

city within its grasp, and was a terror to all law-abiding citizens. Justice was administered by the Aldermen, either in their own domiciles, or each, in turn, would attend at the Police Office, Market Square. Alderman Porter (a very worthy citizen), kept a store on King street, about where the Royal Hotel now stands, and from behind his counter he dispensed justice to all who came before him, and with a strictly impartial hand. There being no Vigilants then, in 1811, to keep the peace and prevent depredations upon persons and property; and York Point being considered at the time as the headquarters of sin — the birth-place of all the treasons, stratagems and crimes that were hatched in St. John, if there was any rowdiness at night, any false alarms, here was the quarter to look for the trouble in the first place. It is an axiom in the London Police that St. James is protected by watching St. Giles'. So with St. John forty years ago; if an eye were kept upon the *habitation* of York Point, the city was comparatively safe.

A few weeks before Christmas (1811) this bedlam of vice, suddenly broke loose — some of its worst spirits one night took it into their heads to destroy the city by faggot and sword. Persons passing through Dock street and in Portland were knocked down and trampled upon. Four central points of the city were set on fire at the same hour. It was premeditated that by kindling far apart, the hand-engines, being inefficient and limited in number, could not be concentrated in any one direction, and therefore the destruction in the unprotected parts would be inevitable. It was about eight o'clock; the night was dark and windy. The Mechanics' Institute, Trinity Church, a vacant house in Lower Cove, and another in the neighborhood of the Centenary Church, were all simultaneously set on fire, the combustibles for which were clearly traceable after the trouble was over. Fortunately it was early in the evening and the people were about, so that the several fires had not time to make headway. They were all put out without much damage having been done. Had the fires been kindled in the middle of the night, it is a question whether the great conflagration of 1877, would not have had a precursor or counterpart, equally terrible, forty years earlier.

The whole population was aroused. Terror prevailed on all sides. Nobody could tell where the next blow would likely fall. All the villainy of the place appeared to have suddenly broken loose, the desire being pillage, murder; every other abominable devilry that could be thought of haunted men's minds, with terrible apprehension, as if the town were in a state of siege, and at any moment the enemy might enter and wreak vengeance. I shall never forget that night. Next day a public meeting was called. The Court House was crowded. Resolutions were passed. The conclusion of the whole matter was that a Vigilant Committee should be at once organized, and that the streets of St. John be patrolled every night during the remainder of the winter. Upwards of four hundred citizens sprang forth and enrolled themselves; the patrol consisted of forty men, who turned out in turns, going on duty at eight o'clock each night and parading the streets, so many to each Ward, under captains for the several districts, until the dawn of day-light. People slept easier after that. From a list, which I possess, of the members of this Night Watch, I here give you the names of the captains, which may be of interest at the present day, and it will also furnish a commentary upon the shortness of life and food for solemn reflection at this Christmas season. It will be seen by this that out of the number of captains — sixty-four — but ten survive at this day — forty-two years after; and it may be added that out of four hundred and ten names (all familiar to me), I find but sixty survivors! The reader may judge by the list of captains here given, how far I am correct in regard to the whole.

I think I am accurate in placing stars opposite the names of the survivors — all the rest being dead:

NAMES OF CAPTAINS.

| | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Adams, Charles | Layton, James * | Robinson, J. M. |
| Barlow, Ezekiel | Layton, Daniel | Ray, G. T. |
| Barlow, Thomas, Jr. | Lawrence, Alexander | Raymond, C. F. * |
| Bestard, Peter * | Layton, Thomas | Reed, Thomas |
| Carkey, John, Jr. | Logan, N. L. | Robertson, Alexander |
| DeVetor, L. H. | Lockhart, George A. | Stewart, J. C. |
| Everitt, J. C. | Layton, William | Smith, W. C. |
| Fairweather, Joseph | Layton, G. L. | Spradell, John * |
| Faulke, W. D. | Melcom, James | Smith, F. M. |
| Foster, S. K. * | Matthew, R. S. | Smith, W. F. |
| Greenwood, F. W. | McAvey, Thomas * | Stewart, James |
| Hallet, Samuel | McAvey, John | Stearns, John * |
| Hazen, K. L. | McLaughlin, P. J. | Street, W. H. |
| Hazen, Charles | Parks, Thomas | Thompson, M. * |
| Jarvis, F. L. | Perley, M. H. | Thompson, George * |
| Jordan, Samuel | Perley, L. W. | Thurgate, L. A. |
| Park, Adam | Perley, R. L. | Tisdley, W. |
| Johnston, Charles | Parks, William | Ward, Charles |
| Irish, T. W. M. | Robertson, Robert | Wiggins, P. A. * |
| King, George | Robinson, G. H. | Wright, William |
| Knoxley, F. F. | Robertson, W. A. | Wright, J. Sydney St. |
| Ketchum, E. | Robertson, James | |

ROYAL TREES.

The GLOBE of a recent date makes reference to scions from a famous willow (called the Perley Willow), having been planted in the Old Burial Ground in commemoration of a branch of the Perley family, during this Centennial year. This reminds me of another historical tree affair. When the Prince of Wales was born (I think in 1759), his father George the Third, planted in Windsor Forest, an oak, in honor of the occasion. How many bushels of acorns have sprung from this historic tree, I suppose no Arboriculturist in the world could possibly estimate; but it is said these acorns have been planted all over England, by persons wishing to perpetuate the memory of the *Eldest* Prince. I learn from tradition that several of these acorns found their way into New Brunswick in 1782, and were planted during the time or just prior to the occupation by the late Hon. Jonathan Odell, on the property on which Linden Hall, at Fredericton, now stands. One oak still survives, as the product of one of these acorns—a magnificent tree, though in some places showing marks of decay. As far as can be judged from date, as well as tradition, this oak may be called a Centennial oak. About two years ago in the fall, a large quantity of the acorns from this tree was planted in furrows, as an experiment—the next year they germinated and grew rapidly—this year they are handsome little trees, numbering about five hundred, of which the owner says he intends to make good use. Here then we have in New Brunswick real Centennial trees, the offspring of the hand that planted the parent stem, the same hand that withheld from the old Colonies their just rights until rebellion forced submission—the same hand that lost England half an empire, but that gained for the world a Republic that bids fair to outnumber and outshine any one of the great Nations of recorded history, sacred or profane. Many an illustrious family has no better or more legitimate claim to the blue blood that flows in its veins from an acknowledged stock than the lineage of these oaks, which are known to be of Royal descent, so far as the planting of a tree by a King can warrant the metaphor.

THE JANGLING OF THE BELLS.

Church Bells! What a world of recollection does this expression evoke! The peals began with our childhood—they rang us into the grave and the parting knell will be heard by the living as the grave closes over us. Then, there is music in the bells when rightly attuned. The carillon in Trinity Church Tower attests to the truth of this. But the Sunday chimes of Trinity some folks dislike. I like them. The objection is to the tremendous clangor of the isolated bells, in other towers in other parts, that at Christmas and on Sundays are mercilessly mauled by Titan arms, so that the air of St. John is rendered vocal like unto the sounds of an overcharged thunder cloud.