

Annie Rothwell (1872 – 1960)
1894-1895

Transcribed by Rural Diary Archive volunteers

{Printed} MAJESTIC EXERCISE BOOK {Handwritten} A. Rothwell Jan. 3rd 1894

{Printed - Advert for 'Boys Own Paper'}

Diary 1894.

Jan 1st Monday. Mother and Father went to Mr. Whitelock's for dinner and to uncle John's for tea. Visited Mrs. Huff, who is ill, Miss M^cLeod and Miss Coombs called in the afternoon. Ida & Ed went skating in the afternoon on the lake. Rebie went to Mary Edith's for dinner. Libbie and I called on Mrs. Bennett in the evening and then went to Miss M^cLeod's party. Formed many good resolutions which I hope to keep. Charlie Deering, Frank Whitelock Libbie & I Grace & Earnest & Jonathan were at this party.

Jan 2nd. Came to Bradford with Father and Annie Nesbitt. Settled down.

Jan 3rd. School opened in due form, all the teachers present namely, Mr. Waugh, Miss Potts, and Mr. M^cLean. Five new scholars - Mr. Wilson, Mr. Houston, Miss Beatty and Miss Grace Rogerson, also Miss Longheed.

Jan 4th. Arose this morning at break of day. Went to school and was well satisfied with the lessons. Took tea with Mrs. Hill. After tea had some music and then came to my room and studied.

Jan 5th. School, lessons in very good shape especially the classical geography. Went down street after four to look at some books for the Sunday School library. Read the Forty Thieves.

Jan 6th Read "Triumphs of Architecture" and studied. At 8 p.m went to rink and thence to store then returned and studied the Conference of Pillnitz.

Jan 7th. Went to C.M. Church in the morning and heard a sermon given by Mr. Ferguson. Went to Mrs. Kneeshaw's for dinner with Louisa Driffil. Went to Sunday School in the afternoon. After Sunday School went to Mr. E. Coomb's

Mrs. D. McLeod was there also Mr. Martin. In the evening heard Mr. Chillcott preach from the 3rd chapt. of St. John. After I came home conversed for a short time and spent the rest of the evening singing.

Jan 8th. School, new pupils Miss Jean Ferguson, Miss King, Mr. Henry and Mr. Thompson.

Jan 9th. School, more new scholars Miss Brawley, R Kneeshaw, and Miss Simpson.

Jan 10th. School, wrote a synopsis of the III canto of the Lady of the Lake. Heard of Mrs. Short's sudden death with La Grippe had a short talk with Mrs. Kneeshaw.

Jan 10th. Came from school studied a short time and then called on Mr & Mrs. W. Goodfellow and then proceeded to the carnival & spent a very enjoyable time. Uncle Sam was my escort. Death of Mrs. Bannerman.

Jan. 11th. School. Mr. Waugh read to us about Cato. Walked home with Miss M Beath, a part of the way.

Jan. 12th. School. Geography of Sicily, Euclid dividing a line into medial section. Read the Diamonds and Loads also Alladin's Lamp.

Jan 13th. Studied the most of the day. Went to Uncle King's in the evening. Dinner of heart with D's.

Jan 14th. Sunday. Came to Bradford in the evening heard Rev. Mr. Bedford preach

Jan. 15th. Exam. on Ancient History went to E.L in the evening Mr. Martin conducted the meeting. Subject - Thoughts for the New Year

Jan. 16. School. Went to store and seen about library.

Jan 17. New scholar. Miss Jo Grose. A talk with Florence on books.

N.V. On Jan 12th. Florence, Eva and Louisa came to room and presented candies and boxes.

Jan. 18. School.

Jan 19. School. Went home Friday evening with father. Pleased to see all.

Jan 20. Saturday - Did a bit of work, called on Mrs. Maggee, Mrs. Mattenley and Mrs. Whitelock. May Kearns and Baby Leslie at "Grandpa" Mattenley's Vera Leslie at Mrs. Magee's. In the evening took tea with Mrs. Bennett. Libbie and Maggie M^cLeod were there too. Pleasant evening and a good discussion of the "Lady of the Lake"

Jan 20th. Went to Churchill in the morning Mr. Ross preached and taught the Bible Class. Drove home with uncle Sam and took dinner at Uncle Eben's, went to see uncle Joe's and took tea with them. Went to Gilford church services conducted by Rev. R Toye then went to see J. M^cLeod who felt some better. Considered the day a very profitable and beneficial one.

Jan 21st. Rose before six o'clock a.m. and got a hustle on to come to Bradford. A fine morning and a fine drive with pa. School exam on grammar and rhetoric. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Jennings a missionary from British Columbia addressed the school. In the evening went to missionary meeting where addresses were delivered by Mr. Jennings Hart a missionary from China and Mr. Jennings a missionary from B.C.

Jan 23rd. School. Miss Dack a new pupil. Mr. Waugh read to us of Julius Caesar.

Jan 24th School. Mr. Waugh read to us of Rome.

" 24" In the evening attended Confirmation services.

Jan 25th Thursday - School. A cold but very bright morning. Got along well to-day for I know my history. Lesson on Mithradates, King of Pontus.

Jan 26. School. Mr & Mrs. Wilson's marriage party. a good time spent with about twenty-five guests.

Jan 27. Saturday - Study. In the afternoon went to see the new Presbyterian church. Tea with Mrs. Driffil.

Jan 28. Sunday, Service in the new Presbyterian Church conducted by Rev. Dr. M^cClaren. of Toronto. Libbie and Maggie M^cLeod came down to the afternoon service which was conducted by Rev. Ferguson. The evening service conducted by Rev. Dr. M^cClaren. A very large attendance. Was out to uncle King's.

Jan 30th. Monday - Mr. Maudson, the new teacher taught the chemistry.

Jan 30th. Tuesday morning, a fresh lot of snow. School - Emma Lougheed here for tea.

Jan 31st. A fine morning. Rose at 7 a.m. Mr. Maudson took charge of the physics. In the evening studying. A foot ball match to describe in rhetoric.

Feb 1st. A wintry day. School. After 4 p.m. squads I. II & III organised under the leadership of Misses Jean Ferguson, Miss Lila Neilly. Miss Lougheed. Miss Grose, Miss L. Evans & Miss M^cBeth.

Feb. 2nd. School - Called on Miss Menagh.

Feb. 3rd. Saturday - Study. Hurt my finger with the window sash. Called on Miss Alice Graham and Mr. Ferguson about the subject for League.

Feb 4th. Sunday - Quarterly Meeting in C. M church services conducted by Rev. J. J. Ferguson. Text. Jacob wrestling with God. In the afternoon went to hear Mr. Obery, who preached in the Presbyterian Church. Went to Wm. Goodfellow's for tea. Miss Hayes, Miss Kate and Mr. Will Faris, also uncle John King. In the evening heard M^r Dixon of Galt.

Feb 5th. School. Extra lesson in Chemistry after four. Went to tea - meeting in the basement of the new church with uncle and aunt King. Had a very pleasant time, good tea and good programme. Singing by the Choir, Solo's by Mrs. Waugh and Mrs. Hunter. Addresses by Revs. Carswell, Bell, Ferguson, Chillicott, Col. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Dixon. Dr. Dixon took for his subject Habit.

Feb 6th. Rose at 7 a.m. Birthday, Rather a dull day, tea at "Driffil Castle". Florence, Lou, & Edna came in, in the evening and had a few minutes fun presenting the address, the squirrel and the gum heart. ~~Had a~~ Lou and I got our pictures taken.

Feb 7th. Wednesday. School. Nellie came in, in the evening to do rhetoric.

Feb 8th. Received our pictures, dandies of course. School - new time table. In my study.

Feb 9th. School - Went home with Mr. Sawyer and Clara. Found mother had gone to aunty King's.

Feb 10th. Saturday - Studied.

Feb 11th. Went to Sunday School. Called on Mrs. Bennett. Went to church to hear Rev. J. J. Ferguson. Came home with him.

Feb 12th Monday - A beautiful morning. School.

" **13th.** School -

" **14th.** School. Received a Valentine, went to social at Mrs. W. Campbell's.

" **15th.** School. Received another Valentine.

" **16th.** School. The night of a grand concert in Gilford. Gertie Baker called on me.

" **17th.** Saturday. Studied.

" **18th.** Heard Rev. J. Ferguson preach morning and evening - Subject - Even {Evening}
One of the roads from Bradford {to Hell, in}

" **19th.** School - Read an essay on Jotham King of Judah at League.

Feb. 20th. Tuesday. School.

Wed. 21st. School. Study in History Canadian.

Thur. 22nd A new Miss M^cLeod. School. Frank Whitelock very ill.

23rd. School. Libbie came down. Spent a pleasant evening playing word game

24th. Saturday. Studied part of the time got our pictures taken in the afternoon called on Mrs. Kneeshaw, and Mrs. Garrett. In the evening Libbie went to rink.

25th. Sunday - Went to church in the morning, services conducted by Rev. Ferguson. Went to Sabbath School in the afternoon. Went to Mrs. K's for tea. In the evening listened to an able discourse delivered by Rev. Ferguson on games which are demoralizing.

26th. Monday. Exam on Ancient Geography describing Hannibal's route &c. Libbie still here. Called on Mrs Wilson & then took tea with Miss. C Driffil & Miss Alma Strong. Libbie went to League

27th. Libbie went home and I to school a wee bit lonesome

28. 29-3 School.

1st of March. School

2nd. " " Went home with Ed. called & seen Frank Whitelock, He was very low and very short of breath, but conscious knowing all those who stood around him. Went home found all well

3rd March Saturday Received word that Frank had died about nine o'clock this morning. Uncle King's came out. Went to see Mrs. D. M^cLeod and Baby. Found them progressing favorably. Baby a pretty little thing. Maggie M^cLeod and I went to Gilford and sent to Barrie for a wreath for funeral. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs. John Magee (bride and groom) came along with Mrs. George Magee. A number of young people came to practice. Libbie's & Douglas' Party

March 4. Went to Sunday School and then to Mrs. Blain's for tea. Mr. Toye preached a very appropriate sermon in the evening and spoke so favorably of the deceased, who had done so much to make everyone happy in this life and who had used his many talents so well.

March 5th. Monday. Worked Arithmetic in the morning along with uncle Davidson - Went to Mrs. Bennetts on my way to the funeral. A lovely day but the roads were in a very bad state. A very large crowd. At the house the hymn page {blank} was sung and the organ played {"Tune"} "Dennis". Went Ferguson made a ~~lov~~ very impressive prayer and Mr. Sanderson gave out the hymn. The Forresters and the Temperance Societies were there all wore regalias and badges. At the church - Both Gilford and Ebenezers choir sang as he was a member of both. Voluntary - "We are pilgrims looking home" - Mr. Ferguson preached from the text "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my ~~fath~~ path." as this was the one he selected before dying. Three burial services were read at the grave. The Church service read by Revs. Ferguson and Sanderson. Forresters service, read by Paul West and Earnest Bennett. Temperance Service read by Charlie Mattenley, Mr. Neilly and Ed. Rothwell. Came back to Bradford from funeral.

M. 6. 7. 8. School.

9. Lizzie married a year ago to-day. Dr. Evans and Jenny Cerswell married yesterday. Mrs. {Yuit} and Mr. S. West married yesterday also Fred Lynne and a miss above Barrie

March 10th. Saturday at uncle Kings. There over Sunday came back Monday morning, the roads good - a fine morning exam - Euclid - After school called to see Sadie.

" **13th.** Writing an essay on the Vth Canto of the Lady of the Lake

14.15.16. School - On Friday night the 16th went to High School concert. Mr. Waugh chairman, Kleiser elocutionist. Mrs. Hamer, Mrs. Modson, Miss E. Edmanson singers, Quintette and choral societies. Miss V. Broughton & Miss Potts instrumentals. Club Swinging - Song - The man behind the plough - Hockridge. Went to Mr. James Faris after concert spent a very nice time. Came back Sunday night. Heard Mr. Patterson a lawyer from the city speak an able discourse in the Presbyterian Church.

March 19th. School

" **23~~2~~** " Run away. Fruit festival in temperance hall.

March 23. Good Friday. Miss M. Todd here.

" **24.** Called at Sawyers, went to see Miss Grace Lukes - called at Whitelocks

March 25th. Went to Wm. Nesbitt's with Ed and from there went with Minnie to Coulsons. Ed went to Ebenezer with Tom.

March 26th Monday - washed went to Doolittle's.

Tuesday Mrs. Neilly helped with rug.

Wednesday - a rag bee at uncle Jo's party at night - good fun a boisterous time. stayed all night.

Thursday - Went to lodge with Maggie in the evening. Harry Coulson and Bella were initiated. Reading of the Expositor.

" **30th.** At home. Went to Mrs. Bennetts for tea. Libbie making a print dress for Tena

" **31st.** Saturday. Mr. Sanderson preached Mrs. Huff's funeral sermon. Went to see Mrs. and Albert Gibbons who were both poorly.

Feb. 21st 1895.

Going to H.S. after spending a term at model. Miss Joe Grose is rooming with me also my brother Ed. Had a very severe storm and very cold weather during the past week or more, a little over a week ago. I am at present at "Aldersyde" the home of Miss C Driffill. A lovely home beautiful flowers blooming in the conservatory, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Jo is a present with her nieces at the concert in the Town Hall. Sim Fax is to be there. Gersham Howard and Adolphous Hamer room at Aldersyde too. Allan boarded or rather roomed in the fall but is a present attending Newmarket H.S. Alma is in the City attending the millinery openings. Miss Driffill is out to quilting bees this week. Mr. Shine takes the chemistry now in place of Mr. Maudson and Mr. Somerville in place of Miss Potts. Ida has been out visiting at Mr. J. Kneeshaw's. The last book I read was Maitland of Laurieston I am at present reading Westward Ho. Read lately Stepping Heavenward (a good book). Literature for this year is some of Tennyson's poems. For to-morrow we have "The Voyage" Composition is on Cowper. Goldwin Smith's life of Cowper. Miss Lou Driffill called this evening after the carnival (butterfly).

Saturday **March 9th.** Twilight

Ed went home last night and Jo Thursday night. Plenty of snow. Went to Mrs. Wilson's and stayed all night. Spent a pleasant evening came home in morning and after a short talk with Miss Driffill entered my study. Edna called. Mrs. Mary Kneeshaw's funeral on March 7th. Cantata at Gilford. Concert on March 1st The Webling Sisters very good Libbie spent last Sunday with me, went to Garretts for tea on Saturday night. Books read lately "Maitland of Laurieston", "Nelly Nowlan's Experience", and "John Stallibrass, by Rev. Jackson Wray. The darkies (Ball Family) to be here to-morrow, Methodist Church. Lively discussions lately on Cowper. Alma and Myra coming up the walk and Miss Driffill buttering toast.

April Fool's Day.

Books read lately "Quinnabassett Girls" and Mistaken. Home two weeks ago. Mrs Arabuckle at our place. Libbie and Ida doing a little painting. Tenie's sister Mrs Gracie, died in Toronto of Consumption. Mother spent a couple of weeks at uncle King's lately with Douglas. Fred Neilly just getting well after a severe illness. Up to Dan Neilly's last Friday evening. Spent two weeks ago Sunday with Mrs Bennett while Tenie was in Toronto. A week ago Sunday I was at Miss Lou Driffill's. Her birthday is tomorrow. Mr. Ferguson preached a sermon last night on one of way's to Heaven, "Honesty". Miss

Alice Adelia Hultz died recently only 21 years of age. Miss Jo is busy writing a letter. It will soon be Easter and I am very glad.

The Social Glass.

Oh I do like the social Glass
So do I So do I
It makes the hours so pleasantly pass
And fills the day with pleasure
I like to join the merry throng
With the story joke & laugh & song
But you'll get into a fix.
If the liquors you mix.
O I never do that Nor I. Nor I.

Chorus.

Oh I do like the social glass
But it must be cold water
The sparkling well is free to all
To every son and daughter.
O I do like the social glass
So do I So do I
It reddens the cheek of every lass
And makes the face look brighter
But you musn't drink, whiskey beer or wine
Or else you'll soon begin to pine
And instead of it being your cheek that glows
You'll have a red spot on the end of your nose
Chorus.

Our Boys

Who is the boy with rosy lips
And eyes of so rich a hue
Who never thinks it at all amiss

To follow the wren through the dew.

"Tis Jonathan.

Who is the boy who toothless goes
Since the gate flew back and hit his nose
Who always intends to climb the fence
And never more tare his pants

'Tis Hart.

Who is the boy across the way
Whose filled with new ideas
Who never has very much to say
Except at tea-meetings

"Tis Hermann

Who is the boy whose love's so true
Whether the skies be black or blue
Whether the skies be gloomy above
His thoughts are always thoughts of love

"Tis Tom.

Who is the boy who bot the sweets
And only gave a few a treat
And made the chum set up the cash
While he prepared to make a mash

'Tis Charlie.

A boy I know is troubled so
And threatens to never come back
But once more goes on his knees
And make all clear the track

'Tis Willie

Who is the boy who pines and pines
And feels so dull all day
But at night takes a dose of turpentine
And his pains at once vanish away.

'Tis Earnie.

Who is the one who roving goes
And sometimes gets quite gone
But thinks he will be a great beau

When he reaches Oregon
'Tis Henry.
Who is the one who wears the broad smile
And always feels so happy

And thinks there's nothing under the sun
Like being called Daddy.
'Tis Dave.

Who is the boy who lonely feels
On the valley by the hill
And very often steals away
And comes home oh so ill.

'Tis Will.
Who is the great big boy so tall
Who goes about doing good to all
But who walks the road so well
And only once in the culvert fell
Why Paul.

Who is it that is always so nice
And from his elders seek advice
And when the shafts his brother breaks
He then appears on the scene too late.

J. Hughes.
Who is it that goes to school
And ever always obeys the rule
And gets his lessons all so well
Then up the track he lies for fun
Fred

Written by {M} M^cL. & A.C. R.

In the Morning
I. Ise going away by the light of the moon
Want all the children for to follow me.
I hope I'll meet you darkies soon.
Halle Halle Halle Hallelujah.

Chorus.

In the morning
In the morning boys by the bright light
When Gabriel sounds his trumpet in the morning

II. We'll have beef steak and spare rib stew
And nice boiled onions dipped in dew
For no one has to pay no fare
So don't forget to curl your hair.

Initiation into C. Q. F.

Officers and Brethern

We are about to initiate a candidate into the secrets and mysteries of our Order, Let nothing jar the harmony of the ceremony. Everybody take out their tobacco quids and {quit} smoking. No shuffling of feet on the floor. No talking politics or growling about the poor crops and low prices. No snarling about books, buckets or lost charters on this serious occasion, and if any man whistles the woodwards will please throw him out of the window. Everybody sit up straight, throw your shoulders back, no squinting, pull down your vest, and wipe off your chin. The guide will introduce the candidate.

Guide

Chief Ranger. Allow me to introduce this candidate who wishes to be initiated into the mysteries of our Order. Place your right hand on the south side of your heart.

The Agricultural Irish Girl

Dedicated to Miss J. M^cG.

1. Oh I'm the rollicking jumping Agricultural Irish Girl.
I'm laughing, smiling, skipping, shouting, dancing all day long.
Oh I wash and iron sweep and scrub and churn the cream.
And keep everything, rattling, banging crashing with my song.
Oh I'm happy all the day no matter what they say,
They can tease me all they like for all I care.
I have fellows by the score, and they meet me at the door
And they hug me and they drive me everywhere.

2. Oh I help them on the farm and I think there is no harm,
In milking cows and slopping pigs and sawing wood.
I can pitch a load of hay or I can pack the eggs away,
And I wouldn't sew or crotchet if I could.
I like to scrub the floor and sell butter at the store.
To study makes my brain go in a whirl
I will marry a farmer's boy, and my heart will jump with joy
For I'm the rollicking Agricultural Irish Girl.

O I do like the social glass
So do I, So do I.
It gives health and wealth to very lass
And a conscience free from sorrow,
It makes us honest pure and true
As the bright and sparkling evening dew
But you must drink it free from Rye
Oh I always do that
And I. And I

Song

Oh What a Difference in the Morning

1. There's a sweet little girl and her maiden name it is Josie.
At night. At night.
She's a daisy little girl and a gay little posey.
At night At night.
She has a young man His name's Henry West
She pretend's she doesn't like him and that he's a pest.
But just all the same she thinks he's the best.
At night At night.

Chorus

But Oh what a difference in the morning
Her Henry would'nt know her in the morning

He took her to the stack and he gave her such a smack
That her mouth it was all blistered in the morning.

2.

He comes round to see her all covered with smiles. At night. At night.
And she's all nice graces and sweet little wiles.
Her hair is combed back and dress colored blue.
And she so awfully sweet and too utterly too too.
And they laugh and they giggle and pet thick as glue.

Chorus

But oh what a difference in the morning
You'd never think 'twas Josie in the morning
Her clothes are patched and sad
And her hair has all gone mad.
And she never smiles at nothing in the morning.

2.

Oh they coo like 2. 40 and the're both the same age. At night. At night.
They both hug each other and they've each got a prize
They talk about love and they giggle and laugh
And she calls it taffy and he calls it chaff.
And the people they say they're too foolish by half.
At night. At night.

Cho.

But oh what a difference in the morning
You'd think he was her father in the morning
For she is not sixteen and just a little green
And he's a gray old bachelor in the morning.

Canada must be free

"Air John Brown's body"

Oh dear friends and fellow citizens,
I'm glad to see you here.

We've a meeting here for business,
And we need your help and cheer.
We're preparing for a battle,
And our battle cry shall be,
That Canada must be free.

Chorus.

Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Oh Canada must be free.

There's a monster in this country,
Prowling 'round both night and day,
He is snatching up our brightest sons,
and hurrying them away;
While the mother's, wives and daughters
Cry aloud on bended knee,
Oh Canada must be Free,

He's the ruin of this nation,
The cause of crime and poverty,
He brings death and desolation,
To the homes once full of glee,
We'll drive him from our borders,
And heaven will smile to see,
That Canada must be free

Then rise ye men of Cardwell
Gird your armour firm and strong
Right is right and sure to conquer
Soon we'll sing the victor's song
We will mark our New Year's ballots
With a cross for liberty
For Canada must be free.

Written by F.C.W Suitable to be sung at prohibition meetings

Gilford Oct. 1893.

{Blank page}

My Pledge

Many years gone by, when but a youth
And fresh from my mother's knees,
In earnest prayer I was taught to say
"Wine is a hollow mockery."

Years roll on I seek the world
Its pleasures to taste and see,
But still the sentence rings in my ear
Wine is a hollow mockery.

In horror I behold insane with drink
Young men who once chummed with me
Then I realize the terrible truth
Wine is a hollow mockery.

A weeping widow with children in rags,
Without home, food, or money is she.
She knows too well, the pitiful tale,
Wine is a hollow mockery.

My Pledge.
An empty brain and a troubled mind,
A heart of remorse and iniquity.
While the soul pants forth in gasping groans,
Wine is a hollow mockery.

From the fiendish demon may I ever shrink
As I would from perdition flee,
Neither touch, taste, nor handle, the cursed stuff;
Wine is a hollow mockery.

Nov. 6th 1887.

The Country School

At the age of six, a little lad,
With a mind scarce a minute long
An imagination craving for work
I humbly toddled along.
I did so because it was the rule,
At that age to start to the country school.

My A.B.C's were first drilled in
By a man with muscle strong
Who depended much on the correcting rod
To help the boys along
With an iron drill and a wooden rule
He belabored us boys in that country school.

I memorized the first two books,
And of course was promoted on,
I then was allowed a pencil and slate
And punishment for pictures drawn
At times I felt as stubborn as a mule
As I was knocked about in that country school.

Time rolled on new branches taken,
A new teacher the sceptre waved,
I raised in size and increased in sense
And of course was better behaved,
Then I thought I once had been a fool
For so rashly judging the country school.

An Entrance Candidate I was sent away,
And with credit the exam I passed.
To the High School then, I directed my course

And to hard study buckled fast,
But an outburst of sorrow, was hard to keep cool
As I bid Adieu to that country school.

But time flew past and so did my funds
While attending the B.C.I.
But a year and a half gave me a 2nd "A"
Then the Model term soon flew by,
And now pray believe it, I sway the rule
The absolute monarch of a country school

Nov. 7th '87 Nov. 1st '95.

The Dimple in her Chin

'Twas at the Model School
I met my charmer fair,
'Mid charming belles and blushing suffells
The prettiest daisy there;
I watched her while the master talked
Of Browning and Baldwin,
I fell in love - no not with her,
But the Dimple in her Chin.

Chorus' _____

Oh the Dimple in her Chin,
My heart did beat like sin,
There's not a girl in all the school
That I would sooner win.

I watched her up the stair,
While we to classes went,
Upon that dimple in her chin,
My eyes were full intent.

I asked her to the Vic that night,
I told "Ed" and "Mag" to be in,

And there we sang our little song
Of the Dimple in her Chin.

The Model term will soon be o'er,
And then we all must part.
And each one in the country go,
To do a teacher's part.
But then I know I'll ne'er forget
The times we did put in,
When we need to laugh and joke about
The Dimple in her Chin.

A Picnic Escapade

On a beautiful morning in the month of June
Four pedagogues light hearted,
With roses adorned and canes in hand
To a brother's pic-nic started.

They moved along for about a league,
When to a house they came
Where angelic forms, and heavenly smiles
And dazzling beauty reign.

Here they spent a happy hour
Entertained as if young Kings
Aloyisia their hostess appearing to all
Like an angel bereft of wings.

Once more their faces to the west
When suddenly from afar,
Appears two figures of sweeter form
Than Ellen of Lochinvar.

Oh how they try to induce them back
But all without avail

Then they all sorrowfully bid adieu
And continue on their trail.

At Hillsdale they secure a guide
Who shows a way much nearer,
Each rugged path and steep hillside
Renders their goal the dearer.

At last the grounds they do espy
And to the tables with a rush,
While "pilot John" drags off his form,
In the shade of a cooling bush.

Swings, Croquet, and Football too
Amuse those reckless swains,
Maidens fair, with golden hair
Dash love-darts at their veins

The day advanced cool night steals on
All merriment now must end,
The parting wish forced forth from all
To again picnic with their friend.

The Rustic Pedagogue

Behind a desk o'erspread with books
The rural teacher sat.
With features stern and piercing eye,
Forbidding friendly chat.

His shiny coat and chalk-white hands
His meditative looks
Reveals the thought, his busy mind,
Is centered all on books.

The noisy urchins, on the floor

Repeatedly tap their feet.
They flop about and twist around
And fall most off their seat.

Their constant hum like swarming bees
Resounds the school room o'er
Just broken by the loud report
As a slate descends the floor.

The school room large and dusty is
The walls with grates of lath,
The ink bespattered desk-tops are
The most cheering sights he hath.

The stove is cracked, the pipes are bent
The windows patched and sad
From a nail above the master's seat
Suspends the old beech gad.

The rod is now but little used,
The teacher tries instead
To reason, and in gentle words
The pupils right are led.

They tell him all their small complaints
He's judge and jury both
Decides the case and verdict gives
Unwanting useless oath.

His pupils occupy his mind
His thoughts from morn till night.
To elevate their minds and thoughts
To cipher read and write.

His work seems light when viewed by those
Who labor all for grain,

But his reward counts not in gold
Nor his work in muscle's strain.

He sees the crop he daily sows,
'Tis budding every day
And soon the fruit will ripen forth
And then he gets his pay.

When men look back to school boy days
And before the world proclaim
That their aspiration seeds were sown
Not by works of men of fame.

But by their early youthful guide
Their school room demagogue,
Then bliss will crown the closing day
Of the Rustic Pedagogue.

Richview '85

In Memoriam

Lines dedicated to the memory of George Sterling Wittet, who died at Schomberg Ont,
of Diptheria, Feb 8th 1888 Aged {3 years & 7 mts}.

Like the blossoms of early spring time
They blossom but to die
So like our fair young Georgie
So soon he bade Goodbye.

His merry prattle ended,
His rosy lips now cold,
A lamb from the earth is taken
To live in the upper fold.

He always seemed so happy,

And so much enjoyed his play
How he loved to hear a 'tory',
As he often used to say.

How he loved his baby brother,
And when fever flushed his face,
He wished him at his bedside,
And longed him to embrace.

He loved his little mission box
And yet I see him run
To tell "he had most a thousand cents"
~One hundred and fifty-one"

He always loved the flowers,
And this thought now gives me joy
In paradise they never fade,
But blossom for our boy.

Our hope of thee was lofty
But have we cause to grieve
Oh could our finest proudest wish,
A grander fate conceive.

We never can forget you
Nor will we ever try
But hope ere long to meet you
In yon mansions in the sky.

Where you a little messenger
Can read the book of fate
And tenderly watch over us
And for our coming wait.

Why wonder why you left us.
Sorrow is not sent in vain

The Great Physician maims to pave
He gives no useless pain.

Our God to call us homeward
His only Son sent down.
And now to tempt our hearts still more
Has taken up our own.

You'll never hear his voice again throughout the long long day.

His poor tender now with no living child is blest,
For the two that God had given now in the churchyard rest,
And when old age shall bow them down and they are called to go,
We hope in better hands they'll meet where sorrows they'll not know.

For Autographs.

Every friend we meet with here,
Makes our lives to us more dear,
In sympathetic love like minds entwine
Linking their thoughts in a sweet design
Yet a stronger link connects the heart
Contained by those who love, impart.

Our Boys

Who is it that feels that life's worth living,
And this year a new life enjoys
Thorough the benefits of the Gilford Tempp (lodge
Why the boys.

Who is it that sings in two church choirs,
And loves the ladies all,
But still prefers the bachelor's side,
Why Paul.

Who is that has the nice new buggy
And drives so slick and smart

And opens three gates to get to her house

Why Hart.

Who is it that always beams with smiles

'Cause he launched on the matrimonial wave

And goes to bed now at 8 o'clock

Why Dave.

Who is it that crowned himself with success

And his Edna the list did head

Ten out of eleven his record stood

Why Fred.

Who is it that forgets the road he came

And goes home by the town line generally

Then he and the Chief walk across the fields

Why Henry.

Who is that drives to Aurora sometimes

With his niece and the lady beyaunt

And kept very mum but smiled all the while

Why Johnt.

Who is it plays the Irishman

And his part always takes the best

And would like to trade homes with Emerson

Why Earnest.

Who is it that goes to Cookstown no more

Came home hungry and went down cellar and drank

A pan of new milk, and ate a whole loaf of bread

Why Frank.

Who is it lives on the Penetang road

And whose rig is a perfect dilly

And who wishes somebody had stayed in the N.W.

Why Willie.

Who is that went to Alliston

And in the foot race won some money

But thought Gilford holidays too long

Why Johnny.

Who is it feels quite satisfied

Because their names were missed

And nothing was said about them
Why all the rest.

Written by F.C.W. Gilford Aug./ 93

Song

Far-ra-ra-boom-de-ay

I'm going to sing, you a little song
Just listen for, 'twont take me long
Its about Gilford lodge, and those who belong
And why we're such a happy throng
We started our lodge, the first of May,
We found that drinking did not pay
We signed the pledge, and from that day,
If asked to drink, we smile and say,

Cho. Far - ra - ra,boom de ay

We meet each week, on Thursday night,
Our thoughts are pure, our hearts are light,
We're brothers and sisters for the right,
For prohibition, we mean to fight,
Our goal which is our boast our pride,
At every meeting, is untied,
And some new member, gets a ride,
And joins the ranks of those inside.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,
Our program's always, interesting,
We read recite, and play and sing,
We learn something out of everything
And sorrow far away, we fling
We have had one, first class debate,
About marrying the woman, that you hate

And awful stories, they did relate,
While speaking on that first debate.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,

The boys they played, one funny play,
The Haunted House, was the name they say,
You'd laugh to see the comical way,
They frightened the Irish man in that play
With bed bugs big, and fat and strong,
And imagination, with a tale that long,
And a man in his shlope, a walking along,
And a ghost the worst, of all the throng.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,

There's some who will not join our camp,
They say the nights, are cool and damp,
And on the roads they cannot tramp,
And our laws are not, the proper stamp,
They'd like to know, what we do here,
And talk about us very queer,
If they ask for the password never fear,
Just quietly whisper, in their ear.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,

We've elected new officers as you see
But the old chief will the new one be
And the Vice so nice will smile at he
And he'll smile back again at she
Our Secretary's always in her place
We all adore our charming Grace
With her assistant smiling in her face
They're just the pair in the proper-place

Cho. Far - ra,

Our Treasurer holds, the money tight
And the financial sits just to his right,
And the Chaplain with, his eyes so bright,
And the Past Worthy who, is not here to-night
Our Marshall who is good and true,
And his Deputy to, assist him through,
For fear they'd talk, which would not do,
We keep the Vice between the two.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,

And then there's our sentinel and guard
To watch the door, and take the word,
They're both good men we've always heard
And they'll do their duty, you can rest assured,
And now to our members one and all.
As we spread o'er this, terrestrial ball,
I hope with joy, we'll each recall,
The times spent in the Gilford Temperance Hall.

Cho. Far - ra - ra,

Written by F.C.W July 1893.

In years to come this book will show
The path our fancy once did roam
How gloom or joy would our mind's employ,
While sojourning in climes afar from home.

Long, long shall I remember thee
When friends and all are gone
Oft will my memory wander back
To dreams of days gone by.

_____ x _____ x

{written upside down}

Books read during 1895. By Annie R.

(1) Crissy's Gift.

2 Christmas Pictures and other Tales

3 Oliver of the Mill by

4. Mistaken

Some books read in 1896.

(1) "Without a home" by E.P. Roe.

For more information on Annie Rothwell, check out the "Meet the Diarists" section under "Discover" on our website: ruraldiaries.lib.uoguelph.ca