more to the lot. You can easily tell the legitimacy of the serial number by factoring it (and the thousand numbers on either side). The series of plaques must in some sense remain unique because, even if someone comes up with another prime desert of length 1000 and publishes the plaques, obviously it will be different.

This built in serial number would also reduce the cost of reproduction as only a few of the digits would have to change from one plaque to the next.

Wouldn't it be a great novelty item for mathematicians, engineers, and collectors of limited edition modern art. I thought it raised the concept to new heights of purity. Alas, I couldn't sell the idea and ruined my confidence in the publishing profession.

End of aside.]

Back in 1978 I wrote a "Genealogical Software" program that ran on a computer service bureau. I had this arrangement with my employer that I could run up small bills on his account and settle my part of the account through petty cash at the end of each month. My bill was usually \$10-\$50 dollars, rarely more.

Well it took me about three months to prepare and debug this program and another week to key in a sample of data for testing. I wanted a really good test of a really good peice of software. The day came for the test. I turned it on. I sat and waited, --- and waited, --- and waited, --- and went for coffee. I was detained by a fellow employee while looking for something drinkable and forgot my thinking friend. When I got back twenty minutes later, he was' still thinking. I HIT THE BREAK BUTTON!

When the bill came in, my 'good test' cost me \$1300. And this was just for a teensy piece of my family tree processing that I had planned to do. DELETE. DELETE. DELETE.

When I got my own little computer (read that as free computer time) I shortly afterwards got an offer from some people

associated with my old school to write my software again (I did a little selling on the idea) and very quickly again ran into the problem that I do not have enough power to do what I would like to do. Searching for solutions to the problem has lead me into a study of fractals (Ahah! finally we get to it).

Without more ado, here is the introduction to my four sample fractal shots. This pattern is called the "Mandelbrot Set" named after the man who has single-handedly invented a major new branch of Mathematics and who, incidently, discovered this neat pattern.

The first shot is an overview of the set. The diagram is actually a contour map of a mesa-like hill found in the centre of the complex number plane. The black part is at level 1000 providing the large flat top for the mesa. The surrounding territory is at level zero. The first crescent shaped area is at level one. The next clear area (circular on the outside, irregular shaped on the inside) is at level two. As you approach the Black part at level 1000 you always find a step for every level (though sometimes it is microscopically thin or even thinner).

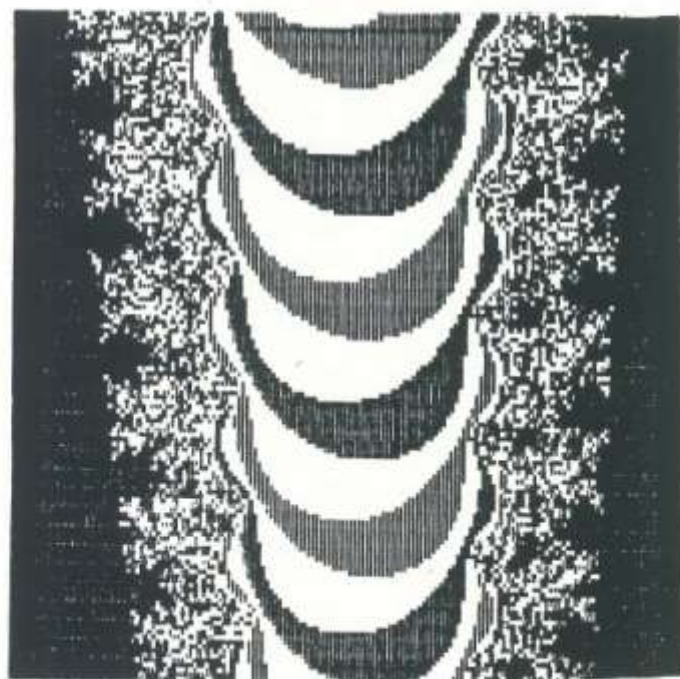
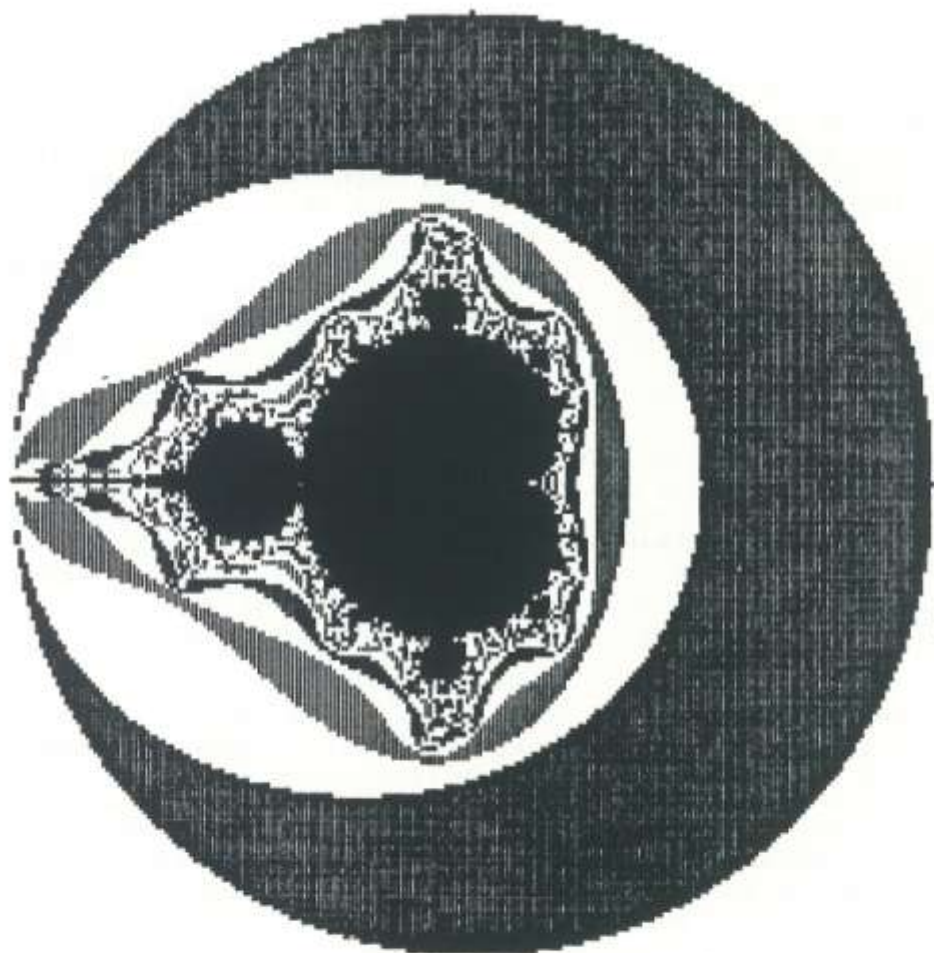
Notice that the edge of the black area is smooth. This black area is a fractal with no clearly defined edge. If you were walking around up there, as you approached the edge, you would not know exactly where the edge was. The ground would just seem to get more and more fractured until there was more fracture than ground. In fact, at the outermost parts there would be spikes and spires so thin that you couldn't see them but every one would reach up to the 1000 level.

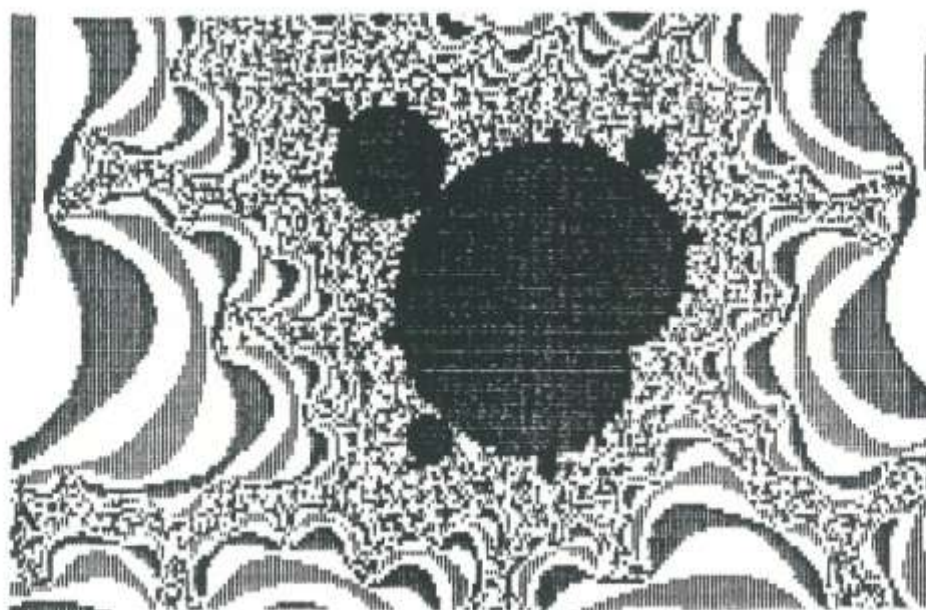
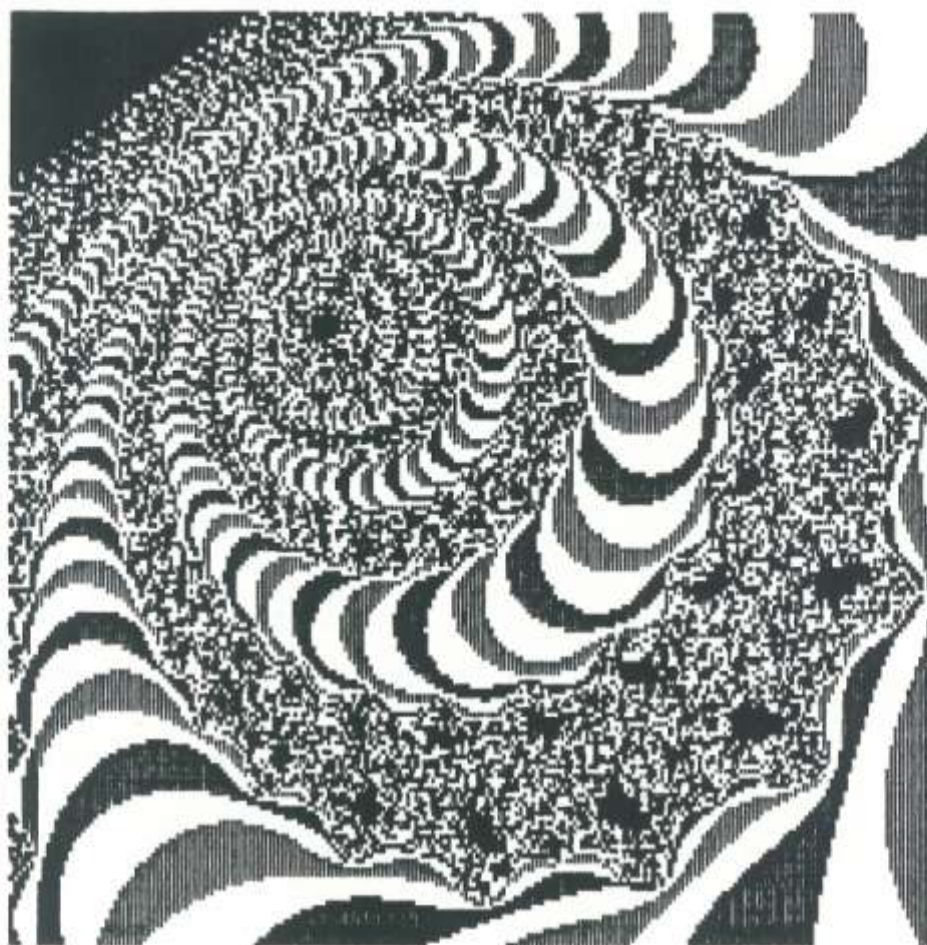
If you imagine yourself shrunk in size to the size of one of the little dots or smaller, and each step is a rise of six inches, you enter a world of wonder. You find yourself on a broad staircase that splits into literally millions of branches as you approach the mesa. There are myriads of climbing spires, dizzying canyons, soaring minarets and incredibly deep fissures of a few inches in width. You find yourself in a maze in which the closer you get to your destination at the top of the mesa, the more work it is to get there. There are broad featureless mountain meadows flanked by rugged ranges of surrealistically swirling mountains. There are walls as thin as a razor and as smooth as glass rising straight up, cutting off any hope of advance. There are crazy staircases within staircases that lead to pinnacles just one step too far out from the edge of the mesa.

But it would not all be just beauty. There would be treacherously mystifying pillars of incredibly intricate design and imperceivable form luring you from the path. There would also be pillars and strands of less than a razor in width; of less than a molecule in width; like an invisible egg slicer waiting for the unwary to step off of the broad paths.

Now, back to reality, think of the black region as a squat little bug with a round head. Shot #2 is a microscopic look at









the crease between his head and his body. Magnification level is roughly 1000. The third shot is a further magnification of the hide on the right side of shot #2 at a magnification level of roughly 100,000. I call this picture the stairway to heaven. Each step along the climb has nearby pillars (black dots). Each black dot has two (barely discernable) swirls beside it. Each swirl is a replica of the large stairway with its own posts and swirls.

In every little millimeter of the hide of this cute little bug there are patterns and structures like those found nowhere else. Annie is now sick of hearing about Mandelbrot, but me, I'm absolutely addicted and there is no hope. If I had to go cold turkey off of it at this point, I don't think I'd survive.

I've magnified some parts of the Mandelbrot Set by a factor of 1,000,000,000,000,000 and still there is detail that recedes into the distance beyond the power of my computer to follow. Let me try to give you some idea of the size of that number. A magnification factor of  $10^{15}$  lets me produce a total of  $10^{30}$  shots similar to the four included (length  $\times$  width = area;  $10^{15} \times 10^{15} = 10^{30}$ ). If only one one-millionth of one percent of those shots were of interest that would leave  $10^{22}$  shots of interest to be found (Annie says only the first couple of dozen were of any interest to her.) Now the age of the earth is roughly 4 billion years or  $10^{17}$  seconds. Divide that in, and we get  $10^5$  or 100,000. Now there's a number you can wrap your mind around.

This means, if I produced one interesting shot per second for every second in the life-span of the earth (during all those millions of years of barren oceans and dinosaurs and ice ages, etc.) then I would have covered only one one-thousandth of one percent of the total viewable area. I may have covered the area in the crease of the neck of the bug.

Needless to say, I must be selective in where I aim my microscope. Especially so since, for example, shot #3 could not be produced in one second as assumed above. In fact, it took my poor little computer two days to produce that shot.

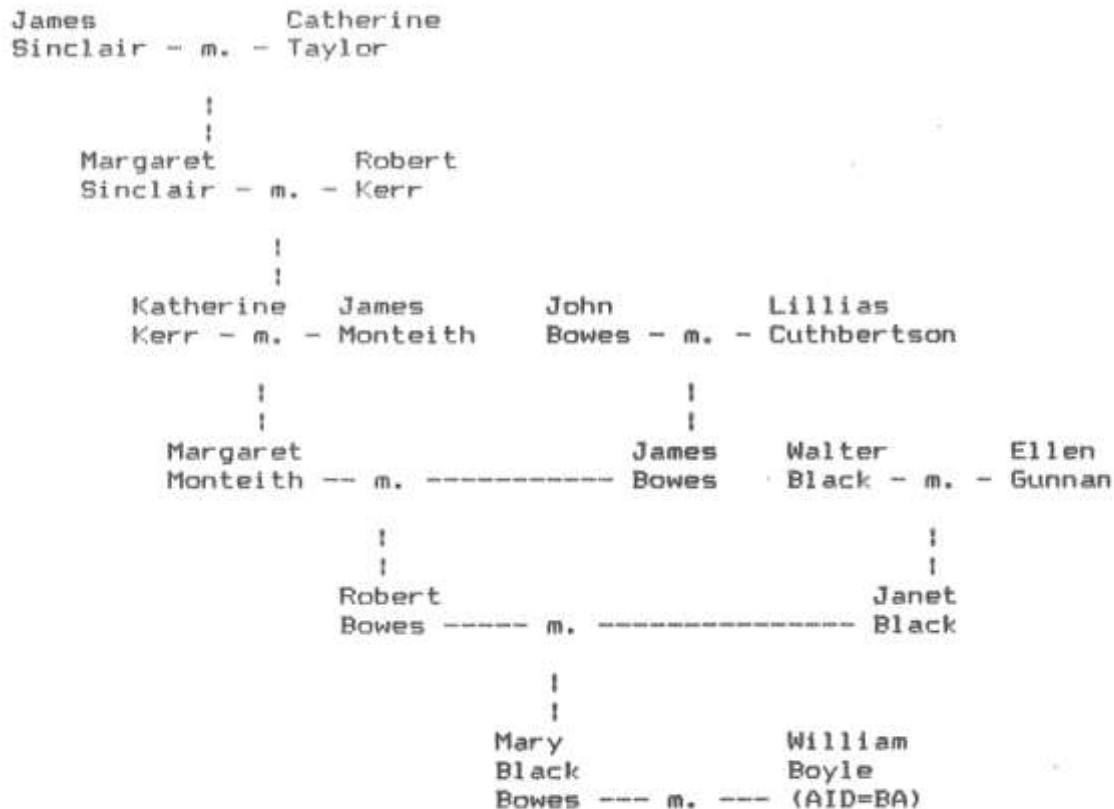
Now here's the real corker in the thing. Buried in his bumpy little hide are little replicas of himself. Shot #4 is one of them magnified by a factor of roughly 125. He's not exactly the same as his mother but close enough (I guess I should call him a her). If you know where to look, there are millions, billions, in fact an infinite number of such little replicas, each with its own slightly altered version of the unending detail of patterns, each with its own cascade of little replicas of itself.

The algorithm that produces this delight is simple. For each point C in the complex plane you repeat a certain calculation until a certain condition is satisfied (i.e. the size of the result is greater than two) or until you have performed





Ancestral Chart  
for  
Mary Black Bowes  
(AID=BA(S))



Some relevant church records:

June 16, 1711

James Sinclair, farmer, and Catherine Taylor, both in the parish of Port Glasgow, were booked for marriage and married July 10, 1711.

Nov. 19th, 1742

Robert Kerr, carpenter, in Port Glasgow, and Margaret Sinclair, farmer, were booked in order to proclamation for marriage and assigned ten shillings sterling.

July 17, 1747

Robert Kerr, carpenter in Port Glasgow, and Margaret Sinclair, his spouse, had a lawful daughter who was born on Friday the 17th day of July, 1747, and baptised on the 19th inst., called Katherine.

## THE BOWES

From Glasgow area in Scotland to  
FAMILY OF Ramsay Twp. Lanark County Sheet No. 1821

## Head of Family

JAMES BOWES

(name in full)

Son of JOHN BOWES  
& wife Lillias Cuthbertson or Culbertson  
Birth date \_\_\_\_\_  
Place \_\_\_\_\_  
Residence \_\_\_\_\_  
Date settled Arrived in Canada June 1821  
Occupation A Print Cutter in Scotland on a farm in Ramsay Township  
Religion Church of Scotland  
Death date January 4, 1835  
E/W Lot 21 Conc. 5  
Place Ramsay Township, Lanark Co. Ontario.  
Burial date \_\_\_\_\_ Cemetery Auld Kirk (near Almonte, Ontario.)

## Name of Wife

MARGARET MONTEATH

(name in full)

Dau. of James Monteath  
& wife Katharine Kerr  
Birth date October 2, 1768  
Place Port Glasgow, Renfrewshire, Scotland.  
Marriage date August 29, 1791  
Place Port Glasgow, Scotland.  
Clergy \_\_\_\_\_  
Church \_\_\_\_\_  
Death date \_\_\_\_\_  
Place Ramsay Township, Lanark County  
Burial date \_\_\_\_\_ Cemetery Auld Cemetery near Almonte, Ont.

Other Marriages		their Family		Other Marriages	
m. t.	Birth Date	NAME (in full)	Death Date	Married to -	
	July 11, 1792	John	Died in infancy		
	Sept. 20, 1793	Catherine	" " "		
	Nov. 14, 1794	Lillias	July 2, 1891	James Gibbons	
	July 15, 1796	Thomas	Nov. 18, 1877	Janet Dick	
	Sept. 18, 1797	Margaret	1883	William Moore	
	June 30, 1799	James		Unmarried	
	Mar. 4, 1801	Alexander			
	July 29, 1802	John	Apr. 1, 1887	Jane Dick	
	Mar. 7, 1805	Janet		David Moir	
	Mar. 22, 1806	Robert	Oct. 16, 1898	Janet Black	
	Aug. 3, 1808	William	Aug. 15, 1808		
	Jan. 1, 1810	William	Dec. 21, 1888	Elizabeth Hesson	
	Oct. 15, 1811	Catherine	Oct. 9, 1876	William Henry Richards	



On reverse side of this sheet list additional information:—Municipal and Public service, Military service, Education, Lodges, Clubs, Politics.

## THE BOWES

## FAMILY OF ADMASTON TWP. , RENFREW Cty Sheet No.

Head of Family

ROBERT BOWES

(name in full)

Name of Wife

JANET BLACK

(name in full)

Son of James Bowes

2 wife Margaret Monteith

March 22, 1806

Birth date Baptized February 26, 1807

Damhead of Balloch, Old Parish Records

place Reg. of Boathill in Dumbartonshire,

Place Scotland, South Bonnechere Range

Lot 34, South Bonnechere Range,  
Residence Admaston Twp. Renfrew County, Ont.

[illegible]

Date settled Possibly 1836 or 1827

Occupation Pioneer Farmer

Religion Church of Scotland

Death date October 16, 1898

Place	Admaston Cemetery
-------	-------------------

Burial date Oct. '98 Cemetery Admaston Twp.

None

Day of Walter Black

2. wife Ellen Gunnan

Birth date April 14, 1815

Place Near Glasgow Cross in Glasgow,  
Scotland.

Scotland.

Marriage date April 20, 1852

Place Township of Ramsay, Lanark County

James Rae, Justice of the Peace.

Clergy (No minister within 18 miles)

Church

Death date May 6, 1891

Place Admaston Township

Burial date May '91 Cemetery Admaston

- None

### Other Marriages

### their Family

### Other Marriages

Other Marriages		Other Marriages		
m. f.	Birth Date	NAME (in full)	Death Date	Married to -
	Mar.20,1833	James Bowes	May 1932	Catherine Smith
	Jan.20,1835	Charles Bowes	Mar.1909	Marcella Keyes
	Jan. 8,1837	Walter Bowes	Oct.10,1914	Hannah Elizabeth Thomas
	Oct. 7,1838	Ellen Bowes		Lawrence Naishmith
	Aug.23,1841	Margaret Bowes	1916	Thomas Serson
	July23,1843	Janet (Jessie) Bowes	Apr.17,1936	Peter MacDonald
	Sept.23,1845	Mary Bowes	1918	William Boyle
	Apr. 8,1847	Elizabeth Bowes	1931	William McIntyre
	Nov. 8,1849	Robert Bowes	May 1932	Elizabeth Thomas
	Jan.21,1851	Jane Bowes	1855	John McIntyre
	Mar.21,1854	Alexander (Sandy)	1909	Frances Thomas

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## THE BOWES FAMILY of ADMASTON TOWNSHIP

The first settler on Lot 34 South Range on the Bonnechere of Admaston Township was Robert Bowes and his family.

Robert Bowes was the son of James Bowes and Margaret Monteith. He was born in Scotland, February 26, 1807 at Damhead of Balloch and his birth was registered in the Old Parish Register Donhill, Dumbarton-shire, Scotland.

In 1821 at the age of 14, Robert Bowes and his parents, brothers and sisters sailed May 19, 1821 from Greenoch, Scotland to the Port of Quebec on the ship, David of London. From there they proceeded up the St. Lawrence River to Brockville and inland to Lanark County and the Township of Ramsay.

On April 20, 1832 Robert married Janet Black (1815 - 1891) who was the daughter of Walter Black and his wife Ellen. The Black family left Glasgow, Scotland in the spring of 1821 crossing the Atlantic to Quebec on the ship, George Canning. The two families were neighbours in the township of Ramsay.

About four years after Robert and Janet were married they moved to Admaston Township, by sleigh during the winter season in 1836. Their two oldest sons, James and Charles were born in Ramsay in the years 1833 and 1835. Records of their births and baptisms were found in the church records - Church of Scotland - of Almonte, in the National Archives in Ottawa. Robert was a member of the Church of Scotland. According to the records at the time of Charles' baptism, the location of their residence was Lot 21, Conc.7 Ramsay Township.

From stories handed down through the family, Robert lived for a short time on a lot on what is now the stone road near the old townshall. The date he moved to the Bonnechere River is unknown but possibly around 1840.

The township of Admaston was surveyed over a period of years around 1840 by Josias Richey. The Bonnechere River flowed through some of the lots with property on both sides. The Bowes lot 34 was one of them. The house was on the south side of the river making it necessary to cross the river to the portion of the lot on the north side. In 1847 Mr. John McNaughton made a further survey on both sides of the river to correct the problem and the result was the South and North Ranges on the Bonnechere with the roads bearing the surveyor's name.

On checking John McNaughton's records in Toronto, it was found that James Bowes, who was only 14 years old at that time, was employed for a few days during the time the survey was being made in the immediate area of lot 34. Also in Mr. McNaughton's records we found remarks as to the type of trees that grew on lot 34 and others in the area. They were elm, oak, cedar, poplar, larch, ash, white birch, tamarack, maple, balsam and black oak. The soil was sand, rock and marsh.



Robert Bowes had his first log house close by the south shore of the Bonnechere River and operated what was known as a "Stopping Place". Until recently one could see the outline in the ground of the foundation. In those days the river was the important means of travel both in summer and winter. Places were needed where the traveller could stay for the night. For a time Robert had the second "Stopping Place" on the north side of the river nearer to Douglas at a location known as "The Narrows". Robert moved his family and his father-in-law, Walter Black, operated the one on lot 34. We do not know how long they were at the Narrows, which was also known as "Bowes Landing" but in some of the family records it was noted that their daughter, Janet, was born July 23, 1843 at the Narrows on the north side of the Bonnechere near Douglas.

The location at the Narrows was more profitable for business and Robert decided to apply to the Crown Lands Office in Perth to purchase the lot. In those days when a man was going to Perth, which was a long distance to walk, he did business for his neighbours and friends. Robert gave his money to a person going there to apply for the purchase for him. The man took the money and applied in his own name. Robert thereby lost his investment on the north side of the Bonnechere River and returned to lot 34.

In the Agricultural Census of 1851 we found that Robert Bowes and family were living on lot 34. He had 15 acres under cultivation. Six acres were in wheat which yielded 100 bushels: one acre in peas yielded 15 bushels: two acres in potatoes with 100 bushels and three acres in oats with 60 bushels: he had two milk cows and produced 80 pounds of butter: two sheep with 7 pounds of wool: six pigs and 1 barrel of pork. Robert also had 2 calves and 1 heifer. Thirty pounds of maple sugar had been made. All of this was produced in the year preceding the census. You will notice the absence of horses. Oxen were used by many of the settlers in the early days on the land.

To Robert and Janet were born 11 children, 5 sons and 6 daughters.

James was born in Ramsay township March 20, 1833 when his parents lived on Lot 20, Conc. 6. His date of birth and Baptismal records were found in the National Archives, Ottawa among the church records for Almonte. He died in May 1932. James married Catherine Smith and they lived at Douglas. She died at the age of 71 in 1909. James received two years of education at a school near Douglas and later was sent to relatives in Ramsay for a further two years. While his occupation was farming he had worked for the lumbermen in the Valley. At one time he was on "The Drive" of logs down the Bonnechere as far as Bonnechere Point. For several years he was a constable, a man six feet and weighing 175 pounds and on more than one occasion he took a prisoner to Perth. There were no roads at all in the early days, they were nothing but mudholes. James went to Perth as a juryman walking sometimes there and back. (Some of this information was taken from an article written in the Renfrew Mercury about him a few years before his death). JAMES AND CATHERINE HAD 8 SONS AND FOUR DAUGHTERS. CHARLES, BORN 1835 34 AND DIED 1906, WAS MARRIED TO

- 3 -

MARCELA KEYES ON MARCH 30, 1859. HE LIVED ON LOT 83 BESIDE HIS FATHER'S PROPERTY. They had five sons and three daughters. His son, Robert James, lived on the farm until the early 1930's when it was purchased by the present owner, Walter George Bowes.

Walter, my grandfather, was born January 8, 1837. He died October 10, 1914. On October 31, 1855 he purchased lots 28 and 29 in the South Range on the Bonnechere River from the Crown. In the fall of 1858 he sold his lots and purchased lot 34 from his father. His parents and unmarried brothers and sisters continued to live together with him. On August 26, 1869 Walter and Hannah Elizabeth Thomas (1844 - 1913) were married by the Rev. Abraham Dawson of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. Hannah was the oldest daughter of Edward Thomas and his wife Catherine Pierce of Golden Lake and Mink Lake. Walter and Hannah had nine children. The first two died in infancy. Catherine (1873 - 1897) married Edward Richards. They had two sons. Catherine died following the birth of their second child. Both of her children died in infancy. Robert Oliver (1875 - 1944) inherited the farm from his father. He married Laura Jane Baird (1877 - 1948) on Feb. 1, 1905, at her parents' home in the Township of Torbolton, County of Carleton. John (1877 - 1958) married Margaret Robillard. He was a harness maker by trade. They moved to Northern Ontario in the early 1900's. Sarah Ann (1880 - 1956) married Albert Edman Hodgins. They lived between Haley's and Cobden on a farm before moving west in the spring of 1911 and located south of Tompkins, Sask. Ida Elizabeth (1883 - 1945) married Arthur C. Clark of Northern Ont. Later they moved to Western Canada. Allan (1885 - 1974) married Mabel Jane Bowes (no relation) Nov. 24, 1914, at which time he was ranching and farming in the Cypress Hills south of Tompkins, Sask. William George (1889 - 1962) was employed for years by the C.P.R. He married Kathleen May Stewart and they lived in Chapleau, Ontario.

Robert and Janet Bowes' fourth child was Ellen. She was born Oct. 7, 1838. On March 5, 1864 she and Lawrence Naismith of Ramsay Township were married. The clergyman was the Rev. Wm. McKenzie of the Presbyterian Church. They moved to Pembroke where Lawrence was a carpenter. To them were born two sons and one daughter. In the 1871 Census of Pembroke, his death was reported for the previous year and she was left with three young children.

Margaret was the fifth child born 1841 - 1916. She was married to Thomas Serson and was buried in Douglas Cemetery.

Janet (Jessie) was born July 23, 1843 at the Narrows on the north side of the Bonnechere. She was married to Peter MacDonald. They lived near Douglas. Janet died in April 1936.

Mary was born Sept. 23, 1845. She married William Boyle and they lived at Traymore near Golden Lake.

Elizabeth (1847 - 1932) married William McIntyre and they lived near Douglas.

Robert (1849 - 1932) married Elizabeth Thomas and lived at Traymore.



Jane (1851-1932) married John McIntyre and also lived near Douglas.

William and John McIntyre were brothers and their mother, Margaret Gibbons, was the daughter of James Gibbons and Lillias Bowes of Horton and first cousin to Elizabeth and Jane.

Alexander (Sandy) (1854-1909) was the youngest of the family of Robert and Janet. He married Frances Thomas a sister of Hannah Elizabeth's and a first cousin of Elizabeth married to Robert.

It might be of interest to mention that James, Robert, Margaret, Janet, Elizabeth and Jane were buried in the Douglas Cemetery. Charles, Walter and their parents were buried in Admaston Cemetery. Alexander was buried in Traymore. We have not learned the cemeteries where Ellen and Mary were buried.

The Bowes family had little money. There were many hardships in raising a large family in the woods. It was years before the lot was cleared of trees and during that period the farming was on a very small scale. It was a case of working to survive. As the boys grew to manhood they worked with the lumbermen in the Bonnechere Valley.

In searching through microfilms of the Renfrew Mercury in the National Archives in Ottawa, I found a "News Item" of Robert Bowes' death and funeral in the issue of October 28, 1898. It had been copied from the Douglas Advocate by the Mercury. He died October 15, 1898. He was in his 92nd year. Burial was in the Admaston Cemetery.

Lot 34 consisted of 105 acres. It was one mile in length or depth and one-quarter of a mile in width. While the first house was at the river, later houses were built about the centre of the lot. All the houses and barns were constructed of logs. A portion of the present house was constructed in 1885 with further improvements in 1904. These consisted in the house being raised, a deeper cellar with a cistern for rain water, a new stone foundation and the height of the upper walls was increased. There was a new two-storey frame addition at the rear constructed in which there was a large kitchen downstairs, a stairs to the upper floor with two bedrooms and a hall, also a new flat roof over all the house.

The first barn was 26 x 36 feet and of log construction. The date it was built is uncertain, possibly in the 1860's or early 1870's. In later years several other buildings were added consisting of milk house, smoke house, cow stable, horse stable and machine sheds and in the early 1900's a silo.

The river at one end of the farm and a creek crossing the farm near the buildings supplied water for the cattle. A well for drinking water was near the house. In the fall of 1921 the well water was piped into the kitchen.

The farm was drained about 1911 and tiles put in. Farming

was of a mixed type. Robert Oliver Bowes purchased his first Holstein cow about 1920 and in a few years developed a herd of them. He had had beef cattle from around 1910 and purchased a ranch in Gratton Township. He sold the last of the ranch in the early 1940's.

The first cream separator was purchased approximately 1906.

The mailing address was Balsam Hill P. O. until Rural Mail Delivery commenced about 1910, then R. R. #2, Renfrew.

The telephone came to the area about 1910 but Robert Bowes did not have one installed immediately but did a few years later.

The first tractor, a Fordson, was purchased in 1925. Up until that time an average of five horses were kept. Gradually the horses were disposed of until 1946 when the last one went.

In 1920 the first car was purchased, a Model T. Ford, the old touring type, from a cousin, Rev. J. C. Black, who went to Egypt as a missionary.

In 1928 the first threshing mill was purchased. In 1929 a wood burning furnace was installed in the basement of the house and in 1967 it was changed to oil.

In the late 1920's a large flock of hens and chickens were raised. In 1932 they discontinued them.

The first milking machine was purchased in 1940.

In 1941 Robert retired from farming and sold the farm to Walter, his son. The first owner was Robert, the second - Walter his son. The third owner was Robert Oliver, son of Walter and the fourth and present owner, Walter, son of Robert Oliver Bowes.

In 1948 Electricity was installed in the house, yard and other buildings.

Over the years different things were tried. In 1954 Walter went out of raising pigs. In 1968 the milking herd was sold and in 1974 the last of the beef herd.

In 1955 Walter had further improvements done on the house. A full bathroom was installed and the kitchen was modernized. The exterior of the house was covered with a siding, the imitation of stone.

In 1967 Walter received a plaque for his Century Farm.

After Robert Bowes sold the farm to his son, Walter, he and his wife, Laura, moved into Renfrew where they lived until his death December 4, 1944. Laura remained in Renfrew until June 1946 when she was transferred from the Victoria Hospital, Renfrew, to the Ottawa



Civic Hospital. After her recovery she lived with her daughter Florence until her death, November 13, 1948. Robert and Laura are buried in their plot in Admaston Cemetery.

Robert and Laura had five children born to them. Florence (1906 - ) single, took a business course. She worked in Renfrew for seven and one-half years before going to Ottawa in the fall of 1936. She was employed in Ottawa by The Crown Life Insurance Company and retired in February 1969. Asa (1907 - 1975) married Ena Margaret Johnston, daughter of Samuel and Grace Johnston. Ena's parents lived on Lot 33 beside the Bowes. Asa and Ena had three children. Beverley born 1934. She is married to A. J. Green and lives in Pembroke. They have three children. Shirley was born February 1936. She married Jerome Utronki of Renfrew who was in the Navy and stationed in Halifax. Jerome retired in September 1979 and they moved to Ottawa. Shirley and Jerome have three children. Robert Johnston Bowes was born December 25, 1937. His wife is Marion Boycott Groves. Robert is employed in the office of the Grace General Hospital, Ottawa. He has two sons. Cecil was born Nov. 1, 1909 and died Aug. 26, 1910. He had Polio or Spinal Meningitis. Walter, the fourth child, was born February 4, 1911. He married Audrey MacDonald in November 1936. Audrey's mother was Mary Ann Stokes originally from near Douglas. Her father was John MacDonald from the Lake Dore area. They moved to Manitoba where Audrey was born. Walter and Audrey live on lot 34. They have four children - Ronald who married Kaireen Briscoe, daughter of J. B. Briscoe and his wife Muriel Box. Ronald and Kaireen have five children - four daughters and one son. Although Ronald, Kaireen and the children were born in the hospital in Renfrew, Ronald's family are the fifth generation of the Bowes family to be born in the area and the sixth generation to live in Admaston Township.

Walter and Audrey's second son, Alvin, is an electrician and he lives in Las Vega, Nevada. He has no children.

Gordon Walter, the third son, born May 1941 married Jean Pender, the daughter of Mac Pender and his wife Annie Naismith. Gordon and Jean have two sons and they live in Belleville. Gordon is an employee of Ontario Hydro.

Mae, the youngest of the family, is married to Bert Gibbons, son of Mac and Annie Gibbons. Mae and Bert live in Dowling, Ontario. They have a daughter and a son. Bert is employed by I.N.C.O.

Robert Melville, the youngest of Robert and Laura's family, was born October 1916. He married Alice Edith Cooke of Ottawa. She was the daughter of the Rev. J. E. Cooke and his wife, Christina Remus. Melville and his family moved to the United States in 1949. In 1954 he moved to the Rochester, N. Y. area and was a resident of Churchville. At the end of 1978 he retired as supervisor of Transportation in the school area of Churchville and Chile. The residence in Churchville was sold and they had a house built near Lakeland, Florida, where he and Alice are living during the winter season.

Some years ago they purchased a cottage on the Mississippi Lake near Innisville and there they live in the summer. Mel and Alice had four children - Three girls and one son. Carolyn married Bill Repass and they live in Dansville, N. Y. They have three sons. The second daughter Constance (Connie) married Jack Myers. They have one daughter and one son and live near Rochester, N. Y. Both Carolyn and Connie were born while Mel and Alice were living on lot 32 South Bonnechere Range, Admaston Township. Patricia, their third daughter was born in Ottawa. She married Michael Ward of Ogdensburg, N. Y. They have two sons and one daughter. Paul, the youngest of Mel and Alice's family, was born in Malone, N. Y. He married Diane Hurd of Potter Brook, Pennsylvania. They have one son and live in Worcester, Mass.

If one should be able to name all the descendants of Robert and Janet Bowes, the first settlers, the result would be a very large number. The name "Robert" appeared in almost every family.

This article would not be complete if we overlooked the schools and churches.

The Bowes family were of the Church of Scotland. In the early days there was a lack of churches throughout the country. Ministers of the different denominations tried to visit throughout the district and perform marriages and baptize children. A record of Robert Bowes and Janet Black's marriage was found on a microfilm in the Ontario Archives, Toronto. They were both of Ramsay Township and as there was no minister at that time within 18 miles, James Rae of Ramsay, the Justice of the Peace, performed the marriage. The witnesses were Walter Black, Janet's father, and Thomas McLean. There was a law at that time which only permitted the Justice of the Peace to perform the marriage if there was no minister within 18 miles.

Both of their sons, Charles and Walter's marriages were performed by ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The story was told to me that when my father, Robert was being baptized by a Mr. Oliver, which I learned recently was of the Methodist church in Renfrew, he asked my grandparents if they would include "Oliver" in his name and he was then baptized "Robert Oliver". My grandmother and some of the relatives called my father "Ollie" possibly because there were so many Roberts in the different Bowes families named for their grandfather, which was a custom in those days.

Later the Bowes family attended the Presbyterian Church in Admaston and I found some records of baptisms and marriages in the books in the Manse in Admaston.

Some time during the 1890's my father, Robert, joined the Holiness Movement Church. My mother's family had been Church of England but she too became a member of the Holiness Movement Church and it was at a convention at the church in Haley's about 1903 when they met. A church was built on the South McNaughton Line where my parents attended. In the 1950's that particular denomination joined with the Free Methodist Church. Today many of the descendants belong to



different denominations.

In the early days of the settlement there were no schools. My great Uncle James, the oldest son of Robert and Janet received a few years of schooling and also their oldest daughter, Ellen, who went to the relatives in Ramsay Township. I do not know if the other members of the family in that generation had any schooling. It was only in the latter years of my grandfather's life that he learned to sign his name. In early documents he made his "mark".

By the time my father was of age to attend school, there was one on the South McNaughton Line. It was a mile further from their home than the school near the Foy's house where I attended. In those years the children only managed to acquire a few years in school.

My brothers and I, as well as Walter's children, attended the school S. S. No. 5, Admaston. When I was ready to attend High School, I was sent to Ottawa to a boarding school in connection with the Holiness Movement Church for two years. Then I attended the Renfrew Collegiate obtaining my Junior Matriculation Certificate. Later I attended Willis Business College in Ottawa.

When my Grandmother Bowes died I was seven years old but I have memories of her working in the garden. For many years she had a very good one. I also saw her prepare a deerskin for tanning by the Indians at Golden Lake. Later, out of the skin, she made deerskin mitts and moccasins. She had a special needle for sewing the skins. I also remember the quilts she pieced and quilted for members of her family.

Lot 33 has always been in the Bowes name. The owners - Charles Bowes, then his son Robert James and later Walter Bowes, the present owner.

Lot 32 South Bonnechere Range was settled by William Black who was a brother of my great-grandmother, Janet Black Bowes. One of his daughters, Christina, married Charles McDougall, formerly of the Almonte area. They were the second owners. They had one son, Lorne, who moved with his father to Almonte. The farm was sold to Clifford Yuill and later to a Mr. J. Briscoe. Around 1932 it was purchased by Robert Oliver Bowes and it has been in the Bowes family since.

Dated at Ottawa, Ontario, this 7th day of April 1980.

Prepared and written by Florence Bowes a direct descendant of the original family of Bowes on Lot 34 South Bonnechere Range, Admaston Township.

1851 CENSUS

ROBERT BOWES

LOT 34

SOUTH BONNECHERE RANGE

TOWNSHIP OF ADMASTON, COUNTY OF RENFREW

---

Owned 100 acres - under cultivation - 15 acres

Under crops in 1851 . . . . . 12 acres

" pasture . . . . . 3 acres

" wood or wild . . . . . 55 acres

Under wheat . . . . 100 bushels . . . 6 acres

" peas , . . . 15 bushels . . . 1 acre

" potatoes . . 100 bushels . . . 2 acres

" oates . . . . 60 bushels . . . 3 acres

Wool . . . . . 7 pounds

Maple sugar . . . . 30 pounds

Milk cows . . . . . 2

Calves . . . . . 2

Heifer , . . . . 1

Sheep . . . . . 2

Pigs . . . . . 6

Butter . . . . . 80 pounds

Pork . . . . . 1 barrel



Copied from the October 28, 1898  
issue of THE MERCURY, weekly  
paper published in Renfrew, Ont.

It again becomes our duty to chronicle  
the death of one of Admaston's old and respected  
settlers in the person of Robert Bowes, who  
departed this life on the 15th inst., at the  
respectful age of 92 years. The funeral took  
place on Monday last, to the Admaston Cemetery,  
and there laid to rest, in the presence of a  
large number of friends and acquaintances. The  
deceased was father to our esteemed citizen, Mr.  
James Bowes, of this place and also of Mr. W.  
Bowes of Admaston, in which place the venerable  
old gentleman resided up to his death.

Copied from the Douglas Advocate by the Mercury  
and printed in "District News" October 28, 1898.

Copied from a Microfilm in the National Archives,  
Newspaper Room, Wellington St., Ottawa, Ontario.  
March 20, 1978, by a great-granddaughter - Florence Bowes  
Reference - Renfrew Mercury Reel No. N-291115

SPECIAL - Oct. 1979 - Re Bowes research in Scotland

Old Parish Register Bonhill, Dumbartonshire 493/2  
(Bonhill registration dist. Balloch)

Searched from 1790 - 1819

1807 Robert l.s. to James Bowes & Margaret Monteath at  
Damhead of Balloch born 26th February 1807.

## THE BLACKS

The history of the Blacks goes a long way back into the history of Scotland. The origins of the name are clouded and different branches of the family have slightly different stories to tell. However, in outline, it goes something like this:- The family name was originally Campbell. Long ago, some sections of that clan became notorious for stealing sheep. To distinguish them from the more law abiding section, they became known as the Black Campbells. As time passed, the original surname was dropped and they became known simply as Black.

No matter how historically accurate the above story is, the early history of the family was traced back by William Black (Robert's son). In a letter to his brother Dan in 1939, Uncle Bill wrote that he had traced the history of the Blacks back five or six centuries. At that time they were yeomen (armour-bearers) to Graham of Monteith, the Chief of the Graham Clan. Thus the Blacks can wear the Graham-Monteith tartan. Later a branch of the family attached themselves to the MacGregor Clan and can wear their tartan.

In 1935, William R. Black (son of James) wrote a family tree. He was able to trace the family back to Walter Black, born in 1734 and living in Glasgow. The last letter from him was received in 1837 when he was 103 years old. Since then, nothing has been heard of the branch of the family still in Scotland.

Walter Black had three sons, John was a gamekeeper in Lancashire, England. Robert was carpenter in Glasgow. Walter was a wheelwright in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. The former two and their descendants have been lost. However, the history of the Blacks in Canada begins with the latter.

Walter, his wife Ellen (nee Gunnan), and their children (except for Robert who was born later) emigrated to Canada in 1821 aboard the ship GEORGE CANNING. At the time, Scotland, like most of Europe was suffering from the depression that followed the defeat of Napoleon. From 1815, large numbers of Scots formed emigration societies. These societies provided either free or reduced passage to Canada. The settlers were granted at least 200 acres of land which they had to prove to be developing by planting 4 acres a year for four years to gain clear title. Rations were supplied from government stores for the first six months. Implements such as axes could be purchased for half-cost. Walter and Ellen were members of the Lanark Society which sent out settlers in 1820 and 1821.

An account by the Rev. William Bell, the first clergyman in the Rideau area, draws a graphic picture of conditions



aboard the settler transports. As the ships were empty on their outward trip (they would return with timber), the settlers were housed below decks. A double row of berths made of rough planking lined the deck. Each berth held six adults. Down the centre of the deck was a passage where the settlers piled their food, utensils, and luggage. The passengers were given two meals a day - a breakfast of porridge and dinner of soup, beef and biscuit. They could cook a third meal if they wished from their own food. As the days went by, the porridge became more and more watery, the beef more rotten, and the biscuit more crawly. As can be expected, illness was common.

Once landed at Brockville, the Blacks' journey did not become any easier. Although there was a rough ~~bus~~ road to Perth, there were no roads going farther north. Normally, the families of settlers stayed at New Lanark or Perth while the men trekked into the bush to find their property and clear land for a dwelling.

The Blacks and their companions (the families of John Steele, Thomas and James Craig, John Smith, William Moir, William Paul, and a few others) decided not to leave their families behind. They built improvised scows of logs and rough timber. They proceeded from New Lanark down the Mississippi River to Ramsay Township, past Ferguson's Falls, through the rapids at Innisville, down the ten mile extension of the Mississippi at Morphy's Falls, past Appletree Falls (Appleton) to Shipman's Falls in Ramsay. An incident during this "cruise" points out that the area was still the home of large numbers of Mississauga Indians (a sub-tribe of the Ojibway). When the party had stopped to eat at an island in the river, a large Indian came out of the bush and approached the group. John Steele thrust a loaf of bread at him as a peace offering. The Indian was not interested and left peacefully for the other end of the island.

At Shipman's Mills, the party built wigwams where the women and children could stay until the men found their lots and cleared a place for a new home.

Contemporaries judged Ramsay as having the best agricultural land in the Rideau area. However, at time it was covered in thick forest. Since the only survey markers were those delineating concessions, finding one's land was not easy in the dense bush. Guides were hired to show the new arrivals to their "farms".

Walter Black settled on Lot 21 of the 7th concession. Next to him on lot 22 was John Steele.

The early years were not easy - building a cabin,

clearing the land, planting, etc. Although the woods had plenty of game and wild fruit, food was often times scarce. There is a story of Ellen Black boiling whole grain to make an unsavoury meal. Even this ran out. With starvation around the corner, Mrs. Black left the cabin before dawn, walking four miles through the dark to Snedden's grist mill, returned with some cornmeal, and cooked breakfast before her children awoke.

Their son, James remembers the Bowes brothers carrying two bushels of wheat each to Morphys Falls and returned with the first flour brought into the settlement. One of these boys, Robert, eventually married James' sister Janet.

When Walter Black died in 1851, the farm passed on to James. James Black was a member of the first township council and sat on it for eleven years - ten as deputy-reeve. For many years, he was on the board of directors of the North Lanark Argicultural Society. He was a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and supported the Liberal Party. In 1897, he went to live with his son Robert on the farm owned by the late Daniel Galbraith on the 5th Line of Ramsay. He died in 1899 and was buried in the 8th Line Cemetery. Ironically, James and another boy dug the first grave in this cemetery. He was survived by his wife Janet (aka Margaret) Johnston who was born on St. Lawrence River in 1821. Five of their eleven children were still alive in 1899. These are: Walter (7th line Ramsay), Margaret, (Mrs. A. W. Gilmour, Braeside), William (Almonte), Agnes (Mrs. A. A. Steele, Ramsay), and Robert J. (5th line Ramsay).

Mr. Norman Paul recounts several anecdotes concerning Robert Black and the old school (S.S. No. 5 Ramsay). One story concerns a boy who cut himself on a broken bottle. The boys took him across the road to Mr. Black who hitched up the horses and took him to the doctor.

Mr. Black was well liked as the following from Mr. Paul shows: "We were fortunate to have a neighbour right across the road from the school, Robert Black was one of the best natured men I have known. I have never seen him angry and he had plenty of cause because we were all over the place. At sugar making time we's go back there at dinner time and into the sugar camp and he was always ready to help the boys out at school, (perhaps because he had several boys of his own). At maple sugar time a lot of us would bring a jar of maple syrup to school and somebody would bring a pot and we's put it all together on the old box stove and make a potfull of taffy."

For background see: McGill, Jean S. A Pioneer History of the County of Lanark. Bewdley: Clay Publishing Company Limited, 1968.

James W. C. Black  
1983



NOTES:

1. Morphy's Falls is now known as Carleton Place.
2. There is a problem with names as different sources give different names for Janet Black and Janet Johnston. As well, the spelling of Johnston differs (Johnston/Johnstone/Johnson).
3. The tombstone for Walter, Ellen and Charles is in the corner of a field on the original Black farm - Lot 21, 7th Concession of Ramsay Township.

The following information on the tombstone was sent to Florence Bowes by Miss Jean Steel of Ramsay Township Sept. 1982:-

Inscription -

"Walter Black born 1769 died 1851 (82 years)  
His wife born 1773 died 1842 (age 69 years)  
Their son Charles born 1813 died 1830 - 17 years."

The following information is by Florence Bowes, a great-granddaughter of Janet Black and Robert Bowes.

Their marriage date, etc. was found on a Microfilm of the Marriages in Eastern Ontario in the Public Archives, Wellington, Ottawa.

Robert Bowes and Janet Black were married April 20, 1832 by James Rae, Justice of the Peace as no minister was within 18 miles, in Ramsay Township, Lanark County. Walter Black was a witness.

In 1836 Robert Bowes and his wife Janet and two small sons, James and Charles, moved to Admaston Township, Renfrew County. Six daughters were born to them as well as three more sons. Eleven children grew to maturity. They settled on Lot 34, South Bonnechere Range, Admaston Township, Renfrew County.

William Black and his wife Catherine McLean moved to Lot 32, South Bonnechere Range, Admaston Township, Renfrew County. In the 1851 Census for Admaston Township, the names of four children are recorded.

In the same Census, his brother Robert Black and his wife Jean are listed as living on the same lot. At that time they had two sons, Walter and Robert.

Walter Black with his wife and family sailed from Greencok, Scotland, May 11, 1821 on the ship "Commerce" arriving in the Port of Quebec June 20, 1821.

James Bowes with his wife and family sailed May 19, 1821 on the ship "David of London" arriving in the Port of Quebec June 25, 1821.

Two small booklets were written in the early 1820's - "Narrative of the Rise and Progress of Emigration from the Counties of Lanark and Renfrew to the New Settlement in Upper Canada" by Robert Lamond, secretary and agent. The ship was the "Commerce" with many of the names of the new settlers. Walter Black's name is in the booklet.

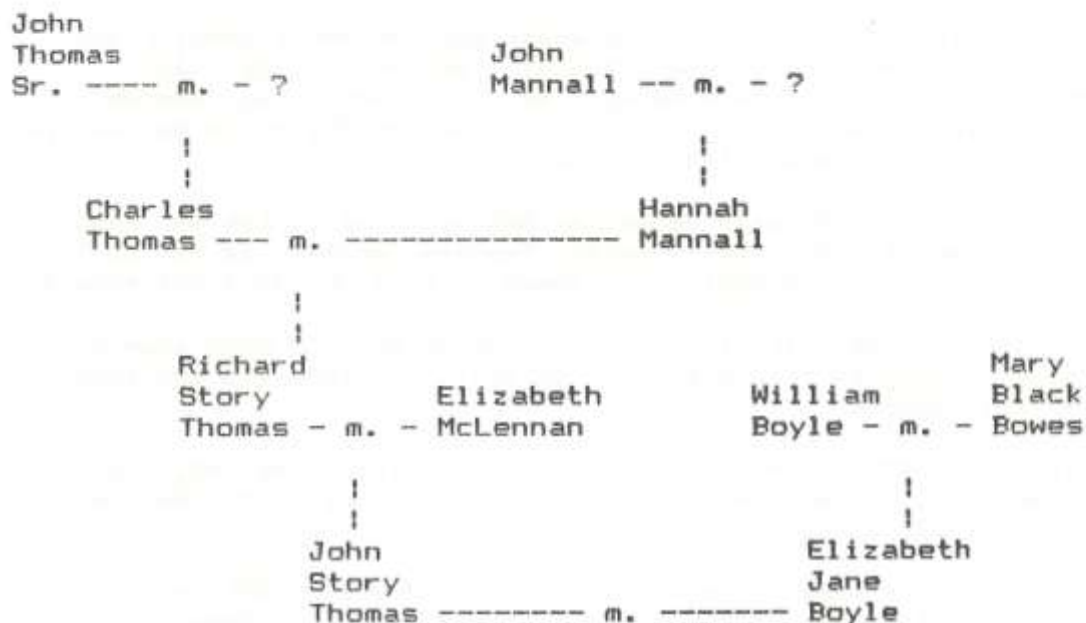
"Emigration to Canada - Narrative of a Voyage to Quebec and Journey from thence to New Lanark in Upper Canada" by John McDonald. The ship was the "David of London". It sailed May 19, 1821 from Greenock arriving in the Port of Quebec June 25, 1821.

Both of these booklets were reprinted in the 1970's by Canadian Heritage Publications.



## THE THOMAS ANCESTRY

This next section will be of direct interest to the descendants of Elizabeth Jane Boyle (AID=BAA), eldest daughter of William Boyle.



MS 161 - Moose Fort Mission Church Records, 1780-1894:

John Thomas, Sr., declares that he has the following children: [seventh child of ten] Charles Thomas born at this Factory 9 Sept. 1793; his father and Alex Leavy Godfather; Mrs. Lean, Godmother; now resident of this Factory.

John Mannall declares that he has the following children: [first child of two] Hannah Mannall born at Kenogamissi House August 1795.

Following is a family record for Charles Thomas and Hannah Mannall; a newspaper clipping about Charles Thomas; and an obituary for Charles Thomas; the whole lot occupying four pages.

The following was obtained from the copies of records in St. James Anglican Church, Hudson Heights, Que.

- \* Ceremonies performed on Feb. 16, 1824 by Rev. Joseph Abbott
- \* THOMAS, Charles, yeoman of Vaudreuil married Hannah Mannall Feb. 16, 1824. Hannah Mannall daughter of John Mannall of Ipswich, Suffolk, England. John Mannall had been a Factor at Moose Fort in the Hudson's Bay Company.
- Witness to marriage - Peter Spence and T. Harvey

## BAPTISMS

- \* THOMAS, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Thomas of Vaudreuil,  
farmer & Hannah - born Oct. 2, 1812
- \* THOMAS, Charles, son of Chas. Thomas of Vaudreuil & Hannah - born  
May 1, 1815
- \* THOMAS, John, son " " " " "  
Aug. 10, 1817
- \* THOMAS, Edward, son " " " " "  
Nov. 18, 1819
- \* THOMAS, William, son " " " " "  
Feb. 15, 1822
- \* MANNALL, Hannah born August 31, 1795 - daughter of John Mannall

THOMAS, Margaret, daughter of Charles, Merchant of Vaudreuil & Hannah, born Nov. 10, 1824 - baptised Jan. 19, 1825

THOMAS, Thomas, son of Charles, Farmer of Vaudreuil & Hangah  
born June 24, 1827 - sponsor - John Knight

THOMAS, Hannah, daughter of Charles & Hannah - born June 6, 1830

THOMAS, Frances Ann, daughter of Charles & Hannah, born July 23, 1832

I am adding the names of the two youngest sons born at Golden Lake, Ont.

Alexander Christie Thomas born Nov. 9, 1834

Richard Story Thomas born June 14, 1838.



# Golden Lake Pioneer Found Own Shangri-la

Written For The Journal  
By HARRY J. WALKER.  
(Copyright)

Product of an English Public School, he renounced the World, the Flesh and the Devil, only to find all three—at Golden Lake.

So this week we journey back nearly 150 years in our Valley to the Golden Lake Shangri-la of Charles Thomas, fur trader. He called his sanctuary "Charlie's Hope". But he does not say why. Nor does he give any reason for his self-imposed exile in our wilderness.

## Home at Golden Lake.

At some time in his life nearly every man dreams of a place of peace and quiet beyond the fret and fever of civilization. It may be a South Sea atoll with a boat to cruise the outer reefs, or a chicken farm by the creek. This escapist urge may have motivated Thomas. But he was philosopher enough to know that no man can escape himself or even wholly from the world. He was to realize this at Golden Lake.

(Some time ago we delved into the wanderings of this unique personality, but the Archives of Canada have yielded additional information.)

Thomas was a scholarly man, who kept a meticulous records of happenings and events. Unfortunately, the earlier years of his records are lost to posterity but in the fragment of his Journal commencing September 19, 1850, one can visualize pioneer life beyond the frontier of civilization.

His father was a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory, where the boy was born and grew up in the fur-trading traditions of the "Great Company". His father, "a hard man", sent him to England for an education without giving his mother a chance to kiss the boy goodbye.



But England did not hold him. In early manhood he came back to Canada in the service of the Company. Once more he was destined to have his "lodge in the wilderness"—this time in the unknown Peace river country. After a sojourn there, he trekked with his family back east to Montreal, and then the Company sent him as its factor to Golden Lake. The year of his arrival at Golden Lake is not known, but it is presumed that it was about 1820.

## Preferred Open Spaces.

After his fur-trading days were over, Thomas refused to live in stifling, man-made towns, preferring the life of the open spaces. As a compromise with the world of marching events, he maintained a sort of stopping place at Golden Lake. Here, through the human forsam of the bush trails, he kept in touch with that civilized world in which he was quali-

fied to take a prominent place.

An occasional visit "out" to the Second Chute (now Renfrew) or to Bytown for supplies satisfied any nostalgia for civilization. But "Charlie's Hope" remained his sanctuary.

And now for a glimpse into "The Journal of Transactions and Occurrences at Charlie's Hope". It is an intensely human document with Indians, shantymen and neighbors moving in a pioneer pageant, across its faded pages.

#### Hard Life.

Winter life in the frozen wilderness is told in terse sentences in which one sees the daily round of duties — netting fish, trapping, or chopping and piling wood, with the occasional chopping bee.

In a countryside of fighting Irish and Scots, plus Indians and halfbreeds, we read of wayfarers coming to the haven of "Charlie's Hope" in various degrees of drunkenness. Thus: "I was very unwell during the night and ——— was brought back in the horrors, augmented my troubles by his mischievous pranks all night."

Again there is this illuminating notation: "The great Macdonells went to their shanties — some drunkards going about — N. Groulx cruising along with drunkards". Drunk or sober, they all made port at "Charlie's Hope".

Occasionally, the supply of liquor ran out and we find him receiving a keg of brandy, via John Egan's team, from Aylmer. Along with the brandy came one, "Archie the Piper".

He certainly had a flair for recording the passing show of life. We see the long arm of the law reaching out into a hinterland shanty as "Banning and Joe McKibbin up at Coll's Shanty to serve a summons".

"Black Baptiste is referred to frequently in the diary, and may have been one of the hired help at the Inn. Anyway, he records the last dealing with him in one short significant sentence: "Settled matters with 'Black' Baptiste, and he started off downwards for the Lord alone knows where".

The raftsmen used to make "Charlie's Hope" their headquarters as they piloted the square timber down the singing Bonnechere. At nights, with April down the breeze, there were chansons and the fiddles playing madly.

Reading diligently the newspapers (notably the Bytown Gazette), he comments on world events—the cholera raging in the United States or an eclipse of the sun, not

visible at Golden Lake "owing to cloudy weather". And so we leave Thomas recording the diurnal round by quill and tallow light in a frontier outpost of a far-off world.



Ontario Provincial Archives  
Toronto, May 26, 1975.  
Microfilm N 123  
Renfrew Mercury  
June 30 - 1871  
Aug - 1874

The Renfrew Mercury Friday Mar. 14, 1873

Obituary - At Golden Lake, on Saturday, the 8th instant, death has taken to his cold embraces after a few days' illness, quite unexpectedly, at the advanced age of 80 years, Mr. Charles Thomas. He had resided at Golden Lake for a number of years, and was one of the oldest pioneers on the Bonnechere River. His father was formerly Governor of one of the Hudson Bay Company's Posts; and Mr. Thomas being possessed of a good education, held different trusts under him. In all his dealings with the public, he earned the respect and esteem of all. He was upright and independent, honest and honorable generous and a fast friend. For his years he was a hale hearty man, and in the best of spirits; and his sudden decease has cast a gloom upon the village of Eganville, where he was better known. He was a gentleman of most kind and pleasing manners much respected in his walk of life. - For the past thirty years he kept an accurate Diary, and was preparing it for publication. It contains thrilling excitements and perilous adventures in the Nor'west, and pleasing reminiscences that took place on the different chains of lakes on the Bonnechere, Madawaska &c. He survived his wife four years, and leaves one brother, five sons, and three daughters to mourn his loss.

## LETTERS

I'd like to acknowledge Christmas cards from:

Bill and Shirley Lendrum  
Ethel Ryan  
Mary Lou Quehl  
Marilyn Boyle  
Bruce Dyer  
& others arriving every day.

-/-/-/-/-/-

From Mary Lou Quehl of Maple Leaf, Ontario

Merry Christmas. It's been a while since we heard from each other but I couldn't let Christmas go by without letting you know that I still think of you and the bulletin. I was very sad to see in the last bulletin that you will be quitting. I wish there was something I could do to help or persuade you otherwise.

Take care, and all the best to you and your family at Christmas and always.

-/-/-/-/-/-

From F. Clyde Lendrum of King City, Ontario

--- I hope if anybody comes up with any genealogical data they will drop me a line. I still want to tie down Henry and Thomas in Ireland.

-/-/-/-/-/-

From Jos. N. Kellas, 156 Rosewood Drive, West Seneca, N.Y.,  
14224 USA

I am researching my Boyle family tree and Joan Semona Boyle said you might be able to help. My grandfather, James Henry Boyle, divorced my grandmother, Theresa Catherine Miller Boyle, in 1909 and family rumor has it that my grandfather lived and worked as a superintendant of Fenton Canning Co. either in St. Catherines or London Ontario. He lived until 1937 in Canada when he died. He may have re-married, but I am not sure. My Aunt Lorraine was born 15 Dec. 1897 in St. Catherines or Hamilton, Ont., Canada. He is also listed as being in St Catherines in 1899 (per his mother's obit. in Batavia newspaper). In 1900 he was manager of Ontario Pure Foods Co., St. Catherines (per St. Catherines evening star, 7 May 1900). Other than the above information I know little else.

Reader's who think they can help Mr. Kellas should write to him directly at the above address.

-/-/-/-/-/-



FROM THE BOYLE PHOTO FILE

1. Wilfred Boyle (AID=AAJB)  
probably taken in early 1940's
2. Elva Boyle Webb (AID=AAJA),  
Basil Webb (AID=AAJA(S1)),  
and Nancy Olsen (AID=AAJCCA) on  
day of christening, Nov 10/63 at  
six months of age.
3. Clifford Charles Boyle (AID=AAJD)  
and Audrey Boyle Orzek (AID=AAJDA)



1✓



3✓



2✓

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LAST AND FINAL WORD FROM THE BOYLE BULLETIN

It's been a lot of work, but great fun. Nakemiin!

