

Professor Torry's poem, The Founding of Kingsey

Here where for ages in the elder day,
The red-man held an undisputed sway,
Flowed then as now, yon ever coursing stream
Neath the sun's ardent or the moon's pale beam.
The same bright stars are shining overhead,
The hills and vales, with nature's carpet spread,
Here autumn hangs her leafy banners bright,
And winter's pall wraps all the world in white.
All else how changed, where once roamed free and wild,
The untutored Indian, nature's simple child,
Where wolf and wildcat and the prowling bear
With him the howling wilderness did share.
Now all is peace. The woods resound no more
With savage warcrys as in days of yore,
The hum of honest labour now is heard,
Attuned to rustling tree or song of bird.

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So, whilom came to this fair continent,
A hardy race for home and freedom bent,
Daring the billows of the ocean flood
Threading the mazes of the pathless wood.
First of the pilgrim band who settled here,
Came in the eighteenth century's closing year,
Who feared no danger and who spared no toil,
To clear and till a rich and virgin soil.
For faith and freedom with a purpose grand
Their fathers in New England took their stand,
But scant return, wrung from unwilling soil,
Repaid them for their hardship and their toil.
Their sturdy sons, to wander still inclined,
Pierced by land hunger and a restless mind,
For broader lands and richer vales were fain
Nor home nor love theirs could restrain.

In this fair vale to which his steps were steered
Ere summer waned a humble cot he reared,
Turned up the soil and reaped the fruitful ground
With grateful heart that here a home was found.
Oh, the wild winter, when with wife and child,
Against the door the drifting snow was piled,
But love bound closer still child, wife and sire,
Nor did they lack for shelter, food and fire.
But winter ceased at last his cruel reign,
And spring returned with verdure in her train,
And the brave captain without pause or rest,

Poème " The Founding of Kingsey "



From seed to harvest time his labour pressed.
Two years the brave adventurer sternly wrought,
Summer's fierce heat and winter's cold he fought,
Friendless and neighbourless but not afraid,
Sole monarch, he, of all that he surveyed.

The second year of the new century came,
Bringing a new pilgrim, Moore by name,
Who left the rugged hills of Londonderry
To plant a home beside the Kingsey Ferry.
Companionship long time did Wadleigh crave,
And warmest welcome to the stranger gave,
Opened his heart and home, gave helping hand
Nor grudged a share of the broad fertile land.
The following year in 1803,
Moore journeyed back for wife and family;
This winter's jaunt, at thought of which we shiver,
Wound long the pathway of the frozen river.
The following year in 1804,
Following the trail along St. Francis shore
Came yet another no less brave and true,
To cast his lot beside the other two.

From far Connecticut to this northern wild,
On horseback, Wentworth trekked with wife and child,
His horse exchanged at Sherbrooke for a cow,
He came where dwell his children's children now.
The stormy March of 1805,
Saw Abercrombie to these shores arrive,
The river's icy pavement bore his sledge,
And here he settled near the water's edge.
His native Paisley early he did leave,
Dowered and trained with skill to spin and weave;
Listed for service to the British Crown,
Was taken prisoner into Boston town.
Later, from Barnet in Vermont he came,
Resolved in Canada to stake his daim.
And in the King's Dominion spend his life,
A happy home to make for weans and wife.

With numerous children and his faithful spouse,
Not light the tasks his brood to feed and house,
Six likely lads whose ages ranged between
The five year's child and youth of stout sixteen.
Then later came the Blakes, the Beans, the Brocks,
And the two Britons, Beard and Col. Cox,
And women too whose names we can't rehearse,
Sharing man's lot for better or for worse.

Saint-Félix-de-Kingsey se raconte...

Longmore, and Lonsdale, Trenholme, Sharp and Towne,
With Lodge and Evans, Dennison and Brown,
Good men and true, with their industrious wives,
Who here to sturdy labour gave their lives.
But time would fail us to make record here,
Of pioneers who followed year by year,
Of bold adventure, or of death and birth,
Of sickness, sorrow, labour, sport and mirth

Of how they felled the forest, deared the land,
Grub-hoed the sod and sowed with liberal hand,
Fished in the river, hunted far and free,
Or gathered honey of the wilding bee.
Tracked the wild game or snared it in the trap,
Punctured the maple for its sugary sap.
Sold the sweet stuff or kept it for their use
Made home-brewed beer of spicy roots of spruce.
They raised their flax, they fed their herds and flocks,
They carded, spun and wove, knit mitts and socks,
They sold their crops, their sugar and their ash,
Took pay in truck for there was little cash.
Their goods were boated up stream or down,
Far as Three Rivers - then the market town,
Or else to Windsor on the horse's back,
Thro' forest paths with saddle bag and pack.

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But what is life that does not make for love, -
That is not fired with passion from above ?
Land, labour, life, - Ah, what do these avail,
If virtue falter or if freedom fail?
Clear-eyed they saw their goal and strove to win it,
The world is better for their living in it,
50 in our day may we like them aspire,
Unto the brighter goal of their desire.

Captain William Wadleigh, born at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, left home at age thirteen. He became captain of a ship which foundered in a gale. Forced to seek another occupation he is next found farming at Danville, Vermont.