



THE HOME OF THE MARITIME LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS

Chatham, on the Miramichi, has given two Governors to the Province of New Brunswick, the present Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie and his predecessor Governor Snowball

# ON THE MIRAMICHI

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Chief Peter Julian.

the one great mother-river; and because it was removed from the war-trail of either Mohawk or Iroquois and so richly endowed by the exuberant hand of Nature, the Micmacs called it Miramichi, *Happy Retreat*.

The Micmac has not gone—he will ever survive in this and other place-names—but his place has been taken by the efficient sons of Great Britain—English, Irish and Scotch settlers. Their settlements, which every little while flower out in large incorporated towns or pretty, picturesque villages, fill the watershed of the river except for the unbroken forests at its head. North of them lie the French districts of the Bay Chaleur, the Nepisiguit and Restigouche, and to the south that composite of French and English which ramifies through the counties called Kent and Westmoreland. A sturdy race their pioneer forefathers were, hard-headed Scotchmen, hard-working Irishmen, with a sprinkling—just enough to notice—of capable Englishmen. Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, both deeply sincere in their religious professions and both, strange to say, idealists in their religious beliefs, respected each other from the outset, and have ever lived in the most agreeable harmony. They might differ in their opinions as to the right way to the best positions in the other world, but in politics they were as likely to be on the same side or to be divided in their views among themselves as honest men are everywhere. Hence religious bickering was unknown among them; so that the real Miramichi man of our day, true to the traditions of his fathers ever finds a subject of wonderment and often of amazement in the religious jealousies of the outside world.

It may thus be safely inferred that Miramichi still deserves its sobriquet of *Happy Retreat*.

The one generously attractive feature of the country—ethical considerations apart—is, however, its noble river, the Mira-

IN north-eastern New Brunswick, in that part of ancient Acadie which reputable historians claim to have been the veritable territory sold to the King of France by Sir David Kirke in 1632 or thereabouts, a magnificent river runs to the sea draining and watering a fertile and prosperous country. Both river and territory are called Miramichi. Here in aboriginal days was the ideal hunting-ground, rich in fish and game, with a wealth of forests, intersected by innumerable full-flooding streams, all emptying into

michi. Rising in the far watersheds of western New Brunswick, its course almost for the first one hundred miles checked and impeded by Laurentian upheavals, it no sooner shakes itself free than it widens and develops into a lordly, full-flowing river, several miles wide at its mouth. Along its northern bank soft sandstone cliffs rise to precipices and then lose themselves in smooth, sloping lawns, only again to assert themselves before giving way to the intervale country at its mouth. The south bank is not so picturesque, the sandstone showing only in feeble heights; but an acclivious background is never wanting, except perhaps near the sea where sandy reaches glow in the August sun.

Along the river, but more especially in the towns and their vicinity, great sawmills and pulp-mills proclaim their industries. King log still reigns.



Beaubairs Island on the Miramichi below Newcastle.

And while the supply of lumber is said to fall far short of what it was in the good days of old, the piles of sawn material which each mill emits show no visible diminution of forest supply. The presence of pulp-mills or those adjuncts of pulp-mills which prepare the raw material, cutting it into lengths or blocks, is instanced as proof of degeneration and failure of supply of merchantable timber. This may be the case, and no doubt is the case, but the tendency nowadays is towards economy

in by-products everywhere. Even the butchers no longer throw away the hoofs and horns of cattle as waste products.

Chatham, the largest town on the river, enjoys the distinction of being the home of the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Hon. L. J. Tweedie, as it was of the late Lieutenant-Governor Snowball. It is not every provincial town which can give, hand-running, two governors to a province. I may here remark upon the democratic ease with which Governor Tweedie moves among his fellow townsmen. He is one of themselves, and yet maintains his dignity and forfeits no prestige. In the olden days when the lumber business was at its best and Miramichi was familiarly known in the timber markets of Europe, it was no uncommon sight, so old residents say, to see one hundred square-rigged ships lying at anchor before the town. In fact, as if in presage of its distinction in this respect, the site upon which the town now stands was known to the early pioneers as Spruce Tree,

by reason of a great spruce which projected upon the river and was a landmark there. Here until quite recently you could see the old Henderson house, made famous as one of the oldest residences on the river, and the refuge to which the early British settlers fled when there was likelihood of a Micmac uprising. The Roman Catholic cathedral, Hotel Dieu Hospital and convent school-buildings overlook the town. The cathedral is an especially handsome structure of brown stone, designed on chaste Gothic lines, and wins admiration the closer one views it. One of the landmarks of the town is "the old McCurdy Church," the first religious home of the Free-Kirkers or Antiburghers, as they were called, when they seceded from the Auld Kirk; a monument to the independent spirit of certain Scotchmen of that day. To the irreverent young boy it is still known as "the church with the rooster," the weather-vane on the spire being the cock which chided Peter. It was a case of crowing over the other party. When the question of a suitable and ornamental final to the spire came up before the building committee, a member stood up and moved that it be a cock, adding as a clincher: "We'll hae a cock to crow over them!"—meaning the Auld-Kirkites. And so it was; and the church was built around a young minister of the name of McCurdy, who had come up from Nova Scotia to the Antiburghers in their distress, and whose long and efficient ministrations in it identified it with his name.

But at Moorefield, across the river, burgher and antiburgher laid aside their theological repugnances and were interred in one common graveyard, the moss-covered stones of which bear dates from 1791 downward.

On the river, between Chatham and Newcastle, on the northern bank, a mile below the latter town, is an historic spot, dating from the ancient French regime and now known as French Fort Cove. Here two hundred years ago the white flag of the Bourbons floated above a fort of sixteen guns built upon a rocky promontory. It commanded the river in both directions and was designed to protect a large trading village of voyageurs and fishermen upon



Newcastle's Historic Public Square.