

Excerpt from an 1846 diary, likely the journal of Ernest Hawkins, located among the papers of Rev. Millman which have been given to the Anglican Diocesan Archives, Toronto. The copy from which this was made is pale and difficult to read. It was provided to the Cobourg Public Library by local researcher Ruth Porrett, Grafton in June, 1993.

-33-

Drive through Scarborough, well cultivated country - rising and falling ground - Whitby also an improved and well-farmed district.

Slept at Post's Inn - had a log fire - as we had for the last two nights at Ramsey's. The road might have in many places been mistaken for one in England - but for the snake fences.

September 8. Start about 6 1/2. Breakfasted on road. Called on Mr. Kennedy at Clarke. He seems quite a working Missionary - has 3 Sunday and several week-day Stations - is married to a clever looking wife. K. is about 34.

Far the most beautiful place on the road is Port Hope, and it is one of the most beautifully situated places I ever saw. The heights are various - there is a great deal of wood and you command the lake.

From Port Hope to Cobourg the road is Macadamised. Well quartered at the Rectory.

Archdeacon had a party. J. M. Campbell, Geo. Ley - Mr. Shortt, Mr. Wilson. Campbell is wonderfully like his father. The same eye and manner and expression. I was in a manner afraid of him. He declared himself an annexationist - said it was no longer a matter of opinion, but of certainty, and he had no manner of doubt that Canada would be united to the States within 4 years or at the utmost 5. Wilson, the Clergyman of Grafton and Colborne seemed a serious and devoted Missionary. He described Campbell as rather an impeder of his work - by making charges of Puseyism

-34-

- not attending church - and never subscribing. I can fancy that he is an awkward Parishioner. He was however very obliging to me - and it was arranged that Ley should drive me to Rice Lake and that Campbell should take me up there to Grafton.

Sunday September 9. Went to the Sunday School - the room of which serves for the Theol. Institution. Preached in the morning. The body of the Church is of Wood, but a stone front has been put on and the whole is to be gradually rebuilt in stone.

Ley dined with us - made out the 3 -fold classification of Missionaries and sent copy to the Bishop of Toronto. I read and the Archdeacon preached in the evening.

Monday September 10. Started with Geo. Ley in a rough waggon along a well made road, and through a well farmed country to Rice Lake - Gore's Landing - 12 miles - as you get near there is a beautiful wooden glen or hollow. The Lake and its islands form a sweet-placed scene.

Mr. Hayward took me to his cottage to lunch and afterwards rowed me and his wife across the Lake and a mile up the Otonabee. Put out a glittering bait on a trolling line, but caught no fish. The rice of which there is great abundance is now quite ripe. Dined at Mr. Gore's on roast goose. They were without a servant so Mrs. G. had to put the dinner on table herself. Mrs. Hayward's grievous disappointment with the

lithographs of her drawings - the views were reversed. Church prettily situated commanding the lake. Mrs. H. most anxious for a Clergyman - liked Mr. Mulholland very much - he preached Christ - not the Church. She is a nice (niece ?) of the Goodes" Rough drive with Geo. Ley in his waggon through the forest to his house, 7 miles. It was dark and he had occasionally to get out to look for the track.

Tea and mutton chops over a log fire and reading some old numbers of the Britannia.

September 11. Up at 8. Heavy fog. When clear I could see that the situation of Ley's house was a very beautiful one. A Mr. Henderson came to breakfast. We walked through Ley's lot. I cut down a tree - less than 3 feet in girth - but I never was more tired with any exercise. It took me 20 minutes. I was quite exhausted and felt sick. Sail back to the landing. Campbell had been waiting - and was in a great hurry to be off. The reason was he had to take up bills at Cobourg.

With a pair of horses he drove me the 12 miles in little more than an hour. Lunched with Mrs. Bethune. Cobourg is a neat thriving town with an Inn "the Globe" said to be the best in Canada - as it well may be.

Campbell then drove me over an excellent road to Grafton - about 7 miles. The country is pretty and the lands seem well farmed.

September 12, 1849.

After introducing me to Mrs. C. he shewed me the "distillery" and the "Porkery" a place for fattening - "boarding" it is called - pigs on the coarse beer and wash - he has about 300 - and the process takes 5 months. Mr. Standly his partner was out and we had no company, except young Adamson his Clerk. However the evening was an agreeable one. He freely opened his Champagne. I found Mrs. C., who is a daughter of Mr. Chilton, Queen's Counsel, an agreeable, lady-like woman - something like Miss Keate. She was very gracious - gave her Print of Rice Lake.

September 12. Prayers. Campbell drove me with a different pair of horses over a very good road through a pretty and well cultivated country to Brighton where we lunched, and then on through a country of a similar smiling character to Trent Port (Mr. Bleasdel's Mission). This seems likely to be a thriving place. There is a very good Church with a tower and small chancel. Campbell talked about the "Vestiges of Creation" - the allegorical character of the Old Testament in a manner I did not like - but felt it awkward to enter into a discussion with him on the subject, and yet felt myself wanting in courage and shrinking from duty in holding back. He spoke also of the Puseyism of the Younger Clergy and his objection to the system of Cobourg - and the separate education of Students in Divinity, much in his father's way.

We got to Belleville before 6 - a flourishing place. Called on Mr. Grier - an old comfortable Scotchman - about 60 with a son reading for Holy orders. He said the Church was too small and that 1,000 pounds has been offered by 40 persons towards building another. The Congregation make up to Mr. Grier 300 pounds a year. They have also built him a Parsonage. Had supper with Campbell - afterwards called and took tea with Mr. Grier. Good bye to Campbell. He has acted very kindly to me - and seems certainly a very intelligent and acute man - everywhere pushing his business.

A-Cobourg Churches
(07-01) P3

Thursday September 13th. Off at 6 1/2 by steamer. Mrs. Saltern Givins introduced herself to me on board. Miss Lauder sister to the new Missionary at Napanee was with her. Stopped at the Mohawk Village. Mr. Givins has a modest but sufficient parsonage and some good land about it. The Church which seems solidly built is very ill-arranged inside. Howard of Toronto was the architect. Mr. Givins took me a beautiful drive along the high Shore of the Bay of Quinte to Picton. -Rev. Mr. Macaulay - where we dined. M. is quite a theorist - read me some letters he had sent to the Gov. General on the Political Government of the Country. After dinner he drove us along a road commanding beautiful views to Mary'sburgh ferry. Went up to the Lake of the Mountains - where is not much to be seen - the wonder being how the water gets there - cooped in a "scow" to Adolphus Town. Job Deacon's - I observed very peremptory with his wife as to getting all things in readiness for us. He and Macaulay are old acquaintances and he took the freedom of bantering him on many points. Givens left in the evening.

Friday 14. Another fine day, added to so many many which had preceded it. Certainly the skies are beautiful in this (end of excerpt)

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