



*Mr. Doyle*  
*5*  
John Doyle Esq  
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Montreal

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MY 31  
95

LOUISVILLE  
MAY 31  
1895  
MONTREAL

Dear Mr Doyle

H Andrews 30<sup>th</sup> May 1895

At your request that I would pen a few things about Gardeners gardening and other incidents in Montreal over fifty years ago, I came to Montreal middle of May 1842 for my Wifes health not intending <sup>Gardening</sup> but Farming in the Estren Townships by advice of Mr John Shuter British Commissioner for the Company with whom I was Gardener for a few years in England (a Brother of Joseph Shuter, Shuter Street is named after) Mr Shuter was in Montreal when I arrived, and having sickness and a death in the family Mr Shuter said I had better stop a year in the City, there was plenty of so called drunken Gardeners he had no doubt I could easily get a situation, he would put an advertisement in the papers, before ten o'clock the first day it was in the Hon Chief Justice Reid sent for me and told me he would see Mr Shuter and told to come back next morning, when he told me he had a small farm of fifty acres past the old Catholic Cemetery Dorchester Street he would sell me for two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, or rent it for five shilling an acre but he would much rather I would come and be his Gardener, which I did and I never regretted it a noble looking Gentleman and as good as noble I had a Man all the time in the garden in summer and drawing manure in winter, you may know we had not to much to do, when sometimes we would make a bot who could find the must number of weeds The ~~subject~~ then was Turner with Hon Mr Leslie, Archbold with Gardeners I recollect Capt Raines

with Mr Joseph Savage Spragens with Mr Carse in a very small Garden  
betwixt Mc Gill and Wellington Street (Mr Carse was a great grower of Plums  
Corses Dictator Corses Admiral &c fine Plums now lost I think)  
Smith at Cap Raines, Wilson came to Mr Lorraine, and Hugall to Mr Lunn  
shortly after I came, myself with Chry Reid St Mary St now the hollow Schomier  
Park - The Market Gardeners I knew, was Mr Mc Kernacher, and Mr Mc Kenzie  
Parthenias Street, Mr Cooper St Denis Street he used to raise his Onions in the  
from Hot Beds and Women planted them in the field, Mr Lunn  
sold Vegetables and Potatoes, and I think Mrs Molson, but I never  
knew any Gardeners she had at that time, some west of the City, but  
I did not know any of them at that time - The only Nurseryman  
and Seedman was Mr George Shepherd, he had a small Shop a  
very small Greenhouse and a bit of ground the east side of  
St Lawrence St, he shortly after moved to Notre Dame St had a  
large Seed Shop, he got the Garden for the keeping where the Court House  
stands with his Hot Beds at the back part, He also had a piece  
of ground for a Nursery, near the Cemetery Road as you go  
round the mountain, some fruit Trees was also set out Mr  
Lunn, five Peaches on the Brick wall there, some of the Trees  
was enclosed in the Vinery's when I went there and two on the  
outside wall all had good fruit, they all died out, Royal George  
and some others I forget their names, the wall I believe was  
built for Peach trees, and I was told did well for a long  
time surely the seasons was better than at present.

There had been a Horticultural Society in Montreal  
long ago, as there is a Silver Cup in a family here I have  
seen given as a prize, I forget who the person was.

who took the prize, and the person who showed it to me is dead

The present Society was started in 1847 chiefly through the perseverance of the late Jones Lyman, the first Exhibition was held above the Bonsecours Market, the Judge would not let me take any thing from the Garden, His reason for it was I would be mixing among the Gardeners and leaving him, but I joined and showed my Rustick work I brought from Scotland, which was very much admired next year the Judge being dead, I took things to the summer Exhibt held at Bonsecours and the fall Exhibition held in Mr Lorrance's Garden, I took prizes, the Garden was good for Gooseberries I had the prize for over ten kinds, and for Grapes &c &c one thing was very much thought of was Cockscomb's twenty inches over the round I think the seasons is not so hot now as they were the seven years I was at the Judge's as the white sweet water grapes ripened so well every year, having plenty time I thinned most all the bunches, when sent to Quebec they would not give me the prize untill proved we had no Vinery, the Black Hambury ripened only one year

The only Vinery I mind of was a small one Mr Muir the Sailor had in St Margant Street, one year he was troubled with insects he burned sulphur and killed all the leaves, there was no Greenhouses at first only a little one we had above the kitchen Miss Mc Gilvery (Mrs Reed's Sister) took care of it in winter and I kept the plants in summer, what was singular at the

Judges funeral we laid him to rest in the Vault at the Monument  
on the 28 Jan'y 1848, not one sleigh all Carriages, plenty Snow before and  
after, they used to tell me when the Judge was on the Bench he was like a Bull  
Dog among puppies, there was no cutting of Ice for the Ice houses after the Ice  
shoved the shoved Ice was drawn and broken like road Mattle, what a change  
in an other thing a few love Apples was grown for show, no one ever thought of eating  
them, what a quantity of Tomatoes is now used by every one, no one ever thought of leaving  
the Town in Summer then and just as healthy as now.

I then left the city for the farm at Middleton, when Mr. Sun wrote me if I would come  
to him for a short time until he got a gardener from England, I agreed to go for two  
months, which was lengthened to twenty three years before I left, there was little sale  
for flowers, then and very little for a year or two after, then we sold all we could  
grow and a public sale every year down in the City, there was no opposition at  
first, it is wonderfull how the sale of flowers has grown, people must have  
more money now.

The first winter we lived in a small Cottage on the bank  
of the River, one morning we had to clear out of the House at two o'clock in the  
morning the Ice shoved and came within eight feet of the Gallery, a  
night Summer, they put Pills up at the Nune Island, the Ice never came so near  
again, we was afraid to live another winter, the Butcher went to live in it, it  
stood until the C P R made the Railway, we went to live at the other end of  
the garden St. Marys Street, the House was the old farm house and had  
shutters on the out side, which was a good thing when the Elections came off  
we shut the shutters and went up stairs to see the fighting going on  
on the street with axe handles and stones, one time a Man was knocked down  
opposite our door with a Stone I picked up afterwards larger than  
my hand, it is a good thing all that is altered now.

I thought I would fill more paper, but I find I am tired with  
what I have wrote; I do not think it will be of any use  
to you perhaps you may find a grain of wheat among so  
much chaff.

I hope this will find you all well and your  
Sun much better if you take it in your head to come up  
we will be glad to see you, this leaves me in my eighty sixth  
year by the blessing of God still able to do my work, although  
failed a good deal last winter.

Yours faithfully Yours

Gardner for 7 years with Judge Reid -  
attended his funeral Jan 28 1848 - no flowers  
buried in the new church tomb

J. Middleton

IGNATIUS DONNELLY,  
THE OLD HOMESTEAD,  
1856-1899.

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I do not believe in Owen's cipher at all. It is absurd. He mistakes a wheel-cipher for a cipher on a wheel; his work is merely a patching together of lines without any numerical rule of any kind. The stuff he puts forth is ridiculous. The idea that the great philosopher and poet, Francis Bacon, was the son of the cruel old harradan, Queen Elizabeth, is absurd to the border of jocularly. Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, gave the real reason why she never married. I believe Owen ~~also~~ claims that the Earl of Essex was also a son of Elizabeth, and that she used her own son for a paramour, and then had his head chopped off! Such stuff is enough to breed a revolution in the insane asylums.

You ask me "What is the answer to Pyle?" I suppose you mean Pyle who wrote the "Little Cryptogram." He has answered it himself. He defrauded his wife out of her separate property and acted badly with another woman; his wife sued him for divorce and obtained it, and the

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2. HASTINGS, MINNESOTA, .....

Court decreed that he should pay her alimony; he did this for a short time and then fled and disappeared into vacuum. Nobody knows where he is now,--he has probably left the United States. This shows the kind of creatures we have had to contend with,--scoundrels of the deepest dye. But they are gradually disappearing, and the truth will come to be universally recognized.

I would be glad if you would write a review of the book for one or more newspapers, or magazines. The difficulty is to get a hearing for Baconian arguments.

Believe me to be

With great respect,

Your friend,

*Ignatius Donnelly*