

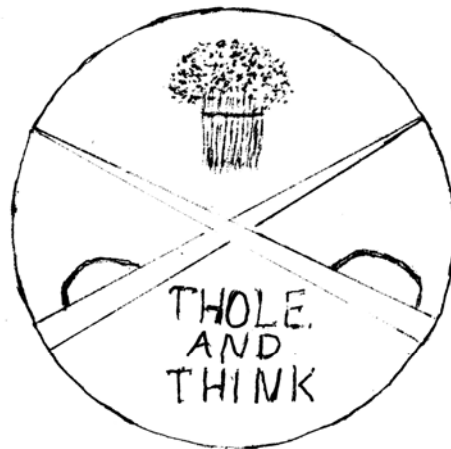
THE TWEEDIES



by

ELIZABETH WOOD DODDS

HISTORY
OF
THE
T W E E D Y S



by
A Canadian Descendant

Elizabeth Dodds

(For those who may be interested
now or in a future generation.)

HISTORY OF THE TWEEDYS

INDEX

	Page
Prelude	i
SECTION I - THE TWEEDYS IN SCOTLAND	1
The Tweed	5
Additions	7
SECTION II - THE TWEEDYS IN IRELAND (200 YEARS)	11
Additions	16
SECTION III - THE TWEEDYS IN CANADA	23
The Robert Wood Family	25
Additions (Sarah Ann Tweedy)	28
(James Tweedy)	31
(James Tweedy Family)	32
(Jimmy Sinnott)	35

THE TWEEDYS
by Elizabeth Dodds
(with additions by daughter Irene)

Prelude

"Irene, don't let anything happen to my notes on the Tweedy family. They represent hours of research."

So spoke my beloved mother to me, a few days before her death June 19, 1971.

I promised her I would not only preserve them but recopy them and have several copies made.

Her wish was that they would be of help to some who would come after her and be interested in our family.

It is divided into three parts - Scotland, Ireland and Canada - and as it goes back to the year 1296, it is surely worth preserving.

My mother lived with me for her last six years and many times I have come home from a trip downtown and found her copying her notes from the books we had ordered from Edinburgh, dealing with the history of Peebleshire.

The history of the Tweedy family is part of the history of Peebleshire, where they were prominent for 400 years.

Unlike Mother, I belong to a generation which has been able to take a plane and in a few hours be in the land of our ancestors. As a result, I have written notes which I have called Additions to Sections I and II. Additions to Section III represent interesting commentaries she has made to me regarding the lives of the ancestors involved.

The additions to Sections I and II are extra facts gleaned by me during my visits to Peebleshire in 1958 and to Southern Ireland in 1964 and 1970.

The bulk of the research was done by my mother, whose grandmother was Sarah Tweedy from County Wexford, Ireland.

"Irene McHenry"

SECTION I
THE TWEEDYS IN SCOTLAND

The Tweedys were one of the most notable families in Peebleshire during the reigns of the Scottish kings. Branches were to be found in almost every parish.

The main line of the family settled in the Drumelzier Parish and they were prominent there for about 300 years.

The name has nothing whatever to do with the River Tweed but is derived from the place Twedyn, or Teudy, later Tweedle and Tweedy.

The land, there, was owned by Finlay de Twedyn and he is the ancestor of all the branches. His name is recorded as swearing allegiance to the king, in 1296.

Finlay's son Roger moved from Twedyn in Lanarkshire to Peebleshire. He settled in Drumelzier which then belonged to Sir William Fraser.

Roger made a brilliant marriage when he won the hand of Sir William's daughter and heiress. Later, at Sir William's death, the Drumelzier lands passed into the Tweedy name. This was in the early 1300's.

The next one of the name which can be traced is Walter, who was living in 1435.

There were, throughout the years, marriages between the Tweedy and Douglas families and the latter married into Scottish royalty.

Walter married a sister of Sir James Douglas. His son James married Margaret Gifford. (Please note the name Gifford; we meet it again in Ireland where they were close neighbours to our branch of Tweedys.)

To the Tweedy-Gifford marriage were born two sons - John and James. The former inherited Drumelzier in 1490 and was the laird there for 40 - 50 years. The younger son inherited a large acreage called Hornbuntersland. The family was now very powerful in Peebleshire and they had a large band of retainers.

They controlled with ease the whole of the Upper Tweed Valley. During their prosperous years they acquired, through marriage or purchase, many other lands and built strong towers. Among these were Oliver, Dreva, Wrae, Tinnies, Glenholrne, Stobo, Mossfennan, Stanhope and Rachan, the home of Thomas Tweedy of a later era.

With power, came ambition. They did not like interference and this brought them into feuds with other powerful neighbours.

In this they were no worse than the other border barons of the time. There was no law and order - might was right and the King did not interfere because it was to these same barons he looked for support if war arose and the country were threatened.

There were feuds between the Tweedys, the Geddes, the Veitches, the Hunters but, most disastrous of all, the Hays and Flemings.

In one of Tennyson's poems, "The Northern Farmer", he has the old farmer say to his son:

"Dinna marry for money, mi lad
But dinna look whar it aint.."

This canny advice was seriously followed by the families which acquired large estates. The infant daughter of a wealthy baron would be betrothed in her cradle to an infant son of another baron and to, later, break this contract would bring serious reprisals.

In those days, daughters of wealth received dowries when married. These took the form of money or lands and became the property of the man she married.

In 1529 there was a fair maid - Katherine Fraser, daughter and heiress of several estates. Not only for herself but for her vast lands she was the most sought-after girl in the district. She was the ward of Lord Fleming.

John, Lord Fleming, had always planned a marriage between her and his son Malcolm,

John Tweedy hoped she would marry his nephew James. The Erasers and Tweedys had always been friends.

A bitter feud arose between the Flemings and Tweedys. In 1524³⁰ Lord Fleming and son Malcolm were out hawk hunting about two or three miles from Drumelzier. There, they were waylaid by John Tweedy with his retinue. Angry words led to blows. Lord Fleming was killed and Malcolm captured. The latter secured his freedom by consenting to the marriage of Katherine to James. The Tweedy-Fraser marriage took place very soon after.

But the powerful Flemings started their revenge and appealed to the law. The Privy Council ordered Tweedy to found a chapel, with a yearly fee of 40 pounds to pay for prayers for the soul of the late Lord Fleming, James and Katharine were banished for three years. The feud went on for years and finally Katherine had to hand over to Fleming most of the lands she had inherited.

This was the beginning of the end of the Tweedy downfall.

There were marriages with the Hay families. In the late 1500's James Tweedy married Helen Carmichael and had two sons. Like many other barons, he was a church-goer but feuded with neighbours. There is a memorial stone for this turbulent baron set into the walls of Drumelzier Church. He was killed in a feud with one of the Veitches.

His son James had, as his first wife, Elizabeth Hay, as his second wife, Margaret Anstruther and as his third, another Elizabeth Hay.

About this time, he fell into debt to his nephew by marriage - the 8th Lord Hay - and lost to him the lands and barony of Drumelzier. Lord Hay's actions were vindictive as Drumelzier was worth much more than the debt owing.

This was in the year 1627 and marked the end of the Tweedy power in the Upper Tweed Valley.

In 1648, Drumelzier was attacked by Cromwell's army and it now stands a ruined pile of stones on the banks of the Tweed. The triumph of Lord Hay was short-lived.

Tweedy Branches, still in existence;

- I. The Tweedy-Stoddarts of Oliver.
- II. The Tweedys of Essex, who came from the Drumelzier parish.
- III. The Tweedys of Quarter and Rachan, whose descendants went to India with the East India Company and later retired at Rachan.
- IV. The Tweedys of Kent descended from the Tweedys at Quarter.
- V. The Tweedys of Cornwall - from Drumelzier.
- VI. The Tweedys of New Brunswick who went to Ulster under James I's plantation scheme, later to Canada.
- VII. The Tweedys of Cloonamahon, County Silgo, Ireland who belong to the same family as those from our own Wexford Branch. Their descendants went to Dublin.

THE TWEED

The much-loved Tweed River is 100 miles long. It has its source in Peebleshire and empties into the South Sea at Berwick.

All along the Tweed are castles or ruins of castles. In each was a tower, on top of which was an iron basket in which was kept kindling wood and logs and always there was a sentinel on the look-out. Usually these towers were on a hill and were near enough to the Tweed that a hostile invasion could be spotted far off.

When there was an invasion from England or other serious trouble, the logs were set ablaze to warn all within sight. Fires soared up in short order, all over the country, a signal to get ready to meet an emergency.

The lairds and retainers would saddle their horses quickly and ride recklessly through the blackness of night to their appointed places.

The last time these fires were lighted was when an invasion by Napoleon threatened in the 1800's. Fortunately it was a false alarm.

It was a happy day for the border country when England and Scotland united under James I of England and VI of Scotland. Previous to this, for about 400 years, there had been constant raids between the Scottish Borderers and the English across the Tweed.

Sheep raising is and always has been vital to Scotland, the wool trade being a great industry. Even the King had thousands of sheep on royal pastures scattered throughout Scotland and some families had 4 to 5,000 sheep.

These provided meat and sheep skins. In every cottage was a spinning wheel used for making family clothing. In 12 hours spinning, the average yield was 1 lb. of spun wool.

Even today in Scotland, flocks of sheep use the main roads; a motorist pulls to the side to let them pass. Their's is an ancient right-of-way which is not disputed.

ADDITIONS TO SECTION I

In June 1958, I spent ten days with distant cousins of the Dodds family, Ryle and Grace Elliot, near Coldstream on the Scottish Border.

Their great-grandmother was Elspeth Dodds, sister of Alexander Dodds who emigrated to Canada in the early 1830's.

Their large stone house is near the beautiful Tweed River and looks across at the Cheviot Hills.

Every day, they took me to places of historical interest and the ten days spent there stand out as one of the highlights of my life.

Ryle and Grace are historians by profession. Hence, knowing of Mother's kinship to the Tweedy family, they drove me over to Peebleshire.

One is seldom out of sight of the Tweed and every few miles we came to a small village or town with its old church, abbey or cathedral and castle or castle ruin.

We went into the Drumelzier Church and they showed me a wall plaque put there in memory of James Tweedy - one of the lairds of Drumelzier mentioned by Mother. It is in Latin and refers to him as an honourable man. Above is the family motto "Thol and Think", which means "Think and Think Again". Also note the crest - two swords crossed, enclosing at the top a sheaf of wheat. I am told that the latter indicates owners of lands. The two swords are most appropriate as they fought in many a feud. The "Hic Jacet" means "here lies"... "Obit" means "Departed this life"....1612. (See Picture I)

Around every church, was a burial ground of people who had lived and died there, so many years ago. The headstones bore names of many mentioned in Mother's notes - Hays, their enemies although they were cousins;

Flemings, bitter enemies; Frasers (friends and relatives); Douglas (friends) and many others.

A mile west of here we came to the famous Neidpath Castle which stood on a high hill beside the Tweed. Its walls were 11 ft. thick and one could see for miles up the Tweed Valley. It belonged to the Frasers, then passed by marriage to the Hays and it was to this Hay family that the Tweedys in 1627 lost the estates of Drumelzier. When Cromwell invaded Scotland he left many castles in ruins, such as this picture of Drumelzier shows. (See Picture II).

These castles were chiefly fortresses. The narrow windows could serve as shot holes. At Drumelzier there was a device used to flood the area around the castle so that any attacker would drown.

At Neidpath, the Tweed bends north and the road goes with it. Soon, we came to Rachan, mentioned in Mother's notes as the Thomas Tweedy home.

Ryle made enquiries and was told that the new owners had demolished the lovely home built by Thomas Tweedy, (This happens today in Britain and is done to avoid drastic taxes - both municipal and succession.)

Our informant said that the property across the road was the same as left by the Tweedys. We walked a few yards, then came to an artificial lake, the margin of which was dotted with wild flowers.

Then Ryle called back to us, "I see the vault". We entered through an old creaking gate and saw the vault bearing the crest above its main entrance,

In front of the vault are humps of earth now, of course, covered in thick grass. Grace said these could be graves of retainers who had worked for generations on the Rachan estate. (See Picture III - the Tweedy Vault at Rachan).

We returned to the car and soon came to a turn in the road and here, under beautiful trees and surrounded by a huge lawn, was a large pile of stones, the only remains of Rachan House built by Thomas Tweedy after his return from an illustrious career as Physician General in Bengal, India. (See Picture IV - Rachan House).

In the town of Peebles, we went to see the ruins of the Church of St. Andrew founded in 1195.

There is an old legend that Cromwell stationed troops here when he came to besiege Niedpath, Drumelzier and other fortresses.

The burying ground is beautifully kept and from there one has a view of the town of Peebles, the River Tweed and high hills beyond. Everywhere, through the grass, were small white flowers growing.

Ryle hunted up the caretaker and asked him to show us the Tweedy graves.

In minutes, we were standing beside a table-like stone, possibly the oldest one there. It can be seen from the picture that it stands on two stout supports, on which are carved figures representing the four seasons and against it stands another stone representing the coat of arms. (See Picture V).

Underneath are buried two John Tweedys, one a bailie, the other a provost (a very high honour) of the Town of Peebles, their two wives and two daughters.

There is a verse inscribed on the stone:

A silent scattered flock around they lie
Free from all toil, grief, care, fear, envy.
But yet again they all shall gathered be
When the last awful trumpet soundeth He.

Ryle scraped some of the thick green moss from the stone and handed it to »e to bring home to Mother. This I did and recently I came across it carefully put away between two leaves of a book.

The old feuding days are far In the past. The descendants of the Tweedys, Hays, Ceddes, Flemings, Erasers and Veitches have long since left Peebleshire and have directed their energy and ambitions to worthier causes.

It may be said of then that they have played a worthy part in the development of every part of what was once so proudly called the British Empire.

SECTION II

THE TWEEDYS IN IRELAND (200 YEARS)

The Tweedy exodus to Ireland began early in the 17th century. By 1629 a Walter Tweedy had established himself in Ulster under the James 1 Plantation Scheme.

One of the name Tweedy fought for William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne. His great-grandson emigrated to New Brunswick and at the end of the 1890's, his grandson Lemuel became Premier of that province.

They were lawyers and judges and the late R.B. Bennett, one-time Prime Minister of Canada, was a law partner in the firm of Tweedy & Bennett.

The origin of our Tweedy branch is as follows:

In the year 1648, there were two Tweedy brothers, officers in the Scottish army. The Scotch were loyal to the Stuart Kings, who were the Ancient Royal Family of Scotland descended from Robert Bruce.

King Charles I of England, son of James I of England and VI of Scotland, was threatened by Cromwell and his supporters who resented the claim of the Divine Right of Kings.

King Charles promised to recognize Presbyterianism as the established church of Scotland in exchange for the help of the Scottish army against Cromwell. Thus the Scotch were fighting not only for the King but for their religion,

In August 1648, near the village of Preston there was a bloody three days battle between the Scottish and Cromwell's armies. The Scottish were completely overcome. Many survivors were taken prisoner. Others escaped, running for their lives. According to plan, a ship was waiting in

the Irish Sea nearby. They hurried aboard and crossed over to safety in Ireland.

Among the officers who escaped were the two Tweedy brothers beforementioned.

Having seized Scotland, Cromwell turned his attention to Ireland. It took only six months to reduce the Emerald Isle to complete submission. His methods were very harsh and to this day, his very name is hated in Ireland.

On his departure he left officers in charge of sections of the country and the two Tweedy brothers were among these officers, who were called the Militia. Cromwell chose his officers from Protestant English and Scotch. Property was taken from the Irish and given to the Militia and from that time on they were called Landed Militia. It was their duty to see that any Irish uprising was put down.

This explains the family crest - two crossed swords enclosing a sheaf of wheat. The old Peebles motto was retained "Thole and Think On".

As the majority of the native Irish were Catholic we can readily see that the landed militiamen would be disliked, even hated, by the people they were there to control,

The Scotch and English Militiamen brought over their families and made friends with one another.

One of the Tweedy officers settled In Dublin, the other in County Wexford and became our Irish ancestor.

There is a book called the Dublin Tweedys and it tells of several generations of that branch, who would be related to our Wexford ancestors.

A descendant. Dr. Ernest Hastings Tweedy, was Consultant Gynaecologist of the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin. Dr. Charles Macartney, first husband of my daughter Irene, took a post-graduate course in Dublin and attended Dr. Tweedy's lectures. Irene has a book written by him and published in 1924. It contains many accounts of normal and abnormal deliveries, even showing pictures of twins locked when about to be born,

Now, to our own Wexford Tweedys.

In the extreme south of Wexford County is a peninsula extending down into the sea. It is called the Hook and is bounded by Waterford Harbour and St. George's Channel. To this part of Ireland came the other brother, John, and we are descended from him.

The name of the large stone house which they built was called Houseland. It was about 16 miles from New Ross. They owned about 44 acres. They had their own grist mill and the families who worked for them lived in cottages near the sea.

They made friends with other families who had come from Scotland and England. Among these were the Ponsonbys, Cleggs, Barrys, Giffords, Glasketts, Croziers, Doughertys and Boyces.

Whether or not some of these families had brought money with them we do not know. At any rate, they lived well. There would be a salary go with the Militia appointments but they may also have done well on the fertile soil they occupied. Some bought more land. The Giffords had a huge estate. Most of this group drove in a coach drawn by two, sometimes four, horses with the crest on the door. They had sets of dishes and even harness bearing the crest. (See Picture VI - Coach & Four).

There was no Presbyterian Church in the Hook, so they attended the Church of Ireland (the same as our Church of England). For generations members of the family were church wardens. They could be described as landed gentry. They married into one another's families and life seems to have been very pleasant for them.

Early in the 1700's, John Tweedy married Dr. Crozier's daughter. They had a large family.

But all good things come to an end. The bitter resentment felt by the Irish made itself known in various ways. No further military aid was sent by England or Scotland.

John Tweedy and his wife, the former Miss Crozler, had several sons. The two oldest were Militiamen and were killed in the Catholic uprising in Wexford at a place called Vinegar Hill.

There was an incident when several Protestants were surrounded and driven into a barn at a place called Scallabogie. The barn was then set on fire.

The death of the first two sons meant that the third son, Robert, would be the heir to Houseland. However, he had married a pretty Catholic neighbour girl, Rose Sinnott. No one Catholic or married to a Catholic could inherit land from Militia ownership.

There were other brothers - Charles, Ephraim, possibly others - we are not sure. They had a sister Margaret who married a Mr. Dougherty.

Charles married a Miss Clegg who was related to both the Ponsonbys and Giffords. We believe that Ephraim married a Miss Byron,

By the 1830's this generation had children, so there was a large Tweedy Connection.

The Irish hostility grew to the point where it could not have been controlled without invasion by British troops. These were never sent.

One day, while returning home in the coach, a stone was thrown through the window and the occupants narrowly escaped death.

There had been other incidents and the handwriting was now on the wall. It was plain their happy, pleasant life in Ireland was over. They had to emigrate.

They left behind in the Hook Peninsula, the oldest son of Robert and Rose (Sinnott) Tweedy, both by now deceased. His name was John and he was already married with a small family. The sons of this marriage were Protestant and now inherited Houseland. They also left behind in New Ross either a brother or cousin who carried on a cabinet-making business and seems to have weathered the religious strife of the times.

There were, we believe, three generations of the Tweedy family settled up their affairs, then went to Queenstown to take passage for Canada.

ADDITIONS TO SECTION II

In the summer of 1964 a friend and I took a week's guided tour from Dublin to Northern Ireland, then back to Dublin, where we had a day to spend as we wished.

Mother had asked me to try to find out whether there were any of the Tweedy name still living there.

I found the name Robert Massey Tweedy in the phone directory and was soon in conversation with him. He is very keen on family history and said that his branch had gone directly from Peebleshire down to Cornwall in England, then, in his father's time, over to Dublin. So they were another branch, but he said he would try to locate our branch in Wexford. This resulted in letters being exchanged between Mother and him. She sent him notes on her branch of the Tweedys, which he was glad to receive. Every Christmas he sent her a lovely coloured calendar of Irish scenery.

This appeared to be where matters would stand until we suddenly got an air-mail letter from him. He had taken a new girl into the book-store he and his wife own. This girl was from the New Ross area and was able to tell him of the Wexford Tweedys.

He lost no time going down to the area and located Robert Tweedy and his family living at Templeton, 16 miles south of New Ross in the Hook Peninsula.

Before long, we were exchanging letters with Robert and his sister Susan (Kennedy) who lives in Cobh. They are descended from John (son of Robert and Rose (Sinnott) Tweedy), brother of our Sarah and James Tweedy who settled at Lombardy, Canada.

So, in July 1970 I went to see them.

Susan's husband Nicholas met me at Cork and greeted me with "Hello Irene" as soon as I stepped off the bus. He reminded me so much of my late husband Jack, that right away I felt at home.

We took a street car over to Cobh (formerly Queenstown) and soon we were in their big comfortable home, on the main street of Cobh, in full view of the harbour. What a warm welcome they gave me.

Susan had been raised in the Hook and was able to tell me many things of interest.

One day, while she was busy I went over and sat in the park and looked out at the harbour where for years ships had left Ireland for all parts of the world.

I pictured my Tweedy ancestors setting out from that very spot to face their future in a new land. On board were the members of the family Mother has mentioned and the two youngest of Robert and Rose's family, Sarah Ann and James, also cousins of theirs.

They were saying farewell to a country where they had lived, loved and lost.

They would keep looking back at the houses on Harbour Row, the spire of the huge cathedral - the last glimpse they were ever to have of Ireland - then the ship would face out to mid-Atlantic to battle the hazards of the six weeks Journey.

When next we meet them they will be in Canada, having received their deeds of settlement for lands near Lombardy, Leeds County where they will be settling In as new pioneers.

Meanwhile, let us bid them Bon Voyage and visit the place they have had to leave, the Hook Peninsula, which will see them no more.

Typical of their kindness, Robert Tweedy, his wife Nan and son-in-law, came over to Cobh for me and we drove about 100 miles to New Ross then turned south for 16 miles to their home.

In these Old Country towns and cities, the solidly-built churches, houses and stores have been there for hundreds of years. This was the nearest large place to Houseland so the Tweedys had, no doubt, seen these same buildings and walked these same streets many, many times.

As you drive down into the Hook country you begin to smell the sea and the land is flat. We went to their home (a rather modern bungalow) and then next morning started out to explore.

First came the Church of Ireland (England) ruin at Templeton. It no longer has windows nor floors - the grass grows long where the floor used to be.

One could picture the Tweedy family attending services, weddings, christenings and funerals here for the 200 years of their lives in Ireland.

A bird flew in through one window opening, across and out again through a side window - reminding me of the swift passage of time. There is a verse in Ecclesiastics I, which says, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abldeth forever." I was the third generation from those who had emigrated In 1833. (See Picture VIII - Templeton Church).

A short distance down the road Robert stopped the car and said, "This was Houseland." We entered a gate and began walking through a field of green, waving barley.

On a small rise, he said, "The house stood here." I had heard so much about Houseland. Now, not one stone remains.

I had heard Mother say the Tweedys had rented a place near Houseland for three generations, also that it was right beside the sea. That was our next stop. It too, is just a ruin except for one wall standing and the hole for the chimney is visible. This was no doubt where Robert and Rose raised their family.

We came out to the main road again, then headed south to Fethard-on-Sea. The place to see there is Bag 'n Bun Beach. It is U shaped, huge hills forming the U and has white sand stretching far out, which makes it a safe and popular beach. (See Picture XX - Bag 'n Bun Beach).

Here Cromwell landed in 1649 and probably the Normans long before that. It seems sad that such a beauty spot should be a landing ground for conquerors.

At Fethard is a church in good repair and in present use. Surrounding it are gravestones. The Tweedy plot has no headstone but is surrounded by low stone framework. (See Pictures X and XI - X is Fethard Church of Ireland, XI is the Tweedy plot).

Robert and Rose Tweedy had three sons and two daughters:

John, the grandfather of Robert and Susan

George, who went to New Brunswick when very young, worked as a shipbuilder and settled there. None of them ever saw him again.

Mary, who married a banker in London, England

Sarah and James who came to Canada with Tweedy uncles, an aunt and several cousins.

Susan says that she had heard that every day Sarah, as a child, went over to Houseland to see her grandparents.

One day Robert's daughter Breda drove me over to Loftus Hall (now a "Catholic Order of Nuns' Retreat"). In the old days it belonged to Sir Nicholas Loftus, M.P. for the district. It had floors done in squares of marquetry, the beautiful stairs divided under a stained glass window, then on to the second floor. The ceiling had scenes painted on it just like what you see in a Stately Homes of Britain tour. It is a place where great entertaining would be done and being politically minded, the Tweedys were likely invited there and I like to think they had some happy visits in that stately home.

Adjoining the Loftus place was land formerly owned by the Giffords who had a number of deer and I saw the stone fenced deer run.

On September 8 at Fethard Church in the year 1793, John Ponsonby Clegg married Abigail Gifford. Their daughter married Charles Tweedy and a cheque came to Canada to her, from her parents' estate, every month as long as she lived.

Sultan Tweedy

He was a grandson of Robert and Rose and evidently never married. He was the last caretaker of the Templeton Church and was the last one of the Tweedy name to live at Houseland.

He was a staunch Protestant. Rose had taken her two girls to church with her but the boys went to Templeton with the father. There was bitterness between Catholics and Protestants in the neighbourhood. Sultan used the word Papist whenever he spoke to or of a Catholic, including his uncles and cousins, the Sinnotts. One day he had the loan of a horse from his cousin, a Sinnott.

Later, the cousin came to get the horse and found Sultan working in a field and calling out to the unoffending horse, "Come on you papist nag, go faster." The cousin went away with the horse, badly insulted.

Sultan met his death in a sad way. He was alone in the big house, having fallen asleep by the fireplace. A large spark flew out and landed on his clothes which immediately went into flames. The burns were so deep that he did not survive and there was no-one to quench the flames with water.

In New Ross, there were Tweedy cousins who were very gifted cabinet-makers. They made a beautiful casket for Sultan and lined it with very rich pink velvet. People came from far and near to see the casket. One woman was heard to say, "What a shame to bury him in it."

Sultan was in his 80's when he died and the only heir now left in Ireland was his niece Jean who had married a Mr. Dalton. They had one son and left him Houseland. He was living elsewhere and sold the house and land. Thus Houseland went out of the Tweedy name forever.

Inherited Gifts

I have spoken of the beautiful casket the New Ross Tweedys made for Sultan. A cabinet made by them would fetch a good price today. In Robert's dining room was a side-board made by them. On the top part and on each door are wood carvings of fruits, so perfect you feel as though you could pick off a grape or pear. I am thoroughly convinced that we Inherit talents. Those who read this will agree, I am sure, that the Tweedy descendants in Canada were successful as stonemasons, contractors and carpenters. The women were dressmakers or as we say, "handy with the needle and thread".

Before we leave Ireland, we go to Dublin to get a plane and must call to see the Robert Massey Tweedys at Stillorgan, a suburb of Dublin. Their home is called "Nimble Fingers". He has a large garden which shows the Green Thumb and she is equally gifted in craft work which they sell in the Hobby section of their store.

Their home could very well be called "The Open Door" due to their hospitality to very distant relatives and friends of friends from other countries. They have three grown-up children;

Robert - an air pilot with Aere Lingus

Elizabeth - married to a former Dublin University man, now a Professor in the Boston area, U.S.A.

Jean - a doctor of Microology and as of last January 25 married to a Dr. Walker (also of Microology) presently lecturing at Iowa State University.

It is the old story - one raises children hoping they will be happy and successful, then that very happiness and success can take them to far-off places.

SECTION III

THE TWEEDYS IN CANADA

There were possibly three generations of the name who emigrated to Canada in 1834.

We know the names of two uncles, Charles and Ephraim, with their families, also their sister Margaret (Mrs. Dougherty).

The Doughertys settled near Ashton in the Ottawa area and for a time James (Sarah's younger brother) lived with them.

As Sarah and James had lost both parents, the Uncles and Aunt seem to have been especially kind to them.

We have reason to believe that there were cousins already married.

The Charles Tweedys settled on a farm close to Lombardy, 60 miles south of Ottawa. The English Church at Lombardy is built at the back of this farm. They built a fine stone house at the front near the road to Smith's Falls.

Ephraim's family lived nearby and among their sons whose names I remember, were Tom and Dars.

Charles had married a Miss Clegg. On her father's side she was related to the Ponsonbys and on her mother's side, the Giffords. Both were well-off and a cheque came to Mrs. Charles every month from Ireland as her share from an estate.

This was the same Ponsonby family as the man who was Private Secretary for many years to Queen Victoria and a late Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough (a Ponsonby).

The Tweedys of that generation were entirely unsuited to a country just emerging from a vast wilderness. They were dressed as gentlemen, with broadcloth suits, high silk hats, watches and chains, just as they had in Ireland.

There seems to have been sufficient money to provide a leisurely life for that generation.

Mrs. Charles had brought out a full dinner set of dishes with the Tweedy crest. It would be interesting to know if one piece remains today.

Sarah Tweedy made her home with the Charles Tweedys and their family - William Ponsonby, Dar, Debble, Mary and Abby. One of these girls married a Mr. Ferguson, a store-keeper, another a Mr. Duffield, both in the Lombardy area.

Ephraim had married in Ireland a Miss Byron and their granddaughter Jane lived in Smiths Falls during my father's time.

Sarah attended Church of England with the Charles Tweedys and it was there she met and married Robert Wood (my grandfather).

James married a Miss Ellen Sykes from the district where the Dougbertys lived, near Goulborne and Ashton.

The Dougherty family married into the Calloway and Coleman families in that district.

There is a Tweedy branch in Toronto, descendants of William Ponsonby Tweedy, oldest son of Charles and the former Miss Clegg.

The cheque to Mrs. Charles came for her lifetime only. The second Tweedy generation had to work hard for a living just like the other pioneers of Canada.

THE ROBERT WOOD FAMILY

It would not be possible to write the Tweedy history without mentioning the names of families with whom their lives were to be intertwined.

My great-grandfather Robert Wood was born in the early 1780's in Peebleshire and came to Canada in 1815. He had a sister Mary, two brothers John and James, who had gone to Australia and were doing well at sheep farming. He had married Janet Brown and they had two little sons, Robert and James.

Janet developed tuberculosis and died leaving him with the two boys.

In his loneliness, he decided to emigrate to Australia. He and the boys went to Glasgow and found that there was no ship listed for Australia for weeks, but that the ship Baltic was being overhauled and would be bringing pioneers to Canada in a day or so.

The decision had to be made by him and others who wanted to join loved ones in Australia.

When the ship Baltic was loading passengers for Canada at early dawn one morning, among those who crossed the gangplank were Robert and his two boys, aged five and three, also others who decided they would be on their way to Canada rather than wait for an Australian ship.

So, for themselves and us their descendants, the decision was made, we were to be Canadians not Australians.

They were fortunate in having a smooth passage, taking six weeks rather than eleven weeks which happened when the winds were unfavourable.

They stayed in Montreal and Robert worked at ship-building. He also married, taking for his second wife Miss Mary Mahon. They had one child, Peggy, who married a Mr. Bowen.

In June 1816 they went to Brockville and from there to the Tay Settlement (now Perth).

I am told that Perth boasted only one house, but had several tents and shanties.

As they neared the site they could hear the sound of axes, cutting down trees. One of these trees was huge and was felled in such a way that it made a foot-bridge over the Tay River.

The Robert Wood allotment of land was at Wayside, which you pass as you go from Perth to Carleton Place, about five miles from Perth.

For his generation he had a very good education. He built a small log school-house and taught local children including his own two boys,

He was one of the few immigrants who could survey land and did a considerable amount of this for fellow pioneers.

It was his ambition to have a farm for each of his sons and with this in mind, he sold his farm sometime before 1830 and moved to the Lombardy area where he secured 4 or 500 acres of land. Two of these farms bordered on Bass Lake and one on Otter.

The farm on which he lived the remainder of his days is beside Bass Lake and is still in the Wood family (at time of writing, 1962).

The Wood family were staunch Presbyterians but as there was no church of that denomination there, Robert and his sons attended the Church of England in Lombardy.

Great-grandfather lived to a good age - 86 years at the year of his death 1867.

He is buried in Lombardy Cemetery and the headstone has this inscription:

"Behold, all you who pass by
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am, so you too, shall be
Therefore prepare to follow me."

So ended the life of this worthy pioneer. As before mentioned, Robert the older son married Sarah Tweedy and the younger son John married (1) a Miss Monroe and (2) a Miss Walker.

Descendants of these marriages still live in the Lombardy and Smiths Falls area, Toronto, Western Canada and the United States.

Robert Wood and the former Sarah Tweedy had three sons and two daughters:

Robert, who married Joanna Looby.
James, my father, who married Ann Wills.
Mary Ann married Patrick Wills, Rideau Ferry.
John married Maria Wills (sister of Ann and Patrick).
Jennie married Nelson Covell.

As can be seen, there were three marriages between Wood and Wills, so that we have several double cousins.

ADDITIONS TO SECTION III

SARAH ANN TWEEDY

I wish I could have known her personally.

Before the Tweedys left Ireland, Sarah's sister Mary made a special trip from London to Houseland to ask Sarah to come back with her to London, and not go so far away.

Sarah must have refused and really wanted to come here, which she did in 1833.

When she was living at the Charles Tweedy home one of her tasks was to go to Rideau Ferry Post Office and pick up the monthly cheque which came from Ireland. One month it did not come and Sarah had to make three trips back there for it. I do not know whether it ever came or not, but there was some embarrassment over it with the people in the Post Office.

Sarah had attended Mass with her mother in Ireland. However, she now attended church with the Charles Tweedys at Lombardy.

Across the aisle sat a young man, Robert Wood, who seemed to have some difficulty attending to the sermon and whose eyes kept wandering over to the Charles Tweedy pew.

And so, in that church, Sarah who had left the Hook Peninsula and sailed for Canada in 1833 was to meet and marry Robert Wood Jr. who had left Glasgow on the ship Baltic in 1816, at five years of age.

Mother always said that Sarah was fortunate to move into a house already built on a farm already paid for. So many young couples had to start

in to buy land and live in makeshift quarters until they could afford better. Robert Wood Sr. had done well for his boys.

Somewhere, possibly in Ireland, Sarah had done some nursing.

In pioneer days, doctors were scarce and difficult to reach. Much home nursing was done - medicines made out of herbs and barks of trees, poultices made from mustard and flour, onions, linseed, etc. Sarah helped to pull patients through pneumonia cases and was usually successful.

But her chief contribution was midwifery and she raced the stork to many of the neighbours to help some infant into the world - sometimes her own grandchildren or grandnieces and nephews.

Mother told of one occasion when Sarah had presided at one birth, then was called from that house to another. The second birth was a long, difficult one and when finally the infant was safely delivered, Sarah was driven home.

After a sleepless night, she was delighted to get home and have a rest. But, it was not to be - sleigh-bells were heard then a rap at the door. "Could you come right away, Mrs. Wood? My wife's baby is ready to come."

An exhausted Sarah put on her cape and bonnet and was heard to say, "I wish they'd give me a rest." So, oft again, over the snow and a race with the stork. Usually, the only payment the parents could give her was a heart-felt thank you - they had so little money.

I have a tin-type picture of her in front of me - a woman possibly in her late 70's - a plaid shawl over her shoulders, a little frilled bonnet on her head.

Her left eye looks a little dim but I would say that with her right eye, she could size up a person or a situation in short order and get an A for accuracy.

Whatever leanings she had tor the Catholic faith, does not seem to have interfered with a happy family life. She attended Church of England with her husband as long as he lived. All those near and dear to her, now, were Church of England and some had become Brethren.

Sarah lived at her son John's and was bedridden for the last year or so.

Mother says that while Sarah lived, they always went to spend Christmas there.

She must have had some soul-searching moments regarding which church could claim to be the only right one. She had attended both Catholic and Protestant services - from Catholicism to Evangelism was a real break-away of what she had always been taught.

But the decision was made for her in a clear-cut and unexpected way. In a vision she saw a white note hanging from the bough of a tree. She reached for it and read the words which transcend all narrow prejudice of creeds and lets each one make his or her peace directly with God:

Isaiah I - verse 18, which states

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as
white as snow, though they be red like crimson
they shall be as wool.

She died at 90 years of age, a wise, capable woman who had served her pioneer community well.

JAMES TWEEDY I - ELIZABETH DODDS

James was the youngest son of Robert and Rose Tweedy.

When he first came to Canada, he went to live with the Doughertys, near Goulbourne. There he met and married a Miss Sykes, who we affectionately called Aunt Ellen.

He worked for a time as a stonemason and then bought a farm at the head of Bass Lake.

Here they brought up a large family:

Robert, William, Margaret, Hiram, Melissa, Mary and Charles.

William and Hiram were carpenters.

Robert bought land in the Edmonton area and, as it was near the city, he sold it at a good price.

Margaret married Mr. Looby in the Bass Lake area and has several descendants there and in Smiths Falls.

Charles also took up land in the West and has descendants in the United States.

Melissa taught a small private school to which our family and our cousins went. She was my favourite teacher. She married and died in the West.

Mary married a Mr. Moody in the West and came back as an elderly widow to live near Lombardy.

JAMES TWEEDY II - IRENE

My mother was buried in Perth, Tuesday June 22nd.

The following day my aunt, cousin and I went to visit the English Church Cemetery at Lombardy.

My mother had taught school in that district and I knew that many names on the headstones there would be familiar to me.

It is a very well kept cemetery and the stones are still standing straight and well preserved. Finally, I came to the James Tweedy stone near the N.E. corner of the church.

There is a special reason for my interest in him as it was in his house beside Bass Lake that I first saw the light of day.

My father had bought the farm from the son, William, and it was here that my mother went as a bride.

Promptly at 4 p.m. one November 7th afternoon I arrived on the scene.

The officiating Dr. Pratt of Lombardy gave me the customary slap on the back, whereupon I began not only to breathe but to howl. The good Doctor handed the nine pounds of healthy, protesting infant to Mrs. Ann Wills Wood who held out her loving, welcoming arms to receive her first grandchild.

When I was three years old we moved to Smiths Falls where my parents had a small store.

We lived near the Hiram Tweedys, Mrs. Hiram was my mother's Aunt Margaret (Wills).

Their two daughters, Ethel and Bertha, were very good to me and I called them Bert and Et.

Every day I used to go down to the store and play with another child near there.

One morning in the year 1901 I went down to the store as usual and detected a change. No stores were open, no people on the streets. In one store window was a picture of an elderly lady, the frame draped in black.

The good old Queen Victoria had just died and a day of national mourning had been proclaimed in Canada.

I was too young to know who the lady was, what death meant and mercifully too young to know that an era of peace and security had come to an end, and that never again would the world be free of conflict.

Thirteen years later tensions which had been building up erupted in the 1914-18 war which ruined the lives of so many of the best of our country's youth and broke the hearts of those who loved them.

But to return to the Tweedys.

One day, when we were living on the Scotch Line, near Perth, Mary (Tweedy) Moody and Grandma Wood came to spend the day. It was Mary who kindled my mother's interest in the Tweedy history, telling about the fine days in Ireland, of the big home at Houseland, the coach and four, the crest on the harness and the dishes and the people whom they knew - all this she had heard from her father and Aunt Sarah, no doubt.

I remember my mother listening with great interest and when my father came in to supper. Grandma said to him, "I'm afraid Lizzie will feel too grand to work for a while."

And there, matters stood until she came to Toronto to live and we sent to Edinburgh for the Scottish books.

JIMMY SINMOTT

Across the fence from the Church of England, is the Catholic Cemetery. This brings to mind one whom Mother referred to as Jimmy Sinnott, the tailor at Lombardy. He was related to James and Sarah.

Some of the Sinnotts had come to Lombardy and had known in Ireland a few of the neighbours. At church they would meet the Doohers, O'Gradys, O'Mara's, Mahons and Breens and others.

At any rate, Jimmy made men's suits, which wore and wore. He had a small triangular shaped pressing iron. After his death, the contents of the shop were sold by auction. Finally, the iron was put up and bids called for.

Mother often wished she had bought the Iron. It may have come from Ireland.

The Sinnotts who came to Lombardy did not stay, finally settling in Detroit, Michigan.

It seems that they came back to Lombardy to visit. The remark was made that they must be doing well as they were so well dressed and seemed prosperous.

This completes the notes Mother had made on the Scottish, Irish and Canadian Tweedys.

On the front cover she had written: "These notes are written for those coming after me who may be interested in our family history."

There are those to whom it means nothing but others to whom it means a great deal. Those in her story have long since gone to a Better Land and we must return to our own lives.

But let us hope that the pioneer courage and willingness to work hard which helped to build up this country has been passed on to us.

To a large extent we are what we are because they were what they were.

In this affluent, push-button age, may we not lose their true sense of values,